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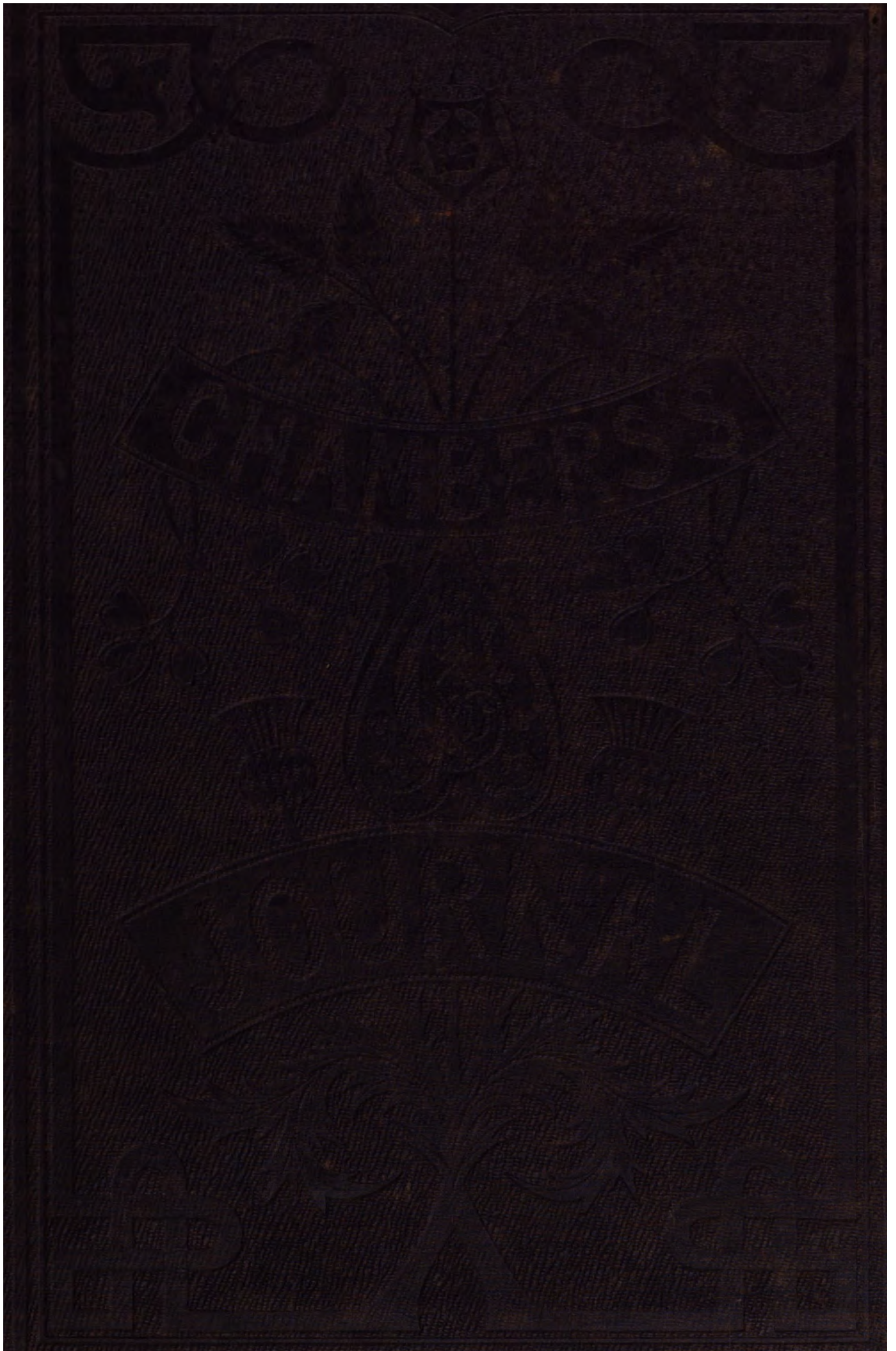
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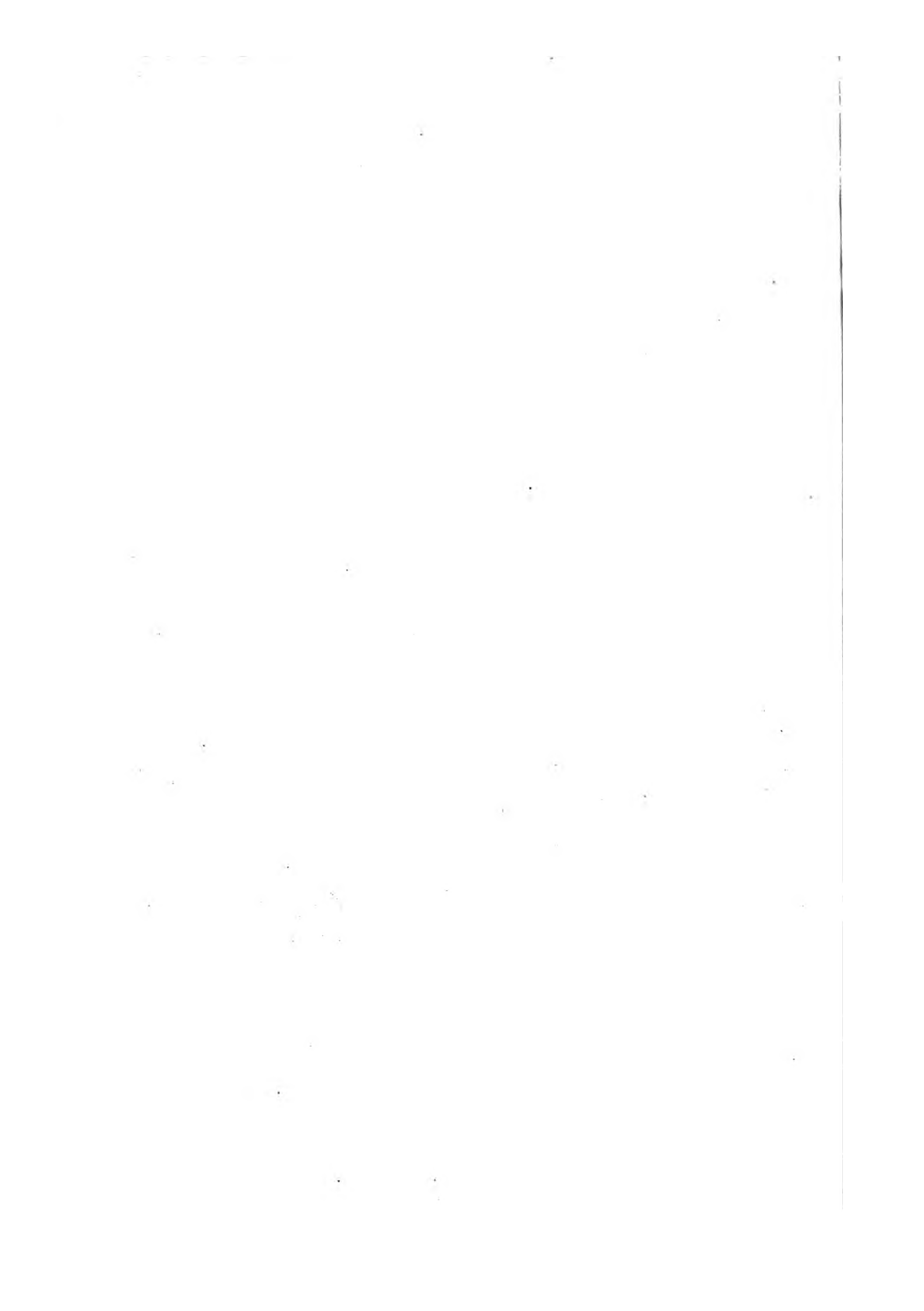


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OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS



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THE WINDFALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

AFTER an event, we sometimes make a presentiment fit the occasion; but I do really fancy that on that well-remembered day I had an unusual feeling of anxious curiosity when the postman's sharp rap announced the arrival of letters. I was sitting at my breakfast-table in Wimpole Street: one cup and saucer, one egg, one muffin, and a tongue—not a woman's, thank Heaven!—shewed, at a glance, that I had no incumbrance of wife or child.

As I sat there stirring my coffee, I thought my landlady's steps were unusually heavy and slow; and at length, when the door was gained, and her hand upon the lock, she paused to fulminate some threat against Mary the housemaid, that unfortunate victim of three sets of lodgers. At last, Mrs Davis entered my apartment, and deposited a country newspaper and three letters, two of which proved to be tradesmen's bills; the third had a black-edged envelope directed in a strange hand. I had no near relatives, so my glance at the post-mark was more inquisitorial than anxious. Mrs Davis retreated slowly, with more than one backward look: her curiosity was excited, for I believe she knew the handwriting of all my correspondents as well, or better, than I did myself.

'Please, sir,' said Mrs Davis, 'do you dine at home to-day?'

'I do not know yet—I will send you down word,' I replied, somewhat impatiently, for I wished to be alone.

'Because, sir, I suppose if you do, you will have the bit of cold fowl curried, and the remains of the apple-tart?'

'Mrs Davis, I do not know yet where I shall dine—whether at my club, or with some friends. Surely it will be time to know in an hour?'

'O yes—certainly, sure, sir—I'll look up again;' and with this Mrs Davis made her exit. I took one more sip of my coffee, and then broke the black seal, and read the contents of the letter. It gives one a curious sensation that of putting an 0 to one's annual income, whereby L.500 a year is transposed into L.5000. This was just my situation. The letter was from the agent of a second-cousin of mine, whom I had never seen, to announce to me the sudden death of his employer, coupled with the very important fact, that the deceased had left no will, and that I, Francis Gerrard, was found to be next of kin. This intelligence was as pleasing as it was unexpected. In the first place, I had never for a moment dreamed of being possible heir to this relative. Indeed, not till the

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perusal of the letter had I heard of the deaths of two intermediate connections, whose claims, had they been alive, would have banished all hopes of my succession. I had never met Mr Henry Gerrard, the individual who had so kindly died in my favour. I had in early youth heard his name mentioned, or rather that of his father: disputes, which took place long before either of us were born, had estranged the family branches, so that time and distance had left little but the identity of name.

Henry Gerrard's parents had been wealthy, prosperous people, whose fortunes always increased; while the income of my immediate progenitors had ever been going the other way. I have invariably noticed, that between the lucky and the unlucky in families there is no kindly feeling; those who are unfortunate hate the prosperous for their prosperity, and they, in their turn, hate the others for their necessities. Without, however, going into the philosophy of family disunion, certain it is that I had never seen Henry Gerrard, nor his handsome residence and fine estates, which had so suddenly fallen to my possession. Five times did I read the letter, to assure myself that my senses were not playing me some fantastic trick. I leaned back in my arm-chair, and mused and mused again. I think I must have uttered my thoughts aloud, for the cat partially woke up, and winked at me several times.

I had never coveted riches, but I defy the greatest cynic to be insensible to such an acquisition of fortune. I poured out another cup of coffee, and stirred it thoughtfully and methodically; the proportions of my small but comfortable drawing-room seemed to expand into a baronial hall, and I fancied myself already surrounded by all the appliances of luxury, and a retinue of servants at my call. Well, the idea was pleasant. How much longer I might have indulged these pictorial imaginings I know not, had not Mrs Davis again appeared with—

'Did you ring for breakfast to be moved, sir?'

'No, but I've finished; you may take all away,' said I, folding up the important letter, and putting it in my pocket. 'Mrs Davis, I shall not dine at home to-day; I have to go into the City to see my lawyer, and, perhaps, I shall be obliged to leave town to-morrow.'

'No bad news, I hope, sir?'

'No, not exactly—merely the announcement of the death of a distant relative whom I never saw in my life.'

'Glad to hear it is no worse, sir. I was afraid it was something more serious-like, when I saw the black seal and letter, and you were so long, Mr Gerrard, sir, in ringing for breakfast to be taken away.'

I smiled at Mrs Davis's pertinacious curiosity, and thanked my stars that no woman had a right to question me more closely. Rejoicing in my freedom, I took my hat and stick, leaving Mrs Davis brushing up the fireplace—a process I detested almost as much as the squalling of children—and found my way towards the City. It matters little to the interest of my narrative what took place between myself and my lawyer during that morning's conversation; suffice it to say, that all preliminaries ended satisfactorily.

But to return to the starting-point—the individual *me* that metaphysicians prate about. I had just reached my fifty-second year; my income, as I before hinted, was a trifle under L.500 per annum. This, I believe, is allowed on all hands to be a 'competence;' and, as I had been from my earliest childhood favoured also with 'health and peace,' I might be deemed, according to the poet, a happy man; and I was so. The failure in my professional career troubled me little: shortly before my father's death, he persuaded me to become a member of the bar: I did so; and the eating of the dinners at term-time was the only Law Digest I ever troubled myself about.

I had, it is true, a gown and wig, and a bag for briefs, but the latter the moths had utterly destroyed some fifteen years since, and I did not find it necessary to procure another. I had regularly attended the Western Circuit twenty-eight years, and never had a client presumed to disturb my *otium cum dignitate*. Some impertinent persons may question the *dignitate*; the *otium*, however, was certainly mine. I had at first gone the circuit from a sort of vague idea of duty—latterly, it became a habit. I liked change of air twice a year, and the west of England is pleasant enough for a few weeks, for an idle man who has no calls in particular to any of the cardinal points. For many years—nearly twenty, I think—I had lodged in Wimpole Street. Mrs Davis was a good kind of woman, for a woman, and seldom annoyed me, except when her curiosity was excited. My habits, I suppose, would be called decidedly bachelor. I liked London better than any place in the world; I was born there, and mostly educated there. All my associations, my friends, and my habits, were connected with the metropolis. I was a member of one of the clubs; I went occasionally to the theatres or to public lectures; dabbled a little in science; read the reviews and periodicals, and found people to talk with about them. I had always a sort of inward domesticity about me, but it never went beyond a single arm-chair, the love of poking my own fire uncriticised, a witch's bonnet to make my own negus in, and an occasional friend who would drop in to help to drink it.

My sitting-room in Wimpole Street was cozy and comfortable—the furniture, the position of the house, the locality, seemed all identified with myself. If I could not dignify my *lares* with the true title of household gods, they were not less dear to me because they might ignominiously have been termed lodging-house gods; nor need I to quarrel with my high-priestess, Mrs Davis, because she was vernacular instead of oracular. As to money-matters, I had so squared my expenditure that, at the end of the year, I generally found I had never less than L.5, nor more than L.10 in hand. This overplus I dropped periodically into the box for donations at the Middlesex Hospital.

My other charities were not numerous, if I may except the fact that I gave the sweeper at the crossing nearest my door the sum of twopence every Monday morning; and if that day chanced to be wet, the young rascal held out his hand on the following morning, with 'Please, your honour, I did not see your honour yesterday.'

Such was the 'even tenor of my way' during that period of my life when fortune had gently smiled upon me: the amiable goddess and myself now fairly laughed together—her gifts were of that boundless sort that makes a man for the time feel that he would save his worst enemy from hanging, and as if he would shake hands with the whole world. One's nature expands like a full-blown rose in the sunshine, and a 'hail-fellow-well-met' feeling anticipates the civilities of a passing acquaintance. Such were my feelings during the necessary interval between the announcement and the taking possession of my unexpected windfall.

I had sent my lawyer to settle all preliminaries at Langton Hall; and after the lapse of a few days, Mr Stevens informed me that my presence was desirable. I sent an answer by return of post, announcing my arrival (*D. V.*) on the following Thursday. It was not till I had despatched this letter that I informed Mrs Davis of the change in my circumstances, and my consequent evacuation of my long-occupied apartments in her house.

'Ah, sir,' said she, 'my mind misgave me when I saw you receive that black-edged letter. I knew it was from nobody that wrote to you in a general way; and your going so often to Mr Stevens, and not having dinners at home every day, and sending down a piece of a bottle of sherry, as if it was no more than New River water!—thinks I to myself, there's a change somehow come over Mr Gerrard. But la! sir, I'm sure, though I lose the best lodger I ever had, I do most sincerely wish you joy. Well, only think, and you going, sir, to live in a great country-house all by yourself! It's most a pity, as things have turned up, that you are not married, sir. I ask your pardon for my freedom, Mr Gerrard.'

'Mrs Davis, I never intend to marry. Please to dust that table,' I added, by way of stopping her loquacity on a subject I peculiarly disliked.

My landlady was not so easily abashed; she took up her apron and performed the desired service, at the same time observing: 'Well, sir, certain sure it will be most terribly lonesome without a lady. It isn't as it is in the town, where you can pop out, and a friend pop in, of a long winter-evening. I know what lonesomeness is in the country, where you have no neighbours but the trees, and scarce a Christian to speak to but the brute beasts. We kept two cows, and lived in the country, you know, sir, where my poor dear John died; and I'll tell you how it was, sir, that he did die—all through the mistake of a country 'pothecary, who'—

'Yes, I remember perfectly your mentioning the circumstances, Mrs Davis. Is that my weekly account you have in your hand?' There was nothing I dreaded so much as the exclaiming of 'Poor dear John!' Peace be to his ashes, so long as they do not give rise to the garrulity of his relict.

Having stopped the narrative, and settled the account, I gave Mrs Davis a quarter of a year's rent, in consideration of her long services, and presented her with my tea-caddy, a pair of handsome decanters and plated spirit-stand, together with a Pembroke side-table I had once bought cheap at a sale. She was all gratitude. I shook hands with her at parting; and as she wiped her left eye with the corner of her apron, she observed she hadn't felt so much since poor John died from taking the wrong mixture.

As I gave a last survey of my little drawing-room and my accustomed place by the window in summer and the fire in winter, I felt how pleasant it *had* been; but quickly succeeded a feeling of self-devotion to my new position, with all the dignified duties of a man of substance. The railway took me within seven miles of my future home; I had never been in that part of the country before. A carriage and pair from the

principal hotel was waiting for me at the station, and I soon found myself rolling towards Langton Hall. The shades of evening were rapidly closing in; the country seemed rather picturesque; I looked from side to side as long as the darkening twilight permitted. At length the ascent of a tedious hill, with hedgerows as high as prison-walls, made me sink back, and I fell into a pleasing reverie of anticipation. I was interrupted by the postboy, who was walking by the side of his horses, coming to the window and saying: 'If it was a bit lighter, your honour, your honour could see Langton Hall, just right down there, over on the left, at the bottom of the hill.'

As it was not light, however, I could see nothing, but I looked vaguely into the obscurity of the evening landscape. The postboy soon mounted to his place, and the horses went off briskly. At that moment the burst of a merry peal of bells saluted my ears not unpleasantly. Louder and louder they sounded as we approached Langton. Suddenly the horses stopped; I looked out to see what was the matter; we were at the lodge. The gate was opened by three people, all anxiously pressing forward to perform the service; and four or five others stood at the door of the lodge, vainly straining their eyes to see beyond the glare of the candle which a woman held right before her own eyes—women always do, I observe. We soon passed the group of gazers, and I found myself driven under an avenue of trees, whose dark trunks stood in bold relief against the clear, cold sky. The church was evidently near the house, for the clang of the bells grew louder. In another moment I saw lights passing from window to window, and immediately the carriage drew up at the portico. The entrance-door flew open, and a whole retinue of servants filled the capacious hall. My lawyer and friend, Mr Stevens, came out to welcome me. My small amount of personal property was speedily seized on by three or four officious men-servants, who conveyed a small portmanteau, and still smaller carpet-bag, ceremoniously into the house. A kind of shyness overcame me; I did not like so many people about me. Whichever way I looked, it seemed as if half a score of female domestics stood courtesying before me; my head moved like a Chinese mandarin in acknowledgment of these oppressive civilities. To say the truth, I was uncommonly glad when I found myself alone with Stevens in the dining-room. There was no fire, for it was yet early in the autumn, and the polished oak-floors and wainscots seemed to defy the light of four candles. The room was large and well furnished, and I looked round with some complacency.

'It is a capital house, from the garret to the cellar,' observed Stevens.

'It appears so,' I replied; 'everything seems very comfortable—very comfortable indeed.'

But, in spite of this asseveration, I did not exactly feel that it was very comfortable.

'And here is the library,' said Stevens, throwing open an adjacent door. The room looked awfully solemn in the partial illumination of our candles. 'And here,' said my companion, 'this is the drawing-room—is it not handsome?—such an air of ancient respectability about it.'

'It is very handsome—all very handsome, Stevens; but the rooms are so deucedly large, I shall feel lost in them. I hope there is some small room facing the south, where I can make a snuggery for myself.'

'Oh, to be sure,' said Stevens; 'there is everything in this house you can possibly want. Let me shew you the principal bedrooms. There! is not that a splendid staircase?'

It was all very splendid; but I thought there was a want of comfort and homeliness; but then, I am one of those people who, if suddenly placed in Paradise, would feel strange and uncomfortable, and

wish themselves back to earth again from the mere force of habit.

I will pass over all the details of the house and grounds, as they appeared to me the following morning under the influence of a bright sunshine. It is easy to picture a handsome old country residence, placed in the centre of a small but picturesque park; and let any one of moderate income say whether he would not feel especially fortunate if he suddenly found himself the possessor of such a place, endowed with the wherewithal to keep it up.

The first week or two in my new house was entirely devoted to business. I arranged to keep all the servants of my predecessor; and this was my first mistake; for, after a while, I was reminded that such and such things had not been done in the time of their late master, and I found that the consumption of strong beer and beef had always been *ad libitum*. I generally conceded the point when a dispute arose, for my income was so ample for a bachelor, that it really did not seem worth while to cause discontent in the servants-hall for the sake of a few pounds a year. The three first visits I had the honour of receiving from my neighbours were from three rival medical men. The first of these possessed a priority of claim on my attention, for he had attended my deceased cousin; and to his want of foresight, perhaps, I was indebted for being heir-at-law to his intestate patient. My second medical visitor was a vulgar little man, who talked of nothing but pills and potions, except when he dilated more at large upon some horrible operation, which it had been his good-fortune to perform or assist at. He reminded me of the following lines:—

He seldom talked but of his trade,
Of lungs, of lights, of livers;
The living he carved, and gashed, and slashed,
And the dead he cut to shivers.

I felt a kind of horror when I glanced at the card of the third visitor, and perceived that it was another practitioner, Dr Leech. Surely, thought I, I must have presented a very unhealthy appearance yesterday at church, or these three worthies would not have been in such a very great hurry to pay their compliments, and make their expectations known to me. I began to fancy that the undertaker would be the next announced. However, my fourth visitor was one of that order who are supposed to care more for the soul than the body. The worthy rector of my parish did not lose much time in making my acquaintance. He expressed, in the course of conversation, the hope of finding me a better coadjutor in parochial reform than the late owner of Langton had been. He enlightened me as to a few of my cousin's peculiarities, which seemed to be characteristic of a reserved and unimpressible nature. I found that he had lived much to himself; keeping up a certain dignified state in his appointments and his household, but shunning sociability or intimacy. Part of his life he had spent abroad: whether he disliked the female sex as much as I did, I knew not, but he lived a bachelor-life at Langton Hall. My cousin, it appears, had been rather crotchety, and, as friends and relatives often do, we discussed his failings freely. The rector amused me with a few domestic anecdotes about my neighbours, and in a short time I found my mind localised into a gossiping dissertation on the merits and pretensions of half the families round. I found the rector a key to much useful knowledge. As the dinner-bell rang just as he was about to depart, I pressed him to remain, which he did; and we talked parochial and other matters over our port—for which I found my friend had a clerical liking.

The next day brought some of my more aristocratic neighbours to inspect the new-comer. We had few subjects in common. The squirearchy are not an

intellectual race; they form a sort of rear-guard to civilisation; their interests and ideas are local: they think more of the preservation of game than the enfranchisement of a state. I found my neighbours were not much frequenters of London; for in metropolitan circles a few thousands a year is a mere mediocrity of wealth, and the squire of ancestral acres has seldom much other claim upon the notice of society. Though true it is that society cares little for pedigree without patrimony, the genealogy of a race-horse is of more importance than that of the man who gives dinners. The individual who comes into the world without any cognizance of a grandfather, may give better champagne and venison than the descendant of one of the freebooters of William the Conqueror. What a god-send is our variable English climate to the inane conversation of the natives! My visitors were true chroniclers of the barometer; my politics, principles, and prejudices were unknown to them, and country society is not the sphere for that kind of mental friction which elicits truth. If a person does not conform to the orthodoxy of that part of the country he lives in, he is pronounced to be eccentric and peculiar, which means a great deal from the lips of the 'utterly respectable.'

The next horde of visitors were more definite in the expression of their sentiments. They were tenants, and wanted their rents lowered, their farmhouses repaired, and a host of grievances redressed. Country-life was new to me; I set about my work *con amore*. After toiling over my newly acquired acres, to inspect the wants of my tenant-rulers, I came to the conclusion, that if all I heard was true, the present was the worst season that had ever been known; that the agriculturists were the most ill-used interest in the country, and that my particular estate was singularly unproductive; that the rents were too high; and that the farm-buildings had been tumbling down for the last twenty years. I was told that the game destroyed the crops when in the ground, and the tithes and taxes swallowed up the greatest portion of that which was garnered. Very shortly, the industry of the whole neighbourhood was put in requisition, and I found myself maintaining an army of masons, bricklayers, and carpenters. Langton Hall itself required repair. A hurricane took place a few weeks after my installation there. After being rocked through the live-long night, my servant appeared early in the morning at my door, saying: 'If you please, sir, it has been a terrible night.'

'I should think I know that,' said I.

'Yes, certainly, sir; but, if you please, the whole stack of kitchen-chimneys has been blown down; the kitchen is full of bricks and mortar; the outhouses are a good deal damaged, and part of the stable-roof is blown off; the two elms at the east side of the house are rooted up; and I think, sir, there are not six whole panes of glass in the conservatory: altogether, there's a sight of mischief done by the wind, to be sure!'

'Well, anything else?' said I, flinging off my night-cap.

'No, sir; nothing in particular. I suppose the shoot has burst, for one side of the wall of the large drawing-room is streaming with wet, and the soot has come down the library-chimney all over the place.'

'Pleasant news this,' I remarked. 'Bring me the hot water; I must get up and see what can be done.'

In truth, I found that the elements had a kind of free republic at the picturesque altitude of Langton Hall. The witches in *Macbeth* might have found the neighbourhood vastly convenient, both as to time and place, for their meetings; and, to judge by the hulla-balloo made nightly by bats, beasts, wind, and rain, one might suppose those ancient ladies had made the park their 'blasted heath.' I often sighed for the humanised noises of the rattling streets of London.

There is a sense of civilisation in the midnight rumbling of carriages, which gives a feeling of peopled security to one's slumbers; but to hear all night long those frightful owls interrogating the solitude with their eternal 'Who—who-oo!' as though asking the name of some spectral murderer from the dark night, is indeed horrible. Less supernatural horrors assail one in the morning, when you hear that a fox has carried off some choice water-fowl; or the poachers have snared some pheasants you had partially tamed, and that the garden had been cleared of all the early fruit and vegetables. O London! London! centre of civilisation, comfort, and economy, why was I induced to leave thee and competence? Why did my thoughtless cousin die without a will, and leave me heir-at-law to such a detestable possession as a country-house?

What are country neighbours but another word for conflicting interests? If the shadow of your trees fall upon another man's land, he is your enemy. If you are a new man in the country, he sneers at you; if you are the descendant of an old family, ten to one but there is an accumulation of the jealousies of your mutual progenitors. Now, in London, one never has neighbours; and, unless you happen to keep a lucifer-match manufactory, you are a subject of perfect indifference to the man who lives next door to you. In the country, one's respectability costs so much: whatever your income may be, you are obliged to keep up an establishment that runs away annually with something more, so that mortgage seems to be the all and end-all of 'a large country gentleman.' So folks are wont to call the squires of the land.

How friendship warms in the sunshine of prosperity! The post-bag rarely arrived without containing several congratulatory letters from people whom I had been in the habit of considering mere acquaintances. One hinted that a few days' shooting would be pleasant; another found that he should be in my neighbourhood, and would look in upon me for a day or two. I had shortly the pleasure of seeing my house full of visitors. But neither the dinner-parties these arrangements involved, nor the fact of seeing 'the hospitalities of Langton Hall' alluded to in the *County Chronicle*, reconciled me to the misery of having my habits disturbed and my quiet invaded.

As far as my neighbours were concerned, I was, of course, fêted by them. In vain do country-people arrange their dinner-parties for that date when the almanacs tell them the moon will lend her light; the moon, like other she-things, is obstinate, and always hides behind an impenetrable mass of dark clouds on those occasions.

So, on a January evening, when the 'air is murky,' you drive twelve miles in the dark to partake of a stiff pompous dinner, where the gastronomic labours are never seasoned by a *bon mot*, or lightened by a hearty laugh. We English are not a joyous nation; our amusements are solemn, exclusive, and ostentatious. At eleven o'clock, you are again in your carriage, driving homewards. But the coachman, having enjoyed himself more in the servants-hall than you did in the dining-room, gets oblivious, and drives into a ditch, about three miles from home. The carriage is broken, and one of the horses lamed; so you walk home the rest of the way in a dress-coat and thin boots, catch a severe cold, and wish country dinner-parties—somewhere else.

Besides the army of bricklayers, carpenters, masons, drainers, and miscellaneous labourers of all descriptions, who were repairing my farms and injuring my fortune, I found myself plagued to death by the disorders of my household. Though each individual domestic had his or her own way, so far as I was concerned, they were the most discontented crew I had ever the misfortune to see congregated under one roof. There is an old saying, that 'too many cooks spoil the broth;'

and so I thought when, one day, it was suddenly announced to me, on the eve of a dinner-party, that my cook made an addition to the population, without giving the slightest hint of her intention, or, for aught I can tell, knowing anything about it herself!

THE BROBDIGNAG CLOCK.

In the chief city of the empire of Brobdignag—where, of course, everything is done upon a Brobdignagian scale—they have recently been building a new palace for the use of the wise men of the nation, when they meet in deliberation upon the nation's affairs. There is one gate in this palace intended for the particular entrance of the monarch, which is I don't know how many hundred feet high—it makes ordinary mortal heads dizzy only to look at it—and close by the side of this gate they are now putting up a clock-case, which is by and by to admonish Brobdignagian eyes in the matter of time. This clock-case is made after the good old fashion which came in soon after Adam, and which you, kind reader, are, I am sure, familiar enough with. I daresay you have seen half-a-dozen such clock-cases within the last hour—the long stiff parallelogram body, with the square-cornered hydrocephalic protrusion above, out of which stares the round imperturbable face, with the eye that never blinks when it looks at you, and with the flat features that never mean anything else but minutes and seconds whenever you may look at them. Such, then, is the *mode* of the new piece of furniture that has been added to this Brobdignagian palace. The face of the clock-case is twenty-two feet across, and the case itself is so tall, that it will make even long necks ache, when they bow the wrong way, to pay their devotions to the divinity with the scythe. The only thing that is peculiar about the case itself, in addition to its size, is, that it is intended to be as lasting as it is large: it is made, not of wainscot, nor of mahogany, but of firm and solid stone.

Chancing, a few days since, to be walking down one of the chief thoroughfares of the capital of Brobdignag, where I was on a short passing visit, this huge clock-case for the first time caught my eye some half mile off, peering up above the house-tops and chimneys of the neighbourhood. Now, I have had rather a mechanical turn from boyhood, and have always delighted in the doings of levers and wheels; so the idea came upon me at once that I must be true to the old traditions of my early life, and see how these things were managed in this city of the giants. Having, therefore, instituted the necessary inquiries, and found that the vitals of this horological monster, although organised, were at present undergoing a sort of probationary trial in a neighbouring place of retreat, I wended my way thither, and having made good use of the Englishman's admitted privilege, I very soon established a free-and-easy relation with the chief guardian of the mechanism, and, under his courteous and intelligent guidance, gained access to what I wished to see.

The temporary accommodation which has been provided as a sort of purgatorial residence for this future dweller in the palace, consists of little more than a large shed divided transversely, by means of a floor, into an upper and lower apartment. In the lower of these apartments, various insignia of the clock-making craft are scattered about; but at one side there descends through the floor, from above, the bob of the monster, swinging gently and sedately to and fro. This, as the reader is aware, is a very important constituent of the apparatus, although the only portion that is visible in these lower regions: upon the behaviour of the swinging pendulum mainly depends the accuracy of all time-keeping mechanism of large size. Some persons, indeed, hold that a clock is nothing more than a train of wheel-work, adapted for counting the beats of a swinging pendulum: this is not strictly

true, but, nevertheless, the pendulum here is well worth while pausing to contemplate. It is really a very weighty concern. Its bob alone weighs six hundredweights; its rod of suspension is fifteen feet long, and is of compound construction, to compensate for the disturbance of length caused by variations of atmospheric temperature, that arch-unsettler of terrestrial affairs. The rod is really composed of a tube of iron, carrying the bob below, and attached at the top to an outer tube of zinc; the two tubes being so proportioned to each other in length, that the one expands downwards just as much as the other expands upwards, upon accession of warmth. This massive pendulum swings from side to side once every two seconds. Its length is fixed for this rate of travelling; but the uninitiated observer is at first greatly surprised to notice how very small the distance is through which it swings. Impressed with the idea that a good, bold, downward rush would be a great help in giving force of movement, and therefore, he supposes, steadiness, he beholds with wonder this huge mass of metal dawdling lazily backwards and forwards through a space of only a very few inches, notwithstanding the length of its suspending-rod. The fact is, that breadth of sweep introduces an element of irregularity and imperfection into the movement of a pendulum, and hence all mechanics who concern themselves with the construction of very accurate time-measurers, do all they can to restrain this chief auxiliary of their labours within dignified movements and restricted excursions. The pendulum of a clock should never sweep in its beat through more than an arc of two degrees of a circle, estimated by angular measurement. For a pendulum thirteen feet long, a beat of two degrees would measure a small fraction more than five inches of absolute extent. This, therefore, serves to give a very good idea of how small the swing of this bob, of high and grave dignity, is. The intelligent mechanic who has endowed this swinging pendulum with its vibratory life, assured me that if it were set swinging in this sedate way, without any maintaining power being attached to it to keep it in movement, being merely left to its own devices and the simple influence of the earth's gravitation-pull, it would, nevertheless, continue its regular beat for nearly twenty-four hours before it lost its count and came to a stand.

Ascending to the upper apartment by means of a rude flight of steps, I entered upon the region of cranks and wheels; these, however, presented themselves before me in a very compact phalanx, and, if the truth be told, also in a very unlooked-for guise. A sort of long black mangle, with its fly-wheel multiplied into a series of three, all cogged and toothed at the circumference, was the only object I could discover. The top of the pendulum-rod came evidently up into some sort of close connection with the mangle, for I could see it joined thereto by a short strong spring, and swaying to and fro slowly at its side; but none of the wheels moved; they were all as fixed and stationary as if the mangle was waiting for some hand to come and set its machinery in operation by turning a winch or crank. Whilst, however, I was looking on, a good deal puzzled at the stillness, all at once the wheels seemed to have taken a new fit into their spokes and teeth, without the arrival of any hand to help them. The stillness changed into general movement—whirr, whirr, whirr; cogs rattled among cogs, and iron rims ran round amongst iron rims; then click—all was fixed and motionless again. The active fit had been a very transient one; it had endured less than half a beat of the heavy bob down stairs; still this transient fit had duly and orderly advanced the business of the machine. The meaning of the proceeding was simply this: on the ground that there could be no object in having the hand of a clock up 220 feet high in the air travel continuously on, when a good telescope would be

required to make its progress perceptible at all, it had occurred to the artist who planned the machine, that it would be better to cause the hand to make a leap, which could be there seen at certain convenient intervals, so that the leap might really mark some determinate instant in the hour. It was clearly better that the observer should be absolutely sure of his time every half-minute, than that he should be uncertain about it through the entire minute. The arrangement has consequently been made, that this leap shall be taken by the hand of the clock at the lapse of each half-minute. During fifteen beats of the long two-seconds' pendulum, all excepting itself, and one or two small parts connected with its top, stands still; but then, by the last of the fifteen beats, a detent is freed; the wheels whirl round, and the minute-hand makes its jump, to stop again in its new position, until another fifteenth beat starts it once more. Each half-minute jump of the end of the long eleven-foot hand will be seven inches in length; the dial of the clock will be so vast that there will be fourteen inches on its face between every contiguous pair of minute-dots; the hour-figures themselves will be nearly seven feet asunder. At the distance of 220 feet below, this seven-inch jump of the extremity of the hand will be distinctly observable, even to ordinary eyes; and ordinary men, when they see it, will set their watches, and go on their way rejoicing that they can be punctual to even an instant, if they are so inclined.

But the feature which proved to me the most interesting in this leviathan clock remains to be told. A pendulum would be alone a sufficient time-keeper, without any maintaining power being adapted to it to continue its movements, if there were no extraneous force at work tending to weaken, and finally to stop its swing. It would go on, when once started, beating seconds or double seconds, as the case might be, for months or years, and would only need wheel-work to be connected with it as a counter of its vibrations, to save the personal trouble of having a living reckoner constantly watching and doing the same thing with his eye. But there are two mischievous powers which conspire to prevent this result: little particles of air are constantly crowding themselves in the way of the swinging bob, and have to be vigorously pushed out of its path; and little particles of metal, or roughnesses, are constantly presenting themselves where the pendulum-rod is hung at top, and scratching or scraping themselves against it, although the workman has done his best to make the two conjoined surfaces as smooth as tools can effect. In ordinary clock-work, these retarding interferences are overcome and compensated for in this way: a heavy weight is wound by a cord upon a barrel, and is left there suspended, pulling the barrel round to unwind the cord from it, and get back to the ground; but this barrel is connected with the train of toothed and notched wheels, so that it can only get round just so fast as they permit. One of these wheels has its teeth fixed so, that a piece of metal, connected with the top of the pendulum, and shaped something like the claw of an anchor, projects on each side between two of them; then, as the pendulum swings from side to side, these anchor-like projections, or pallets, as they are called, alternately strike into and free themselves from the notches on either side of the wheel. The swinging of the pendulum regulates the rate at which the wheels are allowed to go round; but as the wheels are dragged round by the weight that is hanging on the barrel, the teeth of the wheel connected with the anchor of the pendulum give it a push as they are disengaged from its ends, and so communicates just as much moving power to the swinging part as it is deprived of by the opposition of friction.

But here a difficulty comes into play: any little irregularity that affects the movements of the wheel-work, alters the force of the push that the teeth of the

last wheel communicate to the pendulum, and so a variation in rate is introduced. In this great clock, however, a plan has been pursued which leaves the mechanism free from this imperfection. The attempt has been made to give the push by the agency of a power that is, on account of its own intrinsic nature, absolutely unvarying. On each side of the pendulum-rod, a sort of small metallic hammer is hung upon a peg. The swinging of the pendulum first draws out a little bolt, that stopped the turning of a wheel; the wheel then goes round, under the influence of the weight, lifting one of the little hammers, as it does so, until it is caught by another bolt. The hammer-head next falls by its own gravity, and strikes the pendulum-rod just as it is in the act of descending, communicating the force of its blow to quicken the movement; the same thing is afterwards repeated on the opposite side of the vibration, and then again on the same side; so going on alternately. But the blow that is given to the pendulum depends upon nothing but the force of the hammer, which is lifted up by the train of wheel-work, and then descends with a strength that is exactly proportioned to its weight; but as this weight does not vary by the fraction of a grain, the blow never alters; its push is unchanging, and always the same in amount. The wheel has three stops and cogs on it, and goes once round in three beats of the pendulum, or in six seconds. This, therefore, continues without cessation; the massive pendulum sways to and fro, and the little hammers above, hammer away on the sides of its rod. All very simple and natural, truly. But the strange part of the proceeding is the difference of the masses of the two agents that combine to defeat the conspiracy which is in force against the perfection of the machine. The bob of the pendulum, as has been stated, is a vast lump of metal of six hundredweights; but the hammers that tap away on the sides of its rod are little strips of iron, weighing probably some one or two ounces at the most. The slight tap every two seconds of this small fragment of metal is sufficient to keep the huge swinging giant up to his work. This beautiful contrivance—now technically known as the gravity escapement—is of the highest importance in the practical applications of the science of horology; for it is found that when it is employed, all the teeth of the several wheels may be rough, just as turned out from the casting, and the clock will nevertheless keep better time than it would have done with the most perfectly finished teeth under other arrangements. It removes the necessity, too, for employing such heavy pendulums and weights as were otherwise needed, for the only object of these was the rendering the movements of the clock as independent as possible of trifling accidental disturbances. Nevertheless, the great principle at the bottom of all even rates in clock proceedings, is to have plenty of length and weight in the swinging portion of the machinery. A clock with a pendulum beating two seconds, and weighing four hundredweights, goes *thirty-two times* as well as a clock with a pendulum beating single seconds, and weighing half a hundredweight, all other things being the same.

The reason why, in this leviathan clock, the pendulum has been made so massive is, that there will be so much resistance occasionally offered to its moving parts: there will be four dials, of twenty-two feet diameter, on the top of its lofty case. The mere variation in the resistance of the wind, acting at the extremity of the eleven-foot long-hands in these several dials, would have been alone enough to have deranged considerably the swinging of a less solid and determined bob. A large clock is really a very interesting object, in a philosophical light, when the matter is fairly considered. Let us see how it stands in this case. A weight is wound up by means of a cord rolled round a barrel; the weight hangs dangling and

pulling at the barrel, in its natural desire to get down to the ground. A train of wheel-work, and a huge mass of swinging metal, are set to prevent its doing so in haste, and, consequently, it makes the best of a hard necessity, and goes down slowly; but, as it does so, it whirls the ends of long light rods round and round with extreme regularity in the circumference of wide circles. The weight that keeps the large palace-clock going will be wound up probably some 200 feet, but in descending this 200 feet, it will make the extremities of the four minute-hands—to say nothing of their hour-companions—sweep through a weary journey of some 45,000 feet—equivalent to something like eight miles and a half. In these affairs, there is no creation of power—it is all matter of fair barter and exchange: the thing that carries round the hands of the large clock on the dial, is really the force of the men's arms which wind up the clock. That force is hung up for the time in the suspended weight, and only slowly escapes from its imprisonment, as the weight descends, by slowly oozing out through the ends of the creeping hands. A great effort is made in a short time, to produce a slight effort extended over a long time; and, by the way, in the Brobdignag clock it is a great effort that is made, for the winding-up, which will be done once a week, will require more than half a day's incessant turning of the winch to accomplish it. This vast labour will, however, be in a great measure required on account of the striking-machinery that will be connected with the going part.

Striking-machinery! and how do Brobdignag clocks strike? Why, of course, as giants should strike—with vigour and power. The bell on which the blow falls will be eight feet high, and nine feet wide, and will weigh fifteen tons—three times as much as the great bell of St Paul's. The hammer which makes the blow will weigh four hundredweights, and its stroke will be equivalent to a gentle tap of a ton and a half. Wo to the Brobdignag hand that attempts to arrest the Brobdignag notification of hours! The very teeth in the wheel-work of the striking-movement, when at rest, will be resisting the dragging of half a ton. As the winding-up of this clock will of necessity occupy so long an interval, a very curious contrivance has been adopted to stop the winding, independently of all interference from the operators or attendants, whilst the striking of the hours and quarters is in progress. The clock will take care, in this respect, to protect itself from accident and harm.

Some curious readers will probably like to know that the ingenious and skilful maker of this Brobdignag clock is Mr Dent, of the Strand. Few will need to be told that the palace which is to be its final destination, although not final resting-place, is the Palace of Westminster.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.*

AMERICA has not yet produced her great poet, who shall be ranked with 'earth's immortal few;' nor was it to be expected: the Homers, Dantes, and Shakespeares, are not born in the first century of their country's existence. The beauty of external nature alone will not bring forth great poets, or America might by this time have outdistanced Europe. In no part of the world does Nature appear grander, or more gracious, or richer in inspiration and the elements of beauty. In her mountain majesty, her rolling seas of prairie-land, her cataracts that thunder everlastingly, her magnificent forests, her great rivers—she is there without a rival. But although these things have their influence on the human mind, it is human life, with its mingled experiences, its glooms and glories, its sorrows

and aspirations, its pain and passion, its sufferings and rejoicings, that inspires great poetry. And it is only out of a distinct, mature, and lusty national life that a national poet can come. It is in the fields of a great past, that have been trampled and ploughed, and furrowed by struggles for national life and liberty, enriched and ennobled by long human toiling, watered by sweat, and tears, and blood, that poetry strikes its deepest root, and flowers to its loftiest height. America has but little of such a past. She is in the same position as a young poet who has had but a very limited experience. The builder can only build according to his materials. We cannot look upon Longfellow as a great poet—we who are accustomed to Milton, Shakspeare, and Burns; nevertheless, he is the best we could expect of a young country like America—under the circumstances, as we say—the best, certainly, she has hitherto produced.

We take Longfellow to be the most popular poet living. We believe his poems sell more, and are read more, than any other. His poetry is just the perfection of the happy medium: he has hit the golden mean. He has not great creative power, nor a large shaping imagination; he does not exhibit much force of passion, and seldom reaches the sublime; but he has so much quiet beauty and tenderness, and is so peculiarly felicitous in appealing to the moral nature through the imagination, that the heart warmly welcomes him as a pleasant and genial guest. He is unequalled in setting to noble music some brave sentiment that runs through the soul of universal humanity; and this is one great cause of the wide human sympathy which greets his poems. He has also a perfect mastery of expression necessary for his purpose; herein he is a great artist. Everything he sets his hand to is turned out finely finished; in this respect we should rank him next to Alfred Tennyson. He has no fine frenzies, treads no perilous heights, sounds no dim unfathomed depths; but he goes on the even tenor of his way, with delightful ease and quiet sense of sufficient power to bear the burden of his song. In his style, we seem to hear the melodious murmurings of happy contentedness.

In *Hiawatha*, Longfellow has gone right away from European subjects and their second-hand influences, which have hitherto mingled so largely in American poetry, and struck out a new and rich vein in the poetic mine. He has turned to the past of his country, as it peers out of the backwoods and hunting-grounds of the red man—to that past, so fertile in legend and mystery. He has endeavoured to give the world America's first written epic, and for that purpose has chosen Indian life and love for his subject—we think, with marked success. If he has not done a great thing, he has achieved no mean triumph: he has sung a new song, and opened up novel vistas; and these things are not to be slightly estimated at the present time.

To enjoy *Hiawatha* poetically, or judge it critically, we must take the poet's stand-point, or rather the Indian point of view. It is an Indian Edda. All its features are Indian—from the legends which are strung together in a rosary of homely beauty, to the simple manner of telling it. The poem, save in the introduction, is altogether representative of a peculiar people, their history, traditions, life, and manners; and as such we must accept it. We take it to be eminently characteristic and illustrative of Indian life and scenery. The cunning and simplicity, exaggeration and love of the wonderful, which belong to the races of the red men, together with much of their forest experience, is admirably transmuted into poetic form. The measure, which at first seemed trivial and monotonous, grows on the reader, and in the end seems perfectly adapted to the purpose. It is the very simplest possible, but managed with such artistic mastery that it never becomes wearisome.

* *The Song of Hiawatha*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Bogue. 1855.

Hiawatha is a hero of miraculous birth and attributes in Indian tradition, somewhat akin to the mythological personages, the Cadmuses and Thors of other nations. He comes among them as the teacher and deliverer, and personifies man in his warfare with the brute-forces of nature. He is a type of strength, nobleness, and beauty; he goes forth to conquest, and returns from each struggle as a victor. This is how he happened to be born: His grandmother, whose name was Nokomis, was sporting with her women—

Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight.

From a full moon she fell, and a daughter, Wenonah by name, was the result of her fall. The beautiful Wenonah was the mother of Hiawatha; the West-wind was his father. His mother dies very young, and his childhood is nursed by Nokomis. She tells him many a legend and tale of wonder, in reply to his curious inquiries; among other beautiful things, she describes the rainbow—

'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there.
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

Hiawatha grows and becomes strong enough to handle the bow; he goes into the forest with his bow and arrows: here the description is peculiarly *naïve*, but we fancy it very true to the experience of many an incipient sportsman. He is only a child, and the birds sing round him in playful mockery.

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!
Sang the opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the owaissa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, adjiclaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing:
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leapt aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear, and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter:
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'

But we do think Mr Longfellow must have been drawing the long-bow when he tells us of his hero—

He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!

One of the most beautiful legends which is woven into the tissue of this poem, is the origin of the maize, or Indian corn. Hiawatha prays to the 'Master of life' to send down some other food besides fish, flesh, fruit, and fowl, and the Master sends down Mondamin.

And he saw a youth approaching
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

He tells Hiawatha he must wrestle with him; for three days they wrestle—

Then he smiled, and said: 'To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,

Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above.'

This conflict of four days' duration simply amounts to thrashing the corn, but it is exquisitely told. Our hero vanquishes Mondamin.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded.
Not forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day they watched beside it,
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud: 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin.'

Among Hiawatha's feats, he wins 'Laughing Water' for his wife. The description of his wooing and his bride is tender and charming. Here is a love-song, sung at his wedding-feast, which we believe is translated from an Indian original. It is filled and fragrant with a flower-like tenderness—

Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!
If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!
Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the moon when leaves are falling.
Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the moon when nights are brightest?
When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!
When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose my way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!
I myself! myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!

We shall not be able to follow Hiawatha through his many marvellous adventures; nor is it necessary; many of our readers will be already acquainted with them, and we hope to induce others to become so.

In Indian mythology, as in that of Greece, we find the same personification and deification of the forces of nature, and many of them are touchingly beautiful. The Legends of the Winds, Spring and Winter, the Legend of the Strong, are finely poetical.

Mr Longfellow has conscientiously worked in the true spirit of his subject. He has been most successful in his representation of Indian life and customs, but

not so successful in his descriptions of scenery; here we might have expected a new world of colour and rich sensuous influence. After reading the descriptions of Humboldt and others of those grand American forests where stands 'Magnificence dreaming,' and the wealth of the seasons is poured out in manifold, mingling, changing colours, we feel Mr Longfellow's allusions to them, in Hiawatha's forest-wanderings, as bare enumerations of generalities.

Mr Longfellow has been greatly indebted to Mr Schoolcraft, an American author, who has made many researches among all that appertains to the Indian tribes of the United States, their history, condition, and traditions; and he has made good use of what materials he borrowed. We take *Hiawatha* to be one of the most decided poetic successes of the late prolific publishing seasons.

MEMORIALS OF A FRIEND OF MINE.

It is a week since my friend died—the friend that loved me better than he did all the world beside, and it is fit and right that I should mourn him. His large eyes, dim and feeble enough, poor fellow, were fixed on me to the last with a tender regard; no clergyman and no doctor came between us at his last moments; and with a sigh, more expressive of regret than pain, he departed. As human years go, he was not old; but, counting by dogs' years, he was a patriarch, and I had known him from his earliest youth—I was about to write 'from a puppy,' but I remember how that word is liable to misconstruction. Jock was never a dandy, never sniffed the air as though it was not good enough for his delicate sensibilities, but rather as if, on the contrary, he liked it; never, so far as I know, wore an eye-glass; never looked but with canine horror on a cane; and never filled anybody with that desire which the sight of a modern drawling exquisite always engenders, to give him 'a glass of sherry and a kick behind.'

He was not half such a beast as many men, not less useful, and infinitely more sagacious; and he certainly was not a sporting character. My cousin, whose property Jock first was, became disgusted with him from this last circumstance; and when the regiment was ordered to India, he left him behind in my care, with injunctions to 'break him in,' and make a good pointer and retriever of him; and so I did, in a sort of way, for he used to point at frogs and butterflies, when sitting; and he retrieved most capitally—gloves, for instance.

Notwithstanding his defects, however, he was a very popular dog in his regiment, the Crushers, and had been even wont to march at the head of their band on great occasions. Whenever he heard music play, to the very last, he would step out in some attempt at keeping time with it, at all events quite as well as I could do it; and he never lost this other soldier-like quality—he always detested Jews. He had been accustomed to sit outside Cousin George's barrack-rooms with certain instructions regarding duns—such as a sentry receives before taking his post in a beleaguered city—and suspicious-looking persons were pretty sure to be bitten. He liked beggars, for he had a warm and pitying heart, but not gentlemen with mosaic studs and hooks to their noses: he always wanted to hang himself on to the hooks. When he first came to me, he could take his glass of sherry or two without inconvenience, and even smoke a mild cigar; but he lost those habits very soon, nor do I think he ever really cared for dissipation: he only practised it to oblige George, and for the sake of good-companionship.

When we were merely acquainted, through seeing him at my cousin's, and long before we became such fast friends as afterwards, I used to take great interest in Jock and his sporting troubles. I hate shooting

myself, or anything else of the kind, and was a good deal bored in Berkshire with walking through wet turnips after George and the keeper; but it was nothing to what Jock suffered.

It was 'J-o-o-o-ck, confound you, J-o-o-o-o-ck!' at the top of their voices, all day long, until they gave it up through hoarseness; and I used to try my hand, which, as Jock always knew there was a bun in it, generally succeeded. The fact is, he had no notion of doing things by rule and compass, but roved over the whole field—two fields very often—at his own sweet will, without regard to the mysterious sounds and signs in those cases made and provided by sportsmen. He did not care to stand on three legs—unless when fatigued—and stare at a covey, but he would dash right into the middle of it, on spec of bagging his own particular bird; and having been successful on one or two occasions, he was the harder to cure. George always fired at him point-blank, whenever it occurred; but, being generally unsteady through anger, and a long way off, he didn't hit him hard, or often. Jock would wait a bit after these shots, to see whether he was killed or not, perhaps, and then cut away with his bird to some secluded dining-place: he always brought us back religiously—the dear old beast!—the legs. George never had the heart to beat him when he used to come up to us all sideways, with his tail a little depressed, and the legs sticking out of his mouth like tusks; and as for me, I would lay down my gun to hug him and give him bun. Wise, however, as my friend was from his youth up, he always displayed weakness in the matter of hares. Short in the wind as he was—from the sherry and cigars, I think—and by no means naturally speedy, no sooner was a hare started, than off went Jock in pursuit. Miles and miles he'd run, losing ground with every stride, and barking, although he had no breath to lose, the whole way. This was very foolish of Jock; but there was, of course, no use in reasoning with him. I told my uncle so one day, who said: 'Reason with him? I'd cut him to the heart with my whip,' a sentiment which accounted to me for Jock's inveterate hostility to my revered relative. He got, indeed, a good deal bullied by sporting people generally, and liked no September days so well as its Sundays. There was a sedate and sober air about him as he walked with us to the church-doors, that contrasted favourably with the behaviour of the other dogs: those heathens would have been at the birds all the week round, if they could; nevertheless, I was one day very nearly laughing in sermon-time through Jock; for, getting tired of waiting outside in the church-yard, he climbed up to the window of our pew, and hung to the ledge by his chin and his fore-feet. I saw him, and he saw me, for his shoulders moved as though his tail was wagging away behind, and I knew that somebody else would see him presently, and that there would be a row; and indeed my aunt, turning round upon a sudden during the sketching of a very dreadful picture from the pulpit, took his black paws, and black and tan countenance, as belonging to the enemy of mankind himself, and screamed accordingly. Poor Jock got exorcised in a manner which, had he been my dog, I would not have permitted, and he never looked again into even so much as a meeting-house.

I think, when George went abroad and bequeathed me this treasure, Jock was not more than four years old; and yet I called him 'Old Jock' from the very first; just as one calls undergraduate friends at college 'old' this and that, out of love for them. Indeed, when people leave off being called by their intimates 'old,' it is an indubitable sign that they are approaching middle age at least; and perhaps when one gets portly, and rather tun-like, it is disagreeable to be called 'Old Tom,' for instance, as though we were something shocking to drink.

Poor Old Jock! He came to me first in a hamper from Southampton, and I never shall forget his delight at seeing me: in the first place, he was immensely glad to get out; and secondly, sadly in want of sympathy and kindness. He had endeavoured to attach himself to the guard of the coach—the red-coat had been always a friend to him before, poor fellow—and had been repulsed with scorn; and, moreover, there was a Jew on the box-seat. At my little place in Wiltshire, where I lived so much alone, he was very welcome. I attribute my present happiness—I am a bachelor—almost entirely to Jock's intervention; he who prevented me from falling into the arms of the eldest Miss Torpid—who rescued me, I may say, like the celebrated animals of the St Bernard, from that mass of snow, whereupon I might otherwise, through sheer weariness, have reclined for life. One must walk with somebody in the country, and I had been walking with Miss Torpid; but Jock turned out to be far better company, and never indulged in quotations from Lavater as she did every day; that is to say, *one* quotation, which seemed to her never to wear out, about music and children. She never read anything, and never recollected anything she heard, so that I think she must have got this up out of a pocket Lacon, or an advertisement perhaps, on purpose to charm me: it was brought in neck and crop, and apropos to nothing; but I always knew when it was coming, by a short dry cough that ushered it in.

'Henry,' she would say after the cough—and observe by the 'Henry' that matters had nearly come to a crisis—'Henry, are you fond of music?'

'Yes, my dear Miss Torpid, very;' for I had not got so far with her as she had with me, and am prepared to swear in any court in Christendom that I never called her Susan.

'Ay, and so am I; and of natural music more than any other.' (Pause and cough.) 'Are you fond of children, Mr Brown?'

'Yes, my dear, I am passionately fond,' I would reply.

'And I, too, Henry. Do you recollect what Lavater says upon those subjects?'

'No, my love, I don't think I do.' (I am inclined to believe that this was the most terrible falsehood ever spoken for eight-and-forty days successively.)

'Banish him afar,' he writes, 'from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child.'

If I attempted to vary the monotony of these remarks by saying, as I did sometimes, that I did not like music, and abhorred children, she would say: 'Nor do I, my dear Mr Brown: I never could bear them. Lavater seems to be wrong in that celebrated sentiment of his, "Banish him afar from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child."'

Sometimes, in despair, I used to say I didn't know; I didn't understand music, and I had never had any children. Then she would declare she didn't know either—how should she?—but she was content to take it on faith from Lavater, who wrote upon this matter, 'Banish'—

'My dear Miss Torpid, I know the sentence perfectly well.'

Did I, indeed? How charming! Well, she wasn't sure that she did; she would repeat it, and I would be good enough to correct her, if she was wrong. 'Banish him afar from your presence who dislikes music and the laugh of a child.'

Well, I banished her afar from my presence—and perhaps, there's no knowing, the laugh of a child also—thanks to Jock. I taught him—for he would learn anything that was not the mere professional business of a dog to learn—to howl in the most terrible fashion at the lifting up of my finger; and as soon as ever Lavater came uppermost in that dreary conversation wheel of ours, my ally would raise such a discord for twenty minutes as never was heard before.

'Dear me, Mr Brown, I can't think what you can see to like in that ugly dog of yours: one can't speak for him. I was about to observe' (I knew) 'that that famous sentiment of Lav'—Up went the howl again like the yell of an imprisoned spirit; and I don't think that miserable quotation was ever brought to a finish. Upon the question of parting with Jock, we disagreed; and I managed to work myself backwards out of the matrimonial noose with success, and without an action.

My friend and I never quarrelled; not a growl nor a cross word ever passed between us; not even on the rare occasions when he would return from some unlicensed victualling expedition, and lay his little offering at my feet, the legs—always the legs—of ducks and chickens. Once, and once only, he brought with him what I could not conceal from myself must have been the tail of a cat; but I refrained from taking any notice, and Jock, with excellent taste and fine sagacity, dropped the subject of his own accord. We sat together many a year through the long dark winter evenings; I in my arm-chair with a book, and he nestling his honest chops in my disengaged hand, or coiled in a circle on the hearth-rug, regarding me with a devoted expression in his half-shut eyes. I would utter my thoughts aloud, or address myself directly to him, and because he could not speak—although he understood everything quite well—he would climb up my knees, and whine, and kiss my hand. At midnight or so, he would accompany me round the house, to see that all was right; and until lately, when his loss of teeth prevented it, delighted to fasten all the lower bolts himself. Finally, upon the counterpane about my feet the beloved animal would take his innocent rest. That 'dog's-sleep' of his was a deep slumber; and he never used to 'hunt in dreams,' I'll answer for it. On one night only—the same on which he brought home the cat's tail—he had a nightmare. From what I could gather from his broken sentences while thus distressed, he must have dreamed something of this kind: he was going about the village with a muzzle on, because it was July; and he met a sporting Jew, who tied his legs together, while a military band was playing a tune he couldn't march to, called *The Tortoise-shell Tom Cat*.

The summer was our sporting season, rather than the winter or autumn; we killed serpents and field-mice, or blue-bottle flies in the drawing-room, if it was wet, and sometimes we had a 'bag' hedgehog, and turned him out on the lawn. I never would permit the hedgehog to be hurt, but only made him shew off Jock's sagacity in the combat.

Then we fished together—absolutely together—Jock taking hold of one end of a drag-net, and I the other; or I fished, and Jock sat in the boat and steered. He could not manage tiller-ropes very well, but he would hang his dear old tail into the water, and move it to this or that side, as I requested, like a rudder. He used to hunt a couple of swans about, too, a good deal, but in a very friendly and unmischievous manner.

I have thus simply and truthfully narrated the more salient of my friend's characteristics—his wisdom, his wit, and his general agreeableness; but I cannot narrate, for pen could not write it, his affection for, and devotion to his friend. O curled and scented puppies, of whatsoever race ye be—you sleek ones that kennel in the Inner Temple, or you too hairy poodles who bask in the front of your St James's Clubs—despise not my honest hound! You dull white-chested dogs, dangling your heavy chains after your meal at evening, or (broiled) bones at night, what would you not have given for the post-prandial expression of the countenance of my friend? It combined the stolidity of the banker with the serenity of the divine, and would have been security in itself for the solvency of any moderate

concern. And yet he broke at last, or, rather, fell away bit by bit; his ears seemed to hang heavily as hollyhocks, and to grow longer and longer, and his breath to grow shorter and shorter, until his 'course of bark' came utterly to an end. All medicines failed to strengthen him; but the sound of my voice and the touch of my hand were as the elixir of life to him to the last. I closed his eyes myself, not with pennies—for he never cared for pennies—but with buns; I wrapped him up in the rug he slept in so many evenings, and dug him a grave in the flower-plot with the stick he used to fetch and carry. 'JOCK' is the one word over his grave, and this short stanza—

Tread softly here—'tis holy ground,
For love hath dwelt in this poor hound.

And I shall never grudge the money for his tombstone.

YOUTH OF A PHILOSOPHER.

SOMETIME previous to the death of the late M. Arago, an unauthorised and incorrect account of his early life having been issued by some adventurous French publishers, he thought it fit to prepare a more accurate and truthful history, in the form of an autobiography, entitled the *History of my Youth*; so that the world might not be thereafter misled by the vague tales and shadowy traditions which would be otherwise likely to pass current respecting his early education and pursuits. This autobiography has lately been translated by the Rev. Baden Powell, as a part of the collected writings of the author, which Messrs Longman & Co. have made arrangements with his representatives for publishing. The publication of the scientific and philosophic portion of these writings has not been yet commenced; but the publishers, thinking the recollections of the life of such a man as Arago would have an interest for general readers, this work has been issued by anticipation as a part of their *Traveller's Library*.* In that shape, doubtless, the work will in due time obtain a considerable circulation; but in the meanwhile, as good books are not always known immediately, we may perhaps be doing some of our readers a service by presenting them with a glimpse of its contents. Our brief analysis, and the few extracts that may accompany it, will tend, we presume, to make the work more extensively known and appreciated than might otherwise be the case; and this must be taken as our justification for presenting any notice in these columns of a book issued in so cheap and popular a form.

Francis Arago was born on the 26th of February 1786, in the commune of Estagel, an ancient province of Roussillon (department of the Eastern Pyrenees). His father, a licentiate in law, had some little property in arable-land, in vineyards, and in plantations of olive-trees, with the income from which he supported a numerous family. An idle story has been circulated that Francis grew up to the age of fourteen or fifteen without having learned to read; but for this story there is no foundation, as he himself tells us he was sent early to the primary school in Estagel, and there acquired the rudiments both of reading and writing, besides receiving at home some private lessons in vocal music. He displayed, however, no precocity of talent, but appeared to those around him as a lad of mere average capacity.

His boyhood falling in the memorable Revolution-days, Estagel was a halting-place for troops coming from the interior on their way to Perpignan, or to the army of the Pyrenees. His father's house was therefore constantly full of officers and soldiers. This,

joined to the lively excitement occasioned in him by the Spanish invasion, inspired the boy with such decided military tastes, that his family was obliged to have him narrowly watched, to prevent his joining the soldiers that passed through Estagel. It often happened that they caught him at a league's distance from the village, already on his way with the troops. 'On one occasion,' says he, 'these warlike tastes had nearly cost me dear. It was the night of the battle of Peires-Tortes. The Spanish troops, in their retreat, had partly mistaken their road. I was in the square of the village before daybreak. I saw a brigadier and five troopers come up, who, at the sight of the tree of liberty, called out: "Somos perdidos!" I ran immediately to the house to arm myself with a lance which had been left there by a soldier of the *levée en masse*, and placing myself in ambush at the corner of a street, I struck with a blow of this weapon the brigadier, placed at the head of the party. The wound was not dangerous; a cut of the sabre, however, was descending to punish my hardihood, when some countrymen came to my aid, and, armed with forks, overturned the five cavaliers from their saddles, and made them prisoners. I was then seven years old.'

M. Arago having gone, some time afterwards, to reside at Perpignan as treasurer of the mint, all the family quitted Estagel and followed him. Francis was then placed as an outdoor pupil at the municipal college of the town, where the classical authors of his country appear to have become the objects of his favourite reading. The direction of his studies was, however, suddenly changed by a circumstance which appears to have determined his future destiny. Walking one day on the rampart of the town, he observed an officer of engineers who was directing the execution of some repairs. This officer being a very young man, Francis had the hardihood to approach him, and to ask him how he had succeeded in so soon attaining to so important a position. The young man explained that he came from the Polytechnic School; and on further inquiry, Arago learned that this school might be entered by any one who was able to pass a prescribed examination. From that moment he abandoned the classes of the central school, where he had been taught to admire Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, and other celebrated authors, to attend in future only the mathematical course.

Unluckily, in this department, the school was but indifferently supplied with teachers. The mathematical tutor was an ancient ecclesiastic, the Abbé Verdier, a very respectable sort of man, but whose knowledge was wholly elementary. Young Arago soon perceived that M. Verdier's lessons would not be sufficient to secure his admission to the Polytechnic School; and he therefore decided on studying by himself some of the newest works on mathematics that were obtainable from Paris. He possessed himself of those of Legendre, Lacroix, and Garnier; but in going through them he was often beset with difficulties. A gentleman in the neighbourhood gave him some occasional assistance; yet, he says, he found at length his real available master in the cover of a Treatise on Algebra by M. Garnier. 'This cover consisted of a printed leaf, on the outside of which blue paper was pasted. The reading of the page not covered made me desirous to know what the blue paper hid from me; I took off this paper carefully, having first damped it, and was able to read underneath it the advice given by D'Alembert to a young man who communicated to him the difficulties which he met with in his studies: "Go on, sir, go on, and conviction will come to you." This gave me a gleam of light: instead of persisting in attempts to comprehend at first sight the propositions before me, I admitted their truth provisionally; I passed on beyond, and I was quite surprised, on the morrow, to comprehend perfectly what overnight appeared to me to be

* *History of my Youth*. By Francis Arago, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Translated by the Rev. Baden Powell, A.M., &c., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. Longman & Co.

encompassed with thick clouds. I thus made myself master, in a year and a half, of all the subjects contained in the programme for admission, and I went to Montpellier to undergo the examination.'

Francis Arago was now sixteen years of age. He did not on this occasion pass the examination, as the examiner, being detained at Toulouse by indisposition, wrote to the candidates assembled at Montpellier that he would examine them in Paris. Arago was himself then too unwell to take so long a journey; and so, for the present, he returned to Perpignan. On finding himself at home again, without any object having been accomplished by his journey, he listened for the moment to the solicitations of his family, who continually wished him to renounce the career which the Polytechnic School had suggested. He listened, and for the moment hesitated; but soon his taste for mathematical studies preponderated; he increased his library with several of the highest class of works, including Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, and gave himself up to the study of them with the greatest ardour. 'I prepared myself,' says he, 'for the course of the artillery-service, the aim of my ambition; and, as I had heard that an officer ought to understand music, fencing, and dancing, I devoted the first hours of each day to the cultivation of these three pleasurable arts. The rest of the time I was seen walking on the ramparts of the citadel of Perpignan, seeking by more or less forced transitions to pass from one question to another, so as to be sure of being able to shew the examiner how far my studies had been carried.'

The period for the examination again arrived, and Arago went to Toulouse, in company with a candidate who had studied at the public college, to try his chances. It was the first time that pupils from Perpignan had appeared at the contest. The comrade, being of a timid turn, was utterly discomfited; but Arago resisted everything like browbeating with spirit, and at the close of the examination, M. Monge, going from one extreme to the other, got up and embraced the youth, declaring that he should occupy the first place on his list.

Arago entered the Polytechnic School towards the end of 1803. His recollections of the institution at that period present nothing of interest beyond one or two anecdotes of a ludicrous description. He tells us that many of the professors were much below their office, a circumstance which naturally gave rise to somewhat ridiculous scenes. 'The pupils, for instance, having observed the insufficiency of M. Hassenfratz, made a demonstration of the dimensions of the rainbow, full of errors of calculation, of which the one compensated the other so that the final result was true. The professor, who had only this result whereby to judge of the goodness of the answer, when he saw it appear on the table, did not hesitate to call out: "Good, good; perfectly good!" which excited shouts of laughter on all the benches of the amphitheatre.'

When a professor had lost consideration, the Polytechnic pupils allowed themselves to insult him to an incredible extent. In illustration of this, M. Arago cites the following strange proceeding. A certain pupil, named Leboulenger, met one evening this same M. Hassenfratz, and entered into a discussion with him, asserting his opinions, probably, with more confidence than the professor deemed becoming. When he re-entered the school in the morning, he mentioned the circumstance to his companions. 'Be on your guard,' said one of them; 'you will be interrogated this evening. Play with caution, for the professor has certainly prepared some great difficulties, so as to cause laughter at your expense.' And so, indeed, it happened. Scarcely had the pupils arrived in the amphitheatre, when M. Hassenfratz called to M. Leboulenger, who went up to the table. 'Monsieur Leboulenger,' said the professor to him, 'you have seen the moon?' 'No, sir,' replied the young man. 'How,

sir! you say that you have never seen the moon?' 'I can only repeat my answer—no, sir.' Beyond himself, and seeing his prey escape him by means of this unexpected answer, M. Hassenfratz addressed himself to the inspector in charge of the police that day, and said to him: 'Sir, there is Monsieur Leboulenger pretends never to have seen the moon.' 'What would you wish me to do?' asked the inspector stoically. Repulsed on this side, the professor turned once more towards M. Leboulenger, who remained calm and serious in the midst of the unspeakable amusement of the whole amphitheatre, and cried out, with undisguised anger: 'You persist in maintaining that you have never seen the moon!' 'Sir,' returned the pupil, 'I should deceive you if I told you that I had not heard it spoken of, but I have never seen it.' 'Sir, return to your place.' After this scene, says M. Arago, M. Hassenfratz was but a professor in name; his teaching could no longer be of any use.

The school was then, as now, considerably agitated with political passions, and scenes of insubordination and disorder were occasionally the consequence. When the consular government was changed into the imperial, many pupils refused to add their felicitations to the ordinary adulations of the constituted bodies. General Lacuée, the governor of the school, had to report this opposition to the emperor. 'Monsieur Lacuée,' cried Napoleon, in the midst of a group of applauding courtiers, 'you cannot retain at the school those pupils who have shewn such ardent republicanism; you will send them away.' Then, collecting himself, he added: 'I will first know their names and their stages of promotion.' Seeing the list next day, he did not proceed further than the first name, which was the first in the artillery, and which we suspect to have been Arago's. 'I do not drive away the first men from promotion,' said he. 'Ah, if they had been at the bottom of the list! Monsieur Lacuée, leave them alone.'

'Nothing,' proceeds Arago, 'was more curious than the *séance* to which General Lacuée came to receive the oath of obedience from the pupils. In the vast amphitheatre which contained them, one could not discern a trace of the attention which such a ceremony should inspire. The greater part, instead of answering, at the call of their names, "I swear it!" cried out: "Present!" All at once, the monotony of this scene was interrupted by a pupil, son of the conventionalist Brissot, who called out, in a stentorian voice: "I do not take the oath of obedience to the emperor!" Lacuée, pale, and with little presence of mind, ordered a detachment of armed pupils placed behind him to go and arrest the recusant. The detachment, of which I was at the head, refused to obey. Brissot, addressing himself to the general, with the greatest calmness, said to him: "Point out the place to which you wish me to go; do not force the pupils to dishonour themselves by laying hands on a comrade who will not resist." The next morning Brissot was expelled.'

His expulsion did not tend to make him a better citizen. On the contrary, it inflamed him with vengeance and desperation, under the influence of which he planned, and was well-nigh executing, a great and memorable crime. 'I had entirely lost sight of him for several months,' says Arago, 'when he came to pay me a visit at the Observatory, and placed me in the most delicate, the most terrible position that an honest man ever found himself in. "I have not seen you," he said to me, "because, since leaving the school, I have practised daily firing with a pistol. I have now acquired a skill not common, and I am about to employ my skill in disencumbering France of the tyrant who has confiscated all her liberties. My measures are taken: I have hired a small room on the Carrousel, close to the place by which Napoleon, on coming out from the court, will pass to review the cavalry; from

the humble window of my apartment will the ball be fired which will go through his head." I leave it to be imagined with what despair I received this confidence. I made every imaginable effort to deter Brissot from his sinister project. I remarked how all those who had rushed on enterprises of this nature had been branded in history by the odious title of assassin. Nothing succeeded in checking his fatal resolution; I only obtained from him a promise, on his honour, that the execution of it should be postponed for a time; and I put myself in quest of means for rendering it abortive. The idea of announcing Brissot's project to the authorities did not even enter my thoughts. It seemed a fatality which came to smite me, and of which I must undergo the consequences, however serious they might be. I counted much on the solicitations of Brissot's mother, already so cruelly tried during the Revolution. I went to her, and prayed earnestly that she would unite with me in preventing her son from carrying out his sanguinary resolution. "Ah, sir," replied this lady, at other times a model of gentleness, "if Silvain [the young man's name] believes that he is accomplishing a patriotic duty, I have neither the intention nor the desire to divert him from his project." It was, then, from myself that I must henceforth draw all my resources. I had remarked that Brissot was addicted to the composition of romances and pieces of poetry; I encouraged this passion; and every Sunday, above all, when I knew that there would be a review, I went to fetch him, and drew him into the country, in the environs of Paris. I listened then complacently to the reading of those chapters of his romance which he had composed in the week. The first excursions frightened me a little; for, armed with his pistols, Brissot seized every occasion of shewing his great skill, and I reflected that this circumstance would lead to my being considered as his accomplice if he ever realised his project. At last, his pretensions to literary glory, which I flattered to the utmost—the hopes which I led him to conceive of an amorous passion of which he had confided the secret to me, and which I by no means believed—made him receive with attention the reflections I made to him without end on his enterprise. He determined on making a journey beyond the seas, and thus relieved me from the most serious anxiety which I have experienced in all my life. Brissot died, after having covered the walls of Paris with printed handbills in favour of the Bourbon restoration.

A little before the date of young Brissot's startling communication, Arago had been appointed secretary at the Observatory, through the intervention of Laplace—a situation in which he shortly became the fellow-labourer of Biot in researches on the refraction of gases. During this work, that celebrated academician and he often conversed on the interest there would be in resuming in Spain the series of measurements intended to prolong the meridional line as far as Formentera, which had been undertaken by Mechain, and recently interrupted by his death. They submitted their project to Laplace, who received it favourably, bespoke the necessary funds, and obtained from the government their appointment to the work.

Accordingly, Biot, Arago, and the Spanish commissary Rodriguez, departed from Paris in 1806 on this important mission. With their scientific proceedings, however, we shall not here concern ourselves—M. Arago's personal adventures being, in the present connection, of greater interest, and forming the principal subject of his narrative. He relates one that occurred to him while staying at Valencia, which was near costing him his life, and which, on account of the singular catastrophe with which it ended, we will here repeat. One day, as a recreation, he thought he would go with a fellow-countryman to a fair at Murviedro (the ancient Saguntum), which, he had been told, was

very curious. There he met the daughter of a Frenchman whom he knew, resident at Valencia; and, as all the hotels were crowded, the young lady invited him and his companion to take some refreshment at her grandmother's, in the town. They accepted; but, on leaving the house, the damsel informed them that their visit had given offence to her betrothed, and that, therefore, they must be prepared for some sort of attack upon the road. Hearing this, they went directly to an armourer's, bought some pistols, and commenced their return to Valencia. On their way, Arago said to the driver: 'Isidro, I have some reason to believe we shall be stopped; if so, do not be surprised at the shots which will be fired from the *caleza*' (vehicle).

Isidro, seated on the shaft, according to the custom of the country, answered: 'Your pistols are completely useless, gentlemen; leave me to act; one cry will be enough; my mule will disembarass us of two, three, or even four men.'

Scarcely one minute had elapsed after the driver had so spoken, when two men presented themselves before the mule, and seized her by the nostrils. At the same instant, a formidable cry—the cry of 'Capitana!'—was uttered by Isidro. The mule reared up almost vertically, raising up one of the men, came down again, and set off at a rapid gallop. A jolt which the carriage made led the travellers to understand too well what had happened.

A long silence succeeded; it was only interrupted by these words of the *calezero*: 'Do you not think, gentlemen, that my mule is worth more than any pistols?'

'The next day,' says Arago, 'the captain-general, Don Domingo Izquierdo, related to me that a man had been found crushed on the road to Murviedro. I gave him an account of the prowess of Isidro's mule, and no more was said.'

Among the thousand anecdotes our autobiographer tells us he could relate, shewing what an adventurous life was led by the delegates of the Bureau of Longitude, the following, in his own (or rather in his translator's) words, may be given as a specimen:—

'During my stay on a mountain near Cullera, to the north of the mouth of the river Jucar, and to the south of the Albufera, I once conceived the project of establishing a station on the high mountains which are in front of it. I went to see them. The alcaid of one of the neighbouring villages warned me of the danger to which I was about to expose myself. "These mountains," said he to me, "form the resort of a crowd of robbers." I asked for the national guard, as I had the power to do so. My escort was supposed by the robbers to be an expedition directed against them, and they spread themselves at once over the rich plain which is watered by the Jucar. On my return, I found them engaged in combat with the authorities of Cullera. Wounds had been given on both sides, and, if I recollect right, one alguazil was left dead on the plain.

The next morning I regained my station. The following night was a horrible one; the rain fell in a deluge. Towards night, there was knocking at my cabin-door. To the question, "Who is there?" the answer was: "A custom-house guard, who asks of you a refuge for some hours." My servant having opened the door to him, I saw a magnificent man enter, armed to the teeth. He laid himself down on the earth, and went to sleep. In the morning, as I was chatting with him at the door of my cabin, his eyes became animated on seeing two persons on the slope of the mountain, the alcaid of Cullera and his principal alguazil, who were coming to pay me a visit. "Sir," cried he, "nothing less than the gratitude which I owe you, on account of the service which you have rendered me this night, could prevent my seizing this occasion for disencumbering myself, by one shot of this carbine,

of my most cruel enemy. Adieu, sir!" And he therewith departed, springing from rock to rock as light as a gazelle. When arrived at the cabin, the alcaid and his alguazil recognised in the fugitive the chief of all the brigands in the country.

Some days afterwards, the weather having again become very bad, I received a second visit from the pretended custom-house guard, who went soundly to sleep in my cabin. I saw that my servant, an old military man, who had heard the recital of the deeds and behaviour of this man, was preparing to kill him. I jumped down from my camp-bed, and seizing my servant by the throat: "Are you mad?" said I to him. "Are we to discharge the duties of police in this country? Do you not see, moreover, that this would expose us to the resentment of all those who obey the orders of this redoubted chief? And we should thus render it impossible for us to terminate our operations."

Next morning, when the sun rose, I had a conversation with my guest, which I will try to reproduce faithfully.

"Your situation is perfectly known to me. I know that you are not a custom-house guard: I have learned from certain information that you are chief of the robbers of the country. Tell me whether I have anything to fear from your confederates."

"The idea of robbing you did occur to us; but we concluded that all your funds would be in the neighbouring towns; that you would carry no money to the summit of mountains, where you would not know what to do with it; and that our expedition against you could have no fruitful results. Moreover, we cannot pretend to be as strong as the king of Spain. The king's troops leave us quietly enough to exercise our industry; but on the day that we molested an envoy from the emperor of the French, they would have directed against us several regiments, and we should soon have succumbed. Allow me to add, that the gratitude which I owe to you is your surest guarantee."

"Very well, I will trust in your words; I shall regulate my conduct by your answer. Tell me, if I can travel at night? It is fatiguing to me to move from one station to another in the day under the burning influence of the sun."

"You can do it, sir; I have already given my orders to this purpose; they will not be infringed."

Some days afterwards, I left for Denia. It was midnight, when some horsemen rode up to me, and addressed these words to me:

"Stop there, señor; times are hard: those who have something must aid those who have nothing. Give us the keys of your trunks; we will only take your superfluities."

I had already obeyed their orders, when it came into my head to call out:

"I had been told, however, that I could travel without risk."

"What is your name, sir?"

"Don Francisco Arago."

"*Hombre! vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you)." And so saying, the cavaliers spurred rapidly away.

Arago had thus an opportunity of learning that there was honour among thieves. He did not fare so well when afterwards, in 1808, he fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities at Majorca, under the false suspicion of telegraphing messages from the top of a mountain—his station of astronomical observation—to the French army, then invading Spain and her dependencies. Being mobbed by the populace of Palma (the capital), he had to solicit the privilege of being shut up as a prisoner in the castle of Belver. Here he passed many dreary weeks, and at length escaped to Algiers; whence, through the aid of the resident French consul, he was shipped with a false passport to Marseille. On entering the Gulf of Lion, the ship was

captured by a Spanish corsair, and Arago and the rest of the passengers were landed at Rosas, and placed in quarantine in a dismantled wind-mill. His report of his examination by the Spanish authorities of the place is very amusing, but too long for quotation in this article. From the wind-mill he was transferred to the fortress of Rosas, where, and in other prisons, he underwent great hardships. The history of these imprisonments, his efforts at escape, and his various perils by land and sea, make up nearly the sum of the remaining narrative. Before landing finally in France, we find him a second time at Algiers; and so much had he been tossed about from place to place, that all traces of him had been lost by his family. They had, indeed, long given him up for dead; and his pious mother had even caused masses to be said for the repose of his soul. Great was the joy, therefore, when he once more appeared at Perpignan; and masses were now said to celebrate his return. Arago does not appear to have cared much about such ceremonies; but as his excellent and affectionate mother deemed them proper, he raised no objection to their performance. After a hasty visit, he repaired to Paris; and there, at the Bureau of Longitude and the Academy of Sciences, deposited the observations he had made in the execution of his mission, and which he had succeeded in preserving amidst the perils and tribulations of his long campaign.

A few days after his arrival—namely, on the 18th of September 1809—he was nominated an academician; and in the same year, he was chosen to succeed M. Monge in the chair of Analysis applied to Geometry in the Polytechnic School. He was then only twenty-three years of age; but from that period he began to hold a prominent place among the scientific men of his country, and, as the reader is doubtless aware, rose eventually to high distinction as an astronomer and meteorologist. Of his scientific achievements, however, the work before us does not treat, and therefore it would here be out of place to speak of them. The book is a collection of incidents and anecdotes, relating to an eventful period in his youthful life, and which he rightly supposed might be interesting for their strangeness and the unusual dangers and privations of which they are the record. As everything connected with the career and fortunes of a celebrated man has a charm and an attraction for all who respect his reputation, it is anticipated that this little memorial of the early studies and adventures of a man, who in his old age found pleasure in remembering and recording them, will afford both information and entertainment to a considerable body of readers; and, accordingly, to such as may feel any curiosity regarding it, we can commend it as a lively and pleasant narrative.

THE ROVING FIDDLER.

OUR readers will probably recollect the amusing sketches of the violinist Mishka Hauser, on Tahiti and Sydney; we have now, from the same pen, a no less lively description of the night-side of social and artistic life in Melbourne:

MELBOURNE, June 15, 1855.

Life resembles here the carnival of Venice; it does not move in measured time and step, but whirls noisily about. Whoever likes maddening bustle and loud mirth, will feel happy at Melbourne; but he who cherishes higher aspirations, who delights in art and science, and refined social enjoyments, will scarcely find satisfaction.

Art, in fact, is practised in the same prosaic way as business. The theatres and concerts are always filled, and musical and histrionic artists cannot anywhere else in the world reap a more plentiful harvest and richer material reward; but it is only the tinsel,

the false lustre which pleases this population; it is artificial execution which excites applause, not the high earnestness of art.

Since my arrival in Australia, I have often thought to myself when, wearied by the mad bustle of the public, I put my fiddle into its case: 'Well, there can be nothing more new for me in the way of adventure;' but, on coming to another town, I have always found myself mistaken. Perhaps even a roving fiddler should have his secrets, if not from policy, from artistic vanity. But natural frankness always overcomes vanity with me; and so down go all my impressions into my diary without disguise.

Obliged to throw myself upon the manager of a theatre—for I found, on my arrival, that all the concert-rooms were already hired—I bound myself to play for him on twelve successive nights. My first appearance was to take place in the last days of May; and the papers having puffed me enthusiastically for weeks, and public curiosity being raised to the highest pitch, the house was full to suffocation. A ballet was to precede the concert; and all the professional singers, the Misses Octavia Hamilton, Olympia Montgomery, and Doña Aurelia Babiatti the Spaniard, were ready to join in endless trills, cadences, and roulades; while besides them, an epic gentleman was engaged to read Milton; and Signor Botessini, with his sublime basso, was to sing till the welkin rang.

The curtain rose. A French dancer, an elegant supple young lady, of no great beauty, but much expression, and apparently on perfectly good terms with herself, appeared on the scene in her short lacedress, received by an outburst of applause and by the martial trumpets of the orchestra. But from the other side came a youthful blooming Spanish Creole, with beautiful eyes, large and soft; her complexion rosy, her figure tall—in fact, the very impersonation of Terpsichore. She bowed modestly—it was her first appearance at Melbourne—and the enthusiasm of the public, surprised by her beauty, manifested itself in vehement cheers.

The two dancers struggled for the palm of victory in a graceful tarentula. Like two glittering butterflies, they whirled around, accompanied by music and applause. The mercurial Parisian made use of all her most seductive wiles, of her most refined pirouettes, of her most enchanting attitudes; but the Creole seemed patronised by the Graces themselves. Thundering applause encouraged her; and as often as she came forward with her graceful modesty, nosegays, and rings, and bracelets were thrown at her feet. The French lady struggled with her last strength against the triumph of her rival, until, disheartened and exhausted, she fell to the ground.

The Creole approached her with compassion to raise her, when suddenly the Parisian darted up, and, with looks full of hate and fury, boxed the ears of her rival. The audience hissed and hooted, while she exclaimed with passion: 'The wretch tripped me!' The poor Creole declared with dignity that she was innocent of the meanness; but a vulgar word, which slipped out of the lips of the French dancer against her, suddenly roused all the passions of the South in her bosom, and a singular struggle began. The two excited ladies rushed upon each other, and wrestled and tore and pulled one another's hair, while the thunders of the gallery made the whole atmosphere vibrate. I never saw a more natural performance. The better classes of the public did not interfere, but seemed rather to be amused by these not entirely Olympic exercises, until the Creole, bleeding and fainting, was carried away from the scene.

Some officers who, from a box, had witnessed the spectacle, were revolted at the conduct of the Parisian, and sent for the police to arrest her; but her friends collected and resisted the constables. A riot ensued;

a portion of the public rushed on the stage; they jumped across the orchestra; the fiddles and bass viols were broken; ladies were fainting; children crying; and I—I took to my heels with my fiddle, and ran away without stopping till I reached my hotel.

Arrived in my room, I lay comfortably down on my sofa, and lighted an excellent cigar. 'Farewell, Melbourne!' exclaimed I; and I began to revel in a world of imagination, full of the brightest hopes. India, the land of wonders, with its sights and perfumes, rose on my dream like an Arabian tale. In about thirty days, thought I, I shall be wandering on the sacred banks of the Ganges, whence the sea at length will carry me back to Europe, to my own dear country—what happiness! Enjoying the thought, I jumped up from the sofa, exclaiming: 'To-morrow I leave Australia.' But at these words, the manager of the theatre rushed into the room.

'The deuce!' shouted he, with a voice which seemed at the time like that of a bear; 'you don't mean to leave Melbourne—if you do, I shall have you arrested!' He took our agreement from his pocket, and continued, tapping it fiercely with his finger: 'Here is your signature, Mr Mishka Hauser; you shall not escape me!' I looked at him mournfully, and requested him to spare me for at least this night. I pleaded headache and nervousness, occasioned by the scandalous occurrence in the theatre; but the manager had no more bowels than other managers. He said the public insisted either upon the concert, or the return of the entrance-fee; that the storm had been quieted by a compromise—that is to say, by the arrest of both the dancers; and that my absence would cause a renewal of the riot. With a heavy sigh, I took his arm, and went with him, like a lamb to the man with the blue apron. In a few minutes, I stood on the fatal boards.

The overture of *Don Juan* was to open the concert; but some of the performers could not be found; the instruments of others were broken; and the conductor had fled. Signor Botessini, the favourite singer of Melbourne, tried to calm the noisy public; but in vain. He was not listened to; hisses and laughter received him; the excited public demanded imperiously the overture, and the manager had to yield. At midnight, therefore, after the displeasure and impatience of the public had died away, I had to come forward and take the command of the disabled music-band. All eyes, spectacles, and opera-glasses were turned towards my poor person, and, preoccupied and foreboding evil, I gave the signal for the performance. In my consternation, I scarcely heard how the work of the great Mozart was dealt with; when suddenly, just as the trombone announced the appearance of the Commander, an indescribable noise of hooting and shouting rent the air. I feared the ghost of the ill-treated Mozart had entered the theatre; but it was something more prosaic—the police-officer; who, in the name of the governor, ordered the public to retire. The stage was soon filled with the police force; in five minutes the pit was cleared; and nobody was so glad of it as I.

The next day, all the papers severely censured the public. 'What will Europe, what will the world think of us,' said the *Argus*, 'if artists, who cross the ocean for our sake, are treated with so little respect—if art, which ought to elevate us, is degraded by riotous conduct?' The lesson seems to have had its effect; a few days later, I played, and was received with distinction. A new piece, *The Bouquets Irlandais*—variations on Irish melodies—made a great sensation, and roused the excitable and here pretty numerous Irish population to the highest pitch of national enthusiasm. The day before yesterday I performed in the Arsenal for the benefit of the hospital; and as the receipts were very brilliant, the committee appointed me life-governor. I was honoured with a torch-light serenade, and other

ovations, which, as the playbills say, were 'too tedious to mention.'

So, you see, there are the smooths as well as the roughs at Melbourne, after all. Even an ordinary walk is exceedingly interesting. There are here about 20,000 Chinese, who always amuse me greatly by their oddities. In walking through their streets—they occupy a quarter of the town of their own—we find ourselves in a new world. Before the hotel, where some Chinese gourmands are dining under the veranda, we see joints of dogs, roast cats, fried grasshoppers, salad of rose-leaves, and other peculiar dainties. A row among them is no rare occurrence, but it is never very serious: at the most, the vanquished loses his tail, which remains as a trophy in the hands of his victorious antagonist, who then gravely retires from the battle-field. At one of the corners, I saw a bookseller selling his books, not according to their value or to a fixed price, but according to weight. If, on weighing them, they were too light, he coolly tore some leaves from another book, and threw them into the scale.

The Chinese have here the curious custom of making one another presents of richly-adorned coffins, as testimonials of their love, friendship, or esteem. Parents take such a present from their children as a token of filial affection.

But my letter becomes too long; I must close, and without a word about the Exhibition of Industry, and the first Australian University. As to the Exhibition, I shall send you by and by a detailed report. About the university, I know very little—only the first and last paragraph of the by-laws, which I happened to see under a grating on the gate of the college. The first paragraph intimates that smoking and drinking are strictly forbidden in the classes; and the last says, that smoking is allowed in the galleries and passages of the building. So that education here would seem to begin and end in smoke.

A PET MOOSE.

So tame was my young moose, that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great *penchant* for tobacco-smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual. His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears, and dropping the under-jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass-plot, now and then rearing up on his hind-legs, and striking ferociously with his fore-feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found, revelling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty. In the very hot days of summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake, which these animals, in their wild condition, always indulge in at this time of year, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him.—*Hardy's Sporting Adventures.*

THE ARAB OF JEBEL HAURAN.

'What brought you to the *Deir* when you saw us there?' I asked him.—'To strip you,' he coolly replied.—'And why did you not do it?'—'Because Mahmūd was with you.'—'But why would you plunder us? We are strangers, and not your enemies.'—'It is our custom.'—'And do you strip all strangers?'—'Yes, all we can get hold of.'—'And if they resist, or are too strong for you?'—'In the former case, we shoot them from behind trees; and in the latter, we run.'—'How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or

feed flocks?'—'We are not *fellahn*. We keep goats and sheep, hunt partridges and gazelles, and steal!'—'Are you all thieves?'—'Yes, all!'—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

THE FEAST OF INGATHERING.

Not for the proud and mighty is the festive table spread;
No civic magnates crowd around, no prince is at its head:
But though our guests no blood have shed in battle's
fierce turmoil,
They have won a gallant victory from their own native
soil.

They poured their sweat in place of blood, and well their
strength they spent,
Since now earth pays a hundred-fold the toil and seed they
lent;
So blithely gathering old and young, in merry groups they
come
To celebrate the victory that brought the harvest home.

And while we praise the hero's name that for his country
bleeds,
Give honour to the sons of toil, whose work the soldier
feeds.

The same in metal true are both, the same determined
brow—
Oh, may just Heaven speed alike the good sword and the
plough!

For well may they be heroes deemed who unrepining bear
The heat and burden of the war—dear food and scanty
fare:

Honour to him who tills the ground, and to the brave who
roam;

For while the soldier fights abroad, the peasant works at
home.

GRIMSBY.

RUTH BUCK.

SARDINIAN STATISTICS.

The population of the Sardinian kingdom is nearly 5,000,000, of whom about half a million belong to Savoy, and about half a million to the island of Sardinia. The Austrian Lombardo-Venetian territory has the same number of inhabitants, within a few thousands, as the kingdom of Sardinia. The population of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies is about 10,000,000, and of the whole Italian peninsula about 25,000,000. The revenue of Sardinia is 130,000,000 francs, and the public debt nearly 600,000,000 francs. In spite of recent reforms, and the suppression of the monastic orders, the state of the church is a great source of weakness to the country. In the island of Sardinia, the clergy are in the ratio of 1 to every 127 souls, and on the mainland 1 to 227; the proportion in other most Catholic countries being, in Austria 1 for 610, and in Belgium 1 for 600. Exclusive of pupils in seminaries, novices, and others not in orders, the kingdom of Sardinia lately numbered 23,000 ecclesiastics, and the church-revenue amounted to more than 17,000,000 francs; four times the sum allowed by Belgium for public worship, and little less than half the sum allowed by France; though Belgium has nearly the same population, and France eight times the number. Piedmont has well, then, deserved the name of 'the paradise of priests.' The education of the country is in a low condition, especially in the island of Sardinia, where scarcely a fifteenth of the people can read or write. In Piedmont, half the population are uneducated. But the government is preparing to give attention to popular education, the revenues of the suppressed convents being partly designed for this object, the neglect of which removes all reasonable ground of complaint on account of the spoliation of the church.—*Gallenga's History of Piedmont.*

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THE MADONNA DEL LAGHETTO.

'WHAT do you call that white town on the shore?' I asked of my *vetturino*.

'Mentone,' said he, after a little effort to recover his breath.

The *vetturino* I had hired at Oneglia to take me on to Nice was a considerate elderly man, who never failed, when we were descending a hill, as we were at that moment, to put himself at the head of his horse—an animal rather weak in the fore-legs—take it by the bridle, and trot along by its side. This was the honourable cause of my *vetturino*'s effort for breath.

Mentone is a bright, gay town, lazily coiled on the sea-shore, backed by picturesque hills, covered with orange and lemon trees, and dotted about with showy coloured villas. The more I looked, the more I felt a propensity to pitch my tent there for awhile—a propensity I combated, however, and of which I ought to have been ashamed, considering I had already stopped twice on the road. The fact must be confessed, I had left Genoa in a diligence, which was to take me to Nice in twenty-four hours; and yet, eight days after, here I was, having scarcely performed two-thirds of my journey. While thus debating the point with myself, my dusty conveyance was rattling merrily on the gravel of the beach, amid a double row of oleanders in full bloom, which seemed to grow as naturally there as weeds and brambles do elsewhere.

The lovely country I was passing through reminded me, I am sorry to say, of a scene in an opera; and to make the illusion complete, there emerged at this point, from a by-path on the left, a procession of country-girls on donkeys, carrying baskets of oranges, and singing in chorus. Such an exhibition of black hair, black eyes, pretty feet, lovely characteristic features, together with easy, elegant attitudes, but rarely falls to the lot of the rambler in search of the picturesque; nothing more graceful than those women's broad round straw-hats, worn a little on one side of the head. The oleanders had nearly won my heart; the girls on the donkeys achieved the whole conquest. How could I, with any propriety, go on without sketching at least half a dozen of those beautiful figures—I, who had come to Italy on purpose to sketch!

'I have a great mind to stop a little while in this lovely place,' said I to the *vetturino*. 'What's your opinion?'

'I shan't mind an hour or two, if you wish it,' replied the good-natured fellow. 'We can make it up by being later in reaching Nice; but, as I told you beforehand, sir, I must be at Nice this night at latest.'

'And what's your great hurry?'

'Because, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I am to take a Nizzard family, old customers of mine, to the Madonna del Laghetto.'

'And pray, what is this Madonna del Laghetto?'

The poor man stood transfixed. Had I told him I was a cannibal, that declaration would have shocked him less than my ignorance of his madonna.

'Bless my heart! to know nothing of Nostra Signora del Laghetto!—a Madonna who has worked miracles by thousands, and has a shrine so famous all over the world, that the shewing of passports to and from France has to be suspended during the week her fête lasts, to allow of the free passage of pilgrims to it!' This was all said in a high sharp tone of distressed reproach.

These particulars, quite new to me, and which I might no doubt have found in *Murray*, had I not made a point of never having a hand-book about me, would have proved a new temptation at another moment. As it was, I was too much taken up with gay Mentone, the oleanders, and the attractive peasant-women, to care much about the Madonna del Laghetto. So I returned to the charge, and lowered my pretensions to asking only a halt of twenty-four hours. But the *vetturino* was immovable, steadfast as a rock: he had engaged to be at Nice by the evening; and there, accordingly, he was resolved to be. 'And let me tell you,' he wound up, 'that if you find it an easy matter to stop at Mentone, you won't find it so easy to leave it for many days to come. As for a place in the mail or diligence' (here came a long low whistle, very expressive it was), 'there's such crowds, I tell you, flock to the shrine of the Madonna, that's not to be expected; and for any chance of a private conveyance, you might as well try to hire a balloon.'

This kind of reasoning had exactly the contrary effect to that which it was meant to produce. The prospect of these difficulties tickled my imagination. Why should I not make my way on foot to Nice? My trunk was already there; and as for my little portmanteau, with only a change of linen and a few other necessaries, I could easily carry that. Of all things, I like the unexpected. I know of no better sport than trudging along a road in blissful ignorance whither it may lead, courting Dame Nature as I go, in my own way, stopping when and wherever I please—by the side of a rivulet, or on a sea-commanding cliff, uncertain whether I shall get a lift when tired, or have to put up with bread and cheese in a roadside *guinguette*, spend the night at a first-rate inn, with first-rate fare, or have to wander on, hungry, and without any fare at all.

Just what I write passed through my mind as I

pondered on the intractable good faith of my vetturino. There is an inborn averseness in all human beings to yield to one another; consequently, I paid my good-natured obstinate conductor, who took leave of me with a sly look of triumph; and ten minutes afterwards, I was enjoying my own way in a capital room of the Hôtel de Turin, face to face with the beautiful Mediterranean, that sparkled and heaved, and dimpled a most coquettish welcome.

I hope I shall never forget the two days I passed in fortunate Mentone, for they are among the happiest of my life. Except at the hours of meals—most excellent these were—I spent all my time out of doors, admiring, enjoying, and sketching. O what a feast for eyes and soul was there! He who has not rambled among the hills and groves of that privileged land, beheld the splendours of that unrivalled sea and sky—he who has not rowed on those lovely waters on a calm starry night, when the soft breeze envelops everything in an atmosphere of delicious fragrance, when fireflies glitter in the air, and the boatman's song, softened by the distance, comes like a mysterious call from another world: he who knows not this, knows not what voluptuousness there is in the very sense of existence.

At the end of the second day, my sketch-book was full to the brim, and I began to think of tearing myself away from my Capua. My landlord shook his head ominously at this announcement. Scouts were sent in all directions, but they one and all returned with the same answer; that no conveyance, however humble, was to be had; and as to the coaches, one *had* passed, filled to suffocation; and for the one expected, enough passengers were booked to fill it and another, even if they arrived empty. Ah! indeed the vetturino's prophecy was fulfilled to the very letter.

There was nothing for it but philosophy, so I girded up my loins for a transit on foot. As I was issuing from my room, portmanteau on shoulder, my landlord ran against me, so hot in haste was he to bring me the news, that he had heard of a cart getting ready to carry some devotees to the Madonna del Laghetto; it might save me some miles' walk, but it was a very poor conveyance, apologised mine host; 'and such company, most of them mere peasants! such as an English gentleman perhaps could not sit with; however,' . . . Some way or other, we have contrived to establish such a character on the continent for squeamishness and fastidiousness, such a horror of every one below us, that it might be supposed we were wont only to consort with dukes and princes of the blood.

I surprised the landlord most agreeably by catching at his offer, and we sallied forth at once to secure a place in this godsend of a vehicle, which, to be sure, was neither elegant nor comfortable, being literally a cart, with planks nailed on either side to serve as seats, with, however, the blessing of an awning. My travelling-companions, eleven in number, were all peasant-men and women, in their best attire, with the exception of an old priest, a young capuchin, and a jolly stout fellow in blue velvet, the usual garb of well-to-do farmers, holding on his knees a very handsome little girl of about five or six years old.

The conversation was kept up briskly, save when some more than usually terrible jerk put a forcible stop to it, by throwing all the occupants of one side in a heap over their *vis à vis*, which was the case at least

once every ten minutes. The Madonna, of course, and her miracles, were the exclusive theme of the incessant talk. Every one had a story to relate more wonderful than the last; every one happened to have a son, brother, cousin, friend, or at least an acquaintance, who had had some narrow escape. A boy had fallen from a high tree without breaking a limb; a young peasant, given up by the doctor, had miraculously recovered on the application of the image of the Madonna on his chest; or a shipwrecked sailor, on the point of drowning, through a prayer to our Lady del Laghetto, had been gently lifted by the waves, and deposited safe and sound on the shore. Here is the substance of one of the stories related by our fellow-traveller the old priest:—

The heroine was a rich, pious, childless lady, who for fifteen years running had never omitted making the annual pilgrimage to the shrine Del Laghetto, for the purpose of asking the Madonna to vouchsafe her a son and heir; and the son was vouchsafed at last, when the applicant had reached the age of forty-eight. A beautiful boy he was, who died of the measles, it is true; but what of that. Neither the Madonna del Laghetto, nor any other Madonna, could reasonably be expected to work two miracles for the same person within so short a time. 'This is why I would impress on you, my brethren,' concluded the old padre, by way of a moral to his tale, 'to have faith; never to grudge a sou or two for souls in purgatory; never to weary of asking, my brethren, and leave the rest to the Madonna. For what does the holy text say: "Petite et accipietis, pulsate et aperietur vobis."'

'Spoken like a book!' exclaimed the stout jolly fellow on my right, clapping his hands in applause: 'that's just my mind. Here's my little love, born deaf and dumb;' and the father kissed his little love passionately. 'Did I, or do I send for doctors and all sorts of quacks to cure her? Not I. I know better. The Madonna is to be her physician. As soon as we found out her misfortune, I brought her to the shrine. The Madonna chose to turn a deaf ear to my prayers. Did I despair? Not a bit. I took Marina to the shrine the very next year, and the next, and the next still; and I shall take her there till the Madonna grants me the blessing. I'll knock and knock, ay, and wrench the door open, if necessary. I have made up my mind; and we shall see whose head's the hardest, the Madonna's or mine.'

This sort of challenge to the object of his warmest adoration was offered in the simplest and most natural way possible, and was not without a touch of pathos. I looked up at the speaker in surprise: there were no traces of stupidity or brutality about him; on the contrary, there was something refined in the expression of his intelligent countenance, lighted up as it was by fatherly tenderness, as, gently parting the curls on the forehead of his darling, he made every effort to amuse her by his pantomime. And I thought with dismay on the amount of erroneous ideas which must have been forced on this creature of God, so far to pervert his moral sense as to make him put all his hopes for his child's cure in a kind of hand-to-hand struggle with the powers above.

A little past the height of Turbia, on the right, there opens a road which, by gently sloping zigzags, leads down the valley to the sanctuary. It is wide enough

for carriages, and kept in good order at the expense of the Father Franciscans, I believe—of whose convent the shrine is a dependence, being, in fact, neither more nor less than the little church of the convent. The fathers deserve some credit for the sound economical notions they display in the great care they take to smooth the road for the pilgrims.

We left our springless cart and the three poor exhausted animals which, to my great wonder, had dragged us so far on the main road, and joined the double living stream that was pouring down towards the sanctuary.

The convent looks more like a fortress than the dwelling of peaceful monks. It stands on an isolated plateau, surrounded on all sides by a moat, formed by the bed of a mountain-torrent—dry, or nearly so, in summer, but a rushing river in winter. Across this is thrown a short massive stone-bridge, the only access to the convent. Temporary wooden huts and gaily decorated booths, for the accommodation of visitors, filled every inch of ground on this side of the moat, and swarmed with hundreds of motley people.

Had it not been for the peaceful nature of the occupations of the crowd—so loud was the din, so martial the look of the men with the red caps and red belts—it might have been taken for a beleaguering force which has pitched its tents, and is watching an opportunity to assault the fort above. Venders of wines and eatables, sellers of holy images, reliques, and rosaries, tellers of religious legends, mountebanks and empirics, were all shouting at the top of their voices, playing on the credulity, exciting the passions, or satisfying the substantial wants of a host of screaming customers.

I sat down in one of the booths, and after partaking of some refreshment, which I really needed, I turned from the bustle around me to gaze on the glories of the departing sun: each fold of the mountain on mountain closing in the prospect to the north was glowing red, while the valleys at the foot were lost already in a soft blue mist. The calm and solemn grandeur of the landscape at that hour, which always brings with it a mingled feeling of regret and hope, made the flurry and excitement going on at my elbow seem still more puerile and aimless. While watching the twinkling into view of one star after another, I heard a bell toll, and saw, to my great surprise, every one, pilgrims and purveyors, all rise with one accord, as if they had received an electric shock—cards, relics, eatables, and wine-bottles thrown on one side, and a general rush made for the stone-bridge. 'What's the matter?' asked I of a neighbour.

'The presentation of the sick—the Madonna fa le grazie,' was the quick answer, as he ran off also. This was the particular hour, it seems, selected by the Madonna for performing her miracles.

To see a miracle was worth a little squeezing; I, therefore, resolved on improving the occasion, and joined in the race. I crossed the bridge, ran through a little square, up some steps, and so into a spacious cloister which goes round the church. Here, innumerable silver *ex votos* glittered on the walls, amid rude representations of miracles. Some of these last would have been worth copying—*naïveté* and want of perspective making them *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way. The throng here formed in procession, four or five abreast, the sick, with their small or large group of kindred and friends, in the front rows. Moving slowly round, they all wended their way to the church-door, through the open portals of which the miraculous statue was seen. The blaze of jewels on all parts of the image, together with the quantities of lighted wax-torches surrounding her, produced a certain effect even on me. I was positively dazzled. An explosion of admiring ejaculations, of broken appeals, of sighs and sobs, mostly from the female part of the

congregation, broke forth at the gorgeous sight—a concert shrill enough to pierce even the stone ears of Nostra Signora del Laghetto; but, nevertheless, overpowered by the rich bass of two sceptical blind men, begging for alms on either side of the door. Their faith must have been languid, indeed, since they preferred carrying on their supplications outside, at the risk of being flattened against the wall, to trying their chances with the Madonna inside. The cortège took to the right of the chapel, and advanced till its front row stood opposite the main altar; then it came to a full stop, and the presentation of the sick began. An old man, with snow-white hair and a face like parchment, was hoisted up towards the image; but for the shivering of his palsied limbs, the poor creature might have been taken for a corpse, so unconscious did he look. 'Oh, Madonna, fategli la grazia!' (Grant him the blessing!) screamed several voices—'Fategli la grazia!' responded the whole church in chorus.

'It's the Madonna going to cure you—rouse yourself: have faith; lift up your arms to her,' cried an old shrivelled peasant-woman to the wretched cripple.

He did try, and managed to raise his arms a little, but only to let them drop again, while his head sunk on his shoulder with a groan. 'Oh, Madonna, it is too cruel,' sobbed the old woman in a state of distraction, 'after I have said so many prayers to you, and given so many alms on your account. You know you can do it, if you like. O me! O me! you know you can.'

'Make another effort,' cries a young man to the old one. 'Only say a *Salve Regina*, an *Ave*—anything you can remember.' Alas! it was past the power of the sufferer, already covered with cold sweats, to do anything but tremble and shake; and he and his disconsolate friends must make room for another party.

My jolly friend, the father of the deaf and dumb child, with some of his relations whom he had met, came forward. Poor Marina was duly lifted up, and held towards the Virgin, with the customary invocations. It was a sad and touching sight, indeed, to behold the intelligent little creature join her hands, and evidently pray—oh, so earnestly!—her eyes distended with eagerness, and, in answer to her father's expressive pantomime, try to speak. Nothing came of it, of course, but some uncouth inarticulate sounds, which apparently deceived a portion of the more distant spectators, for they began shouting: 'She speaks! she speaks! A miracle—she speaks!'

I shall never forget the half-angry, half-dejected glance of the father, as he shook his head towards the spot whence the shouts proceeded. He then looked up at the Madonna, made an attempt to address her; but his emotion was too great for utterance (lucky it was so), and retired in silence, his child clasped to his bosom.

The third sick presented was a spectral young man on crutches, obviously in the last stage of consumption. The persons round him—mountaineers from their dress—looked particularly fierce and excited. They raised him up, uttering savage cries 'that they *must* have him cured.' After a moment's pause, they lowered him again, and bade him stand and walk without crutches. I saw the poor fellow stagger like a drunken man. I heard frantic exclamations of disappointment mixed with muttered imprecations. I saw fists raised in defiance. . . . I could stand no more—I was sick at heart, less with the shocking exhibition itself, than with the spirit in which it was conducted. I literally fled from the church, and turned my back on the shrine, *ab viato*.

The moon shone bright on hill and vale, and the starry sky recounted the glories of the Lord. The soothing and elevating influences of the divine harmonies of creation stole over me as I walked, and tuned my soul to forbearance. Did the poor people

I had just seen at the shrine know what they were about? Was it *their* fault if they were taught no better? And I put my trust for them in the Great Mercy—reaching Nice at midnight, in a more Christian frame of mind than I could have anticipated a few hours before.

PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

IN reporting from time to time the progress making in the various departments of knowledge and art, we have seldom had to notice contributions to the science of mind. Psychology, as this science is called, seemed, in fact, to have come to a stand-still. A rifacimento now and then of old materials, or a disquisition on some abstruse point, with little or no possible bearing on any question of wide human interest, was all this country had seen for a series of years. And yet in no department, perhaps, is real progressive knowledge more urgently required. For is not the grand problem of education in great measure yet to solve? and how is it to be solved but by knowing better the nature and manner of growth of the human mind? The world, again, has of late years been perplexed almost out of its wits by a succession of anomalous appearances, under the names of mesmerism, electro-biology, table-turning, spirit-rapping, &c., which the hitherto received views as to the powers and workings of the mind altogether refuse to acknowledge, and consign to the region of the marvellous or the supernatural. This is a dangerous state of things; unless it is remedied, we are in danger of losing any faith we ever had in the existence of a distinction between the credible and the incredible. Facts of the class alluded to—for, after making every allowance for imposture, it is no longer deniable that there is a large residuum of fact at the bottom—such facts call loudly for a revision and expansion of our theories of man's mental nature, thus found so inadequate to explain all the phenomena.

And we are happy to say that the call promises to be responded to. It would appear, in fact, that mental science has not been really asleep all this time; it has only been working under ground, and now it is beginning to make its appearance again under more promising auspices. Hitherto, it has been arbitrary and unstable, from want of a positive basis; for though it was acknowledged, in a general way, that the mind acted through the nervous system, yet, except by phrenologists, no use was made of the admission. The truth is, it is only of late that our knowledge of the nervous system has been brought to that stage of advancement at which it could be of much service to the mental philosopher. He had to wait till the anatomist and physiologist did this part of his work for him; and it deserves remark, that any contributions made for some time to our knowledge of the workings of mind have come from physiologists. Now, that the foundation has been laid, the psychologist, or mental philosopher proper, is resuming his division of the task.

In proof of what may be expected under this improved phase of the science, we submit one or two of the new or freshly modified views opened up in a work on psychology, recently published;* and we begin with what seems to us to throw a deal of light upon the anomalous phenomena above alluded to—the discussion, namely, as to the *seat* of revived impressions or ideas.

Ideas, which, in their simplest form, are the memories of impressions and feelings, make up the chief furniture of the mind. To have ideas, is to have intellect; this has been universally felt, for in all languages, mind and memory are expressed by words radically

the same. We can conceive beings merely sensitive or conscious, in which 'the various sensations of touch, taste, sight, &c., might have lasted only during the actual contact or presence of the object, and the consciousness have become blank and silent the instant the sound ceased, or the eye was turned aside. This, however, is not what we actually find. A state of feeling or sensation once stirred remains for a longer or shorter time after the stimulus ceases; the nerve-currents, once commenced, persist of themselves by their own natural energy, and only die away by degrees.' Nor is this all; for, after they have died out for the time, they may be revived again as ideas by means of the associating forces, and without the presence of the original physical cause. This retentiveness and recoverability of impressions is the foundation of everything else in the intellectual fabric.

The important question then comes: 'What is the mode of existence of these feelings, bereft of their outward support and first cause? in what particular form do they possess or occupy the mental and cerebral system? This question carries us as far as we are able to go into the cerebral process of intelligence. It admits of two different answers or assumptions—the one old, and widely prevalent; the other new, but better founded. The old notion supposes that the brain is a sort of receptacle of the impressions of sense, where they lie stored up in a chamber quite apart from the recipient apparatus, to be manifested again to the mind when occasion calls. But the modern theory of the brain already developed in the Introduction, suggests a totally different view. We have seen that the brain is only one part of the course of nervous action; that the completed circles take in the nerves and the extremities of the body; that nervous action consists of a current passing through these complete circles, or to and fro between the ganglia and the organs of sense and motion; and that short of a completed course, no nervous action exists. The idea of a cerebral closet is quite incompatible with the real manner of the working of nerve. . . . The shock remaining in the ear and the brain after the firing of artillery, must pass through the same circles, and act in the same way, as during the actual sound. . . . Every part actuated *after* the shock must have been actuated *by* the shock, only more powerfully. With this single difference of intensity, the mode of existence of a sensation enduring after the fact is essentially the same as its mode of existence during the fact. . . .

Now, if this be the case with impressions persisting when the cause has ceased, what view are we to adopt concerning impressions reproduced by mental causes alone, or without the aid of the original, as in ordinary recollection? What is the manner of occupation of the brain with a resuscitated feeling of resistance, a smell, or a sound? There is only one answer, so far as I can see. The renewed feeling occupies the very same parts, and in the same manner, as the original feeling, and no other parts, nor in any other manner that can be assigned. I imagine that if our present knowledge of the brain had been present to the earliest speculators, no other hypothesis than this would ever have occurred to any one. For where should a past feeling be re-embodied, if not in the same organs as the feeling when present. It is only in this way that its identity can be preserved; a feeling differently embodied must to all intents and purposes be a different feeling, unless we suppose a duplicate brain on which everything past is to be transferred. But such duplication has no proof, and serves no end.

It is possible, however, to adduce facts that set in a still clearer light this re-occupation of the sentient circles with recovered impressions and feelings. Take first the recovery of feelings of energetic action, as when reviving the exploits and exertions of yesterday. It is a notorious circumstance, that if there be much

* *The Senses and the Intellect*. By Alexander Bain, A.M. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.

excitement attending their recollection, it is with difficulty we can prevent ourselves from getting up to repeat them. The rush of feeling has gone on the old tracks, and seizes the same muscles, and would go the length of actually stimulating them to a repetition. A child cannot describe anything it was engaged in, without acting it out to the full length that the circumstances will permit. A dog dreaming sets his feet agoing, and sometimes barks. The suppression of the full stage of perfect resuscitation needs actually an effort of volition, and we are often even incapable of the effort. . . . Some persons of weak or incontinent nerves can hardly think without muttering—they talk to themselves. . . . The tendency of the idea of an action to produce the fact, shews that the idea is already the fact in a weaker form. If the disposition to yawning exists, the idea anywise brought up will excite the action. The suppressive effort usually accompanying ideas of action, which renders them ideas, and not movements, is too feeble in this case, and the idea is therefore a repetition to the full of the reality.'

In support of his views, Mr Bain quotes the following facts from Müller, the physiologist:—'The mere idea of a nauseous taste can excite the sensation even to the production of vomiting. The quality of the sensation is the property of the sensitive nerve, which is here excited without any external agent. The mere sight of a person about to pass a sharp instrument over glass or porcelain, is sufficient, as Darwin remarks, to excite the well-known sensation in the teeth. The mere thinking of objects capable when present of exciting shuddering, is sufficient to produce that sensation of the surface in irritable habits. The special properties of the higher senses, sight and hearing, are rarely thus excited in the waking state, but very frequently in sleep and dreams; for, that the images of dreams are really seen, and not merely present in the imagination, any one may satisfy himself in his own person by accustoming himself regularly to open his eyes when waking after a dream. The images seen in the dream are then sometimes still visible, and can be observed to disappear gradually. This was remarked by Spinoza, and I have convinced myself of it in my own person.'

It requires but little comment to shew the bearing of this on the explanation of apparitions and hallucinations of all sorts—of all that is *bonâ fide* in mesmerism and kindred appearances. It seems no longer wonderful that a thought or fancy should at times be mistaken for a reality; the wonder is, that this does not occur oftener. Any revived impression or idea has only to be intensified by concentration of the attention upon it, and left to run its complete course by that suspension of volition and of the action of the outward senses which is known to occur in reverie, dreaming, the mesmeric state, and other excited or perturbed conditions; and from its very nature it is undistinguishable from an actual impression or sensation. If it is an idea of action, it sets the muscles in movement without the person willing or knowing it, as in table-turning; if an idea of sight, not merely the brain, but the retina of the eye is affected, as if the object were before it; if an idea of taste, the palate is tickled, and the saliva flows as if the sapid substance were in contact. Our senses, then, it appears, are far from being the unquestionable witnesses they are proverbially held to be. This is, no doubt, an uncomfortable thought; but it is some consolation to reflect, that we are thus relieved from the necessity of believing that there is so much falsehood in the world as there seems to be. By far the greater part of the unfounded statements that men make are made, we are convinced, in good faith; to the narrators they seem at the time facts told them by their senses, whereas they only 'dreamed' them. The more we become accustomed to the new view as to the real nature and seat of memories

and ideas, the less shall we use the term falsehood, and shall come to allow that a man's testimony may be objectively unreal, and yet subjectively true.

Another novelty in Mr Bain's book is the doctrine of 'spontaneous action.' Besides the movements of the involuntary muscles—the beating of the heart, breathing, and other unconscious actions of the system—he maintains that even those movements which we call voluntary begin by being spontaneous, having their origin in unstimulated discharges of force from the nerve-centres. These discharges come gradually to be more and more regulated by the will and other stimuli; but activity continues to depend on the fund of energy stored up in the centres, and these centres retain throughout life the tendency to overflow or discharge themselves unprompted. 'The nervous system may be compared to an organ with bellows constantly charged, and ready to be let off in any direction, according to the particular keys that are touched. The stimulus of our sensations and feelings, instead of supplying the inward power, merely determines the manner and place of the discharge. The centres of speech and song, for example, when fresh and healthy, may either overflow so as to commence action in a purely spontaneous way, or they remain undischarged till irritated by some external influence—as, for example, the sound of another voice. The bird whose morning-song has lain dormant for a time, flows out at the stimulus of another songster just begun.'

The song of the bird is the very type of spontaneous action. The poet, wishing to disclaim all motive or design in his outpourings, declares: 'I sing but as the linnet sings.' That this mode of originating power is a quality of nerve, is supported by Mr Bain by numerous physiological arguments. How large a part it plays in the movements of all animated beings—man among the rest—is best seen in the young. 'When the kitten plays with a worsted-ball, we always attribute the overflowing fulness of moving energy to the creature's own inward stimulus, to which the ball merely serves for a pretext. So an active young hound, refreshed by sleep or rested by confinement, pants for being let loose, not because of anything that attracts his view or kindles up his ear, but because a rush of activity courses through his members, rendering him uneasy till the confined energy has found vent in a chase or a run. . . . When a rider speaks of his horse as "fresh," he implies that the natural activity is undischarged, and pressing for vent; the excitement caused by mixing in a chase or in a battle, is a totally different thing from the spontaneous vehemence of a full-fed and under-worked animal. . . . There are moments when high health, natural vigour, and spontaneous outpouring are the only obvious antecedents of ebullient activity. The very necessity of bodily exercise felt by every one, and, most of all, by the young, is a proof of the existence of a fund of energy that comes round with the day, and presses to be discharged.'

That habitual activity, often irrespective of ends, which characterises some individuals, bespeaks a constitutionally high tension of this self-prompting nerve-force. This fact of spontaneous activity, Mr Bain looks upon as an essential prelude to voluntary power, making, indeed, one of the terms or elements of volition; but into the difficult, though important discussion as to how spontaneous actions pass into voluntary ones, we cannot here follow him.

The other noticeable features of the work we have room only to glance at. One is the introduction of descriptions, illustrated by wood-cuts, of such parts of the nervous and muscular systems as bear most on the action of mind. In describing, again, the sensations and other mental states, a uniform plan and nomenclature are observed, after the manner of natural

history. This enables Mr Bain to bring out strikingly the difference that exists among our various sensations, as to their power of supplying permanent furniture to the mind. A keen sensation of hunger, or an agreeable taste, can hardly be recalled when once gone; a beautiful landscape or a sweet sound can be clearly revived in idea, and enjoyed over again at any time. Touch, hearing, and sight claim, on this ground, to be ranked as *intellectual* and refined sensations, when compared with taste, smell, and the sensations of organic life. Sight is by far the most intellectual of all, and *ideas* (from a Greek word 'to see') belong, not only in name, but for the most part in fact, to that sense.

In treating of the intellect, which occupies nearly half the book, the whole is made to hinge on the laws of association, by which our actions, sensations, and other states of mind tend to grow together, so that one part of a train being repeated, brings up all the rest. What are called the faculties of memory, judgment, imagination, &c., are shewn to be results of the operation of those laws. We commend this elaborate and profound analysis of the structure and growth of intellect to the special attention of educationists. It is only when the modes and conditions of mental acquirement are thus dissected and laid bare, that anything like rational rules of instruction and training can be formed. Mr Bain promises, in a forthcoming volume, to do for the Emotions and the Will what he has here done for the Intellect. When this task is satisfactorily executed, a real science and art of education will be possible.

THE WINDFALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

DIFFICULTIES were accumulating round me, when my worthy friend the rector one day proposed a remedy. We were sitting *tête-à-tête* over our wine and walnuts: a small table was brought close to the fire, which threw its socialising influence around, and exactly warmed one to that degree of the thermometer which makes it pleasant for a rich man to lament the peculiar annoyances of his lot. Under the influence of the first few glasses, the rector talked particularly of the sins of my household, and promised his valuable assistance in correcting their irregularities, by preaching a series of sermons especially for their admonition. But as time went on, and the wine went round, the rector proposed another and a bolder plan of action.

'I tell you what, my dear Gerrard,' said he; 'it is all very well for me to say what I will do in the pulpit—you can do a great deal more yourself: there is only one real way out of your difficulties. I know what these things are; I have had a great deal of experience of life, and I can safely advise you, even against any little preconceived prejudices on your part.'

He paused for a reply, but I had no clear idea of his meaning. I had a dim notion that he meant to propose the revival of the penance of standing in a white sheet for the correction of the cook.

The rector cracked several nuts, and replenished his wine-glass; but finding I was silent, he continued: 'Yes, my dear friend, I have long seen it; it is, I assure you, the only way—I speak as a man of the world; I advise it as a prudential course of action—in fact, you know, as a religious institution. I am bound, as a minister of the church, to recommend it as a general support to virtue and morality.'

Still the vision of the unfortunate cook standing in a white sheet came up before me, till at length the drift of the rector's harangue flashed upon my astonished senses.

'I lived a good many years,' said he, 'as a bachelor, but I can't find words to express to you how much more comfortable I find married life. When I was single, I was never free from the attacks of injurious

calumny—my servants were disorderly—my comforts ill attended to—my'—

'Stop, stop, my good sir!' I exclaimed. 'You do not know what a horror I have of matrimony and everything belonging to it. I have never been accustomed to women; I don't understand their ways; I believe they are violent in their tempers—subject to hysterics and fainting-fits on the shortest possible notice. I would rather work in the mines of Siberia than—to say nothing of the "consequence in itself necessary," as metaphysicians would say, of having a small family, or rather a large family of small children, an annual succession of wet and dry nurses, and babies that would each have teeth, measles, and hooping-cough! O Heaven preserve me! My good friend, you are not aware of my horror on this subject. Think of my peace being disturbed by females, after my having so studiously avoided the sex for so many years! Suggest any remedy for the disorders of my household but hanging and matrimony.'

'Ah, Gerrard, I felt as you once, but I can speak differently now: I know and feel the happiness and benefits of a married life.'

'And where should I find a wife?' I exclaimed petulantly. 'I should not look for one in the fashionable world of London, where women think of nothing but dress and amusement. I would rather suffer the fate of Mazeppa than marry one of Sir John Powell's daughters, who ride blood-horses, follow the hounds, and their own inclinations. The gods defend me from having a she-centaur for a wife! You would not recommend me the three spinster-aunts of your curate, who look as if they had spent some of their early days with Noah! Then there is Dr Leech's sister—she is a dose about as disagreeable as her brother's physic; and the girls at Combe Hall are too young and pretty for me to trust, and would soon cause "confusion worse confounded" in this household pandemonium'—

'My dear sir,' interrupted the rector, 'you should marry some one of sufficient age and experience to conduct your house properly—one who would save you all these troubles which now torment your life out—some one who would grace the head of your table, and present you with an heir to this fine property, which, otherwise, will go to some distant relative, who does not care a straw for you.'

'What you suggest as desirable in the future Mrs Gerrard, does not, however, point out the "local habitation and the name" of the happy individual, if such a person indeed exists. I feel assured that, unless matrimony is "thrust upon me," I should never seek or find a wife.'

'Well,' said the rector after a pause, 'I do know some one who would suit you exactly; of course I don't like to name names, especially as there is a sort of connection. The lady I mean is not too young for the management of such an establishment as yours, nor is she too old to please your taste. You know George the Fourth used to say, "fair, fat, and forty." The lady in question possesses another great advantage—she has had that experience of married life which renders a woman so truly companionable—so superior to your boarding-school misses or starched spinsters. A woman who has been once married understands the tempers, the wants, the weaknesses of our sex; she is prepared to adapt herself to her position. Of course I know some men do entertain foolish prejudices against widows, but, in my opinion, a person who has had that experience of married life would be the most likely to make you happy.'

More of this conversation I cannot record, for I have only a confused recollection that our *tête-à-tête* continued till after midnight; and when the rector's horse was brought to the door, he mounted briskly, with these parting words: 'Leave it all to me, Gerrard: I

will give the first hint, and you'll find it all plain-sailing after that.'

Several weeks passed over my head after this memorable evening, and whether I proposed to the widow, or the widow to me, I know not, but all 'unknown,' as the country-folks say, I found myself the intended of Mrs Johnson, the sister of the rector's wife. 'Poor dear Johnson,' as she called him, when pathetically alluding to her first, had been comfortably buried and disposed of some five years ago, leaving his bereaved relict with a taste for extravagance and the moderate jointure of £300 a year. Since this melancholy event, Mrs Johnson had visited all the watering-places in the south of England, for change of air or name, but had invariably returned to her place at the dinner-table at the rectory, and doubtless her excellent brother-in-law wished to see her promoted to the head of a table elsewhere.

As for myself, my domestic troubles were not a few; the housekeeper had long been leagued with the butler in robbing me by wholesale; moreover, she represented privately to Mrs Johnson matters that, if true, should have prevented a mistress coming to disturb her reign. However, the widow was nothing daunted; and marriages, they say, are made in heaven. Certainly, the rector was very active in promoting mine; and there was I, like a fool and an idiot as I was, about to give the lie to my whole life. Well, I believe the wisest men do some one outrageously foolish thing once in their lives, and I must say with Terence: 'Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.'

The Rubicon was not yet passed, when I sat one autumn evening in the library, closely occupied with my cross-grained accounts. The Michaelmas audit had taken place that morning; and truly a pleasant piece of business it was to run one's eye down the numerous items classed under the head of disbursements, to find, when I came to balance matters, that my receipts had diminished two-thirds, and my expenses increased in the same proportion. The trades-union appeared, to my astonished senses, to have made out bills promiscuously with my unfortunate name as debtor. I had no idea before of the manifold necessities of civilisation. I wished myself a naked savage; I exclaimed with Cowper: 'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!' Here was I, encumbered with a house a world too big for me; a fortune just ten times as much as I really wanted, and yet not half enough to meet my yearly expenditure, or to satisfy the cormorants that were at once my slaves and masters. I had a park and preserves, gamekeepers and poachers—both, by the by, of the same genus. I had carriages and horses, coach-makers' bills and veterinary surgeons', neighbours and trespassers, luxuries many, comforts few, rates, taxes, and general improvements—the last certainly not in my temper. As I sat there in my handsome library, 'stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair,' the ample book-shelves seemed to me more like the cemetery of learning than its storehouse. I thought, as the gloom seemed to creep out of the dark oak wainscoting and thicken round me—I thought of my cheerful little drawing-room in Wimpole Street, where all I wanted was within reach, and the glare of the gaslights along the streets looked like the eyes of civilisation winking pleasantly. I have no doubt that the fool, Gray, unconsciously penned his own elegy when he sat in a damp church-yard writing sentimental nonsense about 'drowsy tinklings' and 'the moping owl.' Confound him! it was the first poetry I was made to learn as a child, and I have hated it ever since. 'Well,' thought I, as I pushed my account-book from me, and fell back in my chair, 'here am I in a pretty pickle. Things get worse and worse. It is very odd that a man who can live on five hundred a year, can't live on five thousand. I must be a downright fool, and a bad manager. A fool—yes, I believe so, for here am I about to do what I

never did before, what I never intended to do—going to marry—to make myself over entirely, and for ever, body and soul, to a woman. Preserve me in my extremity!' At this horrid crisis of my reflections, the door opened, and the servant gave me a letter. To my utter astonishment, I read the following lines, written evidently by a foreigner, dated

'DOVER, 4th Oct.

GERRARD—I will not see our child without a home. My father is dead, and I have no longer money nor means. I come to put myself at your feet, not for myself's sake, but for our child. My heart is sorrowful to ask you anything, for you have had much unkindness to me. Oh, why leave me? I am your married wife. I only ask you to send me money enough to support our child and myself. I pray you to write me one letter. I will rather not see you in this world again; but I cannot see my child die. I am very unhappy till you write. I have only money for some days.—Your unhappy wife, CLAUDINE GERRARD.'

I looked again and again at this letter. 'Surely a conspiracy is on foot against me!' I exclaimed. 'Some foreign woman is going to swear that I am her husband. A child, too—Heaven knows I have no child; but who'll believe me? It is some cursed conspiracy. Yes, I see it—I know now. I was at Calais for six weeks some years ago. I am a victim, I see—a rich man always is. The deuce take Langton Hall and all its belongings! Is it not enough that I have got this English widow forced upon me, but that I must have a French wife, or a pretended foreign *liaison*, concocted to rob me of money and reputation. Well, it is very extraordinary! I have lived quietly all my life; I have had no annoyances from womankind till lately; and now I have been plagued with maids and cooks, with widows and misses who would be wives; and, in fact, since "fortune favoured me," as the saying is, I have been the most unlucky dog in the universe. Beset on all sides, man is the prey of his fellow-creatures exactly in proportion to his income. This woman, whoever she may be, evidently means to victimise me.'

I went to bed that night to dream of all manner of horrible things. I fancied myself a Turk, *malgré moi*, I thought I was forced to keep a seraglio, under pain of death; and I thought children multiplied around me: then my wives quarrelled, and the most horrible disorder prevailed; the voices of women, both loud and shrill, the screams of children, the rustling of petticoats, the sound of tears and hysterics, the sight of fainting-fits and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs—all mingled together in strange confusion before my sleeping senses.

In the morning, I rose with the unpleasant recollection of the occurrence of the former day, mingled with the fantastic nature of my dream. My friend the rector was to dine with me that day, and I more than half resolved to tell him about the strange letter; but, after all, I thought it might only be a squib, written by some one acquainted with my peculiarities.

The rector was in excellent spirits, and talked much of the future Mrs Gerrard, enumerating her good qualities at such length, that I felt inclined to respond 'Good Lord, deliver us!' It was fortunate that the lady herself was not very exacting on the score of attention, but seemed rather to regard the match as an alliance between two neighbouring states for mutual defence against a common enemy—that enemy being, in my case, my own ill-managed household.

For some days after the receipt of the strange letter, matters went on in their usual course. My wedding-day drew near, and I hoped it might relieve me, at all events, from the trouble of household matters. Time passed on, with only the usual vicissitudes which attend the owner of a country-house: one of my keepers had been shot by some poachers, and wounded in the

shoulder; my favourite horse had been thrown down by a careless groom, and both knees broken—the breaking of which did not mend my temper. When this accident was announced to me, I was just going up to dress for dinner; it was getting twilight, and the dining-room near which I chanced to meet the delinquent was particularly dark. I was just in the act of rating him, as an Englishman can best do when his appetite is good and the dinner late: I was pacing the room in no small degree of irritation, when a noise in the entrance-hall attracted my attention. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a lady burst into the apartment, and flinging herself on her knees, embraced my feet, and cried in a foreign accent:

'Gerrard, my husband, I come to demand justice for our child: I will not see him die a beggar by your cruelty. In vain did I write to you by letters. For myself, I do not care; but my child, my child!'

'Madam,' I exclaimed, 'you must be out of your senses: I have neither wife nor child.'

'Gerrard, Gerrard, do you deny me? I am your wife! You know I am your wife; and you have left me to live with another woman; but I am your true wife, and this is your son.' Saying which, she dragged forward a new actor in the scene, a handsome-looking boy of some twelve years of age. 'Here, my child, is your father; he will be kind to you; he must be kind to you when he knows you.'

The boy took my hand and kissed it before I had time to withdraw.

'Confound it!' I exclaimed; 'I am not to be thus attacked in my own house by a couple of impostors. You all know,' said I, turning round in despair to the domestics, who had collected round in gaping and grinning astonishment—'you all know that I have no wife nor child. This woman must be mad, or worse.'

At this moment, the hall-door was opened, in obedience to the summons of the bell; and the rector, his wife, and Mrs Johnson, who had come to dine with me, added to the awkwardness of the scene.

'Who is this woman? What does all this mean?' exclaimed Mrs Johnson, in an accent of unqualified astonishment.

The stranger immediately turned to Mrs Johnson, crying: 'Oh, madam, are you a mother? Pity me for the sake of my child. Monsieur Gerrard, he has left me for years—and now, my father is dead, I am without any money to live.'

'But who are you? What claims have you on Mr Gerrard?' inquired Mrs Johnson, looking at her evidently with no very pleasant suspicions.

'Dear lady, I am his wife. We were married thirteen years ago, from my father's house in Switzerland. He was the pastor in ——. All the world knows that I am Monsieur Gerrard's wife. Ah, my husband,' she added, turning to me, and seizing my struggling hand, 'for the love of Heaven, do not deny me. I do not wish to live with you; but take your child, your son; or give me something, that we may not starve.'

'Woman, you are'—

Here she fainted in my arms. What I did, or how I got rid of the burden, I know not; but dashing into the library, I locked myself in, in an ungovernable passion. The whole house was in an uproar; and I found, when I emerged from my room, that the female had only recovered from one fainting-fit to fall into another. The boy was in a state of distraction about his mother, and continued to exclaim in broken English that she would die as his *grand-père* had done. The illness of my unwished-for visitor had enlisted the sympathies of all the females of the establishment; from the housekeeper to the scullion, they had all collected round the sofa, where lay the unconscious object of their intense curiosity.

I approached the group with a kind of desperate

courage; the women made way with sidelong glances, and whispering exclamations of 'Poor lady! how she have been treated, sure!' and 'La! who'd have thought it of master!'

'What is the meaning of this pantomime?' I inquired sternly. 'How came these people here?'

'They came in a hired vehicle,' answered one of the men; 'and the driver is waiting to be paid, if you please, sir.'

At this moment, a long-drawn sigh proceeded from the lady, and she slowly opened her eyes. She looked about at first as if her vision was indistinct; then, fixing her gaze more earnestly on each individual, she seemed puzzled, and passed her hand over her forehead, saying: 'Where is my husband? Where is Monsieur Gerrard?'

'Poor dear soul,' said the housemaid; 'here's master standing right afore her, and she don't know him. Her senses ain't come back right, I'll warrant you.'

'Madam,' said I, coming forward, 'I will thank you to explain yourself: your presence here is altogether most extraordinary. Whom do you seek, or what is it you want?'

'I wish to see Monsieur Gerrard,' she said, rising from her recumbent position.

The light of a lamp fell full upon her countenance; and for the first time I distinctly saw her features, for it was nearly dark when she had so strangely accosted me in the dining-room. She was a handsome foreign-looking woman, with a sad expression of countenance. Her figure was extremely slight. She looked at me with an air of great surprise; then, turning round, seemed to seek for some one else.

'I desire to be brought to Monsieur Gerrard,' she said with an air of dignity, waving back the domestics.

'My name is Gerrard, madam.'

'You are not Henri Gerrard?' she cried.

'No; my name is Francis Gerrard. Henry Gerrard, my late cousin, is dead.'

'Dead!—dead! Then I am most wretched. Child, you have no father—no home! I shall see you die!' she exclaimed, turning to her son, and clasping him in her arms she burst into a passion of tears.

Her hysterical sobs nearly drove me wild, though I felt somewhat relieved as a glimmering of the truth came over me. I dispersed the group of curious domestics; for the presence of real grief assured me that there was something both sad and true in the history of my mysterious visitor. It was a considerable time before she was sufficiently recovered to explain her position, and to inquire some particulars respecting the death of Henry Gerrard. She represented herself as his wife, and the young boy as his son. She shewed me some letters in my cousin's handwriting, in which he addressed her as his wife, and spoke of their child.

Her story, which she told with mingled tears and sobs, was briefly this:—Some fifteen years ago, Henry Gerrard visited Switzerland, and became intimate with a Protestant pastor, who had one daughter, then a young unworldly creature of eighteen. She was my visitor. She described how Gerrard had instructed her in English, and many things beyond the limits of the education she had acquired in their secluded district; and finally he won her heart—no difficult task with one so affectionate and inexperienced. His conduct was perfectly honourable, for they were shortly afterwards married. For two or three years he resided with his young wife at Geneva; at the close of that period, business called him to Paris. Circumstances unfortunately detained him there, and at last they led to the breaking up of all domestic ties. At first, his letters to his wife were warm and affectionate in the extreme; but 'a change came o'er the spirit of her dream,' for his letters grew colder and fewer, and the trusting Claudine felt she was no longer beloved. In

a state of fearful uncertainty, she determined to seek him in Paris, and to know the reason of the sad change which had deprived her of happiness. Great was her horror and wretchedness, on arriving at her husband's address in Paris, to find that the house had already a mistress. Poor Claudine only stayed to assure herself of the dreadful fact of her husband's infidelity, and returned in horror and disgust to her father's house. The sunshine of her existence was gone, but she devoted herself to her child. Henry Gerrard had forwarded her a small allowance annually through the hands of a banker at Geneva; but they never met again. When this allowance had ceased, which it did, of course, at the time of Henry Gerrard's sudden death, Claudine had supposed it to be stopped in consequence of some new caprice on the part of her cruel husband, but was herself too proud to seek an explanation. Her father contrived to support her and her child on his small pittance; but his death deprived her even of this; and, as a last resource against utter destitution for herself and child, she determined to come to England, and throw herself on the pity of her hard-hearted husband. Of any legal claim, she was too unworldly to be cognizant. When she arrived in England, she stayed a few days at Dover, from whence she wrote, hoping, after all, to gain her object of a subsistence for herself and child, without the pain of a personal interview; but having no answer to the letter which I had supposed to be addressed to myself, she determined to proceed at once to Langton; and learning that Mr Gerrard lived there, she believed that she was about to find herself in the presence of her husband. She had been ushered into the dining-room at Langton Hall in an agitated state of mind; and a similarity of voice and figure—and she could discern little else in the deepening twilight—led to the awkward scene I have described.

Of course, this unexpected occurrence affected my position considerably. I felt a kind of conviction of the truth of the stranger's story; but it was necessary to assure one's self of the facts before I could move a single step. If proved, I had no right to hold possession of the Langton estates, to the prejudice of the son of my deceased cousin. After a strict scrutiny into the young boy's unclaimed rights, I found that he was truly the rightful heir, though his unnatural father had neglected him while living.

There was not much merit in my renouncing the attractions of Langton Hall, and its rent-roll of £5000 a year, for small comfort had the possession of it afforded me. I thought with real pleasure of my little drawing-room in Wimpole Street, and the easy competency that had made my former life so happy.

There was but one bad thing—and that was doubly horrible now that the necessity for the sacrifice did not exist—I feared the matrimonial altar might claim its victim, and that I should have to become, *nolens volens*, the husband of the rector's sister-in-law. But Dame Fortune has ever acted the kindest part by me when she has taken away rather than when she has given; and her best gift, as an Irishman would say, was when she took away the widow. The day after my formal resignation of the Langton Hall property, a letter arrived from Mrs Johnson, declining the honour of my hand, as she had discovered that we were unsuited to each other. That was a truth, and the only one I had ever heard her speak; and we were well agreed on that subject, if on no other.

I remained only long enough at Langton Hall to settle my affairs, but the interval brought me acquainted with the characters of my new-found relatives. Claudine Gerrard was unlike any woman I had ever met before: there was something so winning in her gentleness, something so truthful in every look, word, and action, that I felt inclined to reverse my opinion of the sex. As for her son, he was full of intelligence and

simplicity: his unlooked-for prosperity did not elate him; he seemed only to think of his mother, and how he might please and comfort her. They were both full of gratitude to me, though I had really done nothing to deserve it; but Mrs Gerrard always connected my name with the turn of their affairs, for, in her ignorance of all legal matters, she had concluded that the death of her husband deprived her of any prospect of even a maintenance. I was truly glad to give her and her son those comforts they had been so long and so unjustly debarred from, and I felt assured that the amiable boy would be worthy of his position. At my suggestion, his mother engaged a tutor for him, an elderly man of great erudition and well-known probity.

As for myself, I lost no time in writing to Mrs Davis, to ascertain if her lodgings were vacant. By good-luck they chanced to be so; and before long, I turned my back on Langton Hall, to resume my old habits, and the independence of a moderate income, which was enough for comfort, and too small for the necessity of ostentation.

Young Gerrard and his mother often visit London, and always take lodgings near mine. Indeed, we have always remained on the best terms of friendship. They ask my assistance and advice, which I am ready to afford to the best of my ability; and, I believe, I am one of those persons who keep their sense for their friends, and their folly for themselves.

HISTORY OF STRAWBERRY STREET.

STRAWBERRY STREET presents nothing very remarkable to the view, and in its present condition would be considered the reverse of captivating by the lovers of the picturesque. But the street has a history, with which it has been our fortune to become intimately acquainted—a history so like that of many a human lot, with its ups and downs in the world, and so interwoven with the destinies of men, that we have made up our mind to record it. Strawberry Street stands, and has stood for nearly thirty years, in a district once known as Strawberry Fields, and still spoken of under that appellation by a small section of our older citizens, who can recollect when the grass grew on its site, and the cows of a small dairy-farm famous for its custards, cheese-cakes, and curds and whey, chewed the cud in peace, unconscious of Smithfield.

When Strawberry Street first rose into being, which it did very gradually—taking between two and three years to complete its double row of two-storied dwellings—it was, to all intents and purposes, a suburb of London, and, like other suburbs, shrank from being swallowed up in Babylon's bosom, and clung with considerable tenacity to rural associations and characteristics. It retained for some years a strip of grass between the footpath and roadway, and boasted a tree or two, almost amounting to a row, on the eastern side. In lieu of pavement, the footpath was laid down with gravel, and the roadway was neatly macadamised; and, as all the front-parlours were fenced off from curious eyes by iron railings four feet at least from the windows, the street wore an undeniably neat and respectable appearance.

There being nowhere any indication of a shop, the street naturally bore the reputation of being what is called a genteel street. And genteel it undoubtedly was—for a time. It became very early the abode of professional ladies and gentlemen, whose neat brass-plates informed you that they taught drawing and painting, and japanning, and French, Italian, and

German, and the pianoforte and singing, and the practice of all kinds of musical instruments. Then there were clerks, managers, and responsible persons employed in the city, who came home to their families in Strawberry Street, as regular as the clock, about seven in the evening; and, besides these, a number of persons of independent property, of the staid and sober sort—mostly annuitants, we fancy, who had ensconced themselves in this comfortable quarter to spite the assurance-offices by living to the age of Old Parr, if they could.

The most remarkable man among the early settlers was Mr Pottinger, whom we knew well, and whom, to look at, you would have accounted the model of a gentleman of threescore. He wore his hair powdered, and on Sundays went to church in tights and Hessians; and you might look in vain, Sundays or week-days, for a spot on his broad-cloth or a flaw in his linen. He was a man famous for his conversation, and was the oracle of the parlour at the Fox and Salutation round the corner, where he regularly took his night-cap in the evening. He was great in politics; and in '29, when we had the privilege of a first-floor in Strawberry Street, predicted the triumph of the opposition and the certainty of Reform, which both came to pass in due time; but he was greater still in aristocratic genealogy, and if he had learned the peerage by heart, could not have been better informed than he was; and, more than that, he knew the length of every nobleman's purse, and would dilate on the pecuniary difficulties of lords and landholders in a way that astonished his hearers. In his most communicative moments, Pottinger never said a word about himself; and there was a mystery about him which the whole street had tried its skill in fathoming, but to no purpose.

Pottinger, who seemed never to have any business on his hands, was a favourite with most of his neighbours, and with the children especially, to whom he was gentle and patronising, and liberal in the small toys and dainties children love. Miss Montgomery, who lived at No. 10, was the only person in Strawberry Street who did not concur in the general reverence for Mr Pottinger. She was a maiden lady on the further side of fifty, who kept, in addition to a maid-of-all-work, a page and a poodle, and no other society, save at periodical intervals, few and far between, when a carriage would drive up to her door, and a posse of young ladies, with their mamma, wearing the Montgomery face, only twice as large, would alight and thunder at the knocker, and be let in by the page, all spick and span for the occasion, and half an hour afterwards would be let out again, and drive off amid demonstrations equally noisy. Mr Pottinger departed this life, as his tombstone informs us, at the age of sixty-three; and all Strawberry Street was thrown into a state of perfect amazement by the grandeur of his funeral, which was performed by a west-end undertaker, on the most imposing and expensive scale. Besides the hearse and mourning-coaches, there were three private carriages, empty to be sure, but yet bearing heraldic insignia on their panels, sent to follow the good man to his grave. Pottinger dead was even more mysterious than he had been when living; but when all was over, the mystery was cleared up. Miss Montgomery, who was too much of a gentlewoman to give a handle to gossip during the life of Mr Pottinger, now felt herself at liberty to justify the pertinacity with which she had in a manner ignored his existence; and she suffered it to ooze out, through Jemima her maid-servant, that Isaac Pottinger had passed much of his life as gentleman's gentleman to Sir Bullfig Browning, at whose town-house she had often seen him in days gone by, when she visited at the baronet's. Of course, it was out of the question that *she* could acknowledge *his* civilities in Strawberry Street.

The year after Pottinger's death, Miss Montgomery left the street; the carriage came one day, bringing the periodical visitors clad in deep mourning, and when it went away, bore Miss Montgomery off. Her page, poodle, and hand-maid followed a few days later with her goods, and No. 10 was to let. With her departed the exclusively genteel era of Strawberry Street. Her house was taken by the two Misses Filkins, who turned it into a young ladies' seminary, and clapped a brass-plate nearly a yard wide on the little front-gate. The 'young ladies' who flocked hither for instruction, comprised all that could be got together by the most diligent canvassing, and included—we hope the classification is not *very* unnatural—a dozen at least of small petticoated masculines. This gave a new aspect to the street, which now lost its accustomed quietness, and regularly, at the hours of nine and twelve, of two and four, reverberated with the prattle and squalling of infant voices, or their joyous outburst when released from school. The Misses Filkins may have been very useful in their vocation, but they were not what is termed 'select' in their choice of pupils, and they pursued an active kind of treatment, the result of which was frequently too audible out of doors. They were a pair of loud-voiced spinsters, given to white dimity dresses of astonishing amplitude, to taking in green-groceries at the school-room window, and to borrowing a neighbour's washing-tub on Saturday afternoons. We do not assert that they were not genteel, but their gentility differed exceedingly from Miss Montgomery's.

The palmy days of Strawberry Street were now passing away, and its pretensions were evidently on the decline. The professional ladies and gentlemen moved by degrees further north, and their places were supplied by a new class—by tradesmen's clerks, by foremen and overseers of workshops, men of a hundred a year and no leisure, who came home at all hours of the night, and let themselves out in the dark mornings of winter long before sunrise, and who let lodgings to help to pay the rent. Here and there the muslin-blind disappeared from the front-parlour window, and revealed such things as a Wellington boot beautifully 'treed' and polished; a last covered with a little Switzerland of bunions; a set of milkwhite ivory piano-keys; a case of brilliant razors; or a few small panels exquisitely painted in imitation of oak, mahogany, or sandal-wood: all so many indications that the dwellers within lived by the labour of their hands, and would be happy to take your orders. These were but the signs of a further change that was coming. Already a tall brick chimney, only a few score yards from the southern end of the street, had risen so high in the air as to overlook its whole area, and was daily mounting higher; and already men in splashed aprons and shirt-sleeves would be occasionally met strolling in bands through Strawberry Street, on their way home from work. And now long ranks of cottages, not twenty feet apart, sprung up like mushrooms in the waste ground on the eastern side. These were inhabited almost as soon as built by a class who did not trouble their heads about gentility at all, but who speedily found out the Fox and Salutation, whose landlord turned the large parlour into a taproom for their accommodation, to the hearty indignation and disgust of his old customers.

Suddenly, one winter's morning, the tall chimney, from which the scaffolding had disappeared a few days before, began sending forth a volume of black smoke, which darkened the whole neighbourhood, and set all the world, and Strawberry Street in particular, complaining of the nuisance, and talking of lawsuits and indictments against the proprietor. This disagreeable surprise was followed by another hardly less welcome to the remnant of exclusives who were still dwellers in the street. For some days, alterations had been

going on in the house that once was Mr Pottinger's, under cover of a tall hoarding, which being at length taken down, displayed the broad front of what is called a 'general shop,' surmounted by the name, painted under the cornice in letters a foot long, of Mrs Murgatroyd. This lady, whose touching habit it was to describe herself as 'a lone woman,' was a strapping creature of five feet nine, and of corresponding circumference, but active and pushing withal, and experienced in the ways of the world. Her shop, which contained everything that a man who wore a leathern apron, or the wife and family of such a man, could possibly want, immediately became the resort of the whole of the 'hand-to-mouth' class of the neighbourhood, and the focus of more gossip than had ever emanated from that part of the world before. Mrs Murgatroyd gave credit, on a principle of her own, to those who, from temporary loss of employment or misfortune, stood in need of it; and thus secured in prosperous times the gratitude and patronage of those whom she assisted in adversity. It may be that she had her losses; but we have a notion that they were few, and compensated on her peculiar principle—and, on the whole, she thrived. At her outset in business, she was dragged into a terrible dispute with the Misses Filkins, who at first dealt with her, and then basely slandered her soughing. The quarrel was deadly and fierce—nothing less than war to the knife—and in the end the Filkinses lost the day, and, what was worse, lost their pupils, and had to take flight and settle somewhere else.

Mrs Murgatroyd's example was by and by followed by other enterprising spirits, who are sure to spring up wherever there is a chance of doing business. A green-grocer was the next to make his appearance, and he combined a coal-shed with his potatoes and cabbages, dispensing at once the viands and the materials for cooking them. Then came a carpenter and joiner; then a vender of sweet-stuffs, who, defiant of Mrs Murgatroyd, dared to sell peg-tops, marbles, paper-kites, and hoops for the boys; then a cooper; and then a slopseller. In short, in less than a couple of years from the erection of the tall chimney, the whole street on both sides of the way, with the exception of a very few houses, was transformed into a third-rate business street, and had lost all trace of its original neatness. As every man had constructed his shop on his own plan, and the last-comers had vied with each other in encroaching, as far as possible, on the footpath, the ranks of shops shewed a beautiful irregularity in their fronts, and imparted to the straight street a tortuous aspect, which it retains to the present hour. The tall chimney above referred to belongs to a saw-mill, which has prospered from the hour when it first took up its position in the neighbourhood, and which has not only increased its own establishment to three times its original extent, but has gathered round it a host of industrial professors, all more or less dependent upon the services of a saw-mill for the prosecution of their labour. These hosts have invaded Strawberry Street, and have taken possession of its every floor, to the final dispersion of the votaries of gentility, who have abandoned it in despair.

If you go into Strawberry Street now, and look for No. 10, where once, beneath an arch of red damask curtains, Miss Montgomery's famous campanula drew admiring glances from the passers-by, you will find that rigid maiden's parlour, once an impenetrable sanctum to everything masculine, save the pale-faced page and his breast of golden buttons, transformed into a barber's shop. The pole, with its bunchy top, sticks diagonally at the side of the doorway, like a monster rocket ready to be fired over the opposite houses; and within, where once not so much as a thought of a beard was suffered to intrude, beards are now seen to wag with equivocal jokes, and are dealt with by the

gross whenever Saturday-night comes round. No. 9, to the right of barber Suddles, has long since been turned into a beer-shop, and is celebrated far and wide for the flavour of its treble X, at '3½d. a pot in your own jugs,' and which may be drunk on the premises at 4d. It mounts, as a sign, the Circular Saw, and is already a powerful rival to the Fox and Salutation; and when the landlord has obtained his spirit-licence, for which he has applied three times already, and makes sure of getting it when the magistrates meet again, Strawberry Street will be blessed with a gin-shop, that modern climax of civilisation. A little lower down, on the other side of the way, stands Punter's coffee-shop, known as the early breakfast-house. Punter's is open at five o'clock in the morning all the year through, and hot coffee and thick slices are to be had at any time between that hour and twelve at midnight. Punter never gets above four hours' sleep in his bed; but he makes up for that deficiency, in good part, by a two hours' stretch on the bench in the afternoon, and such other occasional winks as he can snatch, with the connivance of Mrs Punter, during the day. The purlieu of Strawberry Street are now alive with work-shops and work-yards, from which, whenever there is an interval from labour, there is an influx of labourers and apprentices into Punter's. The attractions of the place are not very great, consisting, besides the coffee and slices, of a couple of weekly papers, an occasional second-hand copy of the *Times* cut up into single leaves for distribution, a few cheap illustrated serials, and unlimited dominoes. When the evenings are wet and muddy, Punter's place is crammed, not so much from the force of its attractions, as from the necessity his customers are under of going somewhere, and the fact that they have nowhere else to go, save to the public-house or to bed.

Thirty years, which are nothing in the life of some streets, have changed Strawberry Street from the abode of quiet and ease-loving competence to that of the toiling and struggling mass, and within the period of an average lifetime hurried it through all those changes which generally require centuries for their operation. In its present condition—its grass and trees all gone, for the former has been trodden out, and the latter cut down for firewood by the inhabitants—with its footways choked with shavings, stale cabbage-leaves, empty pewter-pots, coal-sacks, barrels of sodden cranberries, and tubs of red herrings—with its roadway half blocked up with trucks, barrows, and hand-carts, and worn into ruts by wagon-wheels—with its upper windows bristling with drying-poles adorned with the dangling shapes of female costume—with its wide open doors left eternally gaping for the convenience of unnumbered lodgers, and revealing the stained and tattered walls of the interiors, and flights of dusty stairs: in its present condition, we say, we fail to recognise a single feature of the Strawberry Street of old; and it is a fact, that on searching for it lately, after the lapse of many years, we walked twice through its whole length without recognising our quondam suburban retreat. If, however, the subject of our remarks has lost in the article of respectability—a word, by the way, which is much misapplied—it has gained immensely in usefulness and populousness. For every head it sheltered in its genteel infancy, when it glittered in all the glory of paint and polish, it now accommodates ten at the least; and if in its youthful days it could boast of spending a deal of money, it may now solace itself with the reflection that it earns a still greater amount. Its dense population are all doers and workers, with hardly a single exception; and it stands noted in the registrar's report that they add to the aggregate of the births of London in a ratio considerably greater than the general proportion; while, on the other hand, although funerals are performed by the Messrs Earthworm in the next street,

'on a scale unprecedentedly low,' the inhabitants still refuse to die in anything like encouraging numbers to reward the speculation of those enterprising tradesmen. The fact would appear to be, that Strawberry Street is a healthy locality, in spite of its indifferent drainage, which is perhaps balanced by its standing on a gentle declivity; and in spite of its want of paving, for it has never been paved, unless a single line of flag-stones down the centre of the footways is to be called paving. Perhaps the mud of the rainy season is somewhat mitigated by the flocks of pet ducks which pick a living out of it somehow, along with a battalion of scrubby cockney fowls, much abbreviated in the articles of wing and tail, whose clucking and crowing, mingled with the barking of a band of ragged terriers, the clink and thump of tools, and the bawling, shouting, and laughter of innumerable weather-proof children, make up the music of the place. Perhaps the street is healthy because labour is healthy; and hard work for ten hours a day is the lot of most of its inhabitants, who, for the most part, do not look for any other.

We said at the outset that the history of Strawberry Street was like that of many a human subject. Have we not shewn it to be so? Does not many a pretentious spark, who comes to London purposing to gratify all manner of ambitions, get shifted by fortune down, and down, and down the ladder of loftiness, step by step, until he feels a firm footing at last, it may be very near the lowest round, and finds his vocation where nature designed it for him, in doing what he is best fitted for? Yea, verily, for we have witnessed this descent a hundred times, and generations unborn shall witness it after us. Another point of resemblance: ask for Strawberry Street now, and you shall be told that you mean Strawberry Street. Familiarity has knocked off a syllable from the designation. If Miss Montgomery had remained at No. 10 till this time, it is our opinion she had been lopped down to Gumry. So it is that, if you inquire for Mr Robert Fitzwilliams, who came to town in '34, intending to be one day developed into a city alderman, you may chance to find him doing duty as 'Bob Wills,' on a policeman's beat, and shining only in a glazed hat.

ELECTRO-PLATING AT HOME.

WE do not go quite so far as an Italian amateur of this wonderful and beautiful art, in saying that it holds rank in modern discovery equal to that of steam itself. There can be no doubt, however, that it has already produced most important results, and that it is capable of widening the circle within which many of the comforts of life may be enjoyed. Many families among the middle classes of our countrymen are fully capable of appreciating the convenience and cleanliness of a silver fork or spoon; but the costliness of the article keeps it beyond their reach. The 'plated goods' wear out and become exceedingly shabby in a few years; and the 'substitutes for silver,' although cheap, are objectionable on several grounds. They look—especially the superior kinds of them, that called argentine, for instance—wonderfully well when just cleaned up; but the impurity, or rather oxidability of the metals of which they are composed, renders them liable to the influence of the atmosphere, so that they soon tarnish, and cover themselves with a thin pellicle of metallic oxide, which both destroys their beauty and renders them unwholesome, if used without great precaution. They form, nevertheless, most excellent bases for plating upon; and it is our object in this paper to give such plain directions as will enable any one of the smallest intelligence to convert them, to all

practical intents and purposes, into silver, at a very moderate cost, and with very little trouble.

Hitherto, the class of persons for whose special benefit we write, have looked upon the process of electro-plating and gilding as one of those recondite subjects with which, except as a matter of admiring wonder, they had nothing whatever to do. It has been a mystery, in their eyes, only belonging to the laboratory of the chemist or the factory of the capitalist. We have carried equal surprise and pleasure into more than one household already, by shewing that the operation is so simple that a child or a handy servant may be easily taught how to perform it as well as Sir Humphry Davy himself.

Although it is not absolutely necessary to the performance of the operation, we shall allow ourselves to offer a brief explanation of its principle, as an interesting piece of information to those who may desire it.

If you take a piece of zinc, and plunge it into a solution of salt in water or acid, it is decomposed; that is, a new substance is formed gradually by the union of the salt with the zinc: this is chloride of zinc, and in the act of its formation electricity is evolved. If we contrive to pass this electric current through a solution of gold or silver, in such a way as that the object to be plated or gilt should act as a conductor for it—or what is called the positive side—the metal held in solution in the form of a soluble salt will be *re-metallised*, and precipitated upon that object in such a way as to cover it over with a perfectly even coat of silver or gold. The thickness of this coat depends entirely on the will of the operator. It is altogether without a theoretical limit, as the precipitation will go on, if allowed to do so, until all the metal contained in the bath is exhausted. This is the principle of the art; and we shall now proceed to shew its application in the easy and economical mode at which we have ourselves arrived after much experience.

The processes we recommend are different, according as they are applied to silver or to gold. We shall confine ourselves here to the former metal, as by far the most important for domestic purposes.

There are few houses in which bits of old silver may not be found in some shape or other. When such can be had, it may be worth while converting them into the salt required. The process consists in dissolving the silver, first broken as small as can be done, in concentrated nitric acid. This should be done with precaution, as the fumes which arise are highly-injurious. It is well to do it in the open air, and, by all means, in a glass vessel—a common water-carafe, for instance—and to keep to the windy side. The acid should be strong, otherwise it may be necessary to boil it—a highly objectionable proceeding on sanitary grounds.

As soon as the silver is all dissolved, a strong solution of common salt must be poured into the vessel which contains it. There is no danger of putting too much of this, and the best plan is to fill up the vessel with it at once. A white powder will immediately be formed, and fall to the bottom, when the liquid should be poured off into another vessel—say, a common decanter—and more salt and water added to it, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it has lost all its silver. If a second precipitation takes place, the liquid must be poured off as before, and thrown away. The white powder is then washed, by pouring fresh water on it five or six times, letting it settle each time after being agitated for a few seconds. Scientific writers lay great stress on this washing being repeated many times, even for a whole day; but we can assure our readers that this is needless trouble. A slight amount of nitrate of copper remaining in the silver is of no practical consequence whatever; but half-a-dozen washings will prevent even that. The present silver-

plate contains about one-eighth of its weight of copper, and this fact may set our minds at ease on this point.

This white powder is the chloride of silver, which is a metallic salt, soluble in certain alkaline solutions. Supposing that two ounces of silver have been used, we shall require thirty-six ounces of yellow prussiate of potash, which should be in readiness, dissolved in four quarts of soft water. To this the powder of silver should be added without delay, as it suffers from light, and the whole gently boiled over a clear fire for about twenty minutes or half an hour.

It is here that we consider ourselves entitled to the credit of placing this amusing and useful art within the reach of any one possessing a very little intelligence, and the ordinary utensils which are found in every house. For ourselves, we spent a good deal of money, encountered a vast deal of trouble and loss, and half-poisoned ourselves, by trying to follow out the scientific mode, which requires that all should be done with retorts, and vessels of glass or porcelain. After numerous disasters, we discovered that no chemical apparatus whatever is required, and that the boiling may be done with perfect success and convenience, as well as safety, in any clean tin vessel, or copper newly tinned, which is large enough to hold the quantity; but as the liquid is poisonous, the greatest care must be taken that the vessel is thoroughly washed and scoured afterwards, and we recommend to finish that process by boiling in it a solution of soda.

When the boiling is completed, the liquid will present a muddy appearance; and great stress is sometimes laid upon the absolute necessity of a troublesome filtration through blotting-paper. We have ourselves, however, used the liquid fresh off the fire, both for plating and gilding, and found that it acted just as well in that state, as when rendered as clear, by filtration, as spring-water. But it will be better to pour the boiled liquid into one or more jugs, or other vessels, and after letting it settle a few hours, to pour the clear liquor into clean bottles for use. If you use more than one jug for this purpose, add all the grounds together in one, fill up with fresh water, and let it settle again, and pour off as before. The liquid thus obtained is the silver solution, or bath, which may be used for plating.

We shall now endeavour to explain the mode of using, as well as forming, the electric current. In practice, this may be done in many ways; but we shall point out two only, each of which is to be recommended under certain conditions. If the operator has time to spare, and is in haste to get the plating done, the 'simple pile' is the best. If he can only attend to the process at long intervals, a modification of what is called 'Damell's pile' is to be recommended. The simple pile is made by taking a tube of glass—say the neck of a bottle—tying strongly a piece of wet bladder on one end, and adjusting to the other a bit of tin or zinc, which will give it a hold on the edge of the vessel in which the plating is performed. This tube is filled with salt and water, and the bladder-end is plunged into the silver solution, contained in a new tin vessel made expressly for this use, and of a tall form, so as to allow of the complete immersion of spoons, forks, &c.; or in any other of glass or delft ware which may be found convenient: a small delft foot-bath is very good in the case of large objects. When all is done so far, a strip of sheet zinc must be put into the salt and water in the tube; but it should not touch the bladder. A hole may be made in it at the proper distance, and a bit of wire thrust through to sustain it on the edges of the tube. Any one can cut the zinc with a pair of old scissors, and it should have an overlength of three or four inches. The objects to be plated must be suspended in the liquid-bath by bits of copper wire, very thin; and these must be connected with the zinc in the tube. A good plan is, to make a hole through the

zinc, and pass a bit of strong brass or copper wire through it in such a way as to overhang the bath. The wires suspending the objects may be hooked on to this, so that a metallic connection may be established between the objects and the zinc which is in the salt-water tube.

This pile usually acts quickly, and the objects frequently become dead white in a few minutes; and if left so, will take on a rough coat of silver instead of a smooth one. It is necessary, therefore, to watch closely, and when the dead appearance comes on, to remove the object, and rub it up with tripoli powder, very fine, and a bit of cloth or chamois-leather. This done, it must be placed again in the bath, and the process repeated until it is judged to be sufficiently plated. The exact quantity laid on can only be known by weighing the objects before and after plating, and continuing until the desired weight is obtained. We should say, that for large spoons and forks the weight of sixpence each should be laid on: each ounce of silver employed contains ten such quantities. A much smaller quantity of silver than this will last a long time, and it may perhaps be more convenient to renew it afterwards than to go on to the extent we have mentioned; but, as a rule, it may be recommended to plate albata or argentine in that proportion. The latter metal, which is wonderfully cheap considering its beauty, answers admirably for our purpose; and we should never think of using any other.

We shall now briefly describe our very inexpensive substitute for Damell's pile. We take a vessel—say a jam-pot which holds a quart—and nearly fill it with a saturated solution of sulphate of copper. In this liquid we plunge the tube, with salt and water and zinc, just as described above for the silver bath. We suspend on the other side of the jam-pot, and in the solution, a piece of copper the size of a common penny-piece, by a soft copper or brass wire about a foot long. The wire may be bent in such a way as to *hitch* on the edge of the vessel, and keep the penny suspended. To the other end of this wire we attach a piece of silver, the size of a five shilling-piece, and suspend it in the silver solution, but so that the copper wire may not be immersed. The proper way is to pierce holes in each, and pass the wire through close to the edges. The next thing is to suspend the objects by wires, as before, in the silver solution, and connect them with the zinc of the pile which is in the other vessel: they will then plate.

The difference between this pile and the other is, that the operation goes on much more slowly, and, consequently, with far greater convenience for those whose time is precious, as the apparatus may be left all night, or all day, without removing and polishing the objects. It is sufficient to do this morning and evening. The plating is generally of a better colour and quality in this way, although, where convenience dictates its use, the first plan described answers all practical purposes. The piece of silver plunged in the bath, as we have just described, is electrically dissolved, and the bath retains its strength at the expense of the 'anode,' as it is termed; its waste is also some guide to the quantity laid on, it being understood that what one loses is gained by the other.

Brass and copper lend themselves so easily to silvering, that all that is necessary is to take care that they are clean and bright by being rubbed up with tripoli or some such material. But with respect to those imitations of silver of which we have spoken as the best to operate on, they do not, especially when new, take the plating so readily. It is indispensable, if they are new, to remove altogether the 'shop' surface, and we effect this by fine emery-paper, and we then wash the object in a solution of potash, and quickly plunge it in the bath. After the object has been about a minute in the bath, it should be taken out and well wiped with a linen or calico rag—an abundant supply of which

is indispensable—and then replaced. When it is quite white—that is, when it is fully but lightly plated, it may be put to use for ten days or a fortnight. In that case, if the metallic adhesion is not perfect, it will shew itself by the silver scaling off, and the loss will be quite infinitesimal. If it stands a fortnight's wear and daily rubbing, it may be considered safe, and plated up to any desired weight.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH STORMS.

Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood-screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture:
Then broke the thunder.—BROWNING.

It was a tremendous storm. Now, when I advance this as my deliberate opinion, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I know what storms are. I have been exposed to more than one storm at sea; I have lost my way in a snow-storm among the Alps of Dauphiné; and I have crossed the Jura between Lyon and Geneva to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning which few tourists would care to encounter. Still, I say, that it was a tremendous storm, perhaps the most sudden and severe I have ever witnessed.

It happened while I was staying in Burgundy, not many weeks past. My kind host, M. de Longueville, had gone to Dijon upon business, and was not expected home till the morrow. Madame and the servants had been in bed since eight o'clock, and I was left with the library to myself, the only waking member of the household. It was a delicious evening: the trees in the garden and the granitic mountain beyond were steeped in that magical gloom, so deep and yet so clear, that follows the sunset of the south; the cigales were silent, after having kept up their noisy chorus throughout all the hot day; one large and lonely star glowed out of the dark sky; and every now and then the lowing of some distant cattle, or the chanted ballad of a vine-dresser going homewards after his daily labour, came softly along the scented air, and chimed in with the gentle stillness of the hour.

It was so hot, that I sat with doors and windows opened wide; and so calm, that not a breath stirred the delicate tongue of flame within the globe of the spirit-lamp at my side. Thus the hours glided. I was reading Browning's passionate and powerful dramas for the first time, and midnight drew near before I was aware of it. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, like the swift tornado of the tropics, a gush of wind poured through the windows, blowing the curtains inwards, and fiercely fluttering the leaves of the volume in my hand. Another moment, and a blaze of livid light burst over the landscape—seemed to fill the room—lit up for one brief moment every tree and shrub, and stripped the darkness from the rugged hillside—was overtaken by a deafening explosion of thunder just above the house, and succeeded by a strange calm without a sound or an echo. Thoroughly startled from my self-possession, I threw my book aside, and ran to the window. The sky, low, black, and starless, hung like a pall overhead, and seemed as if it rested on the tree-tops around; the wind, for an instant so violent, had utterly subsided; the atmosphere was hot and stagnant; a silence, as it were of death, had fallen upon everything—not a leaf stirred, not a bat flitted by, not a sound or sign of life was heard. Almost involuntarily, I took up the lamp, and, previously removing the globe, stepped out with it upon the terrace. As I had anticipated! Steadily and brightly burned the pale flame, casting a radiant circle on the gravel round about my feet, and not betraying by the lightest waver the presence of that gale which but just now had well-nigh torn the volume from my grasp.

There was something dread—almost supernatural—

in this menacing pause. I seemed to be standing alone and defenceless beneath a gigantic black dome. I breathed with difficulty, expecting the storm to burst round me as before; and yet I could not resist the fascination that chained me to the spot.

The lull continued unbroken. I could hear the very ticking of the watch by my side. I took it out, and found that it wanted four minutes to twelve. Then, measured, distinct, and solemn, vibrating keenly through the silence, came the slow pealing of a bell. I scarcely believed my ears, yet it was no error of the senses. I recognised the very *timbre* of the chapel-bell down in the village; I could almost hear it swing from side to side in the old Romanesque belfry. A mass at midnight! Curiosity outweighed fear: I must witness this service. The distance was not half a mile; I might reach the church before the tempest recommenced. I made my way hastily back through the library to my own chamber, wrapped myself in a large hooded travelling-cloak, stole softly down the staircase, and had my hand on the bolts of the great door, when a light touch and a friendly voice arrested me.

'My dear lady, you must be mad to think of venturing out on such a night as this! We shall have the tempest break over us in less than two minutes; and it is past midnight!'

'How! returned already, Monsieur de Longueville?'

'Yes, returned twelve hours sooner than I had hoped, and fortunately in time to prevent you from doing a very foolish thing. What can have induced you to attempt such an excursion?'

'Simply this: I heard the chapel-bell tolling, and I wished to ascertain the cause. It would not have taken five minutes by the short paths, and I should like to have seen a midnight mass for once—especially in a storm.'

I believe my countenance betrayed some little vexation, for M. de Longueville threw open the door of the *salle à manger*, and, offering me his arm, said with an apologetic smile: 'I assure you, then, that your journey would have been but ill repaid, and that you will find a comfortable supper and a glass of my old Romanée much more deserving your attention. And, by the way, here comes the tempest.'

As he spoke, a tremendous sheet of lightning seemed to open the whole sky into one broad field of fire; the rapid thunder shook the house to its foundations; a torrent of rain descended from the heavy clouds, and the storm began in earnest.

Madame and the servants were all up by this time, anxious to welcome the return of the master of the house. Some of the faces looked rather pale. Madame could eat no supper; monsieur alone was gay and unembarrassed as ever.

'Comment!' said he, looking merrily round, 'has the thunder frightened every one to silence? Here, Pierre, take this bottle of wine, and divide the contents among you there; it will give you courage, *mes enfans*. What! Jeannette upon her knees in the corner! Remember me to thy patron saint, Jeannette. Mademoiselle, as my guest, I engage you to eat some supper. Madame de Longueville, as my wife, I insist that you partake of the creature-comforts before us. Holy Saint Christophe, what a flash was that!'

It was an elemental strife indeed. In the furthest corner of the *salon* shrank the little trembling group of servants; madame hid her face in the sofa-cushions; I strove to assist at the supper-table, but, I fear, with no signal success. Without, the scene was fearful: the lightning-flashes succeeded each other at intervals of about twenty or thirty seconds; sometimes running in long quivering lines round and round the horizon; sometimes bursting forth in all directions, as if from a fiery ball high in the heavens; sometimes springing upwards from the earth, and bounding along the valley and up the mountain-sides with a terrible living

energy, such as I have never even heard described before. Simultaneously with every flash, crackling in sharp and sudden explosions like the opening of a battery, came the discharges of thunder. Now and then, during the brief and momentary lulls, we could hear the snorting of the horses in the stables, the pitiful whining of a frightened hound, the fall of some tree torn upwards by the hurricane, the rushing of the water-courses along the steep and stony road.

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.

'And mademoiselle is too much alarmed now, to inquire why our chapel-bells are ringing to-night,' said M. de Longueville with a sly smile. 'Shall I have the pleasure of escorting mademoiselle down to the church, or does she prefer remaining in ignoble safety at the château?'

'Decidedly remaining where she is,' I replied laughing. 'But pray, do tell me all about the bells, monsieur; it will serve to distract my attention, for I really cannot sup while this scene continues.'

'*Eh bien*, mademoiselle; you will, then, be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that these bells are chiefly rung for my benefit.'

'For your benefit, Monsieur de Longueville?'

'Precisely—or, I should say more correctly, for the benefit of my vines. It has been from time immemorial the custom of my family to engage the services of our village-priest upon the occasion of any violent hail or thunder-storm. He intercedes with Saint Christophe (our patron saint) for the preservation of the vines. The poor curé! his stipend is little enough, and every hundred francs is of importance in his modest household. You smile, mademoiselle.'

'Not at the piety or poverty of your poor curé, monsieur. I was thinking of an amusing instance of superstition that happened while I was at Malta in 1852. The resident bishop actually commanded that all the church-bells on the island should be rung, for the purpose of calming a violent gale.'

'I am not surprised at it, mademoiselle,' said my host, as he filled his glass with the old Romanée, and leaned back in his chair with an air of easy contentment. 'The superstitions connected with storms have often engaged my attention. They are many and curious; and it will give me much pleasure to read aloud some few extracts entered from time to time in the pages of my commonplace-book, and relating to this subject, if you think the storm is still too violent to permit of your retiring to rest.'

So saying, monsieur took down a heavy volume from the shelves behind his chair, and read the following observations—only pausing now and then, when an unusually vivid flash or startling peal broke the thread of his discourse.

'There can be little question that many of the brilliant scientific, æsthetic, and mechanical inventions which are deservedly considered as the glory of later civilisation, were by no means so unknown to the philosophers of antiquity as our modern vanity sometimes leads us to imagine. Be this as it may, we have at least no unreasonable grounds for believing that some of the properties of that mighty agent, the electric fluid, were familiar in bygone ages to those remote and forgotten students whose costly dyes and spiced sepulchral secrets are lost to us for ever. It is stated by Pliny, that the Etruscans had power to call down the lightning from heaven and direct it according to their pleasure. Numa may have possessed the same secret; and Tullus Hostilius, who is said to have been killed by lightning while performing magical ceremonies in his house, fell a victim, in all probability, to his own imprudence or want of skill in conducting the dangerous fluid—thus anticipating, by nearly 1400

years, those daring experiments which, in 1757, crowned the labours of the Abbé Chappe, by bringing the fire from heaven into his chamber at Tobolsk, and in 1753 fatally terminated the career of Professor Richmann in his own dwelling at St Petersburg.

Valuable as such a record would have been, it is to be lamented that the literature of Greece should touch so casually upon this subject, and upon the precautions employed by the ancients against lightning and tempest. Herodotus, in the ninety-fourth chapter of his Fourth Book, states that the Thracians menaced the thunder-cloud with arrows, and combated the dread artillery of Heaven. We also know that the Greeks, as well as the Romans, regarded the subtle fluid as the sacred minister of the gods; but here our information terminates. With regard to the Romans, we are more fortunate, and both Pliny and Suetonius have much to tell us. Persons killed by lightning were supposed to have called down upon themselves the special indignation of Heaven, and were buried in unfrequented places, lest the ashes of others should be polluted by their presence. Indeed, we learn that in some instances they were suffered to lie where they fell, without receiving any interment whatever, so great and so profound was the horror in which they were held. Even a spot of ground struck by lightning was hedged in and avoided, under the belief that Jupiter had either set upon it the mark of his displeasure, or appropriated it as sacred to himself. Such enclosures were called *bidental*, and it was unlawful for any man to approach them.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder-storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated lower than two yards into the earth. Acting upon this supposition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of his palace whenever a tempest was feared; and it is recorded by Suetonius, that he always wore the skin of a seal round his body, as a protection against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing, needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet deep into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the danger from ascending electrical currents remains the same. With regard to seal-skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that in the neighbourhood of the Mount Cevennes, in Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies are known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Laboissière is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors.

The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage with such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones with which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in the centre of their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved, in which the fluid has fallen upon water with the same destructive effect as upon land. Thus we learn from Weichard Valvasor (*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xvi.), that in the year 1760 the Lake of Zirknitz was struck by lightning, and that so large a quantity of fish rose instantly to

the surface as supplied the inhabitants of the neighbourhood with eight tuns full. And on the 14th of September 1772, the lightning descended into the Doubs, near Besançon, leaving shoals of stunned and dead fish floating with the current.

Certain stuffs—as silk and wool—and certain trees—as the mulberry and peach—were supposed to repel lightning. These opinions are not, perhaps, wholly without foundation; since numerous cases might be cited in which some persons appear to have been struck and others to have escaped, according as they wore clothing of this or that material. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the catastrophe of Château-neuf-les-Moutiers, when the lightning entered the church, played round the altar, struck down two out of the three officiating priests, and spared the third, apparently because his garments alone were made of silk.

The Tatars have an extreme terror of the phenomena of storms. As soon as the first warning thunder is heard, they expel all strangers from their dwellings, wrap themselves in long black woollen cloaks, and sit, silent and immovable, till all danger is past.

The Chinese pin their faith upon the preserving qualities of the mulberry and peach; and Suetonius informs us, that the Emperor Tiberius never failed to wear a chaplet of laurel, under the belief that lightning would not strike this kind of leaf.

It has been very generally supposed, that a feather-bed or mattress offers a secure retreat during storms of thunder and lightning; but it has of late years been proved that these simple means are deserving of little reliance. Birds, despite their feathers, are frequently killed by the destructive meteor; and on the 5th of September 1838, at the barracks of Saint Maurice, in the city of Lille, a flash of lightning, entering one of the dormitories, rent two mattresses completely in fragments, without injuring the two soldiers who were sleeping upon them at the time.

Such are a few of the superstitions, and founded now and then upon the doubtful deductions drawn from accident and observation, which, originating with the nations of antiquity, have descended in many instances to the present day. Thanks to science, and to the many inexpensive channels through which its beneficent and beautiful results are conveyed in a popular form, to the poorest as well as to the wealthiest, these childish, and sometimes dangerous errors, are fast disappearing from the minds of even the least educated amongst us. By means of a slight metallic-rod, carried up a chimney or a tower, the electricity of the charged thunder-cloud may be turned aside as easily as a blow from the hand of a wilful child; and this very fluid, of which the world has stood in dread since all time—this electric current, which has been regarded, even in our own day, as the special expression of divine anger, and that by persons with some pretensions to education—this swift and terrible agent of the storm becomes in the grasp of the natural philosopher the very slave of man—the silversmith to whom he intrusts the decoration of his most graceful ornaments, by the process of voltaic electricity—the messenger by whom he transmits his thoughts from land to land, in the electric-telegraph—the indicator of his every hour and minute, when adapted to the measurement of time in the electric-clock. Thus far has it been subdued, and it is impossible for any amongst us to conjecture how much further our triumphs may yet be carried. Sufficient, as regards the subject of the present inquiry, that we can secure life and property without the aid of the grotto, the seal-skin, or the laurel-wreath, and with a few yards of wire and an iron rod, direct the lightning as we please, and, like Ajax, defy the storm.

'A very effective ending, indeed, Monsieur de Longueville,' I said with a smile, as my friend delivered the latter sentences with somewhat of a parliamentary

air, and closed his commonplace-book; 'and an interesting subject. Still, I hope we shall "defy the storm" with better success than Ajax, who, if I remember rightly, was consumed by lightning after all. But tell me, how is it that, with all your love of science, and your researches into exploded superstitions, you yet intrust the safety of your *récolte* to Monsieur le Curé and the holy Saint Christophe?'

'My dear young lady,' said M. de Longueville, rising from table and deliberately lighting his bedroom candle, 'as the storm is now over, and we may all retire to rest with some prospect of a pleasant sleep, I do not mind confiding to you that I have an immense amount of respect and admiration for the holy Saint Christophe—and for a lightning-conductor planted in the midst of every vineyard. If all vine-growers were of the same faith, we should have better wines and more of them. I wish you a very good-night.'

MIRIAM.

OBITU 185-.

God rest thee!
We shall go about to-day
In our festal garlands gay:
Whatsoever robes we wear
Not a trace of black be there.
Well, what matter? none is seen
On thy daisied covering green,
Or thy maiden pillow, hid
Underneath a coffin lid.
God rest thee!

God take thee:
Ay, no other.—Sleeps beneath
One who died a virgin's death;
Died so slowly, day by day,
That it scarcely was decay,
Till this English church-yard kind
Opened—and we leave behind
Nothing but a little dust.
God is tender—God is just:
God take thee!

God keep thee:
Nevermore above the ground
Be there relic of thee found:
Lay the turf so smooth, we crave,
None would guess it was a grave,
Save for grass that greener grows,
Or for wind that gentlier blows
All the earth o'er—from this spot
Where thou wert—and thou art not.—
God keep thee!

DIPLOMACY OF WOMEN.

There is a trait in the lives of great diplomatists of which it is just possible some one or other of my readers may not have heard, which is, that none of them have ever attained to any eminence without an attachment—we can find no better word for it—to some woman of superior understanding, who has united within herself great talents for society with a high and soaring ambition. They who only recognise in the world of politics the dry details of ordinary parliamentary business, poor-law questions, sanitary rules, railway bills, and colonial grants, can form but a scanty notion of the excitement derived from the high interests of party, and the great game played by about twenty mighty gamblers, with the whole world for the table, and kingdoms for counters. In this *grand rôle* women perform no ignoble part; nay, it were not too much to say that theirs is the very motive-power of the whole vast machinery.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON SOME OF
HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

I most sincerely wish that some of my acquaintance were a little less good-natured. Their hospitality and complaisance are very pleasant things in their way, and as the object of them, I am bound to be grateful. But I am at the same time free to declare, that I suffer far more serious troubles from my good-natured friends than from any other class. The fact is, I can scarcely afford to keep up amicable relations with good-natured people. They cause demands upon both my time and money far too great to be at all convenient.

One of my most serious plagues is the ultra-amiable Mrs Greenway. She is, not from vanity, but from pure kindness of heart, a universal patroness. She has never less than three charitable subscriptions upon her hands. One day she attacks you in behalf of a young and rising poet; another, for a distinguished, but unfortunate artist's widow; a third, for some refugee Italian or Pole. She gathers money to promote the cause of temperance, and is treasurer to a society for encouraging humanity to donkeys, by prizes distributed annually among their keepers. I wish she would remember that there are such things as taxes and poor-rates—that, among her charities, she would remember the onerous responsibilities of poor householders. I appreciate the goodness of her intentions, and sympathise in most of her objects—did I not do so, I should be comparatively safe from her inroads—but I at the same time feel that she causes herself and friends to bear rather more than their proper share of the duties of philanthropy. And, anyhow, my half-pay suits ill with the eternal hemorrhage to which she subjects me.

It is not of the least consequence in the case, but it is an amusing circumstance which I may advert to, by way of extracting some little compensation from the cause of my sufferings, that none of my friends of the Greenway class can bear each other's objects. A collecting lady for the Female Local Auxiliary to the Central Patriotic Society for promoting the Improvement of Cottage Gardens, will be found to have a most inadequate sense of the importance of the Fund for the Conversion of the Pope and his Cardinals, and *vice versa*. A Clothing Society hates a Soup Society; and so forth. Nay, a Mrs Greenway, when once in the full ardour of some particular mission, will regard with something like jealousy the exactly similar mission of one of her own class. The benevolent Miss Grace Gentle came to her one day, begging for a singularly deserving Pole, and found her shut up in perfect adamant, in consequence of her having a Pole of her own at that moment in hands. 'Well, but, Mrs Greenway, this Pole of

mine is a deserving, sober man, with a wife and two children! You surely must give something.' 'Oh, but my Pole is an equally sober, deserving man, with a wife and four children! I really can't give you a farthing.'

After all, the money-collecting habits of my good-natured friends do not present them in their most dangerous aspect. I dread them a good deal more in their practice as obtainers of employment and situations for their protégés. It does not seem ever to occur to them, that for all employments and places a certain amount of qualification is necessary; otherwise a person must be in a false position, and a discomfort to himself and all connected with him. My friend Mollitor recommends you a governess who does not know how to speak grammatically, and, if allowed, will send you a teacher of the piano who barely understands the notes. Enough for him that these persons are poor and in need. He gives plausible and telling certificates in favour of people who have been tried and found wanting in twenty situations. He sees but their wants. The vexation and trouble that is to befall the party imposed upon by the recommendation, is comparatively a remote consideration, and therefore of little force. Mollitor is fitted with a spouse of exactly the same character. From sheer kindness of nature, she is constantly taking unworthy and inefficient persons into her employment; thus creating for herself, of course, as well as for her family, an immense amount of discomfort. When, from whatever cause, any of her servants leave her, and sometimes it is because of their proving utterly unsuitable, she nevertheless gives them tolerably good characters, softening so much the unfavourable, and bringing into such relief anything that is recommendatory, that virtually a false view is given, and new mistresses are betrayed. I not long ago had a cook imposed upon me by Mrs Mollitor, who proved not merely unskilled in her business, but an incurable slattern; so that my little establishment was for six months scarcely visitable. It was a serious hardship to lay upon a friend, from merely a good-natured dislike to tell the truth about a fellow-creature. Now, there is no amount of recommendation which would avail with me having the name of Mollitor at the bottom of it. A servant who came from my sour friend Marley with three or four declared faults, would be preferable to a demi-angel from Mollitor.

Calling one day upon an old class-fellow, I found him studiously perusing the printed testimonials of two candidates for a situation, in the filling up of which he had a voice. I had the curiosity to glance over the two contending brochures, each of which described, as usual, a being possessed of every talent and accomplishment, and nearly every good moral

quality, under heaven. 'Will you allow me to give you a hint?' said I to my friend. 'Most willingly—nay, I shall be delighted.' 'Well,' said I, 'Thomson is the right man, and I'll tell you why.' My friend stared, while I went on. 'It is thus. In Wilson's testimonials, I see a number of notably amiable men amongst the writers. The most prominent of them all is Golightly, whom public repute sets forth as the best-natured creature living. Amongst Thomson's friends, I do not observe any remarkably kind-hearted men; but I see a man who is well known to be one of the sourest, although, at the same time, most honest men on earth—old Mr Crabbe Dobson. Now, were not Mr Thomson a man of true and extraordinary merit, you may depend upon it Crabbe Dobson would not recommend him.'

My friend seemed amused, and began to read with great attention the letter of Golightly, which was as follows:—

'MY DEAR SIR—I am exceedingly glad to hear that you are a candidate for the situation of Professor of —, in the — University, as I am convinced that the patrons could nowhere find a more suitable person to fill that important chair. Having had the great pleasure and advantage of knowing you for many years, I am enabled to say that your abilities are of the very highest class, and that your attainments are not less distinguished. You have a facility in mastering abstruse and difficult subjects which I never saw surpassed, and which I have never been able to view without the utmost astonishment. Your powers of communicating what you know are such as rarely occur in connection with transcendent original powers. There is a charm in your eloquence which nothing can resist. Your personal character has ever stood high. As a man, as a Christian, and a professional man, you exceed all common bounds of praise. I could dilate on these topics, but that your extreme modesty might be offended; and indeed it is not necessary, as I should only be detailing what must be well known to all. I cannot conclude, however, without expressing my warm interest in your welfare, and my confident belief that, if so fortunate as to be directed to give you their votes, the patrons will have lasting reason for thankfulness.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours with the greatest regard,

T. GOLIGHTLY.

A. Wilson, Esq.'

Now turn to Crabbe Dobson's brief epistle:—

'SIR—As far as a short acquaintance with you personally, and some knowledge of your writings, enables me to judge, you are a person fully qualified to fill the chair of — in the — University.

Yours,

J. CRABBE DOBSON.

T. Thomson, Esq.'

'I see the force of what you say,' quoth my friend. 'When I make a proper discount from Golightly's letter, on account of his good-nature, and put the right percentage on Crabbe Dobson's, on account of his surly conscientiousness, Thomson becomes the preferable man.' He voted next day for Thomson, and his vote carried the election.

I would have my friends to act on this policy in the selection of their servants. Let them look not merely

to the recommendations which are submitted to them, but to the characters of those who have given the recommendations. Without knowing what discount to allow on account of the good-nature of the writer of these documents, I apprehend that the proposing employer makes something like a leap in the dark.

Being an old bachelor, I am a good deal of a diner-out, or rather of a visitor in general. I observe great differences in style of entertainment amongst my friends, and have come to believe that comparative limitedness of means does not so much affect the comfort of an establishment as comparative good-nature. For one thing, under their plan of selection, the Greenways and Mollitors rarely have so good servants as their neighbours of similar grade and fortune. Another point—my good-natured friends do not, as a rule, get quite the best viands. If the butcher has orders for two legs of mutton, he will send the least perfectly hung to the more amiable family, because he knows he will be least apt to lose a patron in that direction. The baker, for the same reason, sends his worst bread to his most forgiving customer. If the poulterer has orders for six turkeys, and has only four specimens of the animal to come and go upon, you may depend upon it that the two dinner-parties which that day exhibit a couple of plain fowls instead are those of Mrs Mollitor and Mrs Greenway. Even the wine-merchant will send port a year or two older in bottle, and champagne a shade more effervescent, to the ugly customer who always grumbles at his qualities, distributing of course the inferior articles among the easily pleased.

I was for a long time at a loss to understand why it was that Mrs Mollitor never had at her table exactly the best possible articles, and why she had so often to make apologies for deficiencies in her bill of fare. But at length it occurred to me that she was too good-natured a woman to prove a successful hostess. No trades-people were afraid of her. They could depend on her overlooking their delinquencies, and took liberties accordingly. Being satisfied that this is the case, and that it will never be otherwise, I have latterly been rather shy of invitations from the Mollitors, although I like them personally. They are worthy, agreeable people; but nature has denied them the amount of self-assertion which is required to enable any one to keep up a good house and entertain his friends properly.

The hard-charactered, resolute people, who never unbend a muscle till they see that everything has been good and tidy, and their guests are beginning to depart, are really the people to dine with after all. No matter for their rigour of demeanour: we guests, having good elements of enjoyment furnished to us, can make plenty of fun amongst ourselves. On the whole, then, if I had occasion to make a thinning of my circle of friends, the good-natured are those I would first weed out. At least, such is my theoretical feeling on the subject. Whether in practice I could abandon my Mollitors and Greenways, with all their gentle good-humour, making merriment even out of the scrapes and disadvantages in which their amiableness lands them, I cannot tell. Perhaps my own good-nature is too great for that.

So it is in regard to the whole question of this same plaguy good-nature. I fret continually under its consequences; but I find it at the same time an

irresistible law, that I must love and esteem those who try to soften matters to the poorly endowed and the unfortunate, who are easily entreated, and not hard to please.

INTERNAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

BEFORE the commencement of the present war, many persons were of opinion that Russia, from the poverty of her native resources, could not hold out long against the more civilised nations of Europe. The result, so far, of the conflict has brought round such speculators not only to a different, but to the opposite opinion; and pointing to the enormous stores of produce and material poured in a continuous stream into the Crimea, and to the fabulous quantities of the food of man destroyed by the invaders, they seem ready to regard the resources of this colossal empire as inexhaustible. In the midst of such vacillating opinions, the appearance of a work dividing the whole country, on the most reliable authorities existing, into zones and regions, and presenting as near an approximation as can be obtained to the actual quantity and value of the productions of each, must be considered an event of some consequence.* 'There is throughout the book,' says the translator, 'a remarkable absence of leanings and prejudices; the figures appear to have been drawn from the most reliable sources, and to have been carefully and conscientiously sifted; whilst the opinions expressed bear the internal stamp of honesty and candour. It is easy to perceive that the writer entertains unbounded confidence in the future destinies of his country, regarding it as a field for the measureless development of elements of strength and greatness which are still in their infancy; but he does not seek to convey the idea, that its present condition, as compared with that of the longer civilised portions of Europe, is in many respects otherwise than backward; and when he observes an evil, instead of labouring to disguise it—as many of us conceive that a good patriotic Russian would be apt to do—he seeks to estimate its intensity, and calmly discusses the means of its removal.'

It is impossible, in a space like ours, to do justice to this important work; but we may give at least a general idea of its contents.

The empire is classified in eight zones, beginning with the icy zone, including Nova Zembla and a portion of Archangel; then the marshy zone, the home of the reindeer, whose flesh is a considerable part of the food of the thinly spread inhabitants; then the zone of forests and cattle-rearing, in the southern part of which we see the first traces of agriculture; then the barley zone, in which agriculture fairly commences, but only commences—a large portion of the population still subsisting by means of cattle-rearing, hunting, and fishing: this zone extends to the 63d degree of north latitude. Now we reach the zone of rye and flax, which embraces the principal portion of the empire, extending to latitude 51 degrees: generally speaking, garden-fruits succeed only in the west of this zone. The zone of wheat and garden-fruits extends to the 48th degree, and is the granary of the kingdom. It supplies St Petersburg and a considerable portion of the army, besides in ordinary time exporting grain. Then comes the zone of maize and of the vine, including the northern part of the Crimea; while the southern part lies in the eighth zone, that of the olive, the silk-worm, and the sugar-cane. Such is Russia in her natural capabilities. 'As a natural consequence of the immense extent of the empire, and of the zones which it embraces, the productive soil is very unequally distributed; some

governments contain very little arable-land, whilst in others it exists in disproportion to the means of labouring it.' The magnitude of the empire is at this moment a disadvantage rather than otherwise; but only imagine what might be the result if it was intersected by railways, and the products of industry equalised throughout this vast region!

And in a new country like Russia, it is hard to say what may not come to pass. Many of her greatest towns were willed into being by the Empress Catherine II. One of these is the important city of Kharkov, in Southern Russia; and another, Odessa, which was founded about sixty years ago on the ruins of an ancient Greek colony, and has now a population of 60,000. Our author, quoting from M. Haxthausen, a German traveller, describes the appearance of one of these modern towns, as indications of the different eras of its construction: 'When, travelling in the interior of the empire,' says M. Haxthausen, 'we approach a Russian town, we do not, as in the countries of Romanic or Germanic origin, pass through a suburb of gardens, but enter, first, a Russian village, being the remains of the old village which was destined to be converted into a town. Here still dwell the old peasants, who employ themselves principally in gardening, to supply the town with vegetables, carrying on their culture, not in enclosed grounds, but in the open fields. Passing through the village, we enter the town of Catherine II., built like one of the outer quarters of Moscow. It is composed of long, broad, unpaved streets, running between two rows of log-houses one story high, with their gable-ends turned to the street. Here is concentrated the industrial life of the Russian population; here dwell the carters, the cartwrights, the corn-dealers; here are the inns, the ale-houses, the shops, &c. Issuing from this second *quartier*, we enter the modern European town, with its straight and sometimes paved streets, and its spacious squares. We see on all hands buildings like palaces; but this part of the town has generally a deserted appearance; the streets present little bustle or animation, with the exception of the droschkies stationed in the squares and at the corners of the streets, with which no provincial capital, or even large district village, is ever unprovided. The most ancient edifices of this quarter are the public buildings; the greater number of the private houses date subsequently to 1815.' Upon this the Russian author observes, that when such changes took place in other European towns, the elements of the municipal corporations were already in existence. 'With us, on the contrary, the form has often preceded the fact; this has arisen from the influence which the sovereign power is called on to exert over the destinies of the empire, an influence founded not merely on the form of the government, but likewise on historical tradition, on custom, and on the requirements and interests of social order. Since the time of Peter the Great, it is the government which in Russia marches at the head of civilisation; and government is sometimes obliged to slacken its pace, in order not to get too far ahead of the wants, the ideas, and the manners of the people. Of this truth, misapprehended by those who judge our country according to preconceived ideas, we have perfect evidence, not only in the history and present condition of our towns, but also in all our institutions; and this will appear to every one who takes the trouble to subject them to unprejudiced study and observation.'

It does not come within the scope of our Journal to state the amount of the various articles of produce raised in Russia; because these, to be understood, would require to be taken conjointly with the sum of the population and the requirements of foreign trade. We may say, however, that our author calculates the whole of the cereals to amount to 187,000,000 imperial quarters; thus making Russia's production

* *Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia.* By M. L. de Tegoborski, Privy Councillor, and Member of the Council of the Russian Empire. 2 vols. London: Longman. 1855.

of cereals 5 to 2 of that of France, 20 to 7 of that of Austria, and 6 to 1 of that of Prussia.

The potato is becoming another great resource; but as yet the growth is not widely diffused, although the annual pecuniary value of the produce is estimated at L.2,375,000 sterling. The native wines are fifteen times more in quantity, and about a seventh part more in pecuniary value, than those that are imported. The minimum produce of flax and hemp is estimated at 16,000,000 poods (the pood is equal to 36·08 avoirdupois), of which, in ordinary times, are exported, raw and manufactured, 7,350,000 poods. The breed of horned cattle is immense. It numbers, at the minimum, 25,000,000, which, on a population of sixty-one millions and a half, would give five head of cattle to every twelve inhabitants. Sheep are estimated in minimum at 50,000,000, giving twenty-five sheep for every thirty-one inhabitants. In regard to mineral wealth, before the discovery of the gold-fields in California, Russia contributed 63 per cent. of the gold produced in America, Europe, and Northern Asia.

The part of the volume we have been examining relates to the physical and material productive forces; but the author returns to the same points, seriatim, in another part, entitled the intellectual productive forces, by which he means those forces that exist in the application of the human intellect to the creation of values.

Here he considers that Russia is an eminently agricultural country; all the other elements of prosperity occupying but a secondary rank, and playing a more or less subordinate part in the mechanism of her productive powers. But the state of agriculture, except in the Baltic provinces and in the Steppes, is as yet low, partly owing to want of skill, and partly to the paucity of labour in comparison with the extent of the land. The plan pursued is called the 'three-shift system;' namely, fallow, winter-corn, and summer-corn, the forage being drawn from permanent meadows and pastures of its own. The whole of the Slavonic populations are much attached to this system; and certainly in Russia, so long as the disproportion between labour and land continues, the waste of the latter—one-third of the cultivatable land lying idle under the three-shift rotation—will be little felt. The next hinderance to agricultural advance is the serfage system, on which our author speaks frankly, but, as usual, moderately. 'The system of serfage may, and undoubtedly must, exercise an unfavourable influence upon the culture of the soil, inasmuch as thirled labour is always less productive than free labour; this it is, not always as regards the interest of the employer—for there are many cases in which the substitution of paid-labour for the *corvée* would not, by its increased productiveness, compensate the proprietor for his increased working-expenses—but as regards the total amount of value created by the employment of labour; for, the obligatory task being always executed with more or less negligence, the result is a loss of time and of productive force, and, consequently, a waste of the elements of national wealth. It is, moreover, undeniable that the prestation of villenage-services, where they are too onerous, frequently deprives the serf of the means of doing justice to the land; but the influence of this cause upon the condition of our agriculture is by no means so predominant as is generally supposed.' In fact, strict serfage has almost ceased to exist in the crown-domains; in the year 1852, not more than 121,450 crown-peasants being subject to the *corvée*, out of perhaps 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 cultivators. The serfs belonging to private individuals in 1838, were, in round numbers, 12,000,000, and the free-peasants the same. 'On comparing these two totals, we find that the number of peasants still subject to the *corvée* is equal to that of the cultivators who

dispose freely of their labour; but if we consider that, in many of the domains belonging to individuals, the *corvée* has been converted into a pecuniary quit-rent, we may admit that more than two-thirds of the productive soil are now no longer worked under the *corvée*-system. This system, therefore, cannot exert so general an influence as is supposed on the condition of our agriculture.' The *corvée*-system, however, cannot speedily be got rid of. 'However defective the *corvée*-system may be in itself, in a general agricultural point of view, it is for the moment, for a great part of Russia, a necessity of our agricultural position; for, *first*, the amount of disposable capital requisite to be invested in agriculture, in order to establish a rational system of culture in conjunction with paid labour, does not exist in proportion to the immense extent of the arable-lands; *secondly*, in many districts, the value of the products of the land would not afford a sufficient return to cover the working-expenses; *thirdly*, in those provinces which are little favoured in regard to commerce and industry, and where money circulation is trifling, it is much easier for the peasant to discharge his quit-rent in the shape of labour, than to pay any rent whatever in the shape of money. Thus it happens that sometimes those peasants who have become quit-renters, or, as it is termed in Russia, have come under the *Obrok* régime, are in less easy circumstances than the peasants in the same district who are under the *corvée*-régime; and they occasionally return of their own accord to their former prestation in kind.'

The minute subdivision of the land necessitated by serfage, is another hinderance to improvement in agriculture. A portion of an estate of peasants is divided into as many lots as there are *hearths* or families. 'As the community is liable *in solidum* for the rents and prestations affecting each of its members, it is that makes the distribution. The extent of the different allotments is proportioned to the number of members in a family, regard being had to its wants and to its strength in working-hands. When a son marries in his father's lifetime, he has right to an allotment to be laboured by himself for his own behoof. Where there are marked inequalities in the fertility of the land, the division is equalised by assigning to every hearth a portion of land of each different quality. Where the extent of the lands exceeds the strict wants of the population—that is to say, the normal proportion considered requisite for the subsistence of each family—it is to the peasants who are in the best circumstances, who have the greatest number of good hands at their disposal, who have the most stock, and, in general, who have the best means of cultivating, that the surplus is adjudged; often against the will of the receivers, whose contribution to the charges of the community is then proportionally augmented. This distribution is generally made with great equity and discretion; and the surplus, thus distributed, forms a reserve for future distributions, which may be rendered necessary by the progress of population. When, on the other hand, there is not land enough to assign each family an allotment proportioned to its wants, the surplus population emigrates to other localities, sometimes in the neighbourhood, sometimes in distant governments, in quest of work and a living.' Thus the land is cut to pieces; and the peasant, owing to the frequent changes of possession, occasioned by the increase or diminution of hearths in the village, and to his uncertainty of leaving his own allotment as an inheritance to his children, becomes indifferent to any improvement of which the fruits are not immediate.

The impression left upon our mind by this valuable work is, that Europe has not much to fear from the material progress of Russia, since that must of necessity be gradual, and correspond closely with her intellectual advancement. She cannot attain to the due development of her vast agricultural resources

without a corresponding increase of knowledge, and without the total abandonment of serfage, the existence of which at the present day separates her widely from the civilised world. Her vast forests must be intersected by roads, and these dotted with villages or colonies; and the various portions of the empire, which are now chained together only by government establishments, brought into neighbourhood and sympathy by means of easy intercommunication. Till all this is accomplished, the resources of Russia must be taken at their *present* extent; making due deduction for the cost of the war, the heavy draft of peasants from their employment, and the consequent impoverishment of the capitalists, small and great, who furnish the sustenance of the country and the sinews of battle.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER.

ALBERT LACHNER was my particular friend and fellow-student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other; we called each other by the endearing name of brother. On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer. Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance.

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old *Kürhaus*, the suspension-bridge, and, further away, the bridge of boats, and the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking-room; and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a bookcase, and filled it with his favourite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favourite colour. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagances—never fought a duel at the *Hirschgasse*—never been one of the fellowship of *Foxes*—never boated, and quarrelled, and gambled like the rest of us, wild boys as we were! But then he was constitutionally unfitted for such violent sports; and a lameness which dated from his early childhood, proved an effectual bar to the practice of all those athletic exercises which secure to youth the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Still, he was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to partake of his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too closely; but this he protested was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error: he was changed—but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the rapid progress that was making everywhere in favour of mesmerism, and added some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its

phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervour of a determined believer.

I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences, he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and *doppelgängers*; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: 'Farewell, Heinrich, *mein Bruder*; farewell till the gathering-season. In thought, I shall be often with you.'

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment, he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone. Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow, our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed. I had no wish to believe; I struggled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation. Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.

One evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation. I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small rowing-boat lay moored. This evening, I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private enclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river-path. I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was, I asseverate, the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance. Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river towards the sunset. Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech; at last—'Albert!' I cried, 'this is kind of you. When did you arrive?' He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words,

and with a similar result. 'Albert, look round, man!' Slowly he turned his head, and looked me in the face; and then, O horror! even as I was looking at him, he disappeared. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there. Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house, and strove to compose my shattered nerves. Was Albert dead, and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when first he left me.

It was about four days from this time when a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room, and courtesied for permission to speak. I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for domestic purposes, I pulled out my purse from my pocket, and saying: 'Well, Katrine, what do you want now?' drew forth a florin, and held it towards her.

She courtesied again, and shook her head. 'Thank you, master; but it is not that.'

Something in the old woman's tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. 'What is the matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed you?'

'If you please, master—if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?'

'Here!' I repeated. 'What do you mean?'

'In the bed upstairs, master.'

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue. 'The bed has been slept in, master, for the last four nights.'

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase and into Albert's bedroom; and there, plainly, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed! Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality. I groaned aloud, and staggered heavily back.

'It has been like this for four nights, master,' said the old woman. 'Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it.'

'Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then'—

I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all, I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor all round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber-door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this. That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my casement.

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. 'Come with me, Katrine,' I said; 'let us see if all be right in the Herr Lachner's bedroom.'

At the door, we paused and looked, half-terrified, in each other's faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open—unclosed by no mortal hand; and the daylight streaming in, fell upon the disordered bed—upon footmarks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative with an account of the mental anguish which this circumstance caused me; suffice it, that I left that room, locked the door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

The next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence by which the transit was completed entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshment, but hired a youth to shew me the way to Albert's lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search. He led me through a labyrinth of narrow old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high red-brick dwelling, with projecting stories and a curiously carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and, on my inquiring if Herr Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

'Then he is living!' I cried eagerly.

'Living!' echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way—'living! *Mein Gott*, we want no dead lodgers here.'

After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad banisters. As I ascended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed:

'Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one.'

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself into his arms.

'Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!'

'Yes, alive,' he replied, drawing me into the room and closing the door. 'You thought me dead?'

'I did indeed,' said I, half sobbing with joy. Then glancing round at the blazing hearth—for now the nights were chill—the cheerful lights, and the well-spread supper-table: 'Why, Albert,' I exclaimed, 'you live here like a king.'

'Not always thus,' he replied, with a melancholy smile. 'I lead in general a very sparing bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you, my brother, have never before partaken of my hospitality.'

'How!' I exclaimed quite stupified; 'you knew that I was coming?'

'Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment.'

I gasped for breath, and dropped into a seat.

'And this power, this spiritual knowledge'—

'Is simply the effect of magnetic relation—of what is called *rapport*.'

'Explain yourself.'

'Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which you have this day undergone. Eat, now; eat and rest. After supper, we will talk the subject over.'

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing towards the hearth with our meerschaums and Rhine-wine, we resumed the former conversation.

'You are, of course, aware,' began my friend, 'that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over another, a certain rapport, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between those two natures. This rapport does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many instances may be altogether omitted. By this, I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolency or even clairvoyance. This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his

own. I cannot better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully, as he may desire. This rapport I have long sought to establish between us.'

'But you have not succeeded.'

'Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind.'

'Which I tried to shake off, and did.'

'True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent.'

'At what time in the day was that?' I asked falteringly.

'About half-past eight o'clock in the evening.'

I shuddered, grew deadly faint, and pushed my chair back.

'But where were you, Albert?' I muttered in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance, he turned ghastly pale, even to his lips, and the drops of cold dew started on his forehead.

'I—was—here,' he said, with a slow and laboured articulation, that added to my dismay.

'But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me.'

'And did you speak to—the figure?'

'Twice, without being heard. The third time I cried'—

'"Albert, look round, man!"' interrupted my friend, in a hoarse, quick tone.

'My very words! Then you heard me?'

'But when you had spoken them,' he continued, without heeding my question—'when you had spoken them—what then?'

'It vanished—where and how, I know not.'

Albert covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

'Great God!' he said feebly, 'then I am not mad!'

I was so horror-struck, that I remained silent. Presently, he raised his head, poured out half a tumblerful of brandy, drank it at a draught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and preternaturally even tone, related to me the following strange and fearful narrative:—

'Dr K—, under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the mesmeric doctrine; before then, I was as hardened a sceptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in these matters, the pupil—being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more towards those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric research than the master. By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary rapports between my patients and myself, even when separated from them by any distance, however considerable. Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of which this phenomenon is, I must beg you to analyse with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With

some, this mental vision is so vivid, as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colours, and its shadows. Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so remarkably, that if I but related a passage from any book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable. Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very singular manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a *distinct body*—yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in moments of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life. Nay, he continued, observing my extreme agitation, 'this thing is not wholly new in the history of magnetic phenomena—but it is rare. We call it, psychologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body—that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a doppelgänger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror. I believed, but I dreaded; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought that I—I also may be—may be— O rather, far, far rather would I believe myself deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part. The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems; the second happened five nights since, at the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich—here his voice trembled audibly—I felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time, I found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed.'

'It was so,' I murmured faintly.

'At the same time, my brother, I felt the most earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dulness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter; I felt the cool breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there. Presently I became aware as of the approach of something, I knew not what—but a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half-compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralysed, and unable to turn. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear, and loud—"Albert, look round, man!" Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold me, I turned—I saw you! The next moment, a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and I then found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion,

sitting by yonder window, where, gazing on the sunset, I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered—I tried to think that all had been a dream. I lifted my hands to my brow: they were numbed and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to weigh upon my limbs. You say that I was visibly present in your garden; I know that I was bodily present in this room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possess a double being?

We were both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the foot-marks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

'I have been thinking much of you,' he said; 'and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay—nay, even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of far-working. It is true that I have awaked each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to over-study and constitutional weakness.'

'Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?'

Albert sat pale and silent, as if he heard not.

I repeated the question.

'Give me some more brandy,' he said, 'and I will tell you.'

I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in a still lower voice than before. 'The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading—reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul—when I experienced, quite suddenly, a sensation of extreme lassitude. The book grew dim before my eyes; the room darkened; I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town. Plainly I saw the churches in the gray evening dusk; plainly the hurrying passengers; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market-place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door: it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly, slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my own room; and there—'

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

'And there you saw,' I urged—'you saw'—

'Myself! Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes; myself stood gazing on myself! We looked—we looked into each—each other's eyes—we—we—we—'

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

'Albert! Albert!' I shrieked, 'look up. O heavens! what shall I do?'

I hung frantically over him; I seized his hands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, he turned his head in the direction of the door, and looked earnestly forward. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes glared with a light that was more vivid than that of life. Struck with an appalling idea, I followed the course of his gaze. Hark! a dull, dull sound—measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet ascending. My blood froze; I could not remove my eyes from the doorway; I could not breathe. Nearer and nearer came the steps—alternately light and heavy, light and heavy, as the tread of a lame man. Nearer and nearer—across the landing—upon the very threshold of the chamber. A sudden fall beside me, a crash, a darkness! Albert had slipped from his chair to the floor, dragging the table in his fall, and extinguishing the lights beneath the *débris* of the accident.

Forgetting instantly everything but the danger of

my friend, I flew to the bell and rang wildly for help. The vehemence of my cries, and the startling energy of the peal in the midnight silence of the house, roused every creature there; and in less time than it takes to relate, the room was filled with a crowd of anxious and terrified lodgers, some just roused from sleep, and others called from their studies, with their reading-lamps in their hands.

The first thing was to rescue Albert from where he lay, beneath the weight of the fallen table—to throw cold water on his face and hands, to loosen his neck-cloth, to open the windows for the fresh night-air.

'It is of no use,' said a young man, holding his head up and examining his eyes. 'I am a surgeon: I live in this house. Your friend is dead.'

'Dead!' I echoed, sinking upon a chair. 'No, no—not dead. He was—he was subject to this.'

'No doubt,' replied the surgeon: 'it is probably his third attack.'

'Yes, yes—I know it is. Is there no hope?'

He shook his head and turned away.

'What has been the cause of his death?' asked a bystander in an awe-struck whisper.

'Cataplexy.'

MR MACAULAY'S NEW VOLUMES.

On concluding a reading of these massive volumes, we have been tempted to ask: 'Is this history?' Our frank answer to the query has been: 'If it be not history, as that is usually understood, it is something better.' Sneerers will call it an overgrown *article*. Admit it is in the style of an article, it is, as such, an improvement on ordinary historical writing. We would define it as a history, with the addition of a fine quality which induces men to read it.

The third and fourth volumes will not, however, be relished quite so much as the first and second. This is the fault of the events, not of the author: the overthrow of a dynasty is not a kind of fact to occur every day. As it is, in these volumes, extending from 1689 to 1697, there is a series of occurrences only second in interest to the revolution itself—the civil war in Scotland, the civil war in Ireland, the great war with France (strongly resembling, by the by, our present war with Russia), the Toleration Act, the Glencoe Massacre, the commencement of banks, of newspapers, and of a national debt; finally, the struggles of the Jacobite party against the resistless tendency of the general will, and the astounding intrigues of many of King William's best statesmen, and even ministers, to keep themselves in tolerable terms with the exiled monarch. All of these matters are treated by Mr Macaulay with his characteristic breadth of view and picturesqueness of narration; King William always the hero of the piece, King James the villain; civilisation and the interests of the many ever the *grand jeu*, as opposed to barbarism generally, and the mean and selfish actings of all kinds of individuals. It is a party view of history; but we must admit, against some lurking prepossessions, that it is the view of the party of progress, and of the general good, as against its opponents. Anyhow, if our author has really to any serious extent traduced King James, in shewing him as a heartless, incorrigible tyrant and poltroon, and a hounder out of assassins, may God forgive him, for it will, we fear, be a concluded case. Who shall hope to get a defence listened to by one-twentieth of those who will here read, and be persuaded?

Our narrow limits forbidding us to go at length into any of Mr Macaulay's narrations, it will be our best course to draw attention to a few short passages, chiefly of the nature of remark, where we think he happily catches at novel truths, or illustrates important

political propositions. In hurrying along the stream of the story, one is only too apt to overlook such passages, however distinguished by their wisdom.

Speaking of the bishops and other clergy who lost their positions by refusing to take the oaths to the new sovereigns, our author says: 'It is certain that the moral character of the nonjurors, as a class, did not stand high. It seems hard to impute laxity of principle to persons who undoubtedly made a great sacrifice to principle. And yet experience abundantly proves, that many who are capable of making a great sacrifice, when their blood is heated by conflict, and when the public eye is fixed upon them, are not capable of persevering long in the daily practice of obscure virtues. It is by no means improbable that zealots may have given their lives for a religion which had never effectually restrained their vindictive or their licentious passions. We learn, indeed, from fathers of the highest authority, that, even in the purest ages of the Church, some confessors, who had manfully refused to save themselves from torments and death by throwing frankincense on the altar of Jupiter, afterwards brought scandal on the Christian name by gross fraud and debauchery.'

There is not less penetration in a remark regarding the fact, that among George Fox's followers were some men far above himself in intelligence. 'Robert Barclay was a man of considerable parts and learning. William Penn, though inferior to Barclay in both natural and acquired abilities, was a gentleman and a scholar. That such men should have become the followers of George Fox ought not to astonish any person who remembers what quick, vigorous, and highly cultivated intellects were in our own time duped by the unknown tongues. The truth is, that no powers of mind constitute a security against errors of this description. Touching God and His ways with man, the highest human faculties can discover little more than the meanest. In theology, the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child, between Archimedes and a naked savage. It is not strange, therefore, that wise men, weary of investigation, tormented by uncertainty, longing to believe something, and yet seeing objections to everything, should submit themselves absolutely to teachers, who, with firm and undoubting faith, lay claim to a supernatural commission. Thus, we frequently see inquisitive and restless spirits take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends to infallibility; and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to worship a wafer. And thus it was that Fox made some converts to whom he was immeasurably inferior in everything except the energy of his convictions.'

Mr Macaulay explains very clearly how the national debt commenced in 1692. There was a want of money for the state beyond the supply which the utmost possible taxation could afford, and at the same time a superabundance of money in the hands of capitalists at a loss what to make of it. When one party was impelled by the strongest motives to borrow, and another was impelled by equally strong motives to lend, it was not possible that a debt should not have been contracted. The first transaction was the loan of a million, in the form of life-annuities, at ten per cent. till 1700, and after that, seven per cent. Mr Macaulay adds some observations which may carry a peculiar comfort at the present moment. 'Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt, the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt, it has been seriously asserted by wise men, that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet, still the debt went on growing, and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the

great contest with Louis XIV. was finally terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered, not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-house orators, but by acute and profound thinkers, as an incumbrance which would permanently cripple the body-politic. Nevertheless, trade flourished; wealth increased; the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession; and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians, and orators, pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity—signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed—ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham, than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth, and, under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt, the debt rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman, indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the Crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and St Louis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land; but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin was through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road; we had done with the road; we had reached the goal; all was over; all the revenues of the island north of Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria, than to be saddled with the interest of a hundred and forty millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes, and to see improvement all around him—cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbours insufficient to contain the shipping, artificial rivers joining the chief inland seats of industry to the chief seaports, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in statelier shops, swifter carriages, rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity, a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt. Adam Smith saw a little and but a little further. He admitted that, immense as the burden was, the nation did actually sustain it, and thrive under it in a way which nobody could have foreseen. But he warned his countrymen not to repeat so hazardous an experiment. The limit had been reached. Even a small increase might be fatal. Not less gloomy was the view which George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of a hundred and forty millions, unless a portion of the load were borne by the American colonies. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. That war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies, whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over; and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming, in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of state-physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of a hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was

visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of one hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprang from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tasked the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest, the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions. If the most enlightened man had been told, in 1792, that in 1815 the interest on eight hundred millions would be duly paid to the day at the Bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the government would be in possession of the lamp of Aladin or of the purse of Fortunatus. It was, in truth, a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion, England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty till her wealth shewed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. The beggared, the bankrupt society, not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but, while meeting those obligations, grew richer and richer so fast that the growth could almost be discerned by the eye. In every county, we saw wastes recently turned into gardens; in every city, we saw new streets, and squares, and markets, more brilliant lamps, more abundant supplies of water; in the suburbs of every great seat of industry, we saw villas multiplying fast, each imbosomed in its gay little paradise of lilacs and roses. While shallow politicians were repeating that the energies of the people were borne down by the weight of the public burdens, the first journey was performed by steam on a railway. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the whole amount of the national debt at the end of the American war, was in a few years voluntarily expended by this ruined people in viaducts, tunnels, embankments, bridges, stations, engines. Meanwhile, taxation was almost constantly becoming lighter and lighter; yet still the Exchequer was full. It may be now affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions, as our ancestors found it, a century ago, to pay the interest of eighty millions.'

Montague was a brilliant orator, and in reality possessed of vigorous talents for administration, but always, by reason of his brilliancy, thought to be only showy. There was a general disposition to depreciate him. 'His bitterest enemies were unable to deny that some of the expedients which he had proposed had proved highly beneficial to the nation. But it was said that these expedients were not devised by himself. He was represented, in a hundred pamphlets, as the daw in borrowed plumes. He had taken, it was affirmed, the hint of every one of his great plans from the writings or the conversation of some ingenious speculator. This reproach was, in truth, no reproach. We can scarcely expect to find in the same human being the talents which are necessary for the making of new discoveries in political science, and the talents which obtain the assent of divided and tumultuous assemblies to great practical reforms. To be at once an Adam Smith and a Pitt, is scarcely possible. It is surely praise enough for a busy politician, that he knows how to use the theories of others; that he discerns, among the schemes of innumerable projectors, the precise scheme which is wanted, and which is practicable; that he shapes it to suit pressing circumstances and popular humours; that he proposes it just when it is most likely to be favourably received; that he triumphantly defends it against all objectors; and that he carries it into execution with prudence and

energy; and to this praise no English statesman has a fairer claim than Montague.'

As a contrast to him was Robert Harley, a man of slow intellect, and a bad, tedious speaker, with 'that sort of industry and that sort of exactness which would have made him a respectable antiquary or king-at-arms.' 'His knowledge, his gravity, and his independent position, gained for him the ear of the House; and even his bad speaking was, in some sense, an advantage to him; for people are very loath to admit that the same man can unite very different kinds of excellence. It is soothing to envy to believe, that what is splendid cannot be solid, that what is clear cannot be profound. Very slowly was the public brought to acknowledge that Mansfield was a great jurist, and that Burke was a great master of political science. Montague was a brilliant rhetorician, and, therefore, though he had ten times Harley's capacity for the driest parts of business, was represented by detractors as a superficial, prating pretender; but, from the absence of show in Harley's discourses, many people inferred that there must be much substance; and he was pronounced to be a deep-read, deep-thinking gentleman—not a fine talker, but fitter to direct affairs of state than all the fine talkers in the world. This character he long supported with that cunning which is frequently found in company with ambitious and unquiet mediocrity. He constantly had, even with his best friends, an air of mystery and reserve, which seemed to indicate that he knew some momentous secret, and that his mind was labouring with some vast design. In this way he got, and long kept, a high reputation for wisdom. It was not till that reputation had made him an earl, a knight of the garter, lord high treasurer of England, and master of the fate of Europe, that his admirers began to find out that he was really a dull, puzzle-headed man.'

On the point here mooted by our author, every one could readily supply illustrations. There are some qualities which the world does not expect to find in one man—above all, genius and application. Consequently, if a man is seen to be industrious, it is always concluded that he possesses no more brilliant qualities. The fact, on the contrary, is, that it is only when attended by application that brilliant qualities ever fully prove themselves; and industry by itself, notwithstanding all school-room lectures on the subject, never carried a man forward in any but the humblest walks of life.

The picture which Mr Macaulay gives of the Catholic Irish in 1689 might almost stir their descendants into a new rebellion against the English, if they were generally to read his volumes. He is scarcely more lenient to the Scottish Highlanders, on whose vices of idleness, thievery, and quarrelsomeness he dwells with gusto strange in a writer with *Mac* at the beginning of his name, while he fails, as we think, to trace the better qualities by which the vices of the Celtic blood were redeemed and relieved. Yet he gives a fair narration of the unfortunate affair of Glencoe, not wholly acquitting William of blame, though the main load is thrown, as is due, on the Master of Stair. We suspect it is about as impossible for a mind like Mr Macaulay's to sympathise with the views of any rude people like the Irish or Highlanders, as it would be for them to appreciate a bill of rights, or the doctrines of a refined political economy. The contrast he forms on these points with Sir Walter Scott, is calculated to be a curious study.

It is interesting to observe in this book how James became a bad king through his earnestness in a particular religious faith, and William proved a good one, or at least a useful and beneficial ruler, in consequence of a latitudinarianism which made him tolerant and a patron of toleration. The suspicions entertained of his soundness by the High-church party lead Mr

Macaulay to give us a rapid sketch of an ancient royal practice now long abrogated. The ceremony of touching persons afflicted with scrofula 'had come down almost unaltered from the darkest of the dark ages to the time of Newton and Locke. The Stuarts frequently dispensed the healing influences in the Banqueting-house. The days on which this miracle was to be wrought were fixed at sittings of the privy-council, and were solemnly notified by the clergy in all the parish churches of the realm. When the appointed time came, several divines in full canonicals stood round the canopy of state. The surgeon of the royal household introduced the sick. A passage from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St Mark was read. When the words, "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover," had been pronounced, there was a pause, and one of the sick was brought up to the king. His majesty stroked the ulcers and swellings, and hung round the patient's neck a white ribbon, to which was fastened a gold coin. The other sufferers were then led up in succession; and, as each was touched, the chaplain repeated the incantation—"They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Then came the epistle, prayers, antiphonies, and a benediction. The service may still be found in the Prayer-books of the reign of Anne. Indeed, it was not till some time after the accession of George I., that the university of Oxford ceased to reprint the Office of Healing together with the Liturgy. Theologians of eminent learning, ability, and virtue, gave the sanction of their authority to this mummerly; and, what is stranger still, medical men of high note believed, or affected to believe, in the balsamic virtues of the royal hand. We must suppose that every surgeon who attended Charles II. was a man of high repute for skill; and more than one of the surgeons who attended Charles II. has left us a solemn profession of faith in the king's miraculous power. One of them is not ashamed to tell us, that the gift was communicated by the unction administered at the coronation; that the cures were so numerous; and sometimes so rapid, that they could not be attributed to any natural cause; that the failures were to be ascribed to want of faith on the part of the patients; that Charles once handled a scrofulous Quaker, and made him a healthy man and a sound churchman in a moment; that, if those who had been healed lost or sold the piece of gold which had been hung round their necks, the ulcers broke forth again, and could be removed only by a second touch and a second talisman. We cannot wonder that, when men of science gravely repeated such nonsense, the vulgar should believe it. Still less can we wonder that wretches tortured by a disease over which natural remedies had no power, should eagerly drink in tales of preternatural cures; for nothing is so credulous as misery. The crowds which repaired to the palace on the days of healing were immense. Charles II., in the course of his reign, touched near 100,000 persons. The number seems to have increased or diminished as the king's popularity rose or fell. During that Tory reaction which followed the dissolution of the Oxford parliament, the press to get near him was terrific. In 1682, he performed the rite 8500 times. In 1684, the throng was such that six or seven of the sick were trampled to death. James, in one of his progresses, touched 800 persons in the choir of the cathedral of Chester. The expense of the ceremony was little less than L.10,000 a year, and would have been much greater but for the vigilance of the royal surgeons, whose business it was to examine the applicants, and to distinguish those who came for the cure from those who came for the gold.

William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed,

when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick. "Give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion he was importuned into laying his hand on a patient. "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense." The parents of scrofulous children cried out against his cruelty; bigots lifted up their hands and eyes in horror at his impiety; Jacobites sarcastically praised him for not presuming to arrogate to himself a power which belonged only to legitimate sovereigns; and even some Whigs thought that he acted unwisely, in treating with such marked contempt a superstition which had a strong hold on the vulgar mind: but William was not to be moved, and was, accordingly, set down by many High Churchmen as either an infidel or a puritan.

HOTEL HELOTRY.

'WAITER, this wine is very bad,' complained I the other day, in the coffee-room of a hotel in a popular watering-place, whither I had repaired to give the *coup de grâce* to a London November and a liver complaint at the same time. The allusion was to a modest pint of Bordeaux, wherewith I was assisting the digestion of my *fricandeau*.

'Indeed, sir! I am very sorry. It is the same as is served in the private apartments, and I have not heard it complained of. I'll change it, if you'll allow me;' and the serf departed with the repudiated decanter.

I recurred to my indisposition—I was in all the illness of convalescence—and fell to considering whether it was not just possible that the fault might not be with the wine after all. I considered so long that the subject at length swam before me in a kind of mist, till I was called away from it by a voice.

'Waiter.'

'Yes, sir,' I reply; though how I come to find myself in that reversed position, I must leave to the penetration of my reader to settle for himself hereafter. Attired in an evening costume, with an irreproachable white tie, I am in No. 27, private sitting-room, and in the hotel in which I remember to have dined; for I seem to have retained my own individuality, and have acquired somebody else's into the bargain. I am awaiting respectfully the mandate of an imperious gentleman, with large whiskers and a red face—and hands to match in both particulars—who is looking out for his name in the Fashionable Arrival List. 'Oh, waiter, here; I want to order dinner.'

I suppress an intimation rising to my lips that I am not deaf, and hand the bill of fare. My patron considers, and I respect him for it: what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, even to the ordering of a dinner. At length he makes up his mind, which he conveys to me in the following terms:

'Let me have a curry. You've got some decent curry-powder in the house, I suppose? Well, then, a curry. And then some fowl—*Pouly*, you know—*Pouly à la Marengo*.'

'Soup or fish, sir?' I take the liberty of suggesting.

'Eh! O yes, of course soup—mulligatawney.'

Curry and mulligatawney! mulligatawney and a chicken *entrée*, thinks I to myself, is rather bad heraldry. Every man is, of course, the natural guardian of his own epigastrium; but there is probably some mistake here. So I deferentially hint that, having regard to the curry, Barmecide may like to replace the mulligatawney by a *potage à la Pavillon*; or that, if he determines upon *both* devils, he may perhaps be glad to substitute a brace of wood-cocks for the second *pouly*.

'Confound you, sir!' is the reply I receive to my well-meant attempt to 'make things pleasant.' 'Do

you suppose I don't know how to order a dinner? I've better dinners on my table at home than are ever served in this house.'

'Certainly, sir,' I respond acquiescently, though I have my private opinion upon the subject. 'Any sweets, sir?'

'Sweets, hey? Oh, of course. Here, some of that.' The gentleman indicates, by means of his finger, a *gelée à la Chartreuse*, which he seems doubtful, I fancy, about committing to words; and turns to continue his search in the Fashionable Arrival List aforesaid for '— Bullfrog, Esq., at the Pavilion, from Leeds;' and I depart to insert in the cook's book the order I have received, with which that functionary seems sufficiently entertained. A man need be forbearing as Griselda herself to be a waiter, thinks I.

'Captain and Mrs Dashuny,' whispers the hall-porter to me confidentially up the pipe, as two arrivals with one portmanteau ascend the grand staircase at this moment, to sitting-room No. 18, which they had written to engage on my floor. Captain Dashuny, though obviously a coxcomb, is as obviously a gentleman. About Mrs Dashuny, I feel some difficulty in coming to an opinion, as she wears her veil down, and only exhibits—which I fancy she does almost ostentatiously—the hand graced by the symbol which affords evidence, *quantum valeat*, of her title to that appellation.

The captain orders an early supper—a *magonnaise* of lobster.

'And some champagne,' suggests the lady.

I cannot conceive what it is that brings the Café de l'Europe to my recollection at this moment; nor am I able to say why—but here I am slightly anticipating—I am instructed, the next morning, after Captain and Mrs Dashuny have partaken of breakfast, which includes deviled kidneys and a bottle of Pontac, to present that officer's bill, and signify to him that the rooms are engaged.

I serve my *exeat* as gracefully as I can, but I find the duty extremely disagreeable. A man need possess the vigilance of Argus, and the diplomatic genius of Sir Hamilton Seymour himself, to be a waiter, thinks I.

'Waiter,' dulcifies an urbane gentleman in No. 36—who rings his bell tenderly, as honest Izaak impaled his worm, just as I am returning from ordering Mrs Dashuny's champagne—'I think, as to-morrow is Sunday, and we do not like to do anything unnecessary on that day, we should like to order dinner now in advance.'

'If you please, sir.'

'Well now, waiter, we wish to give as little trouble as possible; and as we always take a cold dinner at home on Sunday, to spare the servants, suppose we say a piece of roast-beef—roasted this evening so as to be cold, you know, waiter. Eh, my dear?'

'My dear,' who is opening a parcel just arrived by the train from London, is conjugally acquiescent.

'Yes. Well, now, what would be the most convenient hour, waiter, eh? To give as little trouble as possible, you know.'

I venture to hint, as he has been so considerate as to inquire, that six or half-past—the hour at which the other dinners in the house are about, and the servants necessarily in attendance—would perhaps be the most acceptable.

'Ah! yes, to be sure, I daresay. But as we always go to church in the evening ourselves, waiter, I'm afraid, eh! that would hardly do. Suppose we say half-past four, now: after afternoon service. Eh, my dear?'

'My dear' thinks that half-past four will do very well. No chance of my getting out to-morrow now, thinks I; the considerate family's half-past-four dinner occupying just that interval between lunch-time and the usual dinner-hour which affords my only opportunity for a little relaxation. However, the cook will benefit, at all events.

'Yes, I think that'll do very well: half-past four, then. Waiter, cold roast-beef, eh, with a little soup and an *entrée*, or a piece of fish; whatever will give the least trouble, you know, waiter; and any little pudding or sweet that will be convenient. Yes, thank you, that'll do.'

I am departing hastily, feeling some difficulty in smothering a hearty denunciation of considerate families who claim credit for forethought for their dependents, based upon no sounder foundations than hypocritical professions, when the lady, after a moment's consultation with her lord and master, calls me back.

'This is the very thing, my dear; is it not? So beautifully appropriate! Oh, waiter, can you read?'

Though rather staggered by this inquiry, I recover presence of mind enough to admit myself conversant with the accomplishment alluded to.

'Ah! then, if you'll accept that, and read it, I shall be happy to give it you.' And I am placed in possession of a small work, entitled *A Word to a Waiter*, with a frontispiece representing one of my brethren listening to the good advice of a benign gentleman, who, in outward appearance, might have stood own brother to the virtuous man at my side. Fortified by the aid to my Sabbath contemplations afforded by this incident, and endowed likewise with a similar gift for my underwaiter, which—though the parcel seemed to contain assortments like a stationer's shop on St Valentine's morning, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men—was scarcely as appropriate, being entitled the *Moral Militiaman*, I quit the room.

If such be one of the glimpses afforded him of what passes muster in society for piety, a man need be pure of heart indeed, and liberally endowed with that 'spirit which thinketh no evil,' to be a waiter, thinks I.

Seven o'clock! All the business of the day seems to have gathered into a focus for the purpose of falling *en masse* upon my devoted head. '— Bullfrog, Esq., from Leeds,' has sent for me to abuse the sherry, because, after his mulligatawny and curry, he finds it hot in his mouth. Captain Dashuny, in No. 18, has changed his mind about the lobster, because Mrs Dashuny thinks she would prefer something hot; and wants a spatch-cock instead, and to see the champagne in ice, for fear of a mistake. The considerate family in No. 36 desire to see the proprietor immediately, because they have rung the bell twice for tea—being desirous of attending late service at St Barabbas's—and can't get it; when the house-clerk brings me up Lady Maunder's bill, No. 45, who wishes to depart by the eight o'clock train.

'Oh, waiter! don't go!' observes this lady, as I lay down the bill for her inspection, and am stealing away to attend to the simultaneous requirements of Nos. 18, 27, and 36. 'I always like to go through the bill with somebody'—she has been in the house three weeks—'before I settle it.' With a sigh of despair, which, of course, it is my duty should not be audible—waiters having no more business to sigh than clowns or *coryphées*—I attend deferentially while 'my lady,' with my aid and that of a double eye-glass, goes through the account. A run down stairs to the clerk, to inquire what 'sixpence paid' on Wednesday-week means, and to find, after much inquiry, that it relates to a gratuity bestowed, by her ladyship's directions, upon a 'turn-pike sailor' who had invested her carriage at the door; another journey, because the bill is so exorbitant, to pretend to desire the proprietor to step up, who knows better, and is unfortunately 'not at home;' and half an hour's respectful argument in defence of ordinary charges, which the lady has objected to in the same manner, and paid, every time she has visited the house for the last five years, occupy a profitable three-quarters of an hour, which, but for the fortunate circumstance, that trains, like tides, wait for no man, might have been a whole one.

A man need have the chivalry of Don Quixote, and the patience of Job, to be a waiter, thinks I.

However, it is an existence of compensations; and finding myself somehow endowed—for waiters, with all their opportunities, are no wiser in some respects than their neighbours—with a wife and four children, I go down, when my day's labours are over, at eleven o'clock, to draw my wages; for it is Saturday, as I have said, and pay-day—five-and-twenty shillings a week, and no vails, attendance being very properly charged in the bill.

A man need be as modest in his personal requirements as St Simeon Stylites himself, to be a waiter, thinks I. Courtesy and clean linen; to be as well dressed as his masters, and better bred than some of them; the forbearance of Griselda, the vigilance of Argus, and the tact of a *diplomate*; good principle enough to see hypocrisy in high places, and not follow the example of his betters, and renounce honesty too; the chivalry of Don Quixote, the patience of Job, and the personal self-denial of a saint—all required, in full play at once, like the fountains at Versailles on a fête-day, for five-and-twenty shillings a week. However, it is education, after all: these are days of progress, and who knows what may happen; for, certainly, it requires not much higher qualifications—and they don't always, I suspect, get as high—to qualify for a cabinet minister, thinks I.

'I've changed the wine, sir, as you desired,' said a voice at my side; and the Ganymede in black cloth stood again beside me. How long he had been there, and whether any further conversation had passed between us, I am not prepared to say. At all events, if I had fallen asleep, I had awakened. I tasted my fresh bottle, found it good, and endeavoured to trace the difference between it and its predecessor without success.

'Is this a different wine, waiter?' I inquired very placably.

'Fresh bottle, sir; the wine is the same. Other bottle not well corked, perhaps,' he added, I almost thought compassionately. 'Can I get you anything else, sir?'

'A pen and ink, if you please.'

And here is the result. In vino, *veritas*!

RINGS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

It would almost seem as if the love of personal ornamentation had been instinctive in humanity from the very beginning of its history. If man did not bring it into the world with him, he certainly acquired it very soon after he became aware of the necessity of clothing. In some cases, it is even stronger than that necessity; for we find the savage man, who is not inclined to add anything in the way of covering to the raiment with which nature has furnished him, so passionately fond of those things, which are to him what the pearl necklace is to the young beauty, that he often sacrifices his own comfort, and quite as often the lives of others, in order to adorn his tawny skin. It is impossible, we believe, to ascertain how soon the love of ornaments began to manifest itself. Certain it is, that in the very oldest records and representations of human life, we find jewellery, embroidery, and rich colours, betokening the gratification of a natural feeling and symbolising power, or distinction. Not to speak of the evidences which the monuments of ancient Egypt afford of the early development of this passion for personal adornment, we find that even the simple patriarchs were susceptible to it, and had their signet-rings and coats of many colours. Among the Greeks, too, we find that earrings and necklaces were commonly worn by females, long before the hand which sculptured the Medicean Venus had lost

its cunning. The ears of that statue which enchants the world are pierced, and probably were at one time adorned with circlets of gold, such as hung from the delicate lobes from which the artist modelled. Egyptian and Etruscan tombs have furnished us with evidences of the skill which man put forth in the construction of those ornaments that have come down to us almost unchanged in style, and worn then, as now, for mere personal adornment. Go to the British Museum, and you will there see a necklace once worn by a young Greek beauty, which, with its links of gold and its dependent heart, will at once remind you of the one that sparkled on the snowy neck of the captivating Miss Jones at the last ball, at which you were subdued by her smiles. The old fashion of the Greek jewellers seems as enduring as the gold and gems in which they worked. After the lapse of thirty or forty centuries, we can but follow them, and, in most instances, we only do so at a distance.

Of all personal ornaments, the finger-ring is perhaps the most ancient, and has been most extensively worn. How it first came into use, is, of course, a matter which we can say but little about. Its origin is enveloped in the mists of fable; but the Greeks, who, above all others, were such adepts in the management of the fabulous, believed that the fashion of wearing rings on the finger emanated from no less a personage than Zeus himself, and that the first wearer of a stone set in metal was Prometheus. The mighty Thunderer had sworn that the stealer of his fire should be chained for ever to the vulture-haunted Caucasus; but, taking pity on the sufferer, he contrived at once to release him, and to keep his oath, by ordering Vulcan to construct an iron ring, with a fragment of the rock set therein, which, worn by Prometheus, carried out in a very agreeable manner the sentence pronounced upon him. Rings have figured conspicuously at the beginning of national histories, and have been associated with not a few remarkable events. It is said, for example, that when the Saxon king, Edmund, defeated Canute the Dane, one of the fugitive officers of the latter bestowed his ring upon a young Saxon peasant, whom he induced to act as his guide. The Saxon followed the fortunes of the Dane, and became the great Earl Godwin, father of Edith, or Ethelswith, the wife of Edward. Canute's own ring was found, it was supposed, when that monarch's tomb was opened in Winchester Cathedral about a hundred years ago; and when Westminster Abbey was rebuilt or extended in the reign of Henry II., the skeleton of Sebert, king of the East Angles, was discovered with a ruby ring upon the bone of the thumb. It was customary, it would seem, to inter monarchs in their royal robes, and with their signet-rings upon their fingers; for, in many instances in which the tombs of the old kings of England and France have been opened, rings have been found therein. Every one is familiar with the ceremony by which the Doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic, by dropping a gold ring into its waters over the side of *Bucentaur*, the richly gilded galley which was kept for this great state occasion. We know, too, how much sanctity attaches to the official ring of the sovereign pontiff—the celebrated 'Fisherman's Ring'—the signet of which, impressed upon briefs, was once so much more powerful than the laws of nations or the authority of kings. This ring, an impression of which is given in a curious book recently published in America—*The History and Poetry of Finger-rings*, by Charles Edwards*—bears upon it a representation of St Peter seated in the prow of an ancient boat, holding a net in each hand. It is taken possession of by the cardinal chancellor with great solemnity when the pope dies; the signet is then destroyed or partially obliterated, and it is not restored

* *The History and Poetry of Finger-rings*. By Charles Edwards, Councillor-at-Law, New York. New York: Redfield. 1855.

until a new pope has been elected. Until the fifteenth century, the popes used this ring to seal their private correspondence. Clement VI., in 1264, writes thus to his father: 'We do not write to you or to our relations with the *Bulla* (sub *bullâ*) but with the fisherman's seal, which the Roman pontiffs use in their private correspondence.' Mr Edwards, to whose little work we are indebted for some of the facts in this paper, supposes that the official ring worn by the pope is richer and more valuable than the signet one, which is made of steel. He opines, moreover, that it is only the latter that is destroyed. A ring played a conspicuous part in the early history of Islam, as well as in that of the Papacy, the signet of the Prophet having, as is alleged, been dropped by accident into a well, and restored by an angel, who was commissioned to bestow upon it the power of healing.

Readers of English history may remember the story which connected the death of the proud and passionate Essex with a ring given to him by Queen Elizabeth, who promised that when it should be sent to her as a sign of his being in trouble, she would protect him. This ring, as the story goes, was really sent by Essex when under sentence of death, but was kept up by the Countess of Nottingham, who, on her death-bed, divulged the secret to her royal mistress. Elizabeth, it is added, when implored to forgive the author of the cruel stratagem, replied that God might forgive her, but she never could. The ring of Mary Stuart, the beautiful and hapless Queen of Scots, bore, it is said, the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and some archaeologists aver that it was produced at her trial in evidence of her pretensions to the crown of England. This ring was given to Bishop Juxton by Mary's ill-fated grandson, Charles I., on the day of his execution; and, after passing through many hands, it was ultimately restored to the royal family of Great Britain. It was by the token of a sapphire ring that James VI. was informed of the death of Elizabeth and his accession to the throne of England.

As collars were worn in ancient times as badges of slavery, so a ring was given to the slave when he was restored to freedom. When the Greeks promised to bestow rings upon their slaves, they designed to liberate them; and doubtless the trinket would be worn with not a little pride. It thus appears that in all lands the digital ornaments have been regarded as the insignia of distinction in a greater or less degree. They were sometimes as necessary as they were ornamental; for in times when calligraphy was by no means a common accomplishment even among the higher classes of society, the signet was the only thing by which warranty could be granted, or important and confidential messages authenticated. It is probable, we think, that at one time rings were worn for these purposes quite as much as for ornament; although it is natural to suppose that, when the useful and the ornamental were thus combined, the latter would ultimately acquire the preponderance, and rings be worn merely as ornaments. Thus, as we learn from Martial, the Romans used only a single ring at first; afterwards, they had two or three on each finger; and ultimately, they had their weekly rings, and their summer and winter ones. Roman exquisites of the first-water never wore a ring twice; and we may judge of the extent to which they had come into use among them at a comparatively early period, from the recorded circumstance, that among Hannibal's spoils, after the victory at Cannæ, there were three bushels of Roman rings.

The uses to which jewellery has been put have been manifold and varied, apart from its purely ornamental character. The gold-chain of an ancient noble was often his only treasury, and the links were broken off as necessity required. The paintings and sculpture on the Egyptian and Assyrian tombs shew that tribute

was paid in gold and silver rings. It appears, indeed, that coins had once been only of the ring-shape—such money being current among the ancient Celtic races. Specimens of ring-money—supposed, at one time, to be mere ornaments—have at no very distant date been discovered in Ireland and in some parts of Scotland. Gold, silver, bronze, and iron appear to have been used in the ring-formed coinage of Britain previous to the Roman invasion; for Julius Cæsar speaks of the rude iron coinage of the Britons, and in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquaries there is a fine silver-chain, discovered near Inverness in 1808, which is supposed to be composed of ring-money. But in the early ages, jewellery was often worn as amulets, in the form of necklaces, bracelets, and finger-rings. The use of these things to avert dangers and misfortunes, or to cure diseases, was common at not a very remote period; and in ruder forms, amulets are still worn by some of the Eastern races. Gems of all kinds were at one time supposed to have a certain talismanic efficacy; but a jasper set in silver was considered to have the greatest healing power. The Gnostics had great faith in jasper-rings; the turquoise was conceived to have the power of preserving men from accidents of all kinds; and Lord Chancellor Hatton presented Queen Elizabeth with a ring to protect her against 'infectious airs.' If the courtier was really learned in the matter of gems, the trinket he presented to the Maiden Queen must have contained an amethyst; for we have Aristotle's authority for regarding it as a defence against pestilential vapours. According to a curious old writer on gems, this stone had a power which might be quite as useful in modern times as that for which it was given to Queen Bess; it enabled its wearer to resist intoxication, so that he might, with perfect innocence, have been a member of any fifteen-tumbler club. It is obvious that our ancestors were very credulous in regard to their jewellery, and that their superstitious notions about it were in great part derived from their medical advisers. The conceits of those worthies—and they had high authority for some of them—were very curious. A doctor of those days without a ring, would have been considered a disgrace to his profession. How was it to be expected that he could prescribe with any hope of success without his talismanic jewel, blessed by a king or a bishop, or containing some efficacious stone—the agate, as an antidote to poisons—the opal, for clearing the eyesight—or the onyx, for the cure of spasms? There seems to be some of this superstition lingering about us yet, for it is not an uncommon thing to see persons wearing what are called galvanic-rings for the relief of rheumatism—a notion not one whit less absurd than those to which we have been alluding.

It was believed by the 'leech' of the middle ages—and the belief is still fondly cherished by the fair sex—that the fourth finger of the left hand was directly connected with the heart by an artery. The effect of this idea was such, that the mediæval doctors stirred up their potions with that particular digit, supposing they thereby added to their efficacy; while the ladies are persuaded that by wearing a ring thereon, they wear it next the heart, in which the image of the giver is enshrined. Hence we had imagined the custom of wearing the wedding-ring on that finger; but our maternal ancestors, less romantic, it would seem, than their fair descendants, wore that charmed circlet on the thumb. They did so probably because all the other fingers were covered, for the fourth finger was really recognised as the wedding-finger in the marriage-service, the old ceremony being performed by the priest taking the ring from the bridegroom when he had placed it on the top of the thumb, and removing it from finger to finger as he repeated the names of the Trinity, leaving it on the fourth as he riveted the matrimonial chain with the 'Amen.'

No one will be offended, we trust, when we mention that the little finger was consecrated to Mercury, whom the learned in heathen mythology insist that we shall remember as the patron of thieves. Mr Edwards tells us, that in America thieves often wear a sharp diamond on the small finger, for the purpose of cutting panes of glass, or, on an emergency, laying open the face of a detective. But we cannot admit that abuse in such a case as this ought to lead to total disuse; and therefore we altogether demur to the inference that there is any connection between the fashion of the American thieves and that which was originated by the supposed patron of their order. Rings have, however, been put to terribly mischievous uses. Thus it was thought, or, at least, said, by old necromancers, that a diamond-ring, or a diamond in any other ornament, when placed under the slumbering head of a husband, would compel him to divulge all his secrets to the person to whom the jewel belonged. This must have been a most dangerous thing; and we are convinced that if Mr Smith had had any idea that the diamond-ring with which he presented Mrs Smith could be used in that way, he would have been at any expense to procure a jewel of a different kind. Only fancy the unsuspecting gentleman being forced to make a clean breast of it—to divulge every little item which he chose to think it was not worth while communicating to his beloved partner, and doing so under the influence of the gift which he had brought home with so much delight on the first anniversary of his marriage-day! The thing is quite monstrous, and were it not that we have the strongest faith in the good sense of our readers, we would not have referred to the notion of those preposterous ancients.

It is said that the infamous Cæsar Borgia wore a ring composed of two lions' heads, between which a subtle poison was concealed. When he wished to dispose of a troublesome friend in his quietest manner, he shook him warmly by the hand, turning the lions' heads inwards, and thus inflicting a wound so slight as scarcely to be felt, but quite enough to allow the poison to pass into the blood of his victim. Mr Edwards tells us that, during the late Mexican war, rings were found on the bodies of Mexican officers, behind the stones of which small quantities of poison were concealed—the inference being, that these were to be used, should the wearers have been taken alive. We have heard, too, of practised gamblers wearing movable rings, by which they could instruct their partners what cards to play. All this is very bad; and we gladly turn again to the more romantic uses of digital ornaments.

One of the prettiest tokens of friendship and affection is what is termed a gimmel-ring, which is constructed of double hoops, joined together like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat, and is surmounted with a motto or an emblem. The ring is so constructed as to form one as well as two; and in France it was customary for lovers to plight their troth by putting their fingers through these hoops, the lady afterwards wearing them both, in the form of a double ring. It is this form of ring which the old poets describe as a true love-knot, and we believe it is still worn in France as an engagement-ring. The ring seems to have been given as a pledge of affection in very early times; for we find betrothal ones mentioned as in use among the Greeks, and in Eastern lands they are still given by the lover to his mistress. Although there is no mention of rings being used at the marriage-ceremonies by the ancient Hebrews, they are always used at Jewish nuptials now, the officiating minister receiving a ring from the bridegroom, who, on its being returned to him, places it on the forefinger of the bride's right hand, while he repeats words similar to those in the marriage-service of the Church of England. This being done, the civil contract is signed, a glass or vase is broken in memory of Jerusalem desolate, and

a benediction closes the ceremony. Betrothal and marriage rings in the olden time were not plain as they are now; all of them had a posy, a motto, or an emblem. Dryden speaks of the mottoes and emblems on a gimmel-ring, when, in his play of *Don Sebastian*, he says:

A curious artist wrought it;
Her part had Juan inscribed, and his had Laydor—
You know those names were theirs—and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.

The interchange of rings was usual in cases of betrothal; it is still customary, we believe, in Germany and some other parts of Europe. Chaucer refers to it; and it seems to have been a common custom in Shakspeare's time, for in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia gives a ring to Proteus, and receives one in return. There is a passage in the *Merchant of Venice*, too, which has always interested us, as affording a glimpse of the early and more tender-hearted days of Shylock. When Tubal tells him that Jessica has disposed of a ring which he seems to have valued above money, he bursts out into a passion of grief, and tender recollections force themselves upon his hardened nature. He says: 'It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor.' We can conceive the Jew treasuring up this trinket with the greatest care, and only parting with it to his daughter as a memorial of her mother. The passage, like Lady Macbeth's remembrance of her father at the moment of Duncan's murder, brings back Shylock within the pale of human feeling.

Instances are recorded in history of women voluntarily surrendering their jewels under the influence of patriotic sentiment. In the years 1813 and 1814, for example, the women of Prussia crowded to the public treasury with their trinkets, and freely gave them up to aid in carrying on the war with France. In Venice, too, during its gallant defence against the Austrians in 1849, jewels of all kinds, some of them of great value, were sacrificed to the public weal; and it is recorded that a certain noble lady, who had parted with all her personal ornaments except a family-ring, proceeded during the last days of the siege to a place of public resort, in order to dispose of it, and had just succeeded in doing so, when she was grievously wounded by a ball from the besiegers. Animated by a like spirit, the matrons of Warsaw sent their marriage-rings to be coined into ducats during the last struggle for Polish independence. So powerful has been the sentiment of patriotism, that even the most sacred and fondly cherished of female ornaments have been cheerfully disposed of.

An ambition to possess relics of great men has sometimes led to folly and bad taste in the construction of jewellery. Thus, one of Sir Isaac Newton's teeth set in a ring was sold for a large sum about forty years ago; and there are, we believe, two rings still in this country in which portions of the ball which gave Nelson his death-wound are set. The taste which lends a value to such relics as these, we are inclined to consider very questionable. Altogether different is the feeling which leads us to prize the jewels that have been worn by those whom we have loved, or to wear them as memorials of the departed. It was a touching proof of the affection which Dr Johnson bore to the memory of his wife, about whom we know so little, that he preserved her wedding-ring with an affectionate care in a little box upon which her name was inscribed. And equally pathetic is that passage in the will of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, in which he directs that his body be buried beside that of his wife, as near to hers as possible, and that the ring he wore in memory of her should be buried with him. Such touches of feeling are not uncommon, though we hear of them only in connection with the names of men who have occupied prominent places in public life. There can be few

more fitting memorials of those whom we have loved and lost than the rings they wore, or a lock of their hair enclosed in such a trinket: in the one, we carry continually about with us something which recalls them to our recollection; in the other, we seem to possess the only part of their being which is not invisible. The ancient philosophers regarded a ring as the emblem of eternity: it is pleasant to connect this idea with the affection of which it is the symbol.

THE IRON MOUNTAIN OF MISSOURI.

In the German newspaper of St Louis, Missouri, called *Der Anzeiger des Westens*, occurs the following notice by a German traveller:—"The iron mountain, one of the spurs of the Ozark Mountains, is situated about eighty miles from St Louis, its base being 628 feet, its summit 888 feet above the usual level of the Mississippi. It extends over a surface of 500 acres. We ascended the mountain the next morning after our arrival, and found it covered to its summit with a luxuriant vegetation—a circumstance the more astounding, as nowhere could we find more than one cubic foot of earth covering the iron ground, but in fact were walking along on the naked metal. The surface of the mountain, with exception of the summit and a few parts at its sides, where the iron comes out as a solid mass, is covered with small lumps of iron, from the weight of a few ounces upwards to that of ten or sixteen pounds. These lumps save the miners the trouble of blowing up the solid masses, being quite of the same quality; and coming generations only may set to work at the mountain itself. The American Mining Company, consisting of Messrs Chouteau, Harison, and Valle, of St Louis, are now working a small hillock aside of the mountain; and, according to estimates, thousands of years would be required to exhaust this hillock only; but the iron mountain itself is valued to contain 200 millions of tons of iron. It is impossible to state to what an amount the iron extends beneath the base of the mountain; for when it was undertaken to bore an Artesian well, at the depth of 180 feet they had still to work their way through solid iron, and were obliged to give it up. To the north of the iron mountain is a narrow valley, on the opposite bank of which no trace of iron is to be found. The next mountain consists of porphyry; one more distant, of slate. We had to regret that nobody of our company was learned enough to explain to us those wonders which nature has worked on this remarkable spot of our continent. In the hillock which, as we mentioned, is worked now, some time ago was found a sharp instrument finished all round, and with several holes bored in it; it lay fourteen feet under the surface, buried in the iron. Shall we draw from this fact the inference, that generations of men lived thousands or millions of years before us, and were buried by such revolutions of our world as were able to create these huge masses of iron? The American Mining Company possesses 20,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of the iron mountain, and although just now there has been only a superficial survey of these lands, still, it appears, that besides the iron, there are copper, lead, and other valuable minerals, in enormous quantities. In the two huts of the company that are at work at present, the daily produce is about fifteen tons of iron, what they call pig iron. One hundred and fifty workmen are employed, besides three or four superintendents. Only Germans are working at the ovens; whilst those who have to cut the wood in the forests are all Americans, being considered the more skilful for that task. Irish workmen are not employed at all, because they are not likely to submit to the rules of the society excluding all drunkenness and fighting habits. [The so-called Iron Mountain is, in reality, a mass of the magnetic oxide of iron, of Plutonic origin, and intersected by dikes of trap, the boulders and gravel of which occur among the superficial débris, and may in part account for the luxuriant vegetation here spoken of. The ore, like all other iron ore, requires to be smelted in order to produce pure iron: it gives this at the liberal rate of 73 per cent. As a Plutonic formation, it is, of course, impossible to say how deeply it extends below the surface of the earth. We venture to assert that the iron implement here described

as if it had been found imbedded in the ore, was, in reality, only sunk in the spoils of some former, but forgotten working.—Ed. C. J.]

'LOVE, SWEET LOVE, IS EVERYWHERE!'

THE air is filled with a gentle song—
An under-song of wooing—
As the leaf-enshrouded woods o'erflow
With the sound of the ringdove's cooing.
In Nature's deepest haunts,
I hear a voice that chants:
'Why should the earth grow old with care,
Since "Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"'

Ye will hear at night, if ye listen well,
Music in heaven ringing;
And amid the stars a melody,
As of angel-voices singing:
For the spirits who in the spheres of light
Have made their happy dwelling,
To each other across the depths of space
Their tales of love are telling.

The sunbeams leave their glowing throne,
And whisper love to the flowers;
The birds outpour it in their strains,
As they sit in their rose-crowned bowers.
When the breeze swells mournfully
Through the boughs of a swaying tree,
I ever hear a voice declare,
That 'Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!'

In the moaning thunder of the waves,
That dash on some rocky shore;
Or the tuneful flow of the ripply tide,
When a tempest's rage is o'er—
In the murmured music of the brook
As it rushes, the sea to gain;
Or the sullen splash on a silent pool
Of the swiftly falling rain—

In the gleeful laugh of the dancing spray,
From some skyward leaping fountain;
Or the ceaseless roar of a white cascade,
In its giant-bound from the mountain—
There falleth on mine ear
This song so sweet and clear:
'Ah, why should man e'er feel despair,
Since "Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"'

JOHN CHESTER.

INDUSTRY OF DAMASCUS.

Let us pass through this diminutive old gateway, and we enter a vast covered area, whose shattered roof, dimly seen through clouds of smoke, is supported here by massive pier, and there by stately column. The din of hammer and anvil is almost deafening, and swarthy figures are seen through the gloom sitting on dirty hobs and round miniature furnaces. Heaps of the precious metals, and ornaments of various forms and chaste designs, are by their side, while diamonds, emeralds, and rubies glitter in their hands. Passing through this busy scene, we enter another bazaar, no less noisy. Here are scores of carpenters engaged in the manufacture of the ornamental clogs worn universally by the Damascus ladies. Observe how they work, all squatting. One is planing a board, holding it with his toe! Others are carving pieces of wood, or inlaying them with silver and mother-of-pearl; and while the hands ply the mallet and chisel, the toes do duty as a vice.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus.*

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THE DETECTIVE IN INDIA.

CONTENTEDLY as we here rest upon the quiet effectiveness of our anti-criminal guardians, by whose secret machinery atrocious and singular deeds are hourly exposed, and the criminal population winnowed, it may not be unamusing, as a contrast to a system so perfect, to shew how our sable brethren of the East attempt the same ends; and with this view we proceed to detail an occurrence which gave rise to the adoption of a native ceremony called Nole Chanlaun—a highly venerated and supposed infallible way of detecting a thief among the Bengalees.

In December last, a merry breakfast-party assembled at Cossipoor, a short distance from Calcutta, preparatory to scouring a *jheel*, or pond, some eight miles distant, reported well stocked with duck and various water-fowl, and capable of affording a good day's shooting. Our destination being up Pralacol, a tributary to the Hooghly, one of the party had provided his *bauleah*, a large description of boat, capable of accommodating a family when travelling, or a numerous party on a day's excursion.

It is almost needless to say, ample provision was made for the creature-comforts of the day—India stands supreme for forethought in that respect; and the guns having been deposited, dogs made fast, and everything arranged, the *mangee*, or head-boatman, presented himself, and announced that the tide had turned, and the sooner we were under-way the better. Coinciding with our informant, but few minutes elapsed before all were on board, and just departing, when several simultaneously exclaimed: 'Who has a watch?' Our host, without waiting a reply, dashed up the river-bank in search of the desired article. All on board being in high glee—the joint product of a good breakfast and anticipation of a fine day's sport—conversation flowed freely; and five, ten, twenty minutes elapsed without our friend's absence being remarked. At length, amid a din of noisy protestations and very high words, he reappeared with a countenance portraying a strong mixture of excitement and irritation. On each side and behind him were the whole of the servants, energetically vociferating, and presenting a singular appearance, their faces being a sort of bilious black—a colour induced in the natives through the agency of either rage or terror.

It needed little of Solomon's wisdom to perceive something had gone wrong, as our entertainer sat himself down among us disturbed and thoughtful. For a short time, all was suspense as to what could have happened. At length something like a smile of hope lit up his face as he exclaimed: 'Have any of

you fellows taken anything out of my bedroom?' A unanimous negative was followed by the announcement that some one about the place had stolen his watch, valuable in itself, but doubly so from having been a present.

It appeared, our friend C— rarely carried it, and at other times it rested in a pocket suspended from his dressing-glass; and when he had last seen or used the watch was totally forgotten. After a little consultation, the day's work was pursued, returning late to dinner with many birds, little conversation, and, in truth, little enjoyment; for the lost watch annoyed the whole party.

After dinner, the unpleasant topic was injudiciously revived by a youngster, and, as a matter of course, the more drink the more sagacious and diverse were the opinions offered; but upon one point all agreed, that our host should 'cut'—that is, in Calcutta vernacular, 'stop'—his servants' wages until the loss was made good. The smallest of hours drew on ere this happy conclusion was arrived at; and the more discreet availed themselves of so favourable an opportunity to depart, leaving some half-dozen behind who were on a visit. These, following the good example set, speedily retired under the protection of their musquito curtains.

The next morning brought one of C—'s most intelligent *sircars*, or writing-clerks, to his veranda. He had heard of the loss; indeed, nearly all the men (some 400) in the factory knew it; nor were the villagers round about labouring under much ignorance, as though a hue and cry had been left in each hut.

'Well, Naran,' said our host, upon hearing the general diffusion of the annoyance, 'I care little about the loss being known; what I want, is to ascertain who is the thief. For satisfaction on this point, I will give one hundred rupees [L.10].'

'Ah, sahib, less than that will do,' was the reply. 'I can bring you a man who will not only shew you what you require, but what the rascal has done with the property.'

Curiosity being excited, some few questions were put as to the way this was to be accomplished, when it was represented that certain holy men, by long study and deep penance, were endowed, when assisted by their magic-rods, with the capability of detecting criminals; and an earnest entreaty was urged that this ceremony might be performed. This was at first peremptorily refused; but as several other *sircars*, who by this time had joined Naran, added their supplications upon the ground of personal probity—they having as much access to the rooms as the servants—it was agreed that the ceremony of Nole Chanlaun should be tried.

Now this, although a highly solemn and appreciated native rite, is but rarely witnessed, from a circumstance of which at the time we were ignorant—that it was illegal; and hence, doubtless, arose the strong desire expressed by the whole of the sircars to be present when the performance took place.

According to his promise, the next morning Naran brought this wonderfully endowed thief-catcher. He was a short sinewy man, with a strong marked countenance, portraying energy and decision, with an intelligence remarkable even in a Hindoo. His manners were easy and gentlemanly, arising from a perfect self-possession, but wholly free from presumption: altogether his bearing was such as to command respect from the Europeans present; it may hence be inferred what influence such a man would exercise over the native population, more especially when his Brahminical office was superadded; for suspended from his left shoulder, and encircling his body downwards as low as his right hip, was displayed the priestly string or piece of whip-cord denoting his sacred character.

A few introductory remarks as to the place from whence the property was taken, the time it was supposed to have disappeared, and party suspected, were speedily gone through; and, permission having been accorded, the ceremony was proceeded with in front of the house under the veranda or portico. Slowly uplifting his hands above his head, he muttered a few initiatory sentences; and then producing his brass drinking-mug, proceeded to the Hooghly to fill it with water from this the most holy stream which flows from the sacred Gunga or Ganges. Afterwards, he brought forward and laid on the ground with much care his mystic bamboo-rods—two in number, about eight feet in length, an inch and a half broad, and a quarter of an inch thick. These were sprinkled from end to end with the river-water, and duly prayed over. A leaf containing some red pigment was then produced, and in a brief space each knot in the bamboos was daubed with a red spot, and blessed, and upon each painted spot was placed a leaf of the sacred Tulsee tree, which the wind did not long allow to remain; but that evidently was of little consequence.

These ceremonies, short in description, were accompanied by so much mannerism and lengthened praying, that an hour and a half elapsed, by which time, the nature of the proceedings having oozed out, some two or three hundred people had assembled. The factory, the villages, the bazaar, and even the boats on the river, yielded their quota of such as could summon courage to trespass on the sahib's ground. It is useless to appeal to a mob anywhere, but it is worse than folly to anticipate making any impression upon one in Bengal; so, despite the annoyance, our host was compelled to let them remain.

The preliminaries being now arranged, the Brahmin advanced to our friend C—, bowing his head, and at the same time raising above it his close-pressed open hands—a token of great deference. 'Sahib,' he said, 'all is ready; but I require two men of the same creed or religion to hold the rods: no cross sects or creeds will do; they must be influenced by the like fear or favour of their gods.'

'Make your selection,' was the reply—'there are plenty round you.' It was easier suggested than accomplished. The Bengalees refused, from fear; the up-country or hill-men, from contempt; the Mussul-

men, from pride, &c.; and so, from one pretext or another, the affair seemed likely to be strangled in its birth. In this dilemma, the operator suggested, if the sahibs held the rods the proceedings would be much more effective. It has been remarked, the Brahmin bore the impress of a clever fellow: this was a convincing proof of it, and a stratagem to impose on the natives his own importance; for had it been acquiesced in, it would have stamped him and his trickery with indelible importance, as having, in his religious capacity, so much influence over the sahibs or gentlemen. The proposition not being acceded to, our host took the affair in hand, and a couple of Ouriers—a caste upon the Madras coast—volunteered; whereon the rods were removed from the ground, and the men stationed a sufficient distance apart, facing each other. The ends of the rods were then placed under their armpits—that is, the end of one rod was placed under the right armpit of one man, while the other end of the rod was placed under the left armpit of his opponent, the other rod being similarly placed under their other armpits, and both rods were lightly supported below by the palms of their open hands. Again another prayer was uttered, and the rods sprinkled afresh, when the operator, in a very grave and business-like way, informed the bamboos of the nature of the lost property, and humbly requested them to proceed to the place from whence it was abstracted, then point out the thief, and discover where the watch was secreted.

Standing midway between the supporters of the rods was the priest, who kept reminding the bamboos of their duty, and stimulated them to the performance of it by repeating the words: 'Sigi, sigi! juldee, juldee L' (Soon, soon! quick, quick!); but, like their prototypes which would not beat the dog, the sticks remained for a length of time inexorable. At length a sudden outbreak of discordant exclamations announced something of importance, and the rods were now reported as obeying the mandates of the deity; and we confess, to our great surprise, we beheld the bamboos crossing each other horizontally, and afterwards alternately rise up and descend. The motions were exceedingly slow and uncertain, but there was no mistake about them. The operator, observing the effect produced, remarked it was but trifling in comparison with what they would accomplish; and, in reply to sundry questions, stated they would bend in the direction they required their supporters to go, which would first be to the place from whence the watch was taken, and afterwards in search of the thief, whom they would indicate by bending towards him; and the party so pointed at, when ordered to sit on the ground, the sticks, being held over his head, would separate, and, descending, enclose his head between them.

With this explanation the affair proceeded; and an hour more having elapsed, the first supporters complained of fatigue, and were relieved for another pair indiscriminately selected, regard being solely had to similarity of caste. In the course of time, the rods began to bend, and the supporters were ordered to advance in the direction of the outside curve until they again became straight. Obeying these instructions, the distances accomplished were very variable: sometimes a few inches, once about three yards—the greatest advance during the day. By degrees, the sticks led their supporters along the veranda, to and through the door of the bedroom, and eventually pointed and touched the empty watch-pocket. Under a belief that, either voluntarily or involuntarily, the holders were prime movers, they were narrowly but ineffectually watched, to detect imposition or connivance.

Not having expected so tedious a performance—four hours having expired—we informed the priest that this

portion of the exhibition had no charms for us, and he was requested forthwith to point out the criminal and situation of the lost property. 'All in good time,' was the reply. 'Remember, my rods must be informed of every particular, to render their action effective.'

Perceiving the policy of abstaining from further interference, we left the Brahmin to proceed in his own way; and in due time the rods moved their supporters from the bed into the adjacent bath-room, and thence into a yard adjoining, by which time it was evident the priest was getting much exhausted; and the sircar Naran suggested he should forthwith detect the thief, if he was amongst the servants. The priest now assented; and the domestics, some fifteen or sixteen, were ordered to stand in two rows, facing each other.

This accomplished, the bamboos, with fresh supporters, were slowly moved along in front of those on one side, and repeated with those on the opposite; and in every instance were rigid enough, save when in front of the *khansamar*, or head-servant: to him they bent gently forward, and at length touched him. This was repeated several times with a similar result, and the natives were perfectly satisfied the offender was identified. The sahibs, however, declined such evidence as satisfactory, more particularly as the man had always appeared a civil, honest, good attendant.

This want of conviction being communicated to the Brahmin—to afford additional and conclusive evidence, he ordered the servants to squat or sit, as is their custom, upon their heels; and again the rods were taken along in front of them. This time, the guilty man's head was encompassed. The bamboos passed slowly and inactively along until they again arrived in front of the *khansamar*, when the rod nearest him began to extend over his head; and both rods now descending, the unfortunate's head was enclosed between them. In the hope that some deviation might take place in favour of the presumed culprit, we caused the operation to be repeated several times, but the result was unvarying; and it was evident the man was viewed by his fellows as a thoroughly proved criminal.

The unlooked-for turn things had taken, and the length of time which had elapsed since the affair began, made the Europeans tired and disgusted; and, finding the priest had several minor operations to divert attention, we peremptorily ordered him to enter upon that part of the ceremony which was to discover the property.

Exhausted with his efforts, and perceiving his endeavours had failed to afford satisfaction, and that there was no inclination to attach stigma to the indicated culprit, he pleaded that the length of time which had elapsed since the property was last seen, added to his own fatigue, would render it impossible to afford the required information that day, but he would renew the attempt the day following. This was at once declined; and the Europeans retired to have a little consultation respecting the *khansamar*, who, unless cleared in some way, would, we knew, be held as a guilty party, and despised accordingly. A few minutes sufficed for the adoption of a stratagem which, while it in no way derogated from the Brahmin's esteemed infallibility, afforded a favourable loophole for the *khansamar*, and our host proceeded once more to the scene of action, and addressed the assembled natives, stating circumstances had to a certain extent determined unfavourably to one of his servants; but as he did not hold them to be conclusive, he had determined upon suspending in a dark room a *tulwar*, or sword, over which the Brahmin would pray, and invoke divine wrath upon the guilty man if he dared to touch it. Should he be so presumptuous, the weapon would instantly cut him down.

Absurd as such a proposition may appear in England, it is suited to the standard of the Indian intellect, over-

ridden as it is with superstition. The *tulwar* was produced; and the priest, nothing loath, with a solemn and mysterious air, murmured something highly satisfactory to the bystanders, save and except the servants, who one and all exhibited intense anxiety; offering a strange contrast to the casual spectators, who were laughing, joking, and shewing much satisfaction.

Now, a *tulwar* is nothing in itself; but when endowed with priestly sanction, and coated with red paint, it possesses in India at times a fine moral influence, and is frequently the means of detecting the guilty. The blade, having been well coated with red paint, was suspended in a perfectly dark room, and its position made known to the servants, who were sent in one by one, with instructions that, respectively, if innocent they were to touch the blade and retire by an opposite door, where one of our party was stationed to look at their hands when they came out, which—as they had no knowledge of the *tulwar* being painted—if marked with the paint, was taken as a proof of innocence, as no guilty man, after the priest's invocation and caution, would have dared touch it.

With much reluctance and apprehension, servant after servant entered and retired with well-bedaubed hands. At length the *khansamar's* turn arrived. He, poor wretch, manifested a greater amount of agitation than before, and had in a manner to be forced into the room, where, although perfectly well acquainted with the place and position of every article, and though he had received precisely the same instructions as the other servants, he did not know what to do or where to go; so, from outside the door, we had again to instruct him how to proceed. At length he was heard to moan and move forward a little; then all was still for a lengthened period, and apprehensions were entertained that the man had fainted; but at the expiration of some ten minutes, a light tap against the further door announced his presence. The door was opened, and, nearly blanched with terror, the poor wretch rushed forth. Viewing his present terror as an additional proof of his guilt, the immediate cry of the other servants was: 'Have you touched the *tulwar*?'

'Yes, yes,' he gasped forth.

'Then open your hands.'

He did so: they were perfectly clean. The others now shewed him their painted hands, in proof of their innocence, and charged him with the robbery, it being thoroughly established to their satisfaction that conscience had made him coward, and the unpainted hands betrayed his guilt. All the rest of the servants went perfectly through the ordeal.

It might naturally be inferred that, subjected to two such ordeals, and to a certain extent convicted under both, the presumed culprit would have been dismissed; but nothing of the sort ensued. It was held, and rightly too, that the offence was not established by British, however well by native evidence. The man, therefore, to the astonishment of his fellow-servants—probably the thief amongst the rest—was retained. Upon this being made known, the native spectators shrugged their shoulders with pity and contempt at the sahibs for despising the admonition of one of their hard-named deities, and dispersed with strongly expressed dissatisfaction.

The whole performance lasted about six hours; and it is but justice to the principal to say, he worked hard to obtain a verdict, and, though unsuccessful, well earned the two rupees he received as *bucksheesh*. It is almost needless to add, the watch was not recovered, and that the chief reward for our employing the Brahmin was our witnessing a ceremony of a very curious kind. A question may naturally arise: Was there any complicity between the rod-holders and the priest? We say unhesitatingly, none; for during his operations he had five sets of holders of different castes, who, after the first couple retired from their labour unhurt, were

followed by their successors more from curiosity than anything else. It may be left to the successors of the ingenious Dr Mayo to try to ascertain the natural facts at the basis of the Nole Chanlaun.

HOW THE WOODS AND FORESTS AFFECT THE RAIN.

SOME few years ago, a note of alarm was sounded as to the injurious consequences of cutting down forests. Something that Humboldt had written was quoted as a warning to those who would persist in disregarding the teachings of such experience as was then available. By felling the trees on the slopes and summits of mountains, said the veteran philosopher, two calamities are prepared for coming generations; namely, scarcity of fuel and scarcity of water. And he assigned as a reason, that by the great evaporation from leaves, an amount of moisture is diffused through the atmosphere, which, wafted by winds, waters wide districts of country. Moreover, woods shelter the ground beneath, and materially retard the evaporation of the water that falls as rain; consequently, the springs are kept flowing, rivers do not dry up, and the lowland cultivator can always depend on the distant hills for the means of irrigating his crops.

The question once started, became of too much importance to be slighted—great interests were involved in it. Most people remembered to have heard something about the prodigious waste of timber by enterprising Yankees in their advance to the West; but at the same time a notion prevailed that to clear the land was a public and private benefit. And now and then a grumble went the round of the papers about the mismanagement of our own Woods and Forests; but this was a new view of the matter. Could it be true that the interests of civilisation were in such a dilemma? If we cut down the forests, we deprive ourselves of fuel and water; if we do not cut them down, how shall we obtain cornfields?

Facts were called for, and were from time to time published in the scientific journals. The regulations concerning forests that prevailed on the continent, were shewn to have reference to the effects which had been signalised. The British Association had a report on the subject at their Ipswich meeting in 1851, embodying a large amount of highly valuable information.

So far as this information goes, it confirms the views thrown out by Humboldt. It is interesting in more respects than those immediately concerned, as we hope to shew before finishing our article. The Valley of Aragua, in South America, affords a remarkable example of increase and decrease of rain corresponding with increase and decrease of trees. 'It is completely enclosed by high ranges of hills, giving rise to various streams and rivulets, the waters of which form a lake at the extreme end of the valley. The lake has no exit, and its superfluous waters are carried off by evaporation. Between 1555, when it was described by Oviedo, and 1800, when it was visited by Humboldt, the lake had sunk five or six feet, and had receded several miles from its former shores; the portion of the basin thus left dry appearing the most fertile land in the neighbourhood. These effects were ascribed by the eminent traveller to the destruction of the trees on the mountains. When the war of liberation broke out, agriculture was neglected, and the wood from the hills being no longer required by human industry, a great jungle began to prevail over all. The result was, that within twenty years, not only had the lake ceased to subside, but began once more to rise and threaten

the country with general inundation.' Other cases precisely similar might be cited; but we take one in which there were means for measuring the alterations. At Marmato, a mining district amid dense forests in the province of Popayan, a decrease of the streams that drove the stamping-mills was observed, proportionate to the clearing of the woods. The mills served as gauges, and gave pretty accurate measures of the diminution, which went on to such an extent that, at the end of two years, there was an anxious cry: What shall we do for water? The defect was the more unaccountable, as the fall of rain had not diminished. The clearing, though sufficient to cause a local disturbance, had not affected the general climate. By way of experiment, the cutting down of the woods was stopped; and gradually the rivers resumed their former flow. In the tropics, this result would naturally be produced more rapidly than in northerly latitudes: the quick-growing vegetation sheltered the soil, checked evaporation, and the surface-water, retarded in its flow, found its way slowly and steadily to the beds of the streams.

The same thing has been noticed around Rio Janeiro: the terrible droughts which at times afflict the Cape de Verd Islands are attributed to loss of wood; and in Madeira, a change of climate has been observed since the island was first discovered, from the same cause. There is less humidity than formerly. The Socorridos, the largest river, was at one time deep enough to float timber to the sea; while now, except in occasional floods, it is a mere rivulet, scarcely discernible in its loose stony bed. The soil of Madeira is so light and porous, that it speedily suffers from deprivation of moisture. The fact was early noticed, and a law was passed forbidding the cutting down of trees near a spring or source of a stream; but as Portuguese laws are too often disobeyed, the evil has gone on increasing. The foliage is of a nature to favour a large deposit of dew; so large, indeed, as to keep the ground underneath constantly moist. Thus, the trees become condensers between the atmosphere and the earth. The well-known trees on Ferro, one of the Canaries, present undoubted evidence as to the condensing function. They are always wrapped in a cloud, from which they so rapidly and effectually draw off the moisture, that a continuous stream flows down the stem into reservoirs made to receive it. They are perennial fountains for the inhabitants, who prize them highly.

Every one has heard of the destruction of trees in the Spice Islands by the Dutch, who, to increase the value of their monopoly, cut down nearly all the spice-bearing woods, and thereby converted the islands into deserts: even now, those once luxuriant ocean-ringed oases have not recovered from the effects of such wicked waste. At Penang, the Chinese settlers make such reckless havoc in the clearings, that the English governor has prohibited any further cutting down of trees on the hill-slopes. These slopes are too steep for permanent cultivation, and the Chinaman was content to get one crop from the virgin soil, and then clear another spot; but this short-sighted process is happily checked. Besides the effect on the climate, the trees preserve the soil on the abrupt declivities from being washed away. To come to Europe: springs that once flowed in the highlands of Greece, have disappeared since the trees were cut down that formerly sheltered them. 'In Switzerland,' says Dr Balfour, 'it has been perfectly ascertained, that rivulets formerly full have shrunk or dried up coincidentally with the denudation of the mountains, and that they have once more returned to their former size on the woods being restored.' It appears to be certain that the planting of trees on the slopes of the French Alps has prevented the occurrence of the 'torrential floods' that once devastated the lower valleys. We may add, but without attaching any importance to it, that Pliny

mentions the occurrence of contrary instances, where, by the cutting down of trees, the water that had nourished their roots bubbled up to the surface in springs. Cassander's troops, he remarks, were struck by those outbursts while felling timber for their intrenchments on the Balkans.

Another consideration presents itself: besides the dearth of fuel and water, consequent on the decrease of forests, there are the danger and destruction from torrents and floods that follow as a natural consequence. As Humboldt says: 'The beds of the rivers, remaining dry during a part of the year, are converted into torrents whenever great rains fall on the heights. The sward and moss disappearing with the brushwood from the sides of the mountain, the waters falling in rain are no longer impeded in their course; and instead of slowly augmenting the level of the rivers by progressive filtration, they furrow during heavy showers the sides of the hills, bear down the loosened soil, and form those sudden inundations that devastate the country.'

Clearly, civilisation and nature do not always go hand in hand in the promotion of social interests, as we may see in our own highly cultivated country. Forests we have none to speak of; but improved drainage is attended at times with consequences such as are mentioned above. The rain-water, instead of lingering on the fields and in the ditches, now runs off so rapidly that the rivers cannot discharge quickly enough, and the consequence is an inundation. In some places, there are ten floods now for one formerly. The farmers on the levels of the eastern counties of England can tell of how many times their hay has been drowned in the course of a single season. But to return to the forests. In St Helena, the quantity of wood has been considerably increased of late years by planting; and, as careful observation shews, the quantity of rain has increased—almost doubled since the great Napoleon was a prisoner at Longwood. And now the destructive floods, which used to follow every storm, have entirely ceased. In 1849, there had not been one for nine years; nor have we heard of any since. In the neighbouring island of Ascension, as the report states, 'a beautiful spring, situated at the foot of a woody mountain, was observed to diminish in flow as the trees were cut down, and to vanish altogether when the wood disappeared. After a few years, during which no water flowed, the mountain became wooded again; the stream began to run, and, as the vegetation increased, resumed its former volume.'

We have abundant evidence of a similar kind from India—a country where the phenomena occur on the grandest scale. The average yearly rain-fall along the shores of Hindostan is from sixty to eighty inches; but in the interior, at elevations 2000 to 4500 feet above the sea, it amounts to 200 inches. On the great plateau, however, and in places scant of trees, the fall is not more than from ten to thirty-five inches. The change is not gradual, but sudden: of little wood, you may safely predicate little rain. Humboldt mentions the great plain he travelled over between the Andes and the Orinoco, as extremely arid and desert-like, though, according to the early settlers, it was once well watered and sprinkled with forests.

Scarce as wood is in some parts of India, it is so abundant in others, that any recommendation in favour of economy is treated with a laugh. Protect the forests, indeed! Let us take a glance at what goes on in the magnificent teak-forests of Tenasserim and Malabar. The Parsee merchants go with their wood-cutters, and chop down spars of from five to nine inches diameter, and seventy-five feet long, without regard to the future condition of the woods, and with so little regard to the demand, that one observer saw hundreds of these spars rotting on the beach. In the Canara forests, the jungle-people 'girdle' the largest, as the

Americans call it, and set fire to the rest; and then, without stirring the soil, sow millet or castor-oil among the blackened stumps; and after taking one or two crops, repeat the process in another spot. Thousands on thousands of acres have been destroyed in this way. 'Far as the eye can reach,' says Superintendent Onslow, 'not a tree is to be seen. It may be supposed,' he continues, 'that clearing the forest would make the country more healthy; and so it would, if the clearing were more permanent: but the forest is now destroyed only to be replaced by a thick jungle of rank vegetation, still more unhealthy,' as it impedes the circulation of the air. In some of the clearings, it was found that scores of sandal-trees had been destroyed, worth from five to fifteen rupees apiece, and gamboge-trees innumerable. The more intelligent among the natives of this Mulnaad (rain-country) complain of want of rain: the fall is not of the same amount as formerly.

'To give you some idea of the waste of valuable and ornamental timber in this country,' says Captain Harvey, in one of his letters, 'I will just mention what I discovered at Hyderabad. I was in want of light-coloured wood for picture-frames, and applied to the regimental contractor. What was my surprise to find that every third or fourth log in his great store of firewood was most beautiful satin-wood of large size! Only imagine the victuals of a whole regiment, not to say of a large community, being cooked with satin-wood!' Look also at what took place on the demand arising for gutta-percha as an article of commerce. Two hundredweights of this useful product were exported from Singapore in 1844; but such was the increase, that in three and a half years from that time, not fewer than 270,000 trees were felled for the sake of their sap, without a single effort being made to replace them.

According to Dr Cleghorn, the natives were thinking of abandoning a tract about fifty miles from Coimbatore, which had lost its rain through the loss of trees. Dr Gibson, who travelled through part of the Bombay presidency, after an absence of fifteen years, saw great changes for the worse, and from the same cause. A similar change has been noticed in the Neilgherry Hills. The proprietor of a coffee-plantation near Bangalore, 'when clearing fresh ground which was watered by an excellent spring, was warned by the natives not to clear away the trees in the immediate neighbourhood of his spring: he disregarded their warning, cut down the trees, and lost his stream of water.' Such instances are numerous, as also those of clearing ravines for cultivation causing the disappearance of the brooks that once flowed refreshingly through them. From Afghanistan to the Burmese frontier, the phenomena have been observed as cause and effect.

Such an accumulation of facts forced itself on the attention of the authorities in India, and a system, on a small scale, has been commenced for restoring, at great labour and expense, what has so long been wasted. So far the results are satisfactory. The plantations formed along the line of the Jumna Canal very soon paid their expenses, and become every year more valuable. The natives have fallen in with the plan of establishing large mangrove gardens, and improve the trees with good grafts supplied by the government. Mr Tucker, one of the European residents, has placed a gold medal at the disposal of the Horticultural and Agricultural Society of India, to be given to the planter of the greatest number of trees in the Agra presidency. In some places, regular plantations of teak are commenced as fast as the full-grown trees are cut down. These measures once taken, the consequences could hardly be other than beneficial in a country where wood is the universal fuel, and the consumers are numbered by hundreds of millions. The very thinnings repay more than the cost of management.

It thus happens that the recommendations of the committee of the British Association for 'careful maintenance,' for the 'establishment of nurseries,' the checking of waste, and the planting of woods on 'tracts unsuited for culture,' have been to some extent anticipated. But much remains to be done before the true balance between physical and social requirements will be maintained. The alarming deficiency of rain around Bombay during the last monsoon is attributed to the destruction of the forests.

And in another point of view the preservation of trees becomes of importance—namely, as regards shade. In hot climates, the 'boundless contiguity' of the leafy canopy is appreciated with a feeling to which we of the temperate zone are strangers. In the past ages of India, this thing was cared for. One instance will suffice. During the reign of Akbar, direction was given 'that on both sides of the canal down to Hissar, trees of every description, both for shade and blossom, be planted, so as to make it like the canal under the tree in paradise; and that the sweet flavour of the rare fruits may reach the mouth of every one, and that from those luxuries a voice may go forth to travellers, calling them to rest in the cities where their every want will be supplied.'

Before concluding, we must just mention that an attempt has been made to throw further light on the question by direct experiment. The particulars, supplied by M. Belgrand, are published in the *Annuaire* of the Meteorological Society of France for 1853, and give the results of twenty years' observation in the hilly parts of the Paris basin. The author shews that the nature of the soil, as to permeability, has to be taken into account as well as the nature of the vegetation. Results obtained in our climates would not be strictly analogous with those of the tropics, where the leaves never fall, unless the experiments were made in some of the great European fir-forests, which retain their resinous foliage all throughout the year.

THE CURATE'S WEDDING-FEAST.

THE bells of St Mary's Church rung merrily out, and their music echoed pleasantly through the clear atmosphere of a bright frosty day in December. It was a marriage-peal they rung; yet to those who sat round an elegantly arranged table, they brought thoughts of a mingled texture, for they were the signal to a family that *she* whose presence had made a perpetual sunshine in the otherwise sombre household, was no longer all their own, and that her brightest beams would henceforward be shed over another home. They were the signal, likewise, to a parish that *he*, the valued friend, who, though living amongst them but for two short years, had made himself beloved by all, was leaving them, and going to be the overseer of another flock. Yet although there was secret sadness in the hearts of some—as there ever must be under such circumstances—yet was there also much joy mingled with it, for the good old Mr Grey exceedingly rejoiced that his darling Ellinor had found such a guardian and friend as the excellent young curate, Mr Shenstone Greville; and her loving sister Frances rejoiced, amidst her own sorrow, that such blessing had alighted on her beloved companion and sister; and as to public opinion, why, it was agreed by all, with the exception of a few 'disaffected spinsters'—who would fain have made the handsome young curate their own prey, and therefore pronounced the match wholly unpatronisable—that there could not have been a better-suited pair.

But of all the good folks of Fenton Churchwick, there were none so merry on the occasion, and none so

loud in their praises of the sweet bride and her fine young bridegroom, as one singular and amusing group, of whose doings it is the special object of this paper to report. In a quiet street of that good old country-town, there stand close side by side, and hard by the spot which in past years formed the eastern boundary of the town, two old alms-houses. One of these, built in the year 1635 by a good ancient citizen of the town for the accommodation of ten old women and six old men, was considered the most aristocratic. It consisted of a chapel, a school-room, and seventeen separate dwellings. Sixteen of these were appropriated to the old people, each of whom received a weekly gratuity in money, as well as the use for life of one of these comfortable dwellings, and of a plot of garden-ground. The seventeenth was provided for the home of a man of better class, who was called the 'Reader,' and for whom a salary was appointed by the founder, that he might read, in the chapel attached to the charity, the church-service 'daily throughout the year,' for the spiritual comfort of the aged people located in the house. The same reader was also enjoined constantly 'to instruct ten poor children in reading and writing.'

The other alms-house was of a less dignified character, as it was unendowed, and its inhabitants had no other benefit than that of the use during life of a single room, and a spot of garden-ground annexed to it. Now, it so happened that these houses stood almost opposite to Mr Grey's, and that the old men and women who dwelt therein had for years been the special pets of Nelly Grey and her sister Frances. They had also been objects of great and sincere interest to Mr Greville, whether solely on account of the claims which old age and poverty offered, or whether the fact of their being favoured by the Misses Grey had any weight in procuring for them his kind offices, 'deponet sayeth not:' certain it is, that he was a regular visitor at both alms-houses, and that there were few people in Fenton Churchwick to whom the good curate was more important, or who grieved more over his departure, than these did, their inhabitants.

'When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind,' saith the word of Holy Writ; and thus was Mr Shenstone Greville disposed to act.

'I'll tell you what we'll do, Francie,' said he, a few days before his wedding: 'we'll give the old ladies and gentlemen opposite some fun. What do you say to giving them all a grand tea-drinking on our wedding-day? Do you think *you* could manage it, if I give you money for the expenses? Let's give them a *grand* turn-out, Nelly,' added he, 'and make them all merry together!'

The suggestion was voted altogether suitable; and although poor Frances had her hands pretty full of business in preparing matters for her sister's marriage, and her heart sufficiently full of care in the thought of the loss she was about to sustain in parting at once with her beloved companion and her revered sub-pastor, preparations were instantly set on foot for providing the *matériel* for a substantial tea-feast for the beadsmen and women; and when the bells rung out the merry peal of which we have spoken, they echoed notes of joy and pleasure to many an old heart, as indicating that the hour for perhaps the last festivity in which they would have part, approached.

It had been settled by competent authorities, that

the meeting was to take place, not in the aristocratic quarters offered by the endowed alms-house called 'Curtis's Charity,' of which honourable mention has been made, but in the older and less dignified one, by name 'Gills's-house;' and the reasons for this were, first, that at Gills's-house was a larger room than any to be found at Curtis's; and, second, that several of the old ladies at Gills's were sick or lame, and could not venture past their own threshold, whilst it so happened that all those of Curtis's were hale and capable. Invitations were therefore announced to all the good people of both institutions, to meet in Mary Higgins's room at four o'clock on the wedding-day, where tea was to be ready at half-past; after which meal, the ancient dames and sires were to amuse themselves as they listed until seven, when a bowl of negus and a supply of sweet-cake were to wind up the festivities of the evening.

Preparations on no niggard scale were forthwith set on foot. One of the first steps taken, was to send in a good supply of coal and wood to Dame Higgins's abode; and the second, to hire a stout young damsel to take all the burden of smartening up the room wherein the festivities were to take place, and to perform all the household offices that were required on the occasion. Then was a time of bustle and excitement, if ever there was one! How the little old women did bustle in and out, after Jenny Slope (the servant *pro tempore*) had scrubbed the floor, and every chair and table, and other article of furniture in the room, till they were, if possible, even cleaner than usual. How the old ladies, all who could walk, did bustle in to be sure! one bringing her best white muslin curtain to hang up at the window; another clattering in with her hoarded set of showy tea-china, that she had bought when she was in service forty years ago, before 'her John,' now in his grave, had claimed her as his wife; whilst another, from the aristocratic Curtis's, toddled in with the handsome tea-tray and tea-china which the squire and his lady had given her when she was married to 'Frank the gamekeeper,' and the six tea-spoons the dear little children had given 'nursie' on the same grand occasion—cherished treasures, calling up a thousand tender and sweet remembrances, and destined by and by to form the theme of the good old dame's discourse to her assembled cronies. But two sets of china, however well preserved, would be nothing for such a party; for at least twenty-five old people were expected to appear, and tea was to be sent to all those who were unable to attend in person; so that, besides Nanse Goodall's grand equipage, and Mary Gale's less magnificent, yet equally prized set, each old lady produced her own store of cups and saucers, tea-pots and spoons; and a motley assemblage, in truth, was there. All day was the bustle going on. Frances had directed a carpenter to take in some planks and tressels, and erect a suitable table, and sent some white linen to cover it; and this was done early in the day, so as to give plenty of time to the ancients to delight themselves in laying out the preparations for the feast. And a pretty scene it was; for those amongst the party who had friends in the country, had been supplied by them with rare bunches of bright leaves and berries, with branches of the late fuchsia and China-roses, which linger in our western country long after they have perished in other parts; and Mary Higgins's room was beautiful to behold, with its clean boarded-floor, its bright fire, and pure white muslin curtain, and every shelf where a bean-pot would rest, glowing with these brightest of all adornments; and the white-covered table, gay with its party-coloured chinaware, interspersed with cups and glasses of flowers.

And now the time of meeting is arrived; and as soon as all are assembled, the hampers, which have been brought over from Mr Grey's, are to be opened in full conclave, and the provisions for the feast

displayed; this having been the plan arranged by their 'dear curate and Miss Nelly,' now far away on the road to their distant home.

There were some interesting specimens of old age amongst these alms-house folks. Amongst those who assembled that evening, there was not one under seventy, if we except the young woman who acted as assistant, and a little fair girl, the grandchild of one of the old women, who was permitted to live with her because she was blind and lame, and needed the little one's help. Then there were several of the party who exceeded fourscore, and at least four were between ninety and a hundred years old. But we must give our readers a sketch of some of these worthies as they appeared on this memorable occasion. The room in which they assembled had one of those open fireplaces which are customarily found in old dwellings, and it was surmounted by a good old mantel-piece of solid *holm-wood*—the ancient name for *holly*—on which were carved the crest and arms of the founder. On one side of this fireplace, and directly facing the door, stood Dame Higgins's usual seat—a high-backed carved oak-chair—and in it was seated Mrs Mary Higgins, relict of Mr Charles Higgins, whilom *hind*, or, as some would term it, *bailiff* to Sir Giles Pomfret, of Pomfret Gifford. Mrs Higgins had been in her early days tire-woman to my Lady Pomfret, Sir Giles's mother; and in virtue of her office, had been the recipient of sundry curiously-wrought aprons, ruffles, &c., such as were worn in days of yore; also of some worn, but originally splendid lace. These belongings, carefully hoarded through her days of youth, the good old lady had, in the winter of her life, carefully reproduced, and manufactured after the fashions which she had been used to execute for 'my lady' into headgear, &c., for herself, which she wore on high-days and holidays only. On the present occasion, therefore, she sat arrayed in a flowered chintz open gown over a quilted crimson silk petticoat, the colour of which was subdued by the pale, embroidered, clean muslin apron which hung before it. The sleeves of the gown reached just below the elbow, and were finished by ruffles of fine lace, whilst over her shoulders and chest was pinned a white muslin neckerchief. Her snow-white hair was gathered up in the fashion of ancient days, and strained back from the face over a cushion, so as to leave her fine high forehead exposed; and a cap of rich old lace formed a suitable apex to this quaint dress. But Mrs Higgins's manner was as remarkable as her attire: she was tall, and must, some seventy years before, have been very beautiful; but as she was now near ninety-six years old, decay had of course destroyed almost all traces of beauty, save that her fine clear blue eyes and noble brow told of what had been. But although in personal charms she was not what she was of old, in manner she was. Although born in a cottage, a servant in youth, a farmer's wife in maturity, and an alms-house woman in her age, she was, and must in each stage of life have been, a *lady*. There was a native grace and dignity of manner, and a propriety of accent and speech, that set her at the head of her little society; and the air with which she received her guests on this evening, was an amusing mixture of the stately and dignified *reception* which she had seen observed at Pomfret Court, and the frank and cheerful hospitality which had pervaded her own household at the farm.

And now half-past three has struck, nay, the chimes will soon sound three-quarters, and Jenny, the stout young woman helper, has vanished to 'put on her gown,' and Mary Higgins sits as we have described by her hearth, when 'tap-tap' with a set of knuckles is heard at the door. 'Come in,' says the hostess, and the door opens to admit visitors No. 1 and 2. It is old blind Polly, and sweet Lillias Charity, her gentle grandchild. Polly is a strange contrast to her ladylike receiver. She wears a plain brown stuff-gown, white

apron and kerchief, Holland mob-cap, with a straight unfrilled border, and a black ribbon pinned round her head. Polly is always neat, but never alters her dress for any one. Sweet Charity, a tall fair child of six years old, with rich brown waving hair cut almost close to her head like a boy's, leads 'granny' by the hand; but the moment they appear, up starts the fine old nonagenarian with the alacrity of a girl, lays hold of poor Polly by the hand, and holding her under the elbow of each arm, aids her feeble steps, and soon has her seated in the warmest corner, with little fairy on a stool (which the young thing had been provident enough to bring for her own use) at her feet. But before Polly is seated, two more guests are in the room—one, a fine old graybeard from the other house, a hale ruddy-cheeked old gentleman as you would wish to see; the other, a fat dumpy old woman, a perfect heap of finery, flowers in her cap, flowers on her gown, a necklace on her throat, and a glittering paste-brooch stuck on the front of her head-dress.

'Well, neighbours,' said she, 'how's you? I've brought a *confac* cheer for Mr Top. I knows he aint hisself if he don't sit easy;' and suiting the action to the word, she set down her own cushioned arm-chair behind the new-comer, and with a merry laugh, noisy enough, but genial and good-humoured, she seized the old man, and before he was aware, had *squabbed* him down on the cushion, and taken up her own quarters on a stool at the other side the room. There is no fear of those who are not overdone with engagements being late for such appointments as this. Long before the clock had struck the hour of meeting, all the guests were assembled. There was the old shoemaker, John Lacy, and the former carter, Humphry Coles, and he who had been for forty years parish-clerk, Philip Greves—these, with John Top, the old man whom we have described, were all the gentlemen. Then there were our hostess, and blind Polly, and the roundabout merry widow of Staines the harnessmaker, in her finery; there was Ann Dyer, the thin pale old maid from the next tenement, and Jane Pouter, the sexton's widow, who will no doubt tell her compeers some of the many stories of ghosts and goblins she has inherited from her grave-digging husband, and amuse them all with the account of the ghosts he saw himself! There are besides these many others—too many to describe individually; but of them all there are none more notable than poor old Goody Grey, whose entry took place when nearly all the party were seated. There was a sort of low couch erected in the chimney-nook: it was formed of boxes, piled together, and heaped with cushions, pillows, and cloaks, as if for some special invalid; and anon a bustle was heard in the open corridor, which, running round the outside of the house, formed a passage from room to room. The signal was understood, and the door opened by those within for the entrance of the new-comers. These were two of the youngest and strongest of the old women, who bore on their crossed hands, king's-coach fashion, a third much older than themselves. She was a diminutive little old creature of most remarkable appearance. Her aged features were almost buried in wrinkles, and her snow-white hair hung round them in weird-locks, making her altogether not an unsuitable representative of a witch. This singular-looking female was warmly received by all. They greeted her as 'Miss Amy:' every one made way for her; one shook up her cushions afresh; another took off the cloak in which the old Goody had been muffled, and spread it on her seat; while two of the men, relieving the tottering old women of their burden, placed her carefully on the reserved couch, though not without many a groan from the poor old rheumatic woman, who had not before left her own fireside for many a year.

But the clock has struck four, and the hampers from Mr Grey's wait to be opened.

'Here, Molly, let's pull'n up home to Miss Amy's place, that her may zee,' said bustling Mrs Staines; and this being done, the string was cut, and the cover lifted. There, indeed, *was* a store of good things! There were noble loaves of fine white bread, and goodly pounds of the richest fresh butter; there were huge seed-cakes for such as were too delicate to partake of the more attractive large plum-cakes, as full of raisins and currants as they could stick, which next made their appearance. There was a store of tea and coffee, enough to make beverage for twice the number of guests; and sugar, beautiful loaf-sugar, enough to sweeten four times the quantity. Then there was a heap of tea-cakes for the goodies to toast and butter, that looked, when they were piled up, like the church-steeple for height. These were the contents of the first hamper; but what could be in the second was the wonder, for surely everything needful for a grand feast had been produced from the first, except milk, and of that two large cans had been left by the milkwoman half an hour before.

'Well, bless my heart, and may God bless their dear hearts that planned it all!' exclaimed Dame Higgins, who, in virtue of her hostessship, had proceeded to lift the cover of hamper number two. 'Why, here's grandeur indeed! Oh, bless the pretty little fingers that made 'em!' said she, chuckling as she opened a cardboard box that lay on the top, and displayed a host of white-satin favours, each ticketed with the name of one of the old people present or absent.

'And what's this?' said old Polly, fumbling about with her fingers over a tiny parcel that was attached to her favour, which happened to be the first taken out. 'Lawks, purty dears! if 'tisn't a bit of their own wedding-cake!' And so indeed it was; and as the favours were delivered round, a little bit of the veritable bridecake was found done up as daintily in its showy envelope as if it had been destined for a lady-friend, and inscribed in the bride's own hand with the name of the old man or woman for whom it was intended. Oh! how dearly are such little kindnesses prized by the poor, and especially by the aged. No doubt, many a one of those little papers thus inscribed would be found preserved to the end of life by those who received them, among their little relics of happy days.

But there is still something more below the box of favours. Candles have not been forgotten; and there they are in plenty, together with two bottles of home-made wine, and some lemons for the negus. And now the board being fully spread, and a fine large kettle making its music heard from the hob, the party assemble round the table. But in the merriment of their hearts, they do not forget the reverent custom of asking God's blessing on the feast; and Master Top being called on by the lady-president, lifts up his hands, and devoutly asks of 'Him who sitteth in the heavens' that all may have the blessing of thankful hearts for the mercies that He has so richly provided; 'and may the spirit of contentment and of peace rest on the dear givers of the feast,' added the old man with a voice trembling with emotion—a prayer to which every voice added a hearty 'Amen!'

And now mirth and hilarity prevailed on all hands. There were some among the guests of more refined manners than others, whose breeding was 'of nature's best;' and there were others a little disposed to a noisier style of revelry; but these were few, and the choicer spirits obtained and preserved the upper-hand, so that all was kept 'within the limit of becoming mirth.' And truly a pleasant scene it was that was enacted at Gills's-house that evening. The old hostess presided over one tea-pot, and merry Mrs Staines over another—and potent and plenty was the beverage they brewed. Trust old women for that! Give any woman, old or young, tea in plenty, for which she has to pay nothing, a hissing bubbling tea-kettle, and a good

trusty tea-pot that will *draw* well, and you need not doubt the result. Besides these two tea-equipages, there was 'Jenny Falks's big pot' full of steaming coffee; but most of the good dames and sires preferred tea; and truly those who had to '*kull* it out,' as the west-country people say, had no sinecure—neither had the cutters of cake, and bread and butter—nor those who prepared and handed round the hot buttered cake. It was very possible that some of these poor people had gone without dinner, because they had none to eat; and it might be that others had refrained from eating what they had, because they would keep their appetite in store for the coming feast. However it might be, all ate as though they had an inkling of Captain Dalgetty's principle, and approved it; and they drank as if they were resolved to keep all fair and friendly between the liquids and the solids.

'Come here, my *posie*,' said old Humphry Coles to little Charity. 'Why, you're the sweetest little *posie* in the room, to my mind;' and Charity, readily obeying the summons, was lifted slowly to the old carter's knee. 'Isn't it nice, granpers?' said the little thing, nestling into her place, with her bright little head half shadowed by the old man's snowy locks; and then with a look of soft pity on her face, and a flushed cheek, she glanced towards her grandmother, and said a few words in a whisper to the old man.

'Speak out, honey!' said old Polly, whose loss of sight had quickened her sense of hearing: 'what's that you say?'

'Never you mind, granny,' replied old Humphry; 'tis a secret between *Posie* and me.' But seeing poor Polly's face cloud a little, he added: 'Oh let's tell her, Charry. 'Twas only that she said what a pity 'twas poor granny was blind, and couldn't see how beautiful it all looked!—that was it; wasn't it, lovey? Granny don't mind, child; she knows who 'tis took away her sight; and if she was to tell how she comed by her loss, why, goodness me! you'd all be most a wishing 'twas *you* it had happened to, for the pleasure of feeling you'd done the deed that caused it. But I don't suppose there's one amongst ye knows all *I* do; for Polly's no boaster, nor never was!'

'Do ye tell about it, granny,' said little Charity, who had slipped off her old friend's knee, and standing on her own little stool, was coaxing old Polly by kissing her closed eyelids, and softly smoothing her wrinkled brow. '*Do* ye tell. I do love a story; and I'm sure it must be a nice one about how you come blind!'

'Ah, do ye tell us, Polly!' said several voices; and the old woman, yielding to their persuasions, told, in simple speech, how that she had been living as servant in a lone farmhouse up among the hills. 'Measter wer a-goned to Martinmas fair, and missus had a-goned with un; they'd got frens in them parts, and zo they was expected to ztop out the night; and only old missus, measter's mother, and me and the chillerns, was a-leaved in the house. Well, bedtime comed, and I was a-helping old missus up steers, when theer, right in the midst of the fust peer o' steers, stans a gint tall man, huz veace all a covered auver we summat black, and hollin a pistol in huz han! Lawks, how old missus did holler out!'

'And didn't *you* holler, too, granny?' asked little Charity.

'No, honey! 'Twent no odds to holler; there wad'n nobody to hear, to least none as needed to be *hollered* to. I just *thought* up a bit of a preyer that God would presearve us, and I wish old missus had done the same; but she war a heady woman, and she fell to tongue-banging the man, and that mad'n angry; and he zays, zays he: "If you doant huld your chatter, old ooman, and go and sit down quiet, I'll soon stop your row!" and he huld up the gun right in her poor old veace. Then do you think she'd stop? Not a bit

on't. On she went a-rowing the feller, and making zich a row as never war, and told un she knowed who he wer, and she'd ha' the law of un. Zo then he up wi' the gun, and I zee he wer going to zhoot her outright. There wadn't no time to lose, so what did I do? I sprang right 'pon the man—you know I war young and bold tho'; his wingers war on the trig o' the gun, and he'd jist a pulled it; but up I strikes the mouth of un that was turned right 'pon poor old missus, and up goes the ball into the banister, where 'twere vound next day; but somehow, as it went off, the vire and gunpowder that came out by the trig vlared over my poor dear veace and eyes, my hair and my cap war all in a vlamе, and down I valls onsensible. When I comed to, I was a laid 'pon my bed, and kindly tended zure enuf. Measter had a comed home onexpected, and he heered the shot a-vired jist as he opened the door. Old missus werdn't hurted, and the thieves got away; but 'twere long afore I heard the rights owt, vor I were mortal bad vor weeks ater.'

'And was that what made ye blind, poor granny?' asked the little child, whose blanched cheek and fixed eye had marked the intense interest with which she had listened to the old woman's tale. 'Did the fire put out your poor eyes?'

'Yes, honey; the very last thing I ever zeed were that bad man, and the bleezing powder; but I've had a happy life af it. Then 'tweer so purty of my John (that your granveather, honey, you do know). He ver a vine handsome youngster, for all I zays it as zouldn't zay it; but he ver, and he might ha had the pick of all the maidens round. Wee'd a kepted comp'ny vor two or dree year, and ve vas to settle com spring; but I thought now that I ver blind, and all *zeamed*-liked wi' the vire, twer'dn right to bind un; so I zays, zays I, "Now, Jan, I beant the gal I was, and I knows you might do better'n marry me, and so I shan't think nothing of it, if you don't think no more of me." "Lawks, Polly!" zays he, "why, what d'ye take me vor? Don't ye think, chiel, but what I love ye all the better for what's happened? and if you be minded to take me, why zo be I to take thee, zo zay nought more about it." And com May we was married; and I always did make a shift to get on purty well, and keep all tidy without the use of my eyes. Then, neighbours, I do look to zee grand zights one of these days. I look to zee that glorious zity that little Char reads to me of in the Bible, and I trust that my eyes, now so dark, shall zee the King in his beauty; but I shall never zee the zights of earth no more, that's true enuf!'

Many tales succeeded old Polly's. One told how he had been lamed by a fall from a scaffold; another, how her son's big boy had got the prize at school; and the sexton's wife, as usual, told how her man had been familiarised with ghosts and goblins. Others told tales so merry

That the whole quire did hold their hips and laffe,
And waxen in their thick, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But time draws on, and space does not allow of our telling how bits of bridecake were drawn through merry Mrs Staines's wedding-ring, to be slept on by some of the more romantic of the younger old ladies; and how Mrs Mary Higgins, and Nance Goodall, and two or three of the oldest, resolved that they would 'dance at the wedding of the dear curate and Miss Nelly;' and adjourning to the corridor, or outside gallery, as it might more properly be called, 'paced a measure' in the olden style, suited to their antiquated habits, and such as they had seen their young ladies perform under the direction of their dancing-masters; sailing about, and curtseying at corners, in a most remarkable manner!

Neither must we enlarge on the enjoyment afforded by the bowl of negus, and the second edition of cakes

which wound up the festival; but that all was most pleasant and cheerful, we dare aver; as also, that 'the Curate's Wedding-feast' was long referred to by those who shared it, as one of the happiest evenings of their alms-house life.

LURKING LITERATURE OF LONDON.

INDEPENDENTLY of the vast mass of literature which floats or seeks to float upon the stream of popularity in this capital of the world, and very distinct from anything the publishers and their agents are employed in putting before the public, there exists a class, or more classes than one, of printed documents, more or less privately circulated, and to which the denomination of lurking literature may be fairly applied. We speak not now of those flying and ephemeral sheets passed from hand to hand among the members of the different commercial professions, with which the general public have nothing to do, and which are for the most part incomprehensible to all but the parties immediately interested. Nor do we care to include in the category such periodicals as the *Hue and Cry*, interesting to rogues and vagabonds—to policemen, detectives, and the victims and avengers of crime of every sort—though these are never to be met with in the usual marts for the productions of the press, and may be said in a sense to lurk, rather than to circulate. Again, there are various trades which have periodicals of their own, intended to advocate their own interests—to vindicate their cause, if that should ever stand in need of vindication, but chiefly to serve as a medium for the facilitation of business, and as a check to the victimisation of the subscribers by frauds to which they stand peculiarly exposed. Such a publication is the pawnbrokers' weekly journal; we forget by what name it goes—a paper which has done real service in its time, by causing the recovery of much valuable property, and the detection of delinquents in the act of committing offences against the law. With such publications as the above, however, we have on the present occasion nothing to do; they are all set on foot for legitimate ends, with which we have no right and no wish to interfere: those, to which we design briefly to call the reader's attention, are, all but one, of a description considerably different.

First among the literature that lurks unseen, except by the eyes for whose special delectation it is prepared, we may mention the prospectuses of numberless bubble-companies. These things, which are generally printed on fly-sheets of super-royal folio, lie snug in the desks or in the pocket-books and breast-pockets of their concoctors—a race of needy men—so long as money is tight in the market; but let the Bank cut down its rate of discount to two or three per cent.—let speculation set in like an epidemic—and out they come numerous as swallows in summer-time; and terrible swallows they prove, in engulfing the floating cash, and flying away with it. The shares of the Great Gridiron Company, and the Barbers' Block Association, which were both a month ago considered defunct, are now not only alive, but found to possess astonishing buoyancy, and really promise to become the most profitable investments going. They rush like race-horses up to par, and beyond it—make a tremendous sensation in the market—are bought by hundreds who know perfectly well that the intrinsic value of a wagon-load of them would not amount to a

farthing, but who also know that they can sell them at a profit before they begin to tumble down again; and then, after the fussing and shuffling of a few months, weeks, or days, as it may happen, the rage for gridirons and blocks subsides, and shares and speculators in them vanish together. If, after all is over, you enquire what has been done, the result is neither more nor less than the simple fact, that some tens or hundreds of thousands have been lied out of the pockets of greedy simpletons into the pockets of greedy swindlers. The literature by means of which this transfer of cash is periodically inaugurated abounds in pompous names, which you cannot always find in the *Directory*, and in paragraphs remarkably technical and official, promising a golden harvest, compared to which twenty per cent. is as nothing, to all and sundry who shall have the discrimination to dabble in the gridirons or the blocks.

Mr Bawker is the editor, proprietor, advertising agent, and collector, as well as the entire literary staff, of a monthly magazine. He is a man of considerable substance, with a large balance at his banker's, and a comfortable leasehold property in one of the suburbs. He started in the literary line many years ago; and his first appearance before the public that way was in the character of a 'walking sandwich' between two deal-boards placarded with puffs of that now defunct periodical *The Tomahawk*, whose proprietor kept him in pay. The editor of *The Tomahawk* threw the hatchet with such success, that he was prosecuted for libel. *The Tomahawk*, in consequence, sunk out of sight, leaving Bawker high and dry on the strand. But by this time, being a man of observation, and having participated in various functions connected with the printing-office, the editor's closet, and the advertising agents, he had solved a good part of the mystery of the book-producing trade, and resolved, if he could compass it, to have a magazine of his own. How he succeeded, without money, in setting his speculation afloat, it might be difficult to discover; but the magazine came out, nominally under high sanction, and from the first assumed to have a position second to none of its numerous rivals. Bawker did not go in for a large sale; he did not care for the sale at all. What he wanted was a good advertising medium—good, that is, for Mr Bawker. To make sure of this, he stereotyped a paragraph upon the front-page of his wrapper, announcing to all whom it might concern that Bawker's Magazine is perused every month by 120,000 readers, and is therefore the best vehicle for advertisements open to the commercial world. A pushing tradesman, who had puffed largely in Bawker's advertising sheets, happened to discover that the impression which promised 120,000 readers, was actually short of 200 copies; and he accordingly resisted payment of his account.

The ingenious publisher's defence of the announced circulation was worth all the money in dispute. 'Bless you, this here magazine is lent, and lent, and lent about among the ladies, like *anything*. It have never done cirkilatin! My kalkilation of readers is one hundred and twenty thousand. Of course, I may be mistook.' This little trouble did not cause any abatement of Bawker's pretensions. He still kept up the game with unflagging success. For the literary substance of his magazine, he is indebted chiefly to American writers, the fashionable columns of the morning papers, and the obsolete fiction of old periodicals, cut from their columns with the shears, and flung to the printer to arrange according to convenience. Bawker does his own criticisms, and, taking warning from *The Tomahawk*, to use his own expression, 'soaps everybody and everything.' It is marvellous

to think of the odd catalogue of commodities which come for criticism to Bawker. Among them would be found every new perfume in elegant crystals and vases—all the washes for the complexion that were ever devised—numberless new inventions for the toilet, and imaginary bulwarks against the inroads of time, preventives against baldness and grayness, hair-dyes, charming ringleted fronts and bewitching little wigs, paddings and plumpers, and rouge-pots and powder. Add to these a long list of everything captivating to mothers—darling babies' caps and lace-wrappers, tiny crocheted socks, corals, jumpers, toys without limit, and perambulators to carry single or double. Then there is infinite music, in the shape of songs, fantasias, polkas, and quadrilles, amounting to reams in the course of a month or two; and, over and above all this, a complete library of ladies' literature, and a complete museum of the materials and finished performances of those various species of domestic industry in which ladies delight. All these voluntary contributions, as fast as they flow in, are noticed each by a brief laudatory phrase, and, the instant they are 'soaped off,' are transferred new to the shops of the retailers, with whom the careful Bawker does business on liberal terms, and at once transformed into cash; and, it need not be said, they contribute handsomely to the profits of the concern.

Another literary work, of a somewhat analogous kind, is the Aristocrat, which for some years has figured as a weekly newspaper, purporting to have an extensive and exclusive circulation among the nobility and landed gentry of the country. Its real sale in any class is a mere trifle, except on some extraordinary occasions. Some obsolete institution, for instance, is dying a natural death because it is no longer wanted, and lacks the sinews of war. The governor or secretary, trembling for his salary, gets up a flaming puff in praise of its benevolence, and an eloquent appeal to the rich and charitable on its behalf. The document is sent to the Aristocrat office, together with an order for a thousand copies of the number in which it shall be printed. The bribe amounts to something considerable, and of course in goes the puff in a front column. The same thing will happen when young Briefless gets his first suit. He reports it himself, and dresses up his speech to the best advantage; and at the cost of a few hundred copies has the pleasure of a brief celebrity, at least among his personal friends. But these things happen rarely—not once in six months, on the average. Of the copies printed on ordinary weeks, not more than one-third are sold, the rest being given away; and the proceeds of the sale are a trifle. But the Aristocrat swarms with advertisements, chiefly of books, and these of the most expensive kind, copies of which are sent for review, and before the week is out are turned into cash. If a book of any value is not sent, it is written for, with a request that it may be sent per bearer—a request generally complied with. The entire literary work, including scissor-work and reviewing, and extracting by the yard, is done by contract for some 35s. a week, with the periodicals and stitched stiff-covered books as perquisites.

Let us turn now to some lurking literature of a different description. Reader, unless you happen to be a stranger to the bookstalls, you must have encountered, among the heterogeneous boxes and ragged, mud-flecked rows of volumes exposed to the weather, a tolerable list of treatises upon medical subjects, or on the medical treatment of real or imaginary disorders of the human frame. There is Stickleback on the Spinal Cord—there is Pumper on Pleurisy—there is Noggins on the Nervous Energy—there is Glauber's Physiology of the Alimentary Canal—there is Renal Records, by Ramsbottom—there are fifty others whose names we might write down from memory; and there are at least a hundred and fifty more whose names we

have forgotten. Did it ever strike you, good friends, that until these volumes found their way to the bookstall they were never before offered for sale—though some few of them may have been nominally published by men who are unknown as publishers—and never had a name, much less a value, in the market? No bookseller ever had them in his catalogue—no critic ever commented on their contents; and the reason is, that they were not intended by their *soi-disant* authors to run the career of ordinary books. It was the fashion some years ago, and the fashion has not yet died out, for every practitioner in high life to write his volume declaratory of his own views, after the well-known Abernethy plan, and to lay it on the tables of his patients. Men who could not write at all, and who would have betrayed sad ignorance in the attempt, were driven to get others to do the business for them. Scores of those volumes were thus written by scribblers who knew nothing of the curative science, under the direction of their medical employers; and this system of vicarious authorship still goes on.

Calling the other day on our friend Spiller, who knows everything, for a little information on an abstruse subject, we found him up to the eyes in heavy volumes handsomely bound, and scribbling away, early in the morning, as if for dear life.

'Cut it short, my dear fellow,' he said; 'I am over the ears in business: the Greeks did eat mustard with ham, if that's all you want to know; you'll find an allusion to it in Aristophanes, I think—but I can't stop to look now.'

'Why, what's the matter? You seem quite excited.'

'The matter! Why, M'Stickit has been here—you know I did his Kidneys for him. I'm now going in for the Mucous Membrane, if you know what that is. See what a cart-load of books the fellow has sent, and more are coming. He thinks I'm going to read through the lot, I suppose—know a better trick than that. He wants the book out by the end of the month—300 pages at least—he stumped up like a Trojan (here Spiller shewed a handful of notes); and I shall walk into it.'

And Spiller was 'walking into it' at the rate of forty pages a day. We don't happen to be in his secret, and cannot therefore testify as to the mode in which he got through with the business; but the Mucous Membrane is already out, though seven weeks have hardly elapsed since he commenced the attack; and M'Stickit, amazingly proud of it, is pushing it right and left among his patients.

It is not necessary to say that volumes of this peculiar class add little or nothing to the general store of knowledge on medical subjects; but, at the same time, it would not be altogether just to infer that their reputed authors are mere professional pretenders. There is many a clever practitioner well versed in the treatment of disease, whose skill may snatch a patient from the jaws of death, who yet would be exceedingly puzzled to write a book; and a melancholy experience sometimes shews us, on the other hand, that medical professors of high literary standing will blunder fatally in the practical details of their art. The printing and circulation of these books is one of the expensive vanities for which fashion has to answer.

The last specimen of lurking literature to which we shall allude is a periodical work, to which we shall give the name of the Black Book. This is a work of portentous importance and signification, of which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our readers have never had a sight, and of which, moreover, let them labour to that end as they may, they will never succeed in getting a glimpse. Who are its editor, printer, and publisher, we cannot say: the whole business is got through with a secrecy as marvellous as the appearance and clandestine distribution of the work itself are regular. What is the extent of its circulation no man

knows, but it must be considerable, for the expense of its production is great; yet so far are the proprietors from making any attempt to push it with the public, that its very existence is guarded as a secret from all but the subscribers, and if inquiry is made for it by a stranger, it is universally ignored. The reason is, that every line of the book is a libel—all the more offensive and hateful, in that every line is also a truth. The Black Book is, in a word, a comprehensive register, inexorably posted up day by day, of every man and woman in the metropolis who has ever been known to break faith, through either vice, imprudence, or misfortune, in a monetary matter. The register dates, to our own knowledge, to ten years back, and very probably to twice that period. To the merchant, the man of business, and the speculator, it is an invaluable record of commercial character, because it is a general directory of defaulters under all the phases in which default is possible. Every bankrupt's commercial history, with all the particulars interesting to a creditor, is down at full length: the amount for which he failed—the amount of his assets—the cause of failure, whether extravagance, speculation, decline of business, or the failure of others—the amount of the dividend he paid—whether he got a certificate, if so, whether or not his certificate was opposed, and what class certificate he *did* get. Then there is a compendious catalogue of names in close columns, with their addresses, of all sham and shuffling and failing securities, whether to loan societies—these alone amounting to many thousands—or to credit transactions in any shape. There is the endless list of all those who have ever dishonoured a bill, with its amount, the date of its notification, and whether it was eventually discharged or not; and of all those who have given a bill of sale or a power of attorney upon their property. There is analogous information of every kind respecting the constitution of companies, the cash character of their promoters, agents, and responsible parties—in short, there is every item and atom of intelligence that can possibly be derived from public documents and the most rigid private investigation, which may prove serviceable to business-houses by enabling them to distinguish, so far as that can be done by the teachings of experience, between men of substance and character and men of straw and no character. The Black Book is thus a book of doom to multitudes who know nothing of its existence, and who would be horror-struck if they were to see, after the lapse of years, the figure they cut in its columns. The uses of the book are obvious, and, managed as it is, with a circulation strictly guarded and private—for not a leaf of it is ever exposed to view, even to the most prying eye—it is, in our opinion, a perfectly justifiable document. The knowledge that such a compilation exists need not, however, be kept a secret. The trading and speculating world will manage their affairs none the worse for knowing that a watchful eye marks their operations, and will assuredly chronicle their breaches of faith. The consciousness of this fact will be a timely providence to more than a few, and it may explain to some the mystery of that uniform repulse they meet with in their attempts to raise the wind by the most promising schemes. As a commercial people, we have latterly become shamefully insensible to the moral delinquency that too frequently marks commercial failure. The most infamous frauds are practised and, at least legally, countenanced in the way of business—frauds which in other European countries would be punished by exile or condemnation to the galleys. Whole families are reduced to beggary through putting faith in the plausible lies of unprincipled traders—who 'smash' suddenly through some desperate attempt to get rich—pay a shilling in the pound—are white-washed a month or two after in the Bankruptcy Court, and set free to commence the experiment over again.

Trade has grown into a gambling game—the chief difference being that the debts are *not* debts of honour. Why should not the trading gambler know, that if he fails to pay the stakes he will be posted in perpetuity?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Photographic Society have been doing good work of late: a committee appointed to consider the subject of fading in positive photographs on paper, report as chief among the causes, the presence of hyposulphite of soda in the paper, the action of damp, and of sulphuretted hydrogen. Mounting the pictures with paste is also found to be a cause of fading, owing to the absorption of moisture. They are going to carry out a series of experiments on the whole question, in a part of the Crystal Palace lent for the purpose; and in the meantime, they suggest as precautions—washing the paper in hot water to remove the hyposulphite; the use of gold, in some form, in the preparation of pictures; keeping the photographs dry; trials of protecting solutions and varnishes; and the use of gelatine, instead of gum or paste, for mounting. Many persons who have lost heart in photographic pursuits will wish the committee success in their endeavours after permanence.

Much interest has been expressed, both here and in France, in the paper read by the Rev. J. B. Reade, at a meeting of the Society, on the use of gutta-percha as a substitute for glass. When used on the great scale, as it is in photography, glass becomes an expensive article, and there is always the risk of breakage. We have heard of an unfortunate artist who lost 200 negatives by one unlucky fall, and minor casualties are always happening. Mr Reade finds, that by dissolving the gutta-percha of the shops in benzole or in chloroform, the impurities are thrown down, leaving a colourless liquid, which, poured on a plate of glass and dried, remains as a perfectly smooth and transparent film. This film, having been prepared in the usual way, is separated from the glass, and after a little further manipulation, it is, as Mr Reade says, 'a negative ready for the printing-frame, taken on a material as durable and manageable as glass, but occupying only a small portion of its space, and perfectly free from the peculiar risks which so often put valuable negatives altogether out of use.' Here we have another and a highly important application of gutta-percha, in addition to the many already known. And we are given to understand that Messrs De la Rue are making use of a product of Burmese naphtha, 'which will form the best solvent, and produce a thick transparent film at all temperatures.' Mr Archer, experimenting with gutta-percha, has obtained results almost identical with those of Mr Reade.

An elaborate paper by the astronomer-royal, on his pendulum experiments for determining the density of the earth, has been read before the Royal Society. Some readers will remember the popular lectures on this profound subject, delivered by the learned gentleman since his experiments were made near Shields in September last: we shall now have in the paper profound scientific results, that will gladden the hearts of geometers and astronomers. Mr Joule and Dr Tyndall are pursuing their researches into the phenomena of heat and magnetism; and Dr Stenhouse is examining vegetable substances from India, with a view to the discovery of products useful in the arts. He has found a new colouring matter for dyers; and by another class of experiments, he converts wood-charcoal into animal-charcoal.

The best proof we have seen of 'nature-printing,' is the large folio serial printed by Mr H. Bradbury, in which the *Ferns of Great Britain* are given of the

natural size—transferred from the fields and woods to paper. We have seen specimens of wood, and stone also, printed on paper, with all the veins and markings distinctly brought out—a perfect fac-simile, indeed, of the real object. By this process, it will be easy to illustrate works on botany, natural history, palæontology, &c., in a manner as faithful, as delightful and interesting.—As a practical instance of what may be done with the electric-telegraph, we must not forget to mention that messages of twenty words may now be sent on the south-eastern lines to a distance of twenty-five miles from London for 1s.; up to fifty miles, 1s. 6d.; and above fifty miles, 2s. We are, however, still behind Switzerland; for there only one franc is charged for a message to any part of the country, and the great use made of the wires by the public is the best argument in favour of cheapness. A student borrows a book from a distant library by telegraph; a peasant inquires after the health of his son at the federal camp; and a traveller bespeaks a bed, orders dinner, or engages a guide, by telegraph.—A new ship, the *Royal Charter*, of 3000 tons, spreading 15,000 yards of canvas, has been built for the Australian trade; and being fitted with an auxiliary screw of 200 horse-power, to be used during calms, is expected to make the voyage to Melbourne in fifty-five days. If successful, others will follow.—The New Yorkers have launched a steamer, which, when she arrives at Liverpool, will, it is said, astonish all our ship-builders.—M. du Moncel proposes the use of an 'electric monitor' for vessels navigating the Loire—a river of many shoals and sandbanks—which shall give timely warning of danger. A vertical tube, carrying a sliding-rod, descends from the bowsprit, or some fixture in advance of the bows. A disk of iron is fixed to the bottom of the rod; and whenever this touches a shoal, the rod is pushed upwards, strikes a commutator, a bell immediately rings, and the pilot, warned, has time to back.—The publication of a fat blue-book, with the commercial statistics for 1854, shews conclusively that the war has not diminished our trade. In that year, we imported to the value of L.152,591,513, and exported L.115,833,704 worth—more than ever before, particularly of imports. Above L.30,000,000 of the amount came from our colonial possessions. Canada sent us L.4,000,000; East Indies, L.10,000,000; and the United States, more than L.29,000,000. To Canada and India we export nearly to the amount of what they send us; and to the States, L.21,000,000. Among the exports, cotton goods and yarn figure to the amount of L.32,000,000; and iron, in various forms, more than L.14,000,000. Ought not the artisan to prosper in such a country?—Strange to relate, the population of Ireland is increasing. A steady stream of re-migration from America has for some time been flowing, and is too important to be overlooked; and we hear that most of the returning Irishmen have wherewith to buy or rent land, and cultivate it in a proper manner. Let them but take pattern by what Scotland has done, and we have no fears for the result.—By accounts from Natal, we learn that the cultivation of sugar in that colony is very prosperous. The *sorgho*—the Chinese plant we mentioned in a recent *Month*—has been introduced into Demerara, as likely to prove more productive than the sugar-cane. Jamaica is waking from its long slumber; has established a Society of Arts, and placed itself in union with the Society of Arts here in London; and now intelligent and persevering endeavours are to be made to develop the natural resources of the island. Jamaica sent nothing to our Exhibition; but in the French Exposition it displayed nearly 700 different articles, among them a specimen of *Casuarina*, a hard and heavy wood, which grows fifty feet from the ground in four years. Should the contemplated exhibition be held at Vienna in 1859, the fertile island will make a still better show than at Paris.

The progress of railways in India exceeds all anticipation. The line of 1000 miles from Calcutta to Delhi, for which government gives the land, is advancing at each extremity. One hundred and twenty-five miles from Calcutta to Ranegungee are open; and another seventy-five miles, to Rajamahal, will soon be ready. The 400 miles from Delhi to Allahabad are to be finished in 1857. To travel between those two cities at present takes four days and nights, and costs L.25; but by rail, it will be a journey of twenty-four hours, at a charge of L.6. The whole line is to be completed in 1859. As in England, so in India—the greatest revenue was expected from transport of merchandise; but the passenger-traffic turns out to be by far the more profitable. The Hindoos appreciate cheap and rapid travelling as well as ourselves; and the railway seems likely, more than any other European innovation, to break down distinction of caste, that curse of Eastern society. The 'upper ten-thousand,' as the Americans call them, wished to have trains exclusively to themselves; but the directors persist in despatching first, second, and third class carriages all in the same train.

The veteran Humboldt has written to the Astronomical Society 'On Certain Appearances connected with the Zodiacal Light'—drawing attention to new facts connected with that interesting phenomenon; from which it appears that this remarkable light is not confined to the west, as was supposed, but has been seen by himself and others in the east at the same time. The latest observer, Rev. G. Jones, chaplain of the United States' frigate *Mississippi*, during her recent cruise in the China and Japan Seas, reports that he saw the 'extraordinary spectacle of the zodiacal light, simultaneously at both east and west horizons, for several nights in succession.' The conclusion drawn from the sum of his observations will be a startling one to many: it is, that the earth is surrounded by a nebulous ring lying within the orbit of the moon. So, if, as is stated, the ring be complete and continuous, we have for ages been playing the part of a smaller Saturn among our brother and sister planets.

A communication made to the Entomological Society by Mr d'Urban of Newport, near Exeter, will be interesting to all—and the number is great—who are concerned in the manufacture of silk. He thinks that many species of *Bombycidæ* (silk-worms) are undeservedly neglected, and one, a native of Canada, as likely to stand our climate, and produce silk in considerable quantities. The cocoon is large and well covered, and double—a precaution, doubtless, against the severity of the Canadian winter. 'Could it be made useful,' says Mr d'Urban, 'it would be a great boon, as it must be a durable material, indeed, to resist the wind and rain of ten months, or even of two or three years, as I have found these cocoons adhering as strongly as ever to the tree the following spring after the escape of the moth.' As the insect will eat leaves of the maple, apple, choke-cherry, and American plum, there would be 'no trouble in finding food for it in this country; and,' Mr d'Urban adds, 'I do not think there would be much difficulty in introducing it, as the cocoons could be gathered in any number in Canada and the United States, and sent home by steamer, packed in air-tight boxes; as sea-air, from my own experience, seems to be fatal to them. It would be hardly possible to send the eggs across the Atlantic; as only two months intervene between the appearance of the moth and the larva going into cocoon, it is manifest the eggs must be hatched soon after they are laid: these eggs are large and oval in shape, and pure white. If the moths, when bred in England, could be got to pair, there would then be no further obstacle in obtaining a supply of silk by the end of the following August after their arrival.'

The project for a ship-canal across the Isthmus to connect the two oceans, which was loudly talked of in

America a few years ago, is not forgotten, and we learn that surveys of the proposed route have been made, and notes taken of the climate, geology, botany, &c., of the region. The plan is, to make use of the Atrato, a broad and deep river, navigable for seventy miles from its mouth, in the Gulf of Darien, by the largest vessels. At that point, a tributary, the Truando, falls in, which is to be widened and deepened for thirty-six miles, leaving twenty-five miles through which a canal would have to be cut to reach the Pacific—this canal to be 200 feet wide, and thirty deep at low-water. No locks will be needed, so that no impediment will be offered to vessels passing each other at all times; and there are good harbours at each extremity. The cost of the work is estimated at 147,000,000 dollars, which, compared with the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific, would leave a handsome profit, and all the risk of beating round Cape Horn would be avoided. According to the report published in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, 'the federal government of the United States proposes to verify the surveys; and France and England have been asked to participate.'

Among recent patents taken out in America is one for weaving button-holes, or holes of any kind, in 'suspender webbing.' The apparatus is so contrived that when one side of a hole is woven, the web runs back, and the other side is formed. Another is for the preparation of the surface of metallic plates for printers, with a 'mercurial amalgam' to which the ink will not adhere; whereby all the trouble now taken by copper and steel plate printers to wipe their plates after inking will be saved, as the ink attaches itself only to the engraving or etching, and leaves the other portion of the surface free. Another is for an 'automatic rake' for harvest-work. Improvements in knitting and sewing machines are numerous; and one ingenious citizen claims 'a design for a cast-iron monument for the head of graves, combining the figures of the harp and heart, with a recess for the insertion of a miniature likeness and inscription, and a locket for hair.' What next? The office at Washington has granted altogether 250 patents for churns; from which we may infer the approaching perfection of a highly useful dairy implement. Butter being made with rapidity, involves the necessity—among Americans at least—of a rapid means for weighing and stamping, and this is accomplished by a machine which has been in use nearly two years. It consists of a scale beam, the weight at one end, a cup, enamelled inside at the other, in which, by means of a lever, and the wooden block or stamp, the lump of butter is weighed, compressed, and delivered in a condition ready for the market, with great celerity.

Canada has been so long inconvenienced by a mixed and confused coinage, that measures have been taken for reducing all the money of the country to a uniform standard. The legislature have authorised a report on the subject, and passed two resolutions, which we insert here as an encouragement to the promoters of decimal coinage for England:—'That after the first day of January 1856, there shall be but one currency of accounts and payment, of which the dollar shall be the unit and standard of value; the public accounts shall be kept in dollars, cents, and mills; and the coinage be equal in intrinsic value to that of the United States.'

'That the ton of 2240 pounds, the hundredweight of 112 pounds, the half-hundredweight of 56 pounds, and the quarter-hundredweight of 28 pounds, be reduced to a ton of 2000 pounds and its subdivisions.'

If, in altering our own standard or system, it could be assimilated to that of Canada and the States, how materially would its benefits be increased!

The Historical Society of Quebec is drawing attention to Anticosti as a desirable place for colonists; and it is surprising that an island one-fourth larger

than Prince Edward's Island should have been so long neglected. It lies in the Gulf of St Lawrence, about 400 miles below Quebec, has excellent harbours, and is passed every year by the thousands of vessels trading to and from Canada. The resources are—a warm and fertile soil, resting on limestone; abundance of wood; and inexhaustible fisheries in the surrounding seas.

Arrangements have been made for flashing Greenwich time by telegraph to Christiania once a week, so that merchant-captains in that port may be able to regulate their chronometers correctly—another example of the benefits which commerce may derive from science; and this particular science is so useful, that all nations will avail themselves of it. The Russians find time for it, in spite of hostilities. The astronomer at the Pulkowa Observatory, near St Petersburg, writing to our astronomer-royal that the 'war has prompted galvanic telegraphy in a rapid manner,' adds: 'At this moment, we have already in Russia about 6000 miles, or even more, of galvanic wires, and are on one side through Warsaw and Cracow, on the other side through Königsberg, in connection with the foreign lines; but to make use of these lines for scientific purposes will hardly be possible before the close of the war, for at present all the lines are continually used for official dispatches. Only one short line has served for scientific objects. This is the line of St Petersburg to Cronstadt, by which I have to transmit regularly exact Pulkowa time to that port, for the purpose of regulating the rates of the chronometers of our navy.'

What follows, presents another kind of interest. The writer, Mr O. Struve, proceeds: 'It is really remarkable that the war, until now, has not exercised the least influence on the progress of any scientific pursuit for which the support of government is wanted. On the contrary, the energy elicited by the state of war in one principal direction, has given rise also to a development of energy in many other respects. This will be proved, in part, by a short enumeration of the principal geographical undertakings, in the arrangement or direction of which we had to take part this year [1855]. First, started from here a numerous party, under the direction of Mr Schwarz, for the exploration of Eastern Siberia; another party was sent to the steppes of the Kirghis; a third, under personal direction of Döllén, had to fix the exact geographical positions of a large number of points situated in or near the Ural Mountains, to form a base for the construction of an exact topographical map of the vast districts of mines in that part of Russia; a fourth expedition, provided with forty chronometers, has to join, first, Moscow with Saratow; and then this latter town with Astrakhan; and, finally, the great trigonometrical operations in the southern part of Russia and in the Transcaucasian provinces are carried on without the least interruption.'

THE CAGOTS.

THE existence of an outcast race of men, under the name of Cagots, during several ages in France, has not failed to attract the attention of the curious. To this day, however, obscurity and doubt rest upon their history. It is an error to confound them, as has often been done, with the cretins: they neither had the goitre nor the idiocy which distinguished those unfortunates. The only marks by which they were distinguishable from the population of the south, were dead bluish eyes, considerable discoloration of the skin, and hair of a pale-red tinge. Misery and forced isolation producing their natural effects in the shape indicating physical debility, rendered these peculiar characteristics more striking.

The proscription of the Cagots, resulting neither from faults of conformation, habitual ill health, nor impiety—for the Cagots were always esteemed good

Catholics—was not merely a popular prejudice; it was sanctioned by the laws of the land. Banished to the foot of the Pyrenees, in the same humid valleys where to this day dwell the hideous family of the cretins, pent up in miserable hovels called Cagotteries, the Cagots were legally set apart from the rest of mankind. Only at night were they permitted to leave their homes; and for their sole subsistence they had to depend on the produce of the common attached to the cagotterie. Trade of every kind was interdicted to them. They were neither allowed to devote themselves to any lucrative avocation, nor to mingle their blood with that of a society which spurned them from its bosom as objects of horror. For some time, they were even permitted to be sold publicly as slaves. A legislative enactment positively forbade their speaking to any person not belonging to their tribe; and if, by special favour, they were permitted to attend the church of the district, they were compelled to enter it through a distinct portal, granted to them out of pity by the clergy, and studiously avoided by all the other worshippers. Traces of these Cagot entrances, and the well-trodden narrow paths leading to them, are still visible in many of the churches of the south of France. The local usages of Béarn, Gascony, and Guienne forced them, moreover, to cut wood gratuitously; to carry about with them no other weapon than an axe; and to wear an infamous costume: a red jacket, on which was stamped, on a square piece of white cloth, the figure of a goose's leg, proclaimed from afar the approach of the Cagot.

The origin of this singular race of outcasts, notwithstanding the researches of several eminent savans, still remains enveloped in mystery. Various theories, more or less plausible, have been set forth to account for the persecution to which they were subjected. Some writers have conjectured that they were a tribe of northern barbarians, who migrated into France during the third and fourth centuries; but an able article in the *Quarterly Review*, some few years ago, satisfactorily disposed of this idea. Others have fancied the Cagots were Saracens, who remained after their defeat by Charles Martel; and some that they were either lepers, shunned by their neighbours from the fear of infection, or heretics living under the ban of perpetual excommunication. None of these speculations, however, are by any means conclusive, and the subject is still one that invites the attention of the curious in such matters.

After quitting the road to Rebénac, in order to follow the line of the Pyrenees, which extends as far as the confluence of the Oléron with the Gave de Pau, the traveller soon arrives at a gloomy valley, shut in between two high mountains, where the thick vapour of the atmosphere produces the effect of perpetual twilight.

One night—on the 22d April 1541—during a frightful storm, whilst vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the darkness, and thunder rolled in awful majesty along the heavens, a man was quietly seated on one of the mountains which commands this desolate valley. He was young and tall, but excessively thin, and his features bore the unmistakable marks of profound suffering. Every time the thunder broke out with peculiar violence, his dead eye sparkled with a transient brilliancy, a bitter smile played across his lips, and his whole countenance betrayed a spirit of savage despair. Suddenly, a long streak of jagged fire burst, as it were, through the fissures of a heavy cloud, flitted wildly across it for a few seconds, and then, accompanied by a terrific crash, darted in the direction of a solitary house situated about a quarter of a league from the spot where this singular personage was seated. For an instant, the irresistible instinct of self-preservation roused him. He rose, and after descending the valley, was on the point of entering a wretched hut, constructed of mud and the branches of

trees, when a bright red flame shot through the forest. Yves stood still in amazement, and presently the hurried ringing of the church-bells struck his ear. The lightning had fallen some little distance from Saint-Palais; a violent conflagration ensued, and a sumptuous dwelling-house had already become the prey of the devouring element. The progress of destruction was materially aided by a furious wind; and sheets of fire began to lap themselves round the antique windows, whilst rich suites of tapestry, the labour of years, were soon consumed to ashes. This house, or rather château, belonged to Dr Noguez, the physician of Gaston de Béarn, prince of Navarre. In the first moments of alarm, the family thought of nothing but their individual safety. Soon, however, the rapid spread of the conflagration and the loud tocsin brought a crowd of villagers to the spot, anxious, if possible, to stay the impending ruin; but the intensity of the fire prevented their efforts from being successful. Startled out of their sleep, the occupants of the château, who had escaped from their rooms, pale, frightened, and half-naked, now began to recover from the stunning effects of their first alarm. They looked at each other, embraced, thanked God for His protecting mercy, and then began to count their number, in order to ascertain whether any one was still missing.

'My daughter—my child! Where is my child?' cried Madame Noguez, running her haggard eye along the line of spectators who now encumbered the place. No one replied. Suddenly, the poor woman struck her forehead with her clenched hand, uttered a piercing cry of despair, and threw her arms wildly out in the direction of the burning house.

'To the pavilion to the left!' she screamed. 'Run, run! my daughter is still asleep. Oh, my life, my fortune, everything, is his who will save my child! For pity's sake, kind friends, save my child!' and she fell on her knees before the spectators. But vain were all her impassioned entreaties—the danger was too real; and the flames had already broken out of the windows of the pavilion, enveloping the whole building with a rampart of fire.

Not far from this scene of grief, a solitary figure lay crouched in the grass, his features illumined at intervals by the pine-torches and the spreading conflagration. He was clad in a coarse red tunic, with a goose's leg traced on a patch of white cloth extending from his shoulder to his waist. He cast around a furtive glance, and then gazed with a bitter smile on the tableau before him—the burning sheaves of corn waving in the wind, and the shower of fire pouring down from the roof, now almost ready to fall in. Then he approached nearer, and listened attentively. The voice of a child, sharp and terrified, now became faintly audible, soon rising to an acute scream. At this instant, the stranger, glancing around at the crowd, from which he was still separated by about a hundred feet, quickly bounded across the space. On recognising the unfortunate Cagot traversing the limit imposed by the law which forbade his race from approaching within a certain distance of other men, the crowd recoiled in dismay. A cry of indignation and fear broke from the lips of the assembled multitude: 'The Cagot! the Cagot! death to the Cagot!'

A hundred clubs were immediately raised, and dogs were let loose in pursuit of the stranger. Nevertheless, Yves did not relax his speed. Breathless, covered with blood and perspiration, he gained the scene of the devastation. The child's cries were still audible; and thrice had the poor half-dead mother, with sublime courage, thrown herself into the midst of the flames, and, thrice choked with the smoke, fallen senseless on the ground.

Pale as a corpse, and utterly prostrate, the unfortunate lady now distractedly drew her fingers through her dishevelled hair. Yves surveyed her for an instant,

and then uttering a horrible cry, and measuring at a glance the height of the house, and the direction of the fire, he sprang forward with the alacrity of a panther, and disappeared amidst the flames.

Laughing, weeping, mad with joy and grief, Madame Noguez now fell on her knees, and offered up the first human prayer that had ever mounted to heaven on behalf of a *Cagot*! For a time, nothing was heard, nothing but the crash of falling timber and the crackling flames. All eyes were now fixed on the roof, which threatened every instant to fall in; and the villagers looked at each other, shook their heads, and gave up all for lost, when a cry suddenly burst from every side: 'There they are! there they are!' and the spectators saw the *Cagot*—his clothes burnt off his back, his legs tottering, his features unrecognisable, his hair on fire, smiling triumphantly despite his sufferings—hand over to its mother, now delirious with joy, the child, whom he had preserved by pressing it close to his breast. Then gazing on the now abashed crowd with a look of terrible reproach and bitter irony, he cried: 'Allons donc! Death to the *Cagot*! death to the *Cagot*!'

Just at this instant, the burning roof broke down, scattering in all directions masses of fire and rubbish. Struck violently on the head by a heavy beam of wood, Yves fell dead on the spot, the child alone remaining perfectly unharmed.

'On your knees, girl!' said Dr Noguez, leading his daughter up to the *Cagot*—'on your knees before this poor outcast of humanity. He has done that which none of us had the courage to attempt, and has thus proved the injustice of man, and restored to his race the lost dignity of human nature.'

With these words, he beckoned to his daughter to come and kiss the proscribed hand that had saved her life. Horror-stricken at the spectacle of the black charred face of the corpse, the poor girl cast a look of agony and prayer on her father; but after a momentary struggle, she knelt slowly down, and kissed, with tears of gratitude, the hand of the unfortunate *Cagot*.

Dr Noguez, one of the most enlightened savans of his age, obtained the permission of Gaston de Béarn and of the Bishop of Pau to have the body of the heroic *Cagot* decently interred in the public burial-ground, and also to have a mass performed for his soul. The coffin was, for the first time on record, introduced through the ordinary church portal, which no *Cagot* had ever yet passed; and his remains, instead of being thrown into the foul cemetery of the *Cagotteries*, was piously interred in the consecrated church-yard of Saint Pacôme. Dr Noguez, in order to disabuse his neighbours of their unjust prejudices, performed several operations on the *Cagots*. He opened the veins of some of these unfortunates, and the memoirs of the period quaintly relate that their blood was found good and commendable (*bon et louable*).

Still, in spite of all these generous efforts in their behalf, perfect success did not crown the doctor's endeavours. The *Cagots* obtained only a sort of half measure of justice—an act of reparation, however, which extended not beyond the foot of the Pyrenees; and some time afterwards, the parliament of Bordeaux compelled them to resume their old badge of infamy. Thus for ages they continued to bear the signs of that physical debility, their peculiar characteristic, which resulted from long years of proscription and misery, and, more especially, from being shut up in the unhealthy localities they were compelled to inhabit. The revolution of 1793 seemed to break their chains, by giving them the rights of citizens; but it is only gradually the laws can operate upon the prejudices of ages. Indeed, the traveller may still occasionally find in Brittany *Cagots* designated by the peasantry under the name of *cacons*.

Towards the Pyrenees, and in the valleys of Béarn,

every individual of a sickly constitution, with soft white skin, light blue eyes, and pale red hair, is, even to the present day, marked by a sign of reprobation, and secretly classed as one of the descendants of the *Cagots*.

'OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.'

A LITTLE bird brushed my window by,
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,
The level rows of houses tall,
The blank noon-sun on the level wall;
And all that the little bird did say
Was, 'Over the hills and far away.'

A little bird sang behind my chair,
From the level line of cornfields fair,
The smooth green hedgerow's level round
Just a furlong off—the horizon's bound:
And the level lawn where the sun all day
Burns—'Over the hills and far away.'

A little bird sings above my bed;
And I know, if I could but lift my head,
I should see the sun set, red and grand,
Upon level sea and level sand—
While beyond the misty distance gray
Lies 'Over the hills and far away.'

I think that a little bird will sing
Over a fresh green mound next spring,
Where something that once clothed me, ye 'll leave
'Neath the level shadows of morn and eve,
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,
'Over the hills and far away.'

DEPOPULATION.

The antiquity of the outcry on this subject is proved by a proclamation, 1st June, second year of Edward VI.: 'Whereas, in time past, ten, twenty, yea, in some places, a hundred or two hundred Christian people hath been inhabiting and kept household to the bringing forth and nourishing of youth, and to the replenishing and fulfilling of his majesty's realms with faithful subjects . . . now there is nothing kept but sheep and bullocks: all that land which heretofore was tilled and occupied with so many men, and did bring forth not only diverse families in work and labour, but also capons, hens, chickens, pigs, and other such furniture of the mercats, is now gotten, by insatiable greediness of mind, into one or two men's hands, and scarcely dwelt upon with one poor shepherd; so that the realm thereby is brought to a marvellous desolation, houses decayed, parishes diminished, the force of the realm weakened, and Christian people, by the greedy covetousness of some men, eaten up and devoured by brute beasts, and driven from their houses by sheep and bullocks,' &c.

THE WEDGE-TAILED EAGLE OF AUSTRALIA.

James Backhouse gives an instance of a woman having been chased by one of these birds for some distance, and obliged to run to a house for shelter. He was told by the wife of a settler that she one day was struck with the action of a horse in an enclosure, galloping rapidly backwards and forwards, chased by two eagles. The horse at length fell, when one of the birds pounced on its head; she then called for the assistance of some men, who drove away the ferocious birds. In Van Diemen's Land this species not unfrequently carries off living lambs, and is, in consequence of its ravages, much dreaded by the colonists.—*White's Popular History of Birds*.

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BEGINNINGS.

IN these days of novel inventions, inauguration speeches, and 'progress,' it has become an announcement of daily recurrence, that something has begun. We live in a creative and prolific age, among a race incessantly employed in originating, founding, multiplying, and constructing. Our morning paper records the birth of quite as many things as persons—of solid edifices, enormous works, useful institutions, world-wide systems, as of mere flesh and blood infants. If one column acquaints us that sons and heirs have been born into certain respectable households, elsewhere we find recorded the nativity of new scions of the Railway family, the Commercial Enterprise family, the Educational Institute family, or—alas! that it should still be so—the Prison Discipline family. And of these offspring in both categories, some are destined to become memorable for all time. In one pink bundle of squalling humanity, there may lie the germ of the future statesman, poet, orator, warrior, and what not. In the modest structure or experimental gathering that invited public notice for the first time on the same day, the world may hereafter recognise the realisation of an idea, the beginning of a movement which shall influence the destinies of mankind from generation to generation.

It has been our fortune to be 'in at the birth' of not a few of these material and moral existences, and very pleasing are the impressions left upon our memory by those events. We have seen many a foundation-stone laid; we have assisted at many a ship-launch; we have looked on while vast docks were first opened for commerce; we have sailed in the first of a new line of steam-packets; we have played spectators while a prime-minister cut the first sod of new railways; and have sat in the special train which first whirled along the completed line, conveying the directors and their friends to the decorated station, where they were awaited by a champagne lunch and a congratulatory speech from the same minister, or his successor. We were among the first to cross the new Hungerford suspension-bridge, when the performance was not devoid of peril, after a sleet-storm, and with only a single plank laid down of the roadway. We listened to the first speech made in Barry's new House of Commons, and left our seat when 'strangers were ordered to withdraw,' and honourable members found their way, 'the Ayes to the right, and the Noes to the left,' for the first time into the new division-lobbies. We sympathised in the trials sustained by poor Mr Smith, with his first screw-propelled vessel, the *Archimedes*, parent of a new system of steam-navigation; and we stood upon Penge Hill while the first

column was erected for the Paxtonian Palace. We held shares in the first asphalt and bitumen enterprise; the secretary to the first company for the manipulation of gutta-percha was our honoured relative. At trial-trips, at opening-days, at private views and inaugural feasts innumerable have we attended; and in our own especial vocation, were subscribers—before geese were plucked for our private use—to the first *Penny Magazine*; were members of the first mechanics' institution; and contributed to the first number of more than one 'organ' which has since achieved prosperity and fame. For five-and-twenty years, the great events of our life have been Beginnings.

Other Beginnings there have been, of wider influence upon the fortunes of the human, and especially the metropolitan family, in which we took a more impersonal interest. The first gas-lamp, the first blue policeman, the first reformed parliament, the first Hansom cab, the first registered joint-stock company, were the landmarks of new eras in the political, the social, and the commercial history of England. We shall, however, always look back with special wonder at the inauguration of three particular discoveries, esteeming it among the most fortunate incidents of our career, not merely to have witnessed their beginnings, but to have had a full acquaintance with the antecedent state of things. The triad we speak of comprises railways, penny-postage, and plate-glass. Felicity is so much a matter of comparison, that no happiness is perfect in present enjoyment unless it can be contrasted with past sufferings and privation. Who that luxuriantly travels 300 miles first-class express in ten hours for L.2, or economically accomplishes the same distance in a third-class excursion-train for a few shillings, can thoroughly appreciate the comfort, rapidity, and cheapness of conveyance now afforded him, unless he has passed in former days through the purgatory of a long stage-coach journey? We have enjoyed the privilege. We have rushed to the coach-office, in panic apprehension of finding all the places taken. We have waited in the rain at a cross-road to catch the stage, with the agreeable prospect of incarceration for another day and night in a dismal inn, should the vehicle happen to be full. We have spent four-and-twenty hours on the top of a coach, soaked with rain, powdered with snow, and crystallised with frost, until every particle of sensation was cramped and chilled out of our frame; or have endured for the same time the agonies of slow suffocation inside. The traveller who would now obtain a practical experience of these horrors, must go far afield, and take some trouble in the search. He will find nothing like them more accessible than the cross-country diligences in

the south of France, or, peradventure, in some German Eilwagen. Yet even then he will learn but very imperfectly what railways have done for the world. He may obtain an inkling of the personal comforts they afford, but gets no glimpse of the social changes they have wrought. He does not see how they have metamorphosed town and country—developing trade, distributing manufactures, diffusing intelligence, and effacing the idea of separation and banishment even from those whom fortune has carried far away from friends or kindred. Often, in our youthful yearnings for affection, and when London was but a 'populous solitude' to us, have we trudged to Lad Lane—since elevated into Gresham Street—to see start the single stage-coach which traversed our native county-town, merely for the pleasure of reading its well-beloved name on the door-panels. Between us and that remote and abandoned home, there was indeed a great gulf fixed; yet we felt something like the ghost of a reunion, even by the spell of that dingy vehicle, since we knew that it would pass within sight and hail of our old haunts towards nightfall of the next day. At present, there are five trains per diem from London to that same town; and if the whim seizes us—as it does sometimes—at our breakfast-table, we can knock at the hall-door just as the old butler announces lunch.

We rejoice, also, to have reached a corresponding age before the era of Rowland Hill and his penny-posts. How else could we appreciate as they deserve the beneficent influences of the system—far transcending, both in degree and character, the most sanguine anticipations—ramifying into every corner and nook of the kingdom, paying glad visits to every hearth, and remodelling alike the business, the pleasures, and the charities of life? It constitutes one of the pleasures of existence to contrast the 'now' and 'then' of matters epistolary—to compare the ease and frequency of correspondence, the affairs transacted, the friendships cherished, the kindly messages interchanged by aid of a penny-stamp and the Duke of Argyll's subordinates—with the sluggishness and irregularity of communication in former days, when the warmest friendships were allowed to fade into oblivion because neither friend thought he had anything to say which would outvalue the twelvence his letter would cost the receiver. In business matters, the change thus accomplished amounts to a revolution. One old gentleman, indeed, we remember visiting down in Somersetshire in the early days of the new system, who regretted the change; complaining bitterly that his letters had lost their zest and rarity. Instead of coming once a month or so, in big double sheets crammed with news, and costing a couple of shillings, they reached him in the shape of a dropping-fire of small notes, brief and unsatisfactory, costing little, yet not worth the price—altogether frivolous and vexatious. He lamented the time when a London letter was an event. But our venerable friend's affections were altogether in the past. We talked of the French Revolution—meaning, of course, our revolution, of the Three Days. He shewed much interest in an event which, he said, he had himself witnessed; and proceeded to describe some of its incidents, dwelling most fondly upon the remembrance that he had seen the dauphin digging with his little wooden spade in the Tuileries gardens, in the sight of a Parisian mob, and with a cap of liberty on his head. His revolution evidently culminated in that famous many-named Place, where, in the presence of the statue of Liberty, so many crimes were committed in its name. As personal reminiscences, the old squire's tales seemed to us like stories from before the Flood. More than one deluge had indeed passed over Europe since the days of which he spoke—sweeping many things away, and burying others strata-deep underground, but leaving a few fossilised specimens for the admiration of posterity.

Some lady-correspondents, we recollect, entertained a preliminary objection to the new postal system at the time, under a fear that it would deprive them of the excuse for sending, and the pleasure of receiving, that production so dear to the feminine epistoliser—a crossed letter. In the end, however, they seem to have *tranchée* the difficulty, by writing just as 'cross-ly' as ever. We say this without any disparagement to their tempers.

Of plate-glass, what can we say, except that it has become an institution? If we observe that it has completely transmogrified the aspect of our cities, created wholly new genera of shops, and altered the character of the commodities displayed therein—of the shopmen who sell those commodities, and the customers who buy them—we shall but have noticed some of its most obvious and unmistakable characteristics. There is that within which passeth show. The future historian, gifted with proper powers of analysis and reflection, can alone discover how thoroughly the tone and taste of the present generation has become influenced and saturated by the idea of plate-glass. The æsthetic conditions of British humanity have been totally changed under its operation; yet the idea itself is comparatively recent, while its domestic realisation as an article of production is more modern still. Not long since, the two largest glass-plates then known in England were imported, of all places in the world, from St Petersburg, for the late Duke of Wellington. The arrival of these brittle monsters was considered matter of public interest; while the discovery that one of them had been broken *in transitu*, gave rise to an expression of national sorrow. In our juvenile cultivation of science, we became ambitious of building an electrical-machine, and after much search and chaffering, bought a small O of plate-glass for about the price which would now command a handsome mirror for our chimney-piece, frame and all. We have since wandered in Crystal Palaces, and yet felt that we were only at the Beginning of the crystalline development.

'Ogni medaglio ha suo reverso'—When there is a beginning, there must be an end. Nay, more—many Beginnings do but announce and signify the ending of things that have gone before. On the 1st of January, our years have advanced towards their close—in our opening chapter, we make some approach to 'Finis.' Are our national beginnings to have also an end—and when? Is Mr Macaulay's famous New Zealander really a prophetic personage? Are the ruins of St Paul's to be one day visible from a broken arch of London Bridge? Who is to be the last passenger over that bridge, opened in such state by the predecessor of our present gracious sovereign?—who is to preach the last sermon, and intone the last anthem, beneath Wren's stately dome? We stood by while the Britannia tube was raised to its destined place—will that huge mass of cunningly wrought iron ever subside into the Straits? and who will be the last tourist to cross it *en route* for Holyhead? The first ship entered the new Victoria Docks only the other day—whither will the last be bound that quits it, and will she sail with cargo, or in ballast? We heard the first speech in the new House of Commons—when will be the last, and who the speaker? Is it to be the last dying speech and confession of the glorious British constitution?

Other cities, rich and powerful in their day, have had to answer these solemn questions. They have seen their glories 'star by star depart,' and have registered the steps of an irrevocable decline in deserted palaces, depopulated streets, abandoned works, and defunct institutions. Far distant from us be such a day. At present, we rejoice to know that the prevailing symptoms are those of growth and vitality: Beginnings still predominate. His Royal Highness has not yet completed his collection of silver trowels. Such 'ends' as we have to record are not signs of

death, but indications of new and more vigorous existence. It is not decease, but translation. Old branches fall, but not from decay; they are pushed off to give room for younger and greener shoots. In the parent trunk, there is plenty of sap left. Our interest in the last scenes and final chapters of our social chronicles is, therefore, merely one of curiosity. We confess that we should like to know who drove the last Exeter mail—who lighted the last street-lamp on the oleaginous principle—and who hired the last hackney-coach from the stand. But we wish to know these facts in a spirit of pure dilettantism. We have no suspicion that letter-writing is extinct, or that the metropolitan public have ceased to desire illumination, or command the means of rapid conveyance. Quite the contrary.

A few more 'ends,' indeed, we are still anxious to witness, though with not the slightest wish to hasten the advent of the New Zealander. We should much like to know, for example, when the last sewer is to discharge its foul contents into the Thames—when the last vestry-squabble is to leave streets uncleaned, houses undrained, and public libraries unopened—when the last common-councilman is to subordinate the wellbeing of his fellow-citizens to a turtle-feast, and the last railway director view the affairs of his company through any other 'medium' than the interests of the shareholders. Some more delicate questionings we would also submit to destiny. Who will offer the last bribe to a voter in order to secure his election, or the last corrupt support to a minister in order to obtain a place? Who will be the last to purchase rank in an honourable profession, or buy for money the pastorship of souls? When for the last time shall we get poisonous food, adulterated drugs, and false doctrines, instead of wholesome life-preserving articles? When will the Custom-house register the last perjury, and Westminster Hall accept for justice the last quibble? When will red tape cease to trouble us, and routine be at rest? Who are to give us the last stones for bread, the last serpents for fish? At what blessed era may we expect to see the last quack, the last make-believe, the last wolf in sheep's clothing, the last turnip-lantern ghost, the last ermined-skeleton majesty? When is the last Carlyle to abdicate his functions upon the extinction of the last sham? When these 'ends' come to pass, then indeed may we find opportunity to open a new and most glorious chapter of Beginnings.

THE COURT-BALL.

THE splendid city of St Petersburg wore an air of unusual gaiety and excitement on the morning of the 6th December 18—. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Winter Palace, this excitement and bustle of preparation was manifest. Servants clad in the imperial livery were to be seen running to and fro in all directions; some assisting to lift into their places the most fragrant exotics, destined to decorate the sumptuous halls; others laden with some of the choicest flowers, looking gayer and more beautiful because of the contrast they presented to the dead winter-season out of doors; whilst to a third set of careful hands, were intrusted the transport of the large light bandboxes containing the ball-dresses of her majesty's maids of honour.

All these signs of preparation for the coming festivity belonged especially to that day; for had not the Empress Alexandrine issued her invitations, commanding those so honoured as to receive them to attend her annual ball, given in celebration of his majesty the Emperor Nicholas's name-day?

Already, at daybreak, some honest prayers for his health and happiness had been offered up, and some warm, heartfelt good wishes for his prosperity breathed from the twelve prisoners for political offences pardoned and liberated, in honour of that occasion, from the fortress; but, indeed, though doubtless their emotions might surpass in enthusiasm and intensity those of the mass of the people, still there was pretty generally spread in those days a very warm and loyal-hearted feeling of personal attachment to the czar, which, of course, signalised itself on this his saint's day.

At noon, Nicholas reviewed his noble regiment of the Chevalier Guards in the Champ de Mars, taking occasion to compliment, with a few well-chosen words, his most efficient officers; on whom, also, he bestowed more tangible marks of his favour, by presenting them with medals of gold, bearing his likeness. From thence he drove to the ice-mountains, where the young cadets were amusing themselves after partaking of a splendid collation, provided for them by their imperial master. Ay, and right royal and noble did he look as he leaped from his sledge on arriving on the ground; and right glad and welcome rose the cheer from 200 young voices, clear and shrill in the frosty air, greeting his presence among them.

Thus passed the hours of the fête-day. At ten o'clock at night, the windows of the Winter Palace presented one blaze of light; and the string of carriages drawn up to deposit the guests at the great doors, betokened that the crowning festivities of the day were about to begin. By eleven o'clock, the emperor and empress had entered the ball-room, and walked through the first *Polonaise*, when two very elegantly dressed ladies passed through the crowds of decorated uniforms that obstructed their progress, and made their way up to the far end of the magnificent saloons, to the dais occupied by the empress. As they will play rather an important part in this little narrative, I will describe their position in life and their personal appearance.

Although of Polish extraction, the elder of the two sisters—for such was their relationship—possessed the style of beauty most admired in Russia. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, and was fair, fresh-complexioned, and of middling stature; well formed, but with that full figure which gives promise in after-life of embonpoint. Dressed with extreme taste, and blazing with jewels, she attracted many eyes as she floated through the room. Six or seven years earlier, she had married the Prince Gagarine, a noble well known to stand high in favour at court, but supposed to be so exclusively occupied with his military duties as to have but small sympathy with the wife so many years younger than himself. They had no children, and the interest and amusements of the Princess Gagarine centered in the world of gaiety, where she filled a prominent place, and of which she was esteemed a most distinguished ornament.

On the evening in question, her look and whole manner denoted some especial cause of pride and pleasure, and it arose from the very legitimate circumstance that it was the first occasion of her sister's appearance in the highest society of the capital; and I call this pride and pleasure legitimate, for she filled in some degree the place of a mother to the young girl who accompanied her.

It may seem strange that this evening should have

been the first introduction of that sister to the court, but it was the consequence of a train of circumstances somewhat unusual. Owing to the feeble health of their mother, she had been brought up in great retirement; and it was only on the death of this lady, some time before, that the duty of finishing her education, and presenting her to the world, had devolved on the princess. For this reason, a mixed feeling of curiosity and admiration pervaded the courtly crowd, who turned to gaze on the fair young companion the princess led so triumphantly to the foot of the throne.

Natalie Polensky was barely seventeen, and presented a great but charming contrast to her elder sister. Tall, slight, with masses of the darkest hair, glossy and beautiful, folded simply round her head in thick braids, with a more lofty, refined, spiritual style of beauty in her features, and a more sweet and earnest expression in her dark eyes, well might she excite the envy of some, and gratify the admiration of others of the gazers who turned so inquiringly towards her; and, above all, well might she justify the conscious air of undisguised pleasure with which the princess presented her to her imperial mistress. As to Natalie, her manner, shy, and yet dignified, expressed in graceful contrast the gratification so young a girl must have felt in so splendid a scene, and somewhat of bewilderment at the crowd and confusion around her.

As they retired from making their obeisance to their imperial hosts, the kind eyes of the empress followed them with some interest; and she smiled slightly to see how many aspirants pressed forward to solicit the hand of Natalie for the dance about to begin. But ere she could make a selection, the Grand-duke Alexander, the present emperor of All the Russias, passed through the crowd, and led her out from the midst of the many competitors for the first waltz. Nor were Natalie's triumphs destined to end here; the emperor himself congratulated the princess on her sister's rare attractions; and the empress hinted that, on the first occasion, she would decorate her with the *chiffre*, and appoint her maid of honour.

Never had a ball seemed so delightful, and never did the princess return to her home more gratified than she did on that memorable night; and, indeed, it was but the commencement of a series of conquests; and this might account for the fair Natalie refusing many brilliant and unexceptionable offers of marriage. Possibly, young as she was, she shrunk from surrendering her liberty so soon—possibly she nursed some girlish dream of greater love and more faithful devotion than these courtly suitors seemed likely to bestow upon her. Her sister left her undisturbed, and made no remonstrances on account of those many rejections; perhaps she did not wish so soon to relinquish the pleasure of her society, or the share of popularity that Natalie's success reflected upon herself. In the meantime, as had been expected, the younger sister was created maid of honour to her majesty; and the first separation between them occurred when she went with the court to spend the summer season quietly at Peterhof, in the happy domestic circle of her imperial mistress.

There, the attraction the empress had felt towards her from the very first ripened into warm interest; for during the many hours of quiet life, rendered imperative by her feeble health, Natalie's beautiful voice and great musical talents contributed much to cheer and soothe her; and in the humbler occupation of reading aloud, the maid of honour spent many hours of most pleasurable retirement with the family of one

she learned to love as a friend, while she revered and honoured her as a mistress.

So passed the brief bright summer-days at Peterhof. In the meantime, people began to wonder why the heir-apparent of the throne did not marry. His father more than once spoke to him seriously on the duty that lay before him, and questioned him respecting his feelings towards the various German princesses whose families alone could be honoured by his choice. The grand-duke answered lightly enough, that there was plenty of time before him; and with a significant shrug of the shoulders, that made even his father's face relax into a smile, dismissed the topic.

By and by, the empress also addressed her son on the same subject, telling him openly how anxious she felt about it. He answered her as he had done his father; but it is not so easy to deceive a mother's eye; she well knew this assumed indifference veiled some deeper feeling in her son's heart. She determined to watch him narrowly. Judge, then, of the mingled consternation and pain with which she became convinced her favourite Natalie was the object of his affections, and when she could not but believe that the feeling was warmly reciprocated.

The Princess Gagarine was immediately commanded to a private interview; wherein, to her extreme surprise, the empress, with heightened colour and nervous trembling of the voice, accosted her by demanding abruptly what she knew about her sister's audacious attachment. The princess, of course, denied all knowledge, all suspicion of the fact imputed, and endeavoured to reassure the empress by declaring that she must be mistaken; but when she was dismissed, and could question Natalie in private, she found that such was by no means the case. In vain did she argue with her that it was impossible the grand-duke should really love her; in vain represent to her that he only assumed the appearance of affection to amuse himself at her expense; and urged upon her, by every consideration of pride, of self-respect, and womanly feeling, to rouse herself from so dangerous, so fatal a delusion. To all this, Natalie only made reply by confessing the most entire faith in her lover's protestations. After a prolonged and painful discussion, the princess sought her husband's advice upon the matter. He took it up most seriously, and threw himself upon his sister-in-law's compassion, imploring her, for all their sakes, to combat and control her unfortunate passion; adding, 'If once it reach the ears of his majesty, we are all ruined.'

Next day the princess besought an interview with her majesty, which was immediately granted; and throwing herself at the empress's feet, she implored her to pardon what she called her guilty negligence in not having foreseen such a possibility, and warned her sister against yielding to it, declaring her own and her husband's perfect innocence in other respects. 'Command us, madame, and how gladly and implicitly shall you be obeyed! I will watch over my unfortunate sister night and day: never shall they meet again; never shall any messages or correspondence pass between them; only, I entreat your majesty, keep what has transpired a secret from the emperor, or we are all lost.'

The empress, mollified by her candour and submission, promised to think over it, and see her again. Three days from that time, the two sisters were on their way to Italy, as the rumour ran, to cultivate to the utmost the great musical talent of the younger lady, which had so recommended her to her imperial mistress's favour. In itself, this would have excited no surprise; but the downcast looks, ill health, and evident depression of spirits under which the grand-duke laboured, gave rise to many whispered hints, that took form and shape gradually—and which did not escape the eagle observation of the czar; therefore it

was with more authority of manner than in his first discussion with his son, that he commanded him to prepare for a tour into Germany, for the express purpose of selecting his future consort.

Three years passed away, and the short and brilliant reign of Natalie Polensky had been almost forgotten in the triumphs of later and more fortunate beauties; the Grand-duke Alexander had recovered his usual health and spirits, and even the likelihood of his approaching nuptials with the Princess Mary of Darmstadt began to be currently reported. In the meantime, Natalie had gradually faded away like a flower transplanted to some uncongenial soil, and with the heat of the noonday sun pouring down unsheltered upon its head. She had altered day by day, wasting and fretting away to a pale delicate spiritless girl. Her medical men pronounced her illness to be a decline; there seemed not so much of actual disease, as utter prostration of strength, and an overwhelming lassitude and languor, from which nothing could arouse her; and they suggested that, as a last resource, revisiting her native land might be beneficial, as indeed it seemed to offer the only hope of recovery.

Then, for the first time, the Princess Gagarine ventured to forward a petition to the emperor, stating her sister's case, and soliciting most humbly permission to return to Russia. On the first presentation of the request, it was refused most peremptorily; but the empress, hearing how pale, and feeble, and altered her old favourite had become, interfered with such success, that not only were they recalled to the capital, but on the first anniversary, after their return, of the day of St Nicholas, their names again appeared among those honoured by an invitation to the court-ball.

On that evening, let us enter the boudoir of the princess an hour or two before the time appointed for their attendance. It was the first time Natalie had ventured to appear in public; and on this occasion she lay back on her sofa, propped up with pillows, so weak and exhausted, that the most uninterested spectator would have dreaded for her the excitement and fatigue of such an exertion. But it is needless to say that neither of them for a moment hesitated to obey the flattering command which summoned them once more within the orbit of the court. I have said Natalie lay resting quietly on her sofa; the princess sat opposite to her, buried in thought, anxious and nervous about the fate of the evening. She did not speak to her, not daring to ask even how she felt, and far less venturing to make the slightest allusion to past events. Indeed, by tacit consent, the one topic had never once been touched upon since they left Russia.

There was a strange contrast between the crimson velvet cushions and the white transparent face, pale and pure, with every feature sharpened and refined by her wasting and undefined illness. The large dark eyes looked larger than ever, now that they seemed to usurp more than their due proportion of the face, and the thick masses of dark hair fell loose and disarranged round her shoulders. Never had her sister seen her look so touchingly beautiful.

Her dress for the evening, of white lace, lay on a chair near her, and with it the wreath of lilies of the valley, one of the commonest of Russian wild-flowers, which she had selected to wear. She lay back abstracted, turning round and round her thin finger a simple little enamelled ring she had worn night and day for the last three years—a ring she most jealously refused to take off, and which, she confessed, had words engraved inside it which none but herself and the giver knew of; but who that giver was, or what the motto, the princess never could ascertain. So they stayed to the last moment, Natalie murmuring to herself the *refrain* of a little German song, an especial favourite of the empress's—an adieu, full of unshed tears. At last, the Prince Gagarine entering, with some remark on

the lateness of the hour, broke the spell of sorrowful recollections, and they rose to prepare for the court-ball.

But under what different auspices did they again enter that splendid saloon! With what slow and faltering steps did they advance to pay their respects to their imperial hosts! The eyes of the empress turned sadly away as Natalie withdrew from the presence; but while she had stood before her, her lips had uttered only cold and common-place regrets for her illness. Beside her had stood the emperor and the grand-duke; and every shade of colour faded away while she felt what scrutinising eyes were noting, with merciless exactness, every point of difference in her appearance since she stood there last.

The ordeal was soon over; and, pale, careworn, and neglected, she sat as an uninterested spectator, gazing on a scene in which she once would have taken a distinguished part. But as the evening wore on, she seemed to rally, and the warmth and excitement brought a glow brighter than health to her cheek. She had constantly refused to dance; and it was not until quite late in the evening that she consented to stand up and take part in a quadrille. Her partner was one of her old admirers, who still loved her with the same warmth he had expressed years before.

I have said she had already met face to face the heir-apparent of the throne. Then, not the sharpest observation could have detected, beyond her extreme pallor, any sign of emotion or embarrassment. The grand-duke had behaved with the most princely courtesy, and she, on her side, with reserve and respect. But who shall describe her confusion when Alexander took his place opposite her in the dance? It was too late to retreat—all eyes were fixed upon them—and, above all predominant, she knew the emperor's gaze was concentrated on them alone.

In the figure where their hands met for a moment, to the astonishment of everybody, the grand-duke retained Natalie's hand so long in his grasp, that she lost all self-possession; the room seemed to swim round her, the music to become an indistinct murmur; the coldness of death crept over her limbs, and she was on the point of falling, when the emperor stepped forward, and, without saying a word, drew her arm within his, and carried rather than led her out of the room; and while some hastened to order round her carriage, to facilitate her departure, he wrapped her in her furred mantle, and, after seeing her safe in her sister's care, returned to the ball-room without changing a muscle of his face.

What a world of emotion and struggle there may be in the heart at the very time when we seem most placidly occupied with simply external things! The quadrille was not over when the emperor returned to the room; but those who knew what grave interests were concerned in this little scene, that took not half the time to enact it has taken to describe, were not deceived by the expression of his marble face.

Early next morning, to the surprise of the whole household at Natalie's home, the emperor was announced, desiring to speak with her alone. With a beating heart she descended to the interview, and awaited the first word. Conceive, then, her feelings when he addressed her as follows:

'Natalie Polensky, you know I have always taken the greatest possible interest in your welfare—tell me, now, what are your prospects for the future?'

'Sire,' she replied, 'I can answer you without a moment's hesitation, since to-morrow I leave St Petersburg for Varenège, where I enter the convent, never to leave it again'—She stopped, exhausted, leaning for support against the edge of a table.

'Sit down, Natalie, and listen to me,' resumed her interrogator in a kindlier tone. 'This must not be—I have in store for you pleasanter prospects. You danced

last night with Count Maurenosoff; if I mistake not, he still loves you, and is anxious to renew his proposals for your hand. If such be the case, I shall give you away myself, and your wedding shall be celebrated at the Winter Palace.'

Natalie knew too well what this meant, the kind calm tone, and the unmistakable expression of those steadfast, determined eyes; yet she felt at the moment she could dare anything rather than consent to a union which, under other circumstances, might have gratified many a womanly weakness. In her desperation, however, she took courage, and sank at the feet of the czar:

'Sire,' she murmured, 'hear me but once more, and you will relent. I love and was beloved by one to whom I swore more than once never to be another's. Let me—oh, let me only remain faithful to that oath—I ask no more!' The stern, impenetrable Nicholas seemed touched by her appeal, but, taking her by the hand, he said:

'My child, listen to a father. The oath you tell me of was a childish one. I doubt not he also bound himself by the like. Remember, Natalie—remember he is heir to my throne, and therefore must not, and cannot follow his own wishes and impulses. I sacrifice mine a hundred times a day for my country's welfare. All rests with you, and I cannot doubt what your decision will be. While you hold to your word, think you he will consent to break his? So, for the sake of your sovereign, of your country, of him you profess so to love, I demand of you this sacrifice, bitter as it is!'

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and almost inaudibly said: 'Sire, I am your majesty's slave.'

It was true what he had said—it was no high-sounding speech of merely worldly policy; for those who knew Nicholas best do believe him, however mistaken, to have been a conscientious man, who actually did daily and hourly sacrifice his private feelings to what he believed his duty. He had done so even in the present instance. By one word of imperative command, he could have attained his object; but the autocrat had stooped to argument and solicitation with the young girl, who bent like a reed before him.

At the betrothal, which took place immediately, and during the whole time of the splendid preparations for the wedding, Natalie lived and moved as in a dream—nothing gave her pleasure, nothing pain. On the evening appointed for the religious ceremony, when all the guests were assembled, and the bridesmaids, thirty-six in number, and mustering among them the highest rank and beauty of the young nobility of Russia, were assembled in the magnificently lighted and decorated church—when the bridegroom Maurenosoff stood, looking, in spite of all the repulses he had received at Natalie's hands, proud, contented, and almost happy—all eyes were turned towards the church-doors, when presently the bells began noisily to announce the approach of the bride, and in another instant, leaning on the emperor's arm, she appeared.

Never shall I forget that scene—never lose from my memory the impression of that marble face and utterly unresisting manner. If she had been in her coffin, she would have looked less deathlike there, than when she stood shrouded in lace and glittering with jewels staring at vacancy, hearing nothing, understanding nothing, answering as if the words and their meaning were alike indifferent. After the ceremony was concluded, she received the congratulations of her friends, and even the kiss of the empress, as if so many condolences had been offered her. But nature broke down under the forced composure of the moment, and she entered her new home, borne across the threshold in a state of insensibility. I need add nothing more. The emperor had judged rightly; and the marriage of the grand-duke with the present empress took place very shortly afterwards.

Within a year after her marriage, I saw the Countess Maurenosoff in her coffin: she had died giving birth to twin-daughters.

The incidents of this little narrative are well known in St Petersburg, and will be recognised by many who will appreciate the reasons that have made me alter the names of all but the principal actors.

'HALF A SECOND.'

THE pendulum swings to and fro, ticktack. If the length of rod is properly adjusted—at thirty-nine inches and a fraction—the time occupied in each swing is a space to which the appellation of a second has been applied. There is no natural abstract relationship between a second of time and thirty-nine and a fraction inches of length; the connection is purely accidental, not to say capricious. The rate of the pendulum is governed by the attraction of the earth; while the imperial standards of measurement assigning a fixed legal length to feet and inches, were lodged in the Tower ages before it was suspected that the earth possessed such a quality as attraction. It was mere caprice, again, for aught we know to the contrary, which decided that the day should consist of twenty-four hours, the hour of sixty minutes, and the minute of sixty seconds. However, by universal consent, it has been agreed that this sixtieth of the sixtieth of the twenty-fourth of a day should be accepted as the unit of time. Here, in fact, we stop: our ordinary thoughts and speech recognise no briefer interval. To 'wait a moment' is the smallest conceivable draft upon our patience—

One moment seen, then gone for ever,

affords the strongest expression of evanescent duration whereof our language is susceptible. Nay, we use the same word even on occasions when it is unfit and hyperbolic: the flash of lightning, we say, lasts only for a second—the truth being that it does not last even for so long as the thousandth part of a second.

Long before mankind got bold enough to measure the lightning, they found objects for which it became desirable to ascertain intervals of time of half a second, the tenth, or even the hundredth of a second in duration. Some of these objects were simply curious, others possessed a high practical utility. In astronomy, for example, the most refined processes of calculation would be utterly wasted if we could not insure a corresponding delicacy in the observations to which they are applied. It is useless to compute the tenths of a second, if we cannot observe the tenths of a second; otherwise, we should be like men attempting to adjust their accounts to a farthing, while the smallest change in their pockets is a dollar-bit. Thus, in ascertaining the longitude of places in the usual mode, by noting the passage of a star across the meridian wire of a telescope, an error or uncertainty of one second involves an error of a quarter of a mile in actual locality. Even if uncertain in our time by the tenth of a second, we are left also uncertain about our place to an extent of forty-four yards—which is something in an intricate navigation.

For many other classes of observation, a much severer degree of delicacy even than this becomes necessary. But the human senses, however keen by nature or sharpened by exercise, fail to recognise intervals either of time or space beyond a certain point of minuteness; the natural organ must, therefore, be aided by instruments which extend the range of our perceptions, and helped still further by contrivances designed to shift and evade the chief difficulty in our way. By these devices, according to the nature of the result to be attained, time is changed into space, or space into time, or both numbers so as to derive the result from the particular phenomenon most readily

seized and most delicately appreciated. The methods in which this object is brought about are often sufficiently curious.

Let us take an example from among the most important and interesting operations performed in an astronomical observatory. Suppose that a new planet has been discovered, and the astronomer-royal wishes to compute its orbit. For this purpose, he must note from day to day the precise instant at which the body passes the meridian. He places himself accordingly on the reclining couch of his observatory, with his eye to the glass of an equatorial, already adjusted so as to catch the celestial stranger in its field of view as he goes by. Near at hand is a clock beating time very distinctly, and furnished with a third index or pointer, travelling round the dial in every second, just as the minute-hand does in an hour. A brass wire and catch are placed in such wise as to stop this seconds' index instantaneously, upon pressing a button placed conveniently to the observer's hand. Across the field of view in his telescope, is stretched a lattice of fine wires or cobweb threads, dividing the circle into minute squares, and indicating the centre in a conspicuous manner. Finally, an assistant takes his seat close by, with pen and paper, ready to jot down the results. These preparations made, as the time approaches, the observer watches with breathless attention, silently counting the seconds until the planet enters his telescope, and becomes entangled in the mesh-work of cross-wires. Then, just as the sparkling point passes the centre, he touches the button; the catch falls, the seconds' index of his clock is stopped, and the result is noted down in his journal with an accuracy which an expert astronomer will feel pretty certain may be trusted to the twentieth of a second. Renewed observations enable him to correct and improve his first estimate. On this basis, he ultimately ventures to build his calculations; and in the next year's almanacs the world is informed that the new planet—and new planets have been turning up lately at the rate of two or three per annum—goes round the sun in so many days and hours, at so many miles' distance, in an orbit of such and such declination and eccentricity; and the announcement will be found correct to a nicety.

Descending from the skies, we are met by some terrestrial problem, for which a still more minute accuracy is required in the solution. Fortunately, in these cases the facts to be observed are less remote, the instruments less unmanageable, and our ability to ascertain their indications with fitting delicacy correspondingly enhanced. Among these problems, there are none more curious and interesting than those which relate to the velocity of sound. Every one who has seen a gun fired at a distance, must have noticed that the flash precedes the report of its explosion, and have learned, therefore, that sound travels slower than light. Precisely the same result occurs in the case of the lightning and thunder-clap. But the question is—how much more slowly; or, otherwise, at what rate does sound really travel through the air?

The French government, many years ago, spent much money, and employed many men of high scientific repute in solving this query. All manner of facilities were placed at their disposal, and no expense or trouble spared. Among other things, the savans were allowed to manœuvre a battery of field-artillery, and transport it to carefully selected localities, whence its fire could be most effectively directed towards the pacific object in view—that object being to render the flash of the guns visible, and the reports audible, at the greatest attainable distance. The philosophical artillerymen managed so well, that many of their experiments were conducted with cannon fired at not less than nine miles' distance from the spot at which they waited with eyes and ears open, and stop-watches in their hands to note the result.

This result, after all, scarcely repaid the pains and cost devoted in obtaining it. Many sources of disturbance became gradually apparent, and spoiled the accuracy of their observations. Sometimes the wind was in the way, blowing with perverse irregularity, throwing the sound back, or impelling it forward in a most capricious manner. But the chief source of error lay in the imperfection of the human senses. In all the experiments, there was a degree of surprise; that is to say, the flashes and reports came more or less unawares. Now, with all possible steadiness of attention and sharpness of apprehension on the part of the different observers, it was found impossible to make them agree in their results. The same interval between light and sound was computed by different persons at different lengths; and the consequent errors were found to be perfectly unavoidable and inextricable. Two senses, sight and hearing, were engaged in the process of observation, and the issue varied according to their respective quickness and delicacy. One sense was more acute in one man, and the other in his companion. One observer saw quicker than he heard; another heard quicker than he saw. The interval registered by these two, varied materially; and even the notes taken by the whole body of observers presented so many eccentricities, that their computations of the velocity of sound could not be relied upon in the manner which had been expected and wished. Bessel, the astronomer, from his experience with an extensive staff of assistants, computed that the uncertainty arising from this cause must amount to fully half a second.

A compatriot of our own—Mr Meikle, a Scotchman—devised a simple contrivance by which the costly apparatus of the French savans was superseded, while far greater accuracy could be attained in the computations. He caused a circular and solid wheel to revolve with regular motion once in every second. Choosing a dark but clear night for his operations, he placed a candle behind the wheel, near whose edge he had previously cut a narrow slit or opening. As the wheel revolved, the light was shewn through this aperture like a flash once per second, and then instantly obscured. At the same time, a projecting tooth fixed to the wheel struck a quick sharp note upon a bell; also one in each revolution. Thus, in every second there was a flash of light and a stroke of sound recurring with perfect regularity. The observer then placed himself before the instrument on a spot where the light and the sound reached him together. Retiring further off, he found that the bell-note lagged: the distance was greater, and the light arrived before the sound. Still retreating, however, he arrived at length at another spot where the two came together again; only that, in this instance, the flash of one revolution coincided with the stroke struck a second before. The interval between the two points shewed precisely the distance travelled by sound in one second of time. If the observer removed yet further, the flash and note were once more separated, and were again united upon reaching the point where the light caught up the sound which had been two seconds on its journey. By this device, not only is it possible to multiply the observations easily and indefinitely—the single flash and report of a cannon being replaced by many hundred repetitions of light and sound—but the influence of surprise is quite superseded. The observer need not stand with attention painfully on the stretch, to catch first the flash and then the report as they arrive, but may coolly move to and fro, watching the light and listening to the toll as they are visible and audible every second, and fixing upon the exact spots where both appear to reach him in perfect concurrence. The net result of the observations and distances thus measured, is to assign 1142 feet as the space travelled over by the air-pulses of sound in a second of time,

and in the ordinary state of the atmosphere. This velocity is equivalent to about thirteen miles a minute. It is hardly probable that the error in this computation should be so great as the fortieth part of a second. Practical uses of this acoustical fact are not unfrequent. We have all learned that by noting the interval between the lightning and consequent clap of thunder, the distance of the electrical disturbance, and remoteness of peril, may be safely determined. From a similar observation upon the guns of an enemy, our sailors are able to ascertain the distance of his batteries, and regulate the range of their own broadsides.

Upon the lightning itself—or its tamed and domesticated relation, the electric spark—some computations of still more miraculous delicacy have been accomplished. The process employed owes its invention to Professor Wheatstone, though succeeding philosophers have varied and improved his apparatus. His principle is beautiful in its simplicity, and readily adapted to the various conditions of the problems to be solved. For instance, the professor wished to know how fast the electric current travelled along a wire. He measured, therefore, a mile of the wire, tipped both ends with brass knobs, wound up the whole length, so that the two knobs should be brought nearly close together, and then ran a stream of electricity in at one and out of the other ball, through the wire. The electric fluid, as its custom is, produced sparks as it jumped across to or from the balls, while sparks were developed in pairs, one at the entrance, and the other at the exit of the electricity, very close in apparent position, but actually separated by a whole mile of wire. The exit spark was, therefore, later than the entrance one by the time taken up in travelling a mile. This interval was, however, too short to be perceptible; and to the eye, both sparks seemed to pass at the same instant. Mr Wheatstone, therefore, aided the natural organ by a measuring-instrument of wonderful powers. He placed a small mirror on a spindle, which he caused to revolve with extreme rapidity. This mirror he placed in a proper position with respect to the balls above mentioned; and having darkened the room, sent a stream of sparks along the apparatus. Fast as the fluid shot along the wire, one spark was found to be so far behind the other, that the mirror had partially revolved during the interval, and therefore reflected it in a different direction. Measuring this difference, and knowing already the rate of his mirror's revolutions, the professor succeeded in computing the time occupied by the electric current in travelling a mile, even though this time was less than the 200-thousandth part of a second. More recent experimentalists have refined on his idea, so far as to measure the electric time of travelling through twelve feet. They wished to determine whether the electric fluid passes more rapidly through water than air, and the former fluid was not sufficiently transparent to enable them to operate on a greater scale. Their improvement on Wheatstone's apparatus consisted chiefly in the contrivance of receiving the reflections into the optical field of a powerful telescope, instead of a bare screen. In the hands of M.M. Foucault and Fizeau, this plan succeeded so well as to enable them to detect and appreciate intervals of time corresponding to the 77-millionth part of a second.

Another variety of the same principle was applied by M. Arago in measuring the duration of the flashes of lightning. A wheel was constructed of some black and roughened substance, with exactly 100 spokes or rays of bright silver stretching across it from centre to circumference. If the wheel be made to revolve pretty quickly, the silver rays will become intermingled, and the whole surface will appear bright and shining to the eye. Say that the revolutions are at the rate of 100 per second; then it will take a hundred times a hundred—that is, the 10-thousandth—part of a second for

each ray to pass over the interval which separates it from its neighbour, so as to produce the impression of a wholly brightened surface. If the wheel so revolving in the dark be illuminated by a flash of lightning, it will accordingly appear entirely white should the flash last but to the 10,000th of a second; but as it does *not*—as, on the contrary, the white rays and black intervening spaces are defined with as much sharpness and clearness as if the wheel remained perfectly at rest—M. Arago was justified in concluding, that even the most brilliant and extensive flashes, which seem to embrace the whole horizon, are begun and over in less time than that. There might thus be 10,000 flashes of lightning while the clock ticked once, and yet not one of them begin before its predecessor had expired.

After its application to 'Heaven's artillery,' the same principle was applied to measure the performances of earthly ordnance. By the silver-rayed wheel we have just described, the duration of the flash from a cannon or musket—which signified the time taken up in the ignition of a charge of gunpowder—could be easily determined. Somewhat more difficult it might be to measure the velocity of the bullet as it issued forth from the mouth of the piece; yet even this was accomplished by a dexterous employment of electric currents. The projectile was shot through screens formed of delicate mesh-works of electrified wire, and placed at measured distances behind one another. As the ball passed through each screen, an electric current was let loose, and a spark emitted at the end of a conducting-wire. This spark was received upon a steel ring, kept in rapid revolution, and left a trace upon it. Fresh sparks were produced as the bullet traversed each web; and the final position of the marks left on the steel ring shewed how long it had taken to travel from screen to screen. This instrument was invented by a Prussian artillery-officer named Siemens. Its indications can be trusted to the 40-thousandth of a second; and upon the results so obtained, much of our modern perfection in artillery practice is based. If Prussia has held back from an active co-operation in the present war, we are yet indebted to her for some of the efficiency with which our allied soldiers and seamen crush the defences of the great enemy.

There is yet another branch of investigation—perhaps more extraordinary than any we have mentioned—in which minute measurements of time have been required and accomplished. Here, also, it is a German, Professor Helmholtz of Königsberg, who has achieved the desired result. The object in view is nothing less than to find the time expended in the production of sensation, or in the transit of perception through the subtle tissue of the nerves in the human body. Our frame is almost everywhere interlaced with minute nerves, through which we feel pleasure or pain, as the case may be; but the nerves themselves have no feeling of their own—they do but report occurrences to the brain, where the real seat of sensation is located. The brain, in its turn, causes its will to be performed by the muscles, which receive the sovereign commands from head-quarters through the same medium of the nerves. This nervous organisation resembles a system of telegraphic wires, converging from all quarters towards some mysterious council-chamber, and thence again radiating to the several executive departments. When sensation leads to a consequent action—as, for example, when, upon feeling a blow, we knock down the striker in return—the result is brought about by a very complex series of operations. Thus the nerves report the incident—that is, the blow—to the brain; the brain perceives and resolves; its resolution is transmitted along other nerves to the proper muscles; and these, finally, by an independent mechanism of their own, perform the desired movements. Each of these operations requires time for its accomplishment; very little time, no doubt—in fact, so brief, as to be inappreciable by

ordinary observation—but, nevertheless, quite susceptible of measurement by Herr Helmholtz's instruments. His apparatus is much too complex to be here described, but some of his results are sufficiently curious. When a galvanic shock is passed in a certain mode through the wrist, it produces both an involuntary impulse and a natural desire to clench the fingers. The first effect is caused by the direct action of the galvanism upon the muscular tissue; for the second, the news must get to the brain, and the order issues thence back again to the muscles. One action is therefore immediate, while the other requires time; and the consequence is, that a single shock occasions a double effect: the fingers are clenched twice, once involuntarily, and once 'by command' of the brain, with a distinct interval between the two motions.

As the result of innumerable trials, the professor states his belief, that the nerves communicate intelligence at a rate of 195 feet per second. If, therefore, we hurt our great toe, nearly one-fortieth of a second must elapse before we actually feel the pain. When the ear is the seat of injury, the brain gets the news so much the quicker. In the same way, an injunction from the sensorium will reach the tongue earlier than the hand or foot; so that, by the natural order of things, we are taught to speak before we strike. In animals of larger growth than man, the case is still more strange. A full-sized whale, it appears, cannot feel a wound in its tail until a second after it is inflicted, and takes another second in sending back orders to the tail to defend itself. It is all very wonderful. On one side, we find that 'a moment' can be divided into millions of distinct intervals; and, on the other, we learn that our established maximum of velocity, 'as quick as thought,' is comparatively but slow-coaching after all!

MR THACKERAY'S BALLADS.

For some years, the Horatian maxim, that one may speak the truth even whilst jesting, and thus unexpectedly convey a moral, has prevailed with our literary men. It, indeed, is no novelty with modern writers. Rabelais acted upon it; and Montaigne, despite of his sceptical question, *Que sçais-je?* often conveyed a bitter truth to his readers, covered, like a gilt pill, with a portion of brilliant badinage. But of late years, the disciples of Horace have been numerous. People, in general, do not like satirists. Juvenal is not so popular as the better-humoured Roman about town; Pope is called ill-natured; Swift is almost abhorred; while Steele and Addison are venerated. As for later satirists and truth-speakers, they have had but a poor time of it. Crabbe, who was 'nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' is too gloomy; Byron was too savage and sharp; Gifford is almost forgotten; and even Thackeray himself is a thousand times less popular than the kindly, genial Dickens, than whom, as an artist, he undoubtedly stands higher. You see how it is, gentlemen of the pen—you must gild your pill if you wish to physic the public.

The writers of to-day have perceived this, and have gilded their pills with a vengeance. No one writes satire now, unless covertly. Thackeray does so, and has done so these five-and-twenty years; but Miss Fritter declares he is dreadfully ill-natured, and Miss Twitter, who is fond of romance, cannot understand him; so he waited outside the gates of Fame, till, like Bunyan's brave man, he hacked his way through with his sword—we should write steel-pen. Within these few days, a collected edition of poems, some written years ago, by Mr Thackeray, has whetted up our almost blunted purpose, which we have long entertained, of proving, by his poems, how good, how great a man we have amongst us; great even as a singer, in which class he modestly scarce counts himself.

'Goethe's heart, which few knew,' says Jung Stilling, 'was as great as his intellect, which all knew.' So it is with Thackeray. We have heard an artist, whose fame is European, speak of his nobleness with tears in his eyes; tears also at his sad story: but of this we can say nothing.

But now about the *ridentem dicere verum* with which we started. The Thackeray ballads, built somewhat on the model of Hood—another great man scarcely yet known, not known so well here as in America—illustrate this maxim. They are the most good-tempered things in the world: they are full of fun, full of pathos, full of hearty humanity. Read them carefully, and you must love the man who wrote them; and yet in almost every verse satire gleams forth, and truth shews, through the clear water of the welling verse, her face bright and beautiful as ever. But let us not praise our goods, but shew them; the reader, for aught we know, being as impatient as Amy Robsart was, when she had that celebrated interview with the pedler which artists delight to paint.

Unfortunately, with but one or two exceptions, the edition before us* has no dates appended to the poems: we are, therefore, compelled to take them as there arranged, although that arrangement is not chronological, but arbitrary. The first ballad here printed was written fourteen years ago, at the time of Napoleon's second funeral, and is called the *Chronicle of the Drum*. It purports to be the relation of his various adventures by an old *invalide*, one Pierre, who, at ninety, tells the story of his life as a 'gentleman-drummer.' The metrical history of the wars of Napoleon in this ballad is excellent, and strongly incentive to peace; the moral of the whole being, that historians neglect to relate the progress of the people, whilst engaged upon nothing but war.

For ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
The noble art of murdering.

And while, in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes in blood and blows,
The grave historian, at his desk,
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox;
You duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf—
An LL.D., a peaceful man—
Good Lord! how he doth plume himself
Because we beat the Corsican.

Then comes the moral. The poet—à la Dr Croxall—tells us how he stood, a year before, behind the hairy cap of a soldier, who was, save that appendage, no taller man than he—we should think not, Thackeray being upwards of six feet in height. The consequence is, that the Queen and prince passing, he sees them not. Thus says the poet:

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank:
You wonder at his cap of hair;
You hear his sabre's cursèd clank;
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

* Thackeray's *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. London: Bradbury and Evans.

Tell me what find we to admire
 In epaulets and scarlet coats;
 In men, because they load and fire,
 And know the art of cutting throats?

The subject, no doubt, has its other side; and at a time when military men have done and suffered so much, we think Pierre might have added a gracious postscript. In the *King of Brentford's Testament* there is other stuff; but we pass it by for more attractive metal. In the *White Squall*, which contains an account of Thackeray's voyage in the *Iberia* to Palestine, we have a comic, but excellent picture of the huddle, misery, dirt, and carelessness of the Easterns, and the coolness of a British captain. But in the last verse, the true kind heart of the poet speaks out:

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea;
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

In the year of the Great Exhibition, not the least remarkable of its events was the celebration of the Exhibition itself by the various poets of the time. I fancy we all tried our hands at it. Tupper tried it, of course, and had his ode 'done' into thirty different languages; but it will not live: indeed, that fact was enough to kill any decent poem. Thackeray published his in the *Times*, and a noble effusion it was; it was worthy that *annus mirabilis*. The opening stanzas, especially the second, is very fine and bold in its imagery, which is, moreover, singularly appropriate:

But yesterday a naked sod,
 The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
 And cantered o'er it to and fro;
 And see, 'tis done!

As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
 A blazing arch of lucid glass
 Leaps like a fountain from the grass
 To meet the sun.

The address to the Queen, also, is full of solemn poetry—not the poetry of trope, figure, and symbol, but that of feeling and earnest purpose. No address—and there were many presented to the Queen upon that occasion—was half so solemn nor so entrancing:

Oh, awful is that crown of yours,
 Queen of innumerable realms,
 Sitting beneath the budding elms
 Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear;
 Strange mystery of God which set
 Upon her brow yon coronet—
 The foremost crown

Of all the world, on one so fair!
 That chose her to it from her birth,
 And bade the sons of all the earth
 To her bow down.

* * * *

Swell, organ; swell your trumpet-blast!
 March, Queen and royal pageant; march
 By splendid aisle and springing arch
 Of this fair hall—

And see! above the fabric vast,
 God's boundless heaven is bending blue—
 God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
 And shines o'er all.

Fielding, Smollett, and Dickens, three great novelists, have all tried their hands and pens at verse; but we defy any one to produce anything from those writers equal to this.

But where, cries the impatient reader, is your Horatian disciple? Patience! Here he comes, Horace to the backbone, and, beyond that, with a touch of Christian humanity, which makes us sad and mournful. The old Egyptian banquet is in full jollity, and up comes the death's-head, the *quicquid amari*—the *me nec famina* cry of one who feels that life is indeed short, and art long and difficult in its attainment. Let us, in proof of this, examine the *Ballad of the Bouillabaisse*. In it the poet tells us, first, what the dish is—that it is a rich and savoury stew, cooked by one Terré, of the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris; and how that, years ago, he used to eat this kind of stew with some old friends. Upon revisiting the place, he again calls for the dish, and his memory tells him that he is getting old:

My old accustomed corner here is,
 The table still is in the nook;
 Ah! banished many a busy year is,
 This well-known chair since last I took.
 When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face;
 And now, a grizzled, grim old fogy,
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
 Of early days, here met to dine?
 Come, waiter—quick! a flagon crusty—
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
 The kind old voices and old faces,
 My memory can quick retrace;
 Around the board they take their places,
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
 There's laughing Tom, is laughing yet;
 There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
 There's poor old Fred in the Gazette.
 On James's head the grass is growing:
 Good Lord! the world has wagg'd apace
 Since here we set the claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
 I mind me of a time that's gone,
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me—
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
 There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of the dear old times!
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is—
 Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

In another little poem, playful, manly, and kindly, Thackeray gives us a dialogue between an old golden and a young lady's album. The pen is Mr Thackeray's own; the album, that of one of his young-lady friends, which is anxious to get back to its mistress. In the meantime, being of a curious turn, it asks what the pen hath done? The pen answers—

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
 And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
 And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
 The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
 The idle word that he'd wish back again.

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
 To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
 And make your laughter, when his own heart bled.

* * * *

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesmen's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Thus the pen goes on, relating what the pen of a light
writer and a caricaturist naturally must do; but the
last verses are worthy of remembrance, as indicative
of the bold, open nature of Thackeray:

Album, my master bids me wish good-bye;
He'll send you to my mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you,
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by,
Stranger! *I never writ a flattery,*
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

It is not every literary man who can speak on this
subject so emphatically as Thackeray. The age is, in
fact, wanting in conscientiousness and in truth. I was
talking the other day with an excellent and wide-
thinking clergyman, who told me that the besetting sin
of England was that of *lying*; and in a few hours
afterwards, a skilled and long practised phrenologist
said in other words the same thing. 'It is not often,'
said he, 'that I find the organ of conscientiousness at
all developed. The age is a fast age, a sharp trading
age, but a lying and an unconscientious age.' Surely
other people can corroborate this from experience.

But we have left our book. After the specimens of
kind-heartedness and of feeling which we have given
and passed over, let us turn to the humorous ballads
which have rendered their author famous. With these,
through the pages of *Punch*, the public is pretty well
familiar: we all remember Mr Jeames of Buckley
Square; we all recollect the ballads of *Pleaceman*
X., especially that one commencing:

An igstrawrary tale I vill tell you this week:
I stood in the court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs Jane Roney, a widow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

I shall not, therefore, linger over them, but beg the
reader's remark that the bad spelling and bad grammar
of the author is most artistically done; not only in
these ballads, but also in his prose works, the *Yellow*
Push Papers and *Jeames's Diary*. No doubt Miss
Winifred Jenkins, in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, first
gave a *ton* to the usage; but there have been many bad
spellers since, but none so comical and excellent, so
true, indeed, to nature, as Thackeray.

We turn, therefore, to the Irish ballads, and of these
we shall quote one which we heard once recited at
a literary club, by a son of the celebrated Daniel
O'Connell, who at the time declared that no English-
man had equalled its author in the Irish spirit in
which that *Irish* ballad was written. The ballad—
which, from the lips of Mr O'Connell, made every one
'roar with laughter loud and long'—is apropos of the
meeting at Limerick held by the 'Young Irishmen,'
O'Brien, Meagher, &c., for the purpose of agitation, but
which was interrupted by the police. The exordium
is grand!

Ye geni of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsayingly deplore;
Ye sons of Giniral Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attind to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,

With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line—
'Tis William Smith O'Brine—

Reprints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more.
O the Saxons can't indure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the cuero from Shannon shore.

The ballad then goes on to relate how, on his return
from 'Par's' (Paris), the Limerick heroes determined to
feast 'Mr O'Brine,' and that they consequently

—sumoned to our board
Young Meagher of the Sword—

'Tis he will shathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchill of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dhrink a dish of coffee upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifitt your sows
To see the burthered rowls,

The sugar-tongs and sanguidges, and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To sillybrate the *sworry* upon Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this *sworry*

With rage and emulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the congo, upon Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harrangued,
They batthered and they banged;

Tim Doolan's dores and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,

These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

'Cut down the bloody horde!'
Says Meagher of the Sword;

'This conduct would disgrace any blackymore!'
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle-blade,
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a lion;

'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes;
But they hit him on the nose, by Shannon shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons,
In squadrons and platoons,

With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo;
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo upon Shannon shore.

Can the force of ridicule go further? Young Ire-
land has indeed fallen, and it may be that Thackeray
has had a greater hand in the 'upset' than many
think; certain it is, that to this day the Irish journals
are much against him. But our article has run to its
proper bounds. We have presented a few of the poems
of Thackeray, and those we hope are sufficient to instil
the reader with a belief in the kindly, genial disposi-
tion of the man, and, we hope, to eradicate that stupid
idea of his bitter satire and ill-nature which has some-
how got abroad. Let us add that, throughout his

works he will be found ever the same manful, bold, upright, outspoken Christian; that his poems especially prove him to be so; that they possess equal powers over tears and laughter; and I shall have done good in introducing to the reader's notice the greatest English novelist as a great humorous poet.

THE MUSEUM OF ARTS AND TRADES AT PARIS.

It must have been long since evident to all thinking minds, that our educational endeavours have hitherto been of too literary a bias; that we have been theoretical rather than practical; that we have trusted over-much to books, and have dealt too sparingly with things. What we now principally need is, some great national institution, with branch-societies in our large provincial towns, where education shall no longer be confined solely to book-teaching, but where a palpable and enduring record in iron, stone, and wood may be preserved for the free instruction of all people—where the engineer may repair to examine the details of the tubular bridge; the builder, to study the proportions of the Parthenon; the agriculturist, to become acquainted with the more scientific implements of his labour. The Crystal Palace, though it may at first sight appear to embrace something of the scheme, presents, nevertheless, some insuperable difficulties to popular education, the most important of which is the admission-fee. The Crystal Palace belongs to a private company, and the expenses of a private company must necessarily be paid; but the first great clause in a national educational institution is, its gratuitous reception of all classes of students, alike in the evening or the day. The people themselves could alone found and support so gigantic an undertaking in Great Britain—in France, it has already been accomplished; and, despite the revolutions and troubles of the last half-century, has, year by year, continued to flourish and bear fruit.

It is of this establishment, and of a visit which we lately had the pleasure of paying to its galleries, that we now are desirous of speaking.

About eight hundred years ago, when fair Paris occupied for her site the larger of the Seine islands, and consisted only of some few hovels and churches, surrounded by a fortified wall abutting on the river, there stood, amid the green slopes of the right bank, a wealthy monastic institution, called *Le Prieuré Royal de St Martin des Champs*—namely, The Royal Priory of St Martin in the Fields—a vast building, commanding a large revenue, and richly endowed by crowned heads, native and foreign. Among the latter, it is interesting to find record of an extensive dormitory erected at the expense of King Henry I. of England, during the early part of the twelfth century, when he resided in the neighbourhood of St Denis. Towards the year 1140, the Priory was fortified against the frequent invasions to which Paris was at that time subject, and continued thus to exist, with but little alteration, up to the period of its suppression in 1790. One gray old tower belonging to the ancient defences may yet be seen by the curious.

On the 12th Germinal, year 7 of the French Republic, the site of the Priory of St Martin des Champs was chosen by the government for the purpose of erecting popular lecture-rooms upon the principle suggested by Descartes more than a hundred years before—namely, that of building a series of large halls, each to contain all the implements necessary to some one trade or science, and annexing to each department some learned lecturer for the instruction of the people. The requisite grants of money and land being obtained by decree of the legislature, the institution progressed rapidly; and a yearly sum of 150,000 francs is now allowed from the imperial treasury for its improvement and support.

Such, briefly, are the statistics of the origin and progress of that institution now known by the name of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*—Museum of Arts and Trades.

Hither, one bright glowing morning of August last, we repaired, bearing with us an introductory letter from a distinguished member of the French press, and, be it confessed, anticipating but little amusement from our visit. Approaching from the unaristocratic *pavé* of the Rue St Martin, the *Conservatoire*, with its simple screen of white stone-work, and its unpretending doorways, appeared to be of no great extent; nor was that impression altered when, on passing into the courtyard beyond, we saw before us a plain and moderately lofty building, with a broad flight of steps leading up to the entrance, and a door-keeper sitting just outside in the sun, with his hat off, reading a newspaper. To the right stood what seemed to be an old Gothic church, and on the walls and sides of the houses which surround the space in front of the *Conservatoire*—for the Rue St Martin lies in a densely populated quarter of Paris—were sketched outlines of pillars, staircases, and architectural sections.

These were the drawings of the workmen; for a Parisian *ouvrier* will not work without his full-sized plan before him; and if there be no wall to sketch it upon, he will sooner build one than dispense with his whim.

We ascended the steps. The door-keeper laid down his newspaper. He regretted to say that the museum was unfortunately closed. It was one of their cleaning-days; but if madame would return to-morrow, she would find it open. Our introductory letter, however, smooths away every difficulty, and we enter.

'Will you go up stairs first, or down to the ground-floor?' asks my companion, pointing alternately to two flights of stairs—the one leading upwards to a higher door, and the other tending down to a cool shady hall beneath, whence branched many other doors and passages. The outer steps, it appears, have conducted us nearly to the level of the first story.

We choose the higher range, and straightway enter a long gallery, filled, as we are told, with a valuable collection of ancient machine-models, tools, &c., where we inspect with some interest a little working-table, formerly the property of poor lock-making Louis XVI.; and another, entitled, curiously enough, 'a picture-working table,' presented by Peter the Great of Russia to the Academy of Science. Hence we passed through a gallery of acoustics, into a suite of three smaller rooms, called the '*Galerie d'Optique*,' which used formerly to be the Cabinet of Physics, wherein the celebrated chemist Charles gave his interesting lectures. Here we see a variety of those amusing results which science throws off for the delight of the uninitiated, like 'dew-drops from the lion's mane;' such as cosmoramas, stereoscopes, prisms, mirrors—which widen ludicrously, or lengthen preternaturally the face of the gazer—daguerreotypes, and optical delusions of every description. Here, also, we are shewn the pianoforte of Madame de Maintenon—an attenuated brass-inlaid instrument, with very yellow keys and slender legs; a steel mirror of Chinese manufacture; some fine lunar telescopes; some Indian gongs, and intricate carved ivory puzzles, balls within balls; and a remarkably good camera-obscura—the largest we have ever seen—which, being placed in one of the windows, gives a living picture of the neighbouring street, with its passing traffic.

The next room contains specimens of china and glass, Roman and Etruscan pottery, English, Dresden, and French ware, &c. We have seen all these before, and to greater advantage, at the porcelain-manufactory of Sevres; and so we pass on without delay into a gallery of physical instruments. This gallery, says our scientific friend, contains '*riches fineless*.' It was, for the most part, formed by Charles, and contains one of the

most powerful electric-batteries in existence. This formidable battery stands on an elevated platform at the upper end of the gallery, a very legion of wires and Leyden-jars. Yonder, too, are the apparatus for electro-plating, galvanising, oxydising (with specimens of oxydised silver), machines for medalling, magnets of gigantic size, chromatropes, and all kinds of chemical appliances. It is likewise pleasant to observe Charles's first oiled-silk models of the balloon; but, above all else, I am interested in a series of quaint instruments, compounded chiefly of wire and steel plates, and little square mahogany boxes, which are ranged in long glass-cases down one side of the room, with specimen-pages of odd hieroglyphic writing lying before each. These are nothing less than models of all the different kinds of electric-telegraphs—marvellous steps, by which that greatest of all marvels has risen to its present perfection. Strange and various are the characters which it first described. Some are traced in circles or crosses, on long slips of parchment; some are sketched upon white cylinders; some are written in slender strokes, like the ancient Irish Ogham; some convey their messages by means of tiny holes, stamped out of the paper by a kind of little stiletto. One is irresistibly struck by the notion, that at this time the lightning was learning to write. I have now awakened to all the wonderful resources of this building; and I am desirous of knowing if lectures are frequently given there.

'Lectures,' says our friend, 'are given in these galleries every day, and upon every branch of science.'

'Have we much more to see?'

An official standing by smiles and answers for our friend: Madame has as yet scarcely traversed half the galleries.

Nothing, by the way, can exceed the civility of these moustached and blue-bloused attendants, who are dispersed in all directions throughout the rooms, and who start forward, upon the slightest indication, to illustrate the working of a model, or to exhibit the changes of views in a cosmorama.

At the upper end of this gallery, we emerge into a small circular room, filled with specimens of the watch and clock maker's art, amongst which the most remarkable are a series of experiments in the construction of maritime clocks by the renowned Ferdinand Berthoud; several richly ornamented time-pieces by Bréguet; that celebrated little automaton figure of a lady playing upon the guitar, popularly called *La Vicilleuse*, which is supposed to have been made by Vaucanson, and has lately been repaired by Robert Houdin; a clock by Martinet of London, which shews the mean time, the dates of the day, year, week, and the age of the moon; and a very famous flute-playing clock, by Kiubzing of Neuwied, on the Rhine. Hence we pass to another long gallery, running parallel with that in which we saw the electric-telegraphs. It contains drawings and models of descriptive geometry, odd little cubes of coloured pasteboard, diagrams, and machines shaped like hour-glasses, and made of coloured threads—all very inexplicable and tantalising; models for stone-cutting and building; of flying-staircases, twin-staircases, Swiss cottages, Hindoo temples, and celebrated Roman and Greek edifices. Also a series of printing types, of every size and design, ancient, modern, or foreign. Nor must we omit to mention an amusing collection of attempts at the production of perpetual motion—all of which, by the way, are perfectly still.

The next thing is a Gallery of Railways, somewhat uninteresting; and the next is devoted to geometric mechanics and dynamometric tools. We have become by this time rather fatigued. Our heart sinks within us at the recollection of the yet unexplored ground-floor, and we ask if this be not the last gallery we have left to see on the first story.

'Not the last,' says our friend, opening a large door,

before which we have just arrived; 'the last but one. This is the grand gallery of Machines Matrices.' And what a gallery! One long vista of a room, filled with three ranges of valuable working-models; one along the centre, and one down either side. Here is every kind of beautiful machinery—beautiful even in our unscientific eyes—steam-engines, railway-engines, screw-propellers, water-mills, iron, suspension, and tubular bridges; models of mines and shafts, and the instruments used in working them; hydraulic-presses, steam-presses, and many more than we can now remember—all bright, polished, and capable of being worked, with every little wheel, chain, piston, and tiny valve glittering in the sunlight like silver and gold. Here, too, with a glow of proud recognition, we meet some names honourable alike to England and to science—James Watt's, Woolf's, Maudslay's steam-engines, and Wattman's spiral pump. So interested are we in this wondrous gallery, that all weariness is forgotten, and it is with difficulty that we are at length persuaded to descend to the ground-floor, which is, necessarily, equal in extent to all that we have hitherto traversed.

Down here it is cool and shady, and after resting for a few moments, we proceed with renewed energy. This first compartment is a gallery of weights and measures of all nations and ages; and this, a gallery of weaving-machines, amongst which the most remarkable are the Indian weavers' frames—Mull Jenny's weaving apparatus for cotton and combed wool—and an apparatus for knitting, invented in the reign of Louis XIV., by one François, and restored and improved under Louis XVI. by Bastide. Yonder vast and complicated engine, which somewhat inappropriately occupies the entire centre of the gallery, is the identical machinery employed in elevating the obelisk of Luxor in the *Place de la Concorde*.

The next gallery to this would be particularly noteworthy were not one so weary. It contains all the machinery purchased by the French government at the great Industrial Exhibition of All Nations in 1851, and abounds in English names and inventions. In the succeeding gallery, which is likewise stocked with machinery, we revive to something like interest at sight of the instruments used for the manufacture of the assignats (or bonds secured on clerical property), which were issued by the National Assembly during that early stage of the French Revolution, when, according to Carlyle, 'money was a standing miracle.'

We now enter the ground-floor of the southern wing, and find it contains a series of galleries entirely given up to implements of agriculture; models of farmyards, stables, and out-offices; anatomical models of the horse; plates descriptive of veterinary surgery; and newly invented self-acting machines of every kind for reaping, thrashing, chaff-cutting, &c. One long gallery is completely filled by an army of ploughs.

Another door is now opened, and we find ourselves in the large hall of the ground-floor. We have at length seen all the galleries of the *Conservatoire*. We mount from the cool basement story to that outer door by which we first entered the building. The persevering door-keeper, still basking in the burning sun with all the luxurious enjoyment that might befit a salamander 'to the manner born,' starts up once more, and with a profusion of bows informs us that the librarian, who is in the church, will admit us if we knock upon the door, and so wishes us good-morning. We cross the courtyard, knock, and are admitted into the building.

'This church,' says our friend, 'has lately been restored and decorated. We consider it one of the most exquisite specimens of Gothic architecture in France.'

Exquisite indeed! It consists of a centre and two side aisles, supported by ranges of slight pillars. The walls are covered with books, shelf above shelf—two long

tables, containing writing-materials, extend down the middle; and there are seats and reading-desks in abundance for the students. The interior is gorgeously painted in the medieval style. Pillars, arches, ceiling—all are ornamented with elaborate and beautiful designs, rich in scarlet, azure, and gold. Windows of rich stained-glass light either end of the hall. The pulpit, with its airy staircase, is similarly decorated, and serves as a rostrum for the lecturers. The very floor is paved with brilliant encaustic tiles, manufactured in England for that express purpose. Altogether, the place is, if anything, too glowing and magnificent for the uses to which it is destined. One feels that it would be impossible to read there, much less to write. After all, it is probably not much used, except during the lectures.

The librarian smiles, and shakes his head. 'If madame will come on a Sunday, she will find more readers here than we have seats wherewith to accommodate them.'

'Yes,' adds our friend; 'and not only is it filled, but filled with working engineers, masons, carpenters, watchmakers—in a word, with Parisian ouvriers of every description.'

Hearing this, we examine the titles of the books with some curiosity, and find that all are works upon chemistry, architecture, physics, mechanics, natural philosophy, mineralogy, geology, mining, metallurgy, astronomy, and the experimental sciences. There are, we are told, in all 15,000 of these expensive and learned volumes.

Here, also, is a valuable collection of manuscripts and curious papers; amongst the latter, an autograph letter from Fulton to the French government, offering for sale his invention of the application of steam-power to the purposes of navigation.

'And now,' says our companion, as we pass once more out into the courtyard, 'you have seen all.'

Quite silently we traverse the space, and ascend the opposite steps. Turning round to take one farewell glance at the church and the museum, we observe that the shadows are reversed from where they lay on our arrival, and that the yellow sunlight already wears the paly tint of evening. Our watch says four o'clock. Six hours have elapsed since we entered in the morning with our introductory letter, and our anticipations of not being sufficiently amused. Time has, indeed, flown with us to-day; but the six hours have not, we trust, been altogether misspent.

'But you have not yet passed an opinion upon your visit,' observes our friend somewhat maliciously as we thread our way along the Rue du Vertbois. 'What do you think of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers?'

'I think it a National Honour.'

ANECDOTES OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE.

HERR VON MEYER.

MANY an Englishman who has been annoyed by the Austrian police, will have a sort of gratification in reading what happened to me with the police of Vienna, during the time of Prince Metternich's government. My stories are of such a whimsical description, that one might rather expect to meet with them in the pages of a romance than at the office of a magistrate in one of the capitals of Europe: still, they are both literally true.

I am a Hungarian, a resident of Pesth. My business had called me to Vienna, whence, after a stay of several days, I was to return to Pesth to meet a merchant, who, in a lawsuit of importance, had to receive my legal advice. Having prepared everything for my departure, and purchased my ticket for the steamer, which started early in the morning of the next day, I looked for my passport, and could not find it. I took

a great deal of trouble, searched all my things over and over again—for I wanted the passport, in order to obtain a certificate by the police that I was allowed to depart with the steamer—but the wretched bit of paper was not to be found. What was I to do? My first idea was to try whether I might get my certificate of permission to depart without the passport. I appeared at the office of the police, stated my case, and said that, having sent my passport to the office, where it was registered, I expected to be gratified with the certificate; but the answer was, that it could not be granted to me. It had too often happened, that Hungarians had given their passports to Polish or Italian refugees, and, consequently, I had to satisfy the magistrate of my innocence in this respect. They were right, indeed: such transactions had often occurred; and all my lamentations about my loss, if I were forced to miss the appointed meeting, proved to be useless. I was almost driven to despair, when even at the Hungarian chancery, no immediate remedy could be obtained. I then called upon the secretary of Prince Metternich, Herr von H—, who was a Hungarian of my acquaintance, entertaining a faint hope that he might perhaps know how to help me. He understood all about my position, the loss to which I was exposed, and, regretting sincerely my difficulty, wished earnestly to assist me. 'But,' said he, 'the police are quite right, and could not have behaved otherwise, because they have lately received sharp instructions about passports; therefore I see only one way before me to help you out of the difficulty. If you will make use of my intimation, you must pledge your *parole d'honneur* that for at least two years from to-day you will be silent about it.'

'Well,' said I, 'with the greatest pleasure, for you see I must have my certificate.'

'Now, then,' continued he, 'listen to me. Go back to the office of the police, and speak to them as insolently as you can. Being a Hungarian, you will find that easy enough. If, then, you find that even such language does not promote your affair, address the magistrate with the following words:—"Do you know, sir, that I am determined not to speak any more to you: I wish to speak to Herr von Meyer." You will see this make a wonderful impression.'

With thanks, I took my leave of Herr von H—, jumped into a cab, in order to spare my lungs for the police, and arrived well prepared to let them feel the full weight of my anger.

'Well, sir,' said I, entering the office, and speaking as harshly as possible, 'have you considered my affair, and shall I have my certificate?'

The man and the clerks stared at me in wonder. At last one of them said I had received their answer, and it must be so.

'What!' cried I, increasing my rage, which I had to act, 'you mean to continue your infamous conduct! Bassama! Is that a treatment for Hungarians who are fully accredited with you? I shall certainly not submit to such an abuse of authority, and must tell you once more I demand my certificate.'

'I'll tell you, sir, you are grossly mistaken if you mean to effect anything by insolence.'

'You call my right insolence; but I will shew you'—

Now the magistrate got angry, and shouted: 'Hold your tongue, sir! or I will shew you into a residence which you certainly shall not prefer to your hotel.'

'Oh,' said I, being at the end of my insolence, 'do you know, sir, that I am determined not to speak any more to you? I wish to speak to Herr von Meyer!'

The words had an instantaneous effect; the countenances of the clerks, and even that of the magistrate, were changed; they winked, and whispered; a messenger left the room, and one minute after, the chief of the police entered, came up to me, and said:

'Console yourself, Herr von J——. You shall have your certificate.'

Such a wonder the name of Herr von Meyer had worked, and the anticipation of Herr von H—— proved to be correct. I received my permission to start, and arrived in time at Pesth.

You may imagine how often during my passage, and afterwards, I asked myself: 'But who may be this mysterious Herr von Meyer, who holds the police under the spell of his name?' However, there was no solution of the enigma, and I had, moreover, pledged myself to be silent at least for two years about it. In the meantime, I fell in with a book, in which also the name of Herr von Meyer was mentioned as that of a person of great influence and patronage; and I said to myself, Should this man perhaps be the 'rosy Meyer!' a clever fellow, whom I had known as a student at Jena. Unfortunately, Meyer is a name like Smith and Baker, and all my studies and inquiries did not help me out of the darkness.

At last, during the revolution, I met again Herr von H——, who had joined our common cause; and my first conversation with him turned upon the kind service he had rendered me some years ago in Vienna.

He gave a hearty laugh, and said: 'And you really do not yet know who Herr von Meyer was?'

'No, sir, I do not.'

'Well, then, I must tell you: Herr von Meyer was the watchword for the police of that day when you called upon me.'

Now, indeed, the mystery was cleared up. They took me for one of the body, because I knew their secret, and considered that I had a good reason for the insolence I lavished upon them. Herr von H—— knew his men; and I wish everybody who incurs difficulties with the police at Vienna to be protected by such an influential man as Herr von Meyer.

THE TOBACCO-POUCH.

I was sitting at Sperl's in Vienna, smoking comfortably my good Hungarian tobacco, of which I had taken with me what I considered would do for the time of my stay in the capital, of about four weeks or a little more. My tobacco-pouch lay before me on the table. After a few minutes, I observed a gentleman stepping near. He took a seat beside me, praised the fine flavour of my tobacco, and begged to be allowed a pipeful of it.

'With pleasure,' said I, offering him my pouch; and he over and over again praised the fine Hungarian tobacco, and then went on asking, in a quite harmless way, as it appeared:

'Have you brought much of it?'

'Well,' replied I, without any apprehension, 'as much as I intend to use myself—a few pounds only.'

'If so,' said he, 'I'll tell you it's my duty to take you to the next station. Being a member of the police, I must call you to account. Where do you reside?'

'At the White Fox Hotel, No. 4.'

'Well, then, let us go first there and ascertain the fact.'

'I can have no objection, being well aware that your base spy-system will force me at any rate to submit, however disgraceful your proceedings may be.'

So saying, I stood up and followed him, after having been deprived of my pipe and pouch, the *corpus delicti*. When under-way, I remembered that I had given as the number of my room 4, instead of 5, which was the real one—a circumstance I did not attach any importance to, and so I thought it even not worth while to correct the mistake. This, however, was to give an unexpected turn to the matter.

When I went upstairs at my hotel, I could see, from the face and the winking of the waiter, that he knew the character of my companion; and when we reached our floor, I called the waiter, and said: 'I have told

this gentleman that I live here at No. 4, and he wishes to ascertain whether that is really the case.'

'Yes, of course, sir,' said the waiter, with another wink at me; and then turning to the *spitzel* (spy), he continued: 'This gentleman resides with us, and his name and legitimation are marked down in our book.'

'Well,' replied the *spitzel*, 'then open us the door.'

'That, I am sorry to say,' answered the waiter, 'is for the moment an impossibility, as the companion of Herr von Theodorovich—here he bowed to me—has put the key in his pocket, when he went out.'

I now began to guess what the waiter intended. Theodorovich, a friend of mine, stayed next door to me; he resembled me so much that he often had been mistaken for me; and I made up my mind to enter upon the fun, hoping that, under such circumstances, there might be found means to escape the penalty of several hundred florins which I had in prospect.

'You see,' said I then to the *spitzel*, 'that I am borne out by this man's evidence. What can you still demand?'

'To search your luggage, sir, and to seize the tobacco; but, having your confession, I will spare you the trouble to have broken up the door of your room. Waiter, you have to answer for that gentleman!'

'Very well,' replied the waiter, 'as far as we are bound to do.' The *spitzel* then went away, and I remained alone with the waiter.

'Well, sir,' said this man to me, 'you have fallen into a sad pickle; but I shall help you out. Only do what I tell you. Herr von Theodorovich starts to-morrow early in the morning. Then you shall become again Herr von J——; but mind not to be put out by anything whatsoever. I am sure we shall cozen that *spitzel*. I dislike the mean scoundrels, who would fain enlist every poor waiter in their infamous order. We depend on the police; and there is no waiter in Vienna who is not in some way or other connected with them, a great many even as spies. Is it not a shame, sir?'

Next morning, about noon, a carriage came up to the White Fox Hotel, and the *spitzel* jumped out, in order to take Herr von Theodorovich to the police. 'Oh,' said the waiter, 'then I am sorry to say Herr von Theodorovich has started early this morning with the first steamer for Pesth. We had no power to prevent him from going.'

'Well,' replied the *spitzel*, 'I think I should rather see myself; and then he entered the coffee-room, where, amongst other visitors to the capital, I was quietly sitting, having a cup of coffee, and smoking my excellent Hungarian tobacco. 'Why,' he shouted, when he perceived me, 'there he is sitting!'

'What do you want, sir?' asked I quietly, when he came up to me.

'What do I want? I'll take you to the police, Herr von Theodorovich.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' said I; 'my name is J——.'

'Oh,' exclaimed he, 'your dissimulation is of no use. Waiter, what's this gentleman's name?'

'Herr von J——,' was the answer, which puzzled the man a little; still, he was by no means put out. 'Which room do you occupy?' asked he.

'No. 5.'

'Five,' muttered the *spitzel*. 'Waiter, is that correct?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the waiter: 'here is the book of the hotel. This gentleman occupies No. 5; and Herr von Theodorovich, who departed this morning, stayed at No. 4.'

'Well, that will all be put right at the police-office. Make haste and come,' said the ruffian.

'I shall go,' shouted I angrily; 'but I will make you feel, you wretched fellow, what it is to take a Hungarian nobleman to the police under a false pretence. Bassama ter——, you shall repent of your attempt.'

When I came before the magistrate, I saw on the table, where I was offered a seat, my poor confiscated pipe and tobacco-pouch.

'Do you know this pipe, sir?'

'I have seen many such pipes in Hungary, but I cannot say that I am acquainted with this particular pipe.'

'Well, did you not tell this man that you had several pounds of Hungarian tobacco brought with you?'

'That's a mistake. I never saw that man; he must have mistaken me for somebody else.'

'What's your name?'

'Herr von J—.'

'Have you a passport?'

'Yes; here it is.'

I handed the document over to the magistrate, who, after having examined it, looked angrily at the spitzel. 'How is this?' he asked the fellow; who then told everything he had to say, and insisted upon his opinion, that he had detected me at Sperl's.

The magistrate sent for the waiter of my hotel, and asked him my name.

'Herr von J—,' said the waiter.

Now the spitzel had lost his ground.

'Sir,' shouted the magistrate, 'what a confusion have you brought about! Do you know you deserve to be dismissed off-hand? And take good care to avoid such nonsense for the future. But to you, my dear sir,' said he, addressing myself, 'we owe an apology. You will kindly pardon us the trouble you have had to undergo.'

'I should not mind it,' said I, 'if only my case would be of use to others, and prevent for the future such unnecessary and false incriminations.'

I took the honest waiter home with me in my cab, and under-way we had a good laugh at the spy, whom we had so completely succeeded in cozening.

THE DUTIES OF THE PRESS.

The press is an open place where any one may bring counsel for his fellows—a tribunal where he may prefer complaints against grievance and injustice. Around it the high and the low, the rich and the poor, may gather together, all being represented; and its tendency, if not to make all men one great family, is at least to make them one great society, where pleadings of every kind are heard, and where, finally, the decisive sentence is pronounced. This state of things indicates what in our own day are the duties of the press. As of old, let whatever tends to refinement, enjoyment, luxury, improvement, be ministered to by the fancifully adorned books the press produces. As of old, let standard, classical, enduring works be carefully preserved and committed to posterity: let those who write for future time, who 'build the lofty rhyme,' or aspire to great discoveries, or would sound the depths of philosophy—let them, as formerly, use the press as their means for benefiting their race; and in this respect, let the press be as a boat launched upon the stream of time for the broad ocean of eternity. Yet, with all this, it is the business of mind, the duty of philanthropy, this 'very stuff o' the conscience,' that those who can employ the machinery should keep in view what the world now needs for its advancement and happiness, and what, in its present state, are the means best calculated to promote them; if there be ignorance, how it shall be dispelled; if there be mistake, how it shall be rectified; if there be obstinate, inveterate prejudices, how they shall be removed by reiterated attacks of reason, until they give way. In all directions where good is to be done for man, or by man, the press may have its share in the great work. And beautiful and grand it is to see this one great means of intercommunication at work in the development of these varied functions; so that all, however lowly, may listen to the noblest melodies the poet's soul ever poured forth—that all, however dark their ignorance, may be reached by the rays of philosophy; that all alike may be visited and influenced by the play of this vast and varied

power, in all its different forms and tones, whether like the scream of the wild eagle soaring to Olympus with the thunder in its grasp, or the chirp of the cricket on the poor man's hearth.—*W. J. Fox on the Duties of the Press towards the People.*

THE GLOW WORM.

A STAR with loving eyes gazed on a flower,
And stooped to kiss it in its leafy bed:
Alas! one would have thought so high a power
Too fair, too bright, too pure to be misled.

His brother stars all gathered in their spheres
In grief and anger at the spirit's fall,
Appealing to their queen, the Moon, in tears
Imploring her the truant to recall.

'No more, no more,' with grief replied the queen,
'Can such false spirit enter our pure skies;
Or many a loving star would then, I ween,
Pay sinful homage to some flow'ret's eyes.'

His earth-bound nature to a worm must change,
And o'er the cold damp ground for ever crawl—
A lesson to all stars too prone to range,
How difficult to rise if once they fall.'

Thus saying, with a tearful glance, she turned
Into a crawling worm that fallen star;
But could not quench the light within which burned
With a pure brilliancy that shone afar.

And many an eve his lowly way he wends,
That bright light shining, and with tearful eyes,
Where he may gaze upon his early friends
And his lost home within the clear blue skies.

NETTLEBED.

N. J. T.

SCAVENGERS VERSUS DUSTMEN.

In London, it is customary for scavengers and other humble public officials to apply to individuals for gratuities, at Christmas. The two following documents proceed from two rival sets of street-cleaners in a particular district of the metropolis, and may be considered as curiosities in their way:

'TO THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF THE WARDS OF ST PAUL'S, BRIDGE STREET, AND THAMES STREET.—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We, the SCAVENGERS in the employ of Mr READING, do make humble application to you for a *Christmas Box*, which you are usually so kind as to give; and to prevent imposition on you, and fraud on us (which is frequently attempted by giving Bills similar to the one now presented), we humbly hope you will not give your Bounty to any who cannot produce a Medal with the Portrait of H.M.G.M. Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, on one side, and on the reverse, in commemoration of Her Majesty's visit to the City of London, Nov. 9, 1837, John Cowan, Esq., Lord Mayor.—HENRY SMART, JOHN HEMLEY, FLUR. DRISCOLL, CON. DRISCOLL, PATRICK COLLINS, JAMES NEAL, JAMES RAGAN, WILLIAM NICHOLLS, PATRICK SHAY.—*No connection with the Dustmen. Please not to return this Bill.*

'TO THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF THIS WARD.—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We, your constant DUSTMEN, in the employ of Mr REDDIN, contractor for the above district, make humble application to you for a *Christmas Box*, which you are generally so kind as to give; and to prevent Imposition on you, and Fraud on us, which is frequently practised by men coming dressed as Dustmen, and asking for the Christmas Box, telling you they are employed by the Contractor above named, we hope you will not give your bounty to any one who cannot produce a Medal with George IV. on one side, and on the other a Dog and Harp.—*No connection with the Scavengers.* Please to retain this Bill, and request to see the Medal when called on.—N. GARNETT and JAMES VICKERS.'

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THE SPIRIT FAITH IN AMERICA.

IN the *New York Herald*, at the close of 1855, it was asserted that the existing people of the United States were more superstitious than the worshippers of Brahma; and the lunatic asylums, filled with maniacs on the subject of spiritualism, were pointed to as part of the grounds on which this allegation was made. The journalist refers to a new sect now attracting attention in America, having its rise in those so-called spiritual communications of which we have from time to time heard so much during the last five or six years. As America, altogether, is an exceedingly interesting study to us in England, we think it may be worth while to give some account of this extraordinary movement of the earnest minds in that quarter of the world. We are enabled to do so by a perusal with which we have been favoured of some numbers of the *New England Spiritualist*, a weekly Boston newspaper, devoted solely to the concerns of spiritualism.

From this singular journal, edited, with all appearance of grave good faith, by Mr A. E. Newton, we learn that the Spiritualists are persons of all ranks of life, including literary men and judges. It is computed to embrace a quarter of a million of believers, including twenty thousand 'mediums,' and has seventeen periodicals devoted to the promulgation of its facts and philosophy. As yet, their meetings are mostly of a private nature; but they seem just on the point of beginning to have their meeting-houses like other religious communions. Occasionally, they hold congresses at some place of rendezvous in the country, where they spend a day in the open air, hearing addresses from the more able and zealous members, or from some person to whom lecturing on the spiritual system is something like a profession. There, also, members compare notes about their experiences, and fortify each other in the faith. In August last, a 'Spiritual Convention' was announced as to take place at South Royalton, Vermont, on the 31st, and to continue three days. 'We anticipate,' says the programme, 'a glorious time, but not without "order". . . the object is not to create excitement or get up a show; it is not to invite or tempt wrangling influences in the flesh or out, but to develop ourselves intellectually and spiritually. We would worship the God of nature, learn of immortality, and acknowledge that we are brothers.' Generally, however, the demonstrations of the sect are confined to meetings in each other's houses, or in some hall or rooms which are to be had for hire. We observe, for instance, an announcement of weekly meetings of 'Persons interested in the Spiritual, Social, and Industrial Advancement of

Woman,' to be held in Spears' Rooms, Washington Street, Boston.

The religious life of the Spiritualists consists in holding what they consider as intercourse with disembodied spirits, through various channels. One of the most notable modes, as is well known, is to ask questions, and listen for rapped responses. But there are more direct modes; particularly a kind of random writing proceeding from certain persons while in a peculiar state of reverie. It is not necessary, at this advanced stage of the business, to dwell upon the modes. The numberless converts seem fully assured that they have attained, in various ways, to the privilege of communing with the departed, and obtaining from them that knowledge of 'what they are and we must shortly be,' which the poet so earnestly, but so hopelessly desired. On the fact of the communications, they erect the first article of their faith; and 'who,' says Mr Newton, 'does not *feel* that the realisation, constant and frequent, of the presence of the loved departed ones—those in whose earthly sight the vilest would have been restrained from the commission of any base or unworthy deed, and in whose purified gaze all would shrink from any impure and degrading thought—together with the recognised constant inspection of that great cloud of witnesses who evermore hover above the mortal race-course, and through whom the All-seeing Eye ever looks upon humanity—who does not feel that such realisations (and they are more or less brought home to every believer in modern spiritualism) must have an elevating tendency, more powerful than any other motives that could be brought to bear? . . . We know not the instance where an individual has been made less conscientious, less devout, less humane and charitable, less earnest and pure-minded, by becoming convinced of the reality of spirit-guardianship and spirit-communion. On the contrary, we know of numerous instances, not only where open immorality has been abandoned, but where the whole being has been quickened, by a new and most powerful impulse towards the true, the pure, the spiritual, the divine.'

It is an awkward thing regarding these so-called communications, as a basis for a moral or religious system, that they are often of a foolish and misleading character. A man has been counselled to leave his wife; another has been directed to give up his business at New York, and commence travelling through Europe for the propagation of spiritualism. Sometimes, a group of persons is recommended to take a room for meetings: they do so, and wait for further communications, but do not receive any, or the medium only declaims on some silly idea of his or her

own. To check this evil, we see it recommended that the faithful should not prostrate themselves before any authority, but use their reason in 'trying' the spirits. These beings are as various as were those earthly personages whom they represent. Many are mendacious and puerile, while others are of an exalted and intelligent character. And it is not always those who call themselves Washington, Franklin, and Burke, who pronounce most truthfully and instructively; often the best responses come from a spirit who can scarcely give a name, or at the best, an obscure one.

The true spiritualist, it is said, professes to have no fixed creed, but trusts to find his religion of a progressive nature. The revelations he receives under this correction 'exhibit to him the future spiritual world in all its brightness, beauty, and glory, so far as he can in this state comprehend and conceive it. His imagination and his heart are pleased and instructed. He longs to be in those blessed abodes. . . . He is ready, whenever Divine Providence in its mercy may call him, to lay down his material body with its kindred earth, and take his departure to that happy land which beams before his intellectual sight.' He only 'fears that he may not be ready for the change.' He knows it to be the first and most universal law of that world, that 'everything there appears just according to the state of mind of the individual. He knows that, if he enters that world in an unfit state, he cannot enjoy it.' Hence it is 'his first care to amend that state.' He 'learns that, if he would enter that life, he must keep the commandments.'

Startling as all this may appear, there is really an expression of piety in much that proceeds from the Spiritualists. The deaths of believers are usually headed in Mr Newton's paper, 'Passed on.' Or, under the title of 'Another Guardian Angel for Earth,' we are told that such a person, on such a day, 'entered into the spirit-spheres.' A death-bed scene is described as follows:—'As the hour of his dissolution drew nigh, his faith and hope grew stronger and clearer, until at length they formed a triumphal arch, through which he passed to the better home.' It is tolerably clear, nevertheless, that of the doctrines of the Christian faith, as held in Protestant churches, the Spiritualists adhere to but very little; and we may reasonably infer, that the orthodox clergy would be more alarmed about the progress of spiritualism in their borders, if they did not, in common with the great bulk of the community, regard it with ridicule. Mr Newton, however, alleges that he knows 'some fifteen or twenty clergymen,' of various Protestant sects, who are convinced of the truth of the spiritual system, and have preached it; thereby, in some instances, forfeiting their pulpits.

The Spiritualists regard the manifestations as quite sufficient credentials for the faith which they profess. Spiritualism, in short, comes forth on a miraculous basis. Certain of the mediums—that is, persons peculiarly under the influence of spirits—profess to work cures solely through the power intrusted to them from a source beyond this world. In Mr Newton's newspaper, there are advertisements from several men and women professing to have the power of healing. Dr W. T. Osborne announces himself as very successful in chronic and consumptive affections—'office-hours from ten to four daily, at No. 5 Summer Street; terms, a dollar for each examination.' Mr and Mrs Charles C. York, of Claremont, New Hampshire, 'healing and clairvoyant mediums,' are prepared to visit any part of the country, to heal the afflicted, or to give prescriptions on receiving the name, age, and residence, in the patients' handwriting, or a lock of their hair! John M. Spear and daughter announce their having taken rooms at No. 365 Washington Street, Boston, 'for educational and healing purposes.' They are willing to visit the sick and *disharmonised* at their habitations—not for fixed fees, but

with the expectation of 'offerings of gratitude.' Calvin Hall, Charles Main, and a Dr Clapp, profess to exercise their sanative power by the laying of hands upon the sick, somewhat after the manner of Valentine Greatrakes, or of the Stuart sovereigns in the seventeenth century. Charles Main, who seems the most distinguished of the healing mediums, has lately opened a sanatory establishment in Boston, partly for the benefit of the poor. At its inauguration, there were devotions and speeches, 'interspersed with music and addresses from invisible guests.' 'Towards the close of the entertainment, Mr Spear was used as the instrument of communicating a very able discourse, purporting to be from the spirit-world, setting forth in some measure the philosophy of healing through magnetic persons, stating the prominence with which proceedings of this nature are regarded by "persons who revisit the earth;" giving valuable counsel as to the manner in which so important an institution as this promises to be, should be managed and sustained; and closing with a most devout and appropriate invocation to the Father of Spirits for the communication of that wisdom, aid, and beneficent power, which shall render the undertaking one of the highest good to suffering humanity.' It would only weary the reader to enter in detail on the vast number of cures which are duly described and certified in the *New England Spiritualist*. One only we may present as a pretty fair sample of the whole: 'A Miss Tyler, of Girard township, has been sick these five years past, and considered in the last stages of consumption. Her father has often called in the neighbours to see her for the last time. Two weeks ago, she was much worse, so that she could scarcely be moved in bed, when Mrs Timbly, a healing medium, called to see her at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. In the afternoon, she got up and ate with the family, and walked all over the house. She rode out next day, and has been through this place (Lockport, Pennsylvania) to the Lake, &c. Will sceptics, and physicians who have attended Miss Tyler these five years, tell us how she was cured, if not by spirit-agency?'

It should not be overlooked that spiritualism, besides its special physicians, has its own medicines. 'Rice's Spirit Medicines' are conspicuously advertised. There is a Healing Ointment, also a Nerve-soothing Elixir, a Purifying Sirup—all 'prepared from spirit directions.' James M'Clester & Co. press on public attention a Dysentery Cordial, an Elixir for cramps of the stomach, and a Restorative Sirup for languid and unequal circulation, 'all carefully compounded according to Mrs Mettler's clairvoyant recipes.'

Meanwhile the spirits testify their power in various other ways even more surprising. A Mr Tinkham, at Auburn Corners, Ohio, who knows only English, speaks in various other languages when in the magnetic vein, and always 'with force and clearness.' An illiterate Irish servant-girl, who cannot write in her ordinary state, was so controlled, as to 'dash off three verses of poetry,' being an address to a gentleman present from the spirit of his deceased child:

Nerve his soul to duties noble,
Noble in the walks of time,
Time that leads to an eternal,
An eternal life sublime. &c.

Letters from spirits, in answer to inquiries of mortals, are left under table-covers, and wafted in at windows. At some ecstatic meetings, the laws of gravity are counteracted, as they are said to have been in the cases of several of the medieval saints. The medium rises from the floor, and floats in the air; or the table, under his influence, is so raised. An accordion or guitar moves without intervention of human hands about the table, or performs a dance to its own music. A Mr York reports such things having happened at his house, in the presence of ten persons; and adds:

'A procession of spirits was seen by a clairvoyant to approach the house, and, on the door being opened, I was crowded back against it by some force I was not able to resist; the accordion would seem to walk around under the table, stepping on the feet of those present, sometimes heavily, at others lightly, also climbing into their laps.' Even more surprising have been the manifestations at the spirit-room of Mr Koons, in Milfield, Athens county, Ohio. 'Drums are beaten with great power; musical-instruments of various kinds are played upon, and put in tune when necessary; bells are rung; various articles are carried about the room; unearthly voices speak and sing through a trumpet, often claiming to come from the departed friends of visitors, and giving evidence of identity. A hand appears, illuminated by phosphorus, which takes a pen or pencil, and writes messages—often of an extraordinary character—with almost inconceivable rapidity, and submits itself to the inspection of the company, shaking hands with all who have courage to grapple with the spectre. This hand is described as resembling "a perfect human hand," with the exception of being colder, and sometimes a little moist or stiff, having the nails and joints of the fingers perfectly distinct, yet not connected with any tangible body, as witnesses have repeatedly assured themselves by putting their hands all round it.'

Mr Stephen Dudley, a prominent merchant in Buffalo, gives an account of a visit he paid to a girl-medium at her own house at Avon Springs, New York State. 'The spirits,' he says, 'proposed to produce a shower of rain, by condensation of water from the atmosphere in the room. Precaution was taken to remove all water from the premises, and to guard against the possibility of collusion or deception. On the extinction of the light, as the company sat around the table, a copious shower of water fell upon them, like a heavy rain-storm, saturating their clothing, spoiling all the paper before them, and when light was produced, it was found standing in pools on the table.' Fire can also be produced by the spirits. 'Mr Charles Bruce, of Cambridgeport, informs us that while sitting alone with Mr Redman, at No. 45 Carver Street, on the evening of the 12th July, he was requested by the invisibles to put a newspaper, which he had brought with him as a wrapper for some article, under the table. He complied; and while he and Mr Redman were both bending over the table, intently listening for sounds which they expected to be produced, they smelled smoke. Hastily springing up, they found the paper all in a blaze! There were no matches in the room, and the spirits claimed to have produced the fire by a chemical process.' Even this is not all. The same Mr Tinkham just spoken of, is, while in the magnetic state, fire-proof. His friend reports having seen him put his hand in the fire, and hold it sufficiently long there to cause the skin to drop off in ordinary circumstances, but without the slightest apparent injury. 'I have seen him,' says this gentleman, 'gather the blaze of a candle in the hollow of his hand, and hold it till his hand became black with the smoke, yet without the least signs of any burn.'

Such are the things going on at present, and believed in by thousands of persons in the midst of one of the most sharp-witted communities in the world. As far as we can judge, from authenticated reports and testimonies, there is no mockery in it on the part of the professors and witnesses, but, on the contrary, a religious earnestness and sincerity, calling for a certain degree of respect. If this be a world of natural law, as most enlightened persons believe it to be, it is impossible that such things can be realities: they can only be some form of delusion or fallacy. We take this ground; while we have our own ideas as to what the fallacy is. We cannot come to such a view of human testimony, as to suppose it possible that

thousands of people can wilfully enter on a certain self-consistent system of deception, which they will support for years without any one confessing or denouncing the trick. The multitude who say they hear and see such and such things, must be impressed with a sense of their reality, or they would never pronounce as they do. Even the sad roll of lunatics said to result from the traffic with spirits, may be accepted as a proof that the practitioners are under serious convictions on the subject. It remains to be inquired, what is the fallacy concerned in the case? We believe it to be one of a very peculiar and subtle character, arising from a certain mode of operation of the brain, and singularly deceptions in its character and results. This, however, is not the place in which to enter on so difficult a subject. We must content ourselves with having given the public a simple description of one of the queerest of the many queer vagaries for which our Transatlantic brethren are so remarkable.

THE MARQUIS DE TROPOLI.

WHEN, in my early and innocent days, I went to Paris for the first time, I had the honour to make the acquaintance of the Marquis de Tropoli.

My visit to the gay city was prompted merely by curiosity; I had no business to transact there, no friends to 'drop in upon.' Consequently, after a few days of pleasant excitement, time began to hang upon my hands, and I wandered about like one who found himself a supernumerary in the world. Sauntering along the Faubourg St Honoré one morning, I saw one of the most elegant little equipages I had ever set eyes upon stop before the lofty *porte cochère* of a large and handsome mansion. It was a chariot of exquisite fashion and fabrication, brilliant with paint and varnish, and having a crest upon the door-panel; and to it were attached a couple of ponies, of Arabian grace and symmetry. The driver turned into the *porte cochère*, and a handsome, slightly-built young man, superlatively dressed, opened the door of the vehicle, and stepped out.

'To whom belongs that charming carriage?' I asked of a bystander, who stood admiring like myself.

'To Monsieur the Marquis de Tropoli,' answered he, quite proud to afford me the information.

'And is that the marquis who has just alighted?'

'Ah! I don't know,' he said with a shrug, quite afflicted that he could not tell me.

'At all events, the marquis is a gentleman of taste,' said I.

'C'est bien vrai.'

The very day after this, I was sitting in the gardens of the Luxembourg, when who should I see sauntering towards me but the very same superlatively attired gentleman who, with his beautiful turn-out, had thus attracted my attention. Never was there such an Adonis. His delicate complexion, bright black eyes, thick curling hair, and well-shaped moustache, his slender but symmetrical figure, would have suited the pen of a court novelist; to say nothing of the irreprouchable taste and style of his coat, trousers, and vest, his patent-leather boots, wrought shirt-front, ruffles, light kid-gloves, and thin black cane. He was so perfect a specimen of taste and good looks, that I could not help regarding him. As I was doing so, he turned towards me; our eyes met; he approached; and as I only occupied an inconsiderable portion of the bench on which I was sitting, he sat down at the other end, raising his hat while he did so with a gesture of fine and easy courtesy. He began to talk. The weather, the gardens, the opera, the drama, the ballet, were touched with the easy indifference of a man of the world. I did my best to sustain my share of the conversation; but, of course, he discovered almost

immediately that I was an Englishman, even if he had not seen it at the first glance.

The fact of my being a foreigner, and having no friends in the gay capital, seemed to induce him to take a considerate interest in me. He asked me if I had seen this and that spectacle—if I had been to such and such a place of historical interest—if I had seen this and that personage of importance and celebrity; evincing in all his inquiries and remarks a knowledge of the world, and a perfect acquaintance with Paris, and an appreciation of its unique character among the capitals of Europe, that put to shame my little fragments of book-gathered information. His complaisance charmed me, while I felt much contented to find myself in company with a gentleman of such distinguished appearance and manners.

We walked into the city together. On the Boulevards, the marquis raised his hat to innumerable fine ladies, some on foot, some in handsome equipages, and acknowledged the salutes of scores of gentlemen—all of them, almost without exception, dressed in the highest style of Parisian fashion. When we separated, he did me the honour to exchange cards, and to express a hope that he might have the gratification of seeing me at his apartments any morning that suited my convenience. I was quite elated at the new acquaintance I had made. My next letter home informed my parents respecting it, in very off-hand and yet congratulatory terms.

I soon found an opportunity of availing myself of the invitation I had received. I found the marquis at home in the Faubourg St Honoré. He was alone, and was, at the moment of my arrival, seated at a table, busily occupied over some large books, which had the imposing appearance of business-ledgers, and scattered before him on the table were innumerable open letters and papers. I was much struck, and indeed somewhat discomfited, by the eager and severe glance he darted at me as I entered; but, as soon as I was recognised, he rose and came towards me, smiling and bowing, and holding out his hand with his own superb air of good-breeding. I was at my ease in a moment. He hoped that I would excuse him, but just at that moment he happened to be busy: it was very annoying, but he found himself necessitated to exercise an occasional scrutiny into his affairs, to see that all was going rightly. He should not be long now—if I would sit down and read the newspaper or a book for a few minutes; meanwhile, would I try a cigar?—those two cases contained some of the best Cubas and Havanas, given him by a friend just arrived from the Spanish colonies.

Overwhelmed with his politeness, I sat down, and began to read the *Débats*, and a paper I observed with some surprise in such a place—namely, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. The marquis's cigars were excellent; the *chaise-longue* soft and luxurious; and in the *Gazette* I soon found a report of an interesting trial. I was in a condition of perfect comfort and satisfaction—here in the cabinet of the Marquis de Tropolli. I had an idea that, at any rate, I had not come abroad without rising in society. I could not give the pictures that adorned the room a very close and critical inspection, as I did not like to disturb the marquis; but they appeared to be choice specimens of good masters; and as for the general furnishing of the room, nothing could have been more handsome or more tasteful. In fact, everything I saw, every speciality I noticed, induced me to regard with confidence the position of my new-found friend. Especially did I contemplate with most cordial approbation the concentrated attention the marquis was now bestowing upon 'his affairs.' His application to the drudgery of ledgers, accounts, and letters—he, so polished and accomplished a gentleman, who might even have been excused, on the score of

personal fascination, had he committed himself to a career of pleasure and elegant indolence—was what struck me as being in the highest degree commendable.

From time to time, as he still continued engrossed in his occupation, I stole a look at him. He was, indeed, closely occupied. The *nonchalante* expression of his features was changed into a look of studious, even severe determination. The bright dark eyes were shadowed by the close-knit dark brows; the well-formed mouth was closed and compressed; the handsome Grecian nose was drawn down; and the whole look of the face was one of settled and intense application.

I observed that he took up, from time to time, some open letter from the number before him, wrote something in one of the ledgers, and wafered the letter between the leaves; while other letters he merely referred to, wrote a few words in his books, and then consigned to a waste-basket at his side. I marvelled to see how thoroughly at home he appeared at this business, and thought that if all the people of rank and station in the world were to bestow as much attention on their affairs, it would be so much the better for them and their posterity.

At length the marquis, having done all he intended to do, rose from his chair, stretched out his arms, and exclaimed with apparent delight: 'C'est bien fini!' lit a cigar, and came and sat down by my side. Some pleasant conversation ensued. By and by, we came to talk about the political troubles of the country—troubles which were so soon after to end in the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons from the throne of France for the second time.

'With regard to politics,' said my friend, 'I suppose you do not trouble yourself about them.'

'On the contrary,' I replied, 'I take great interest in political matters, as being the foundation of social life, as producing and regulating the happiness or misery of communities.'

'Right,' said the marquis. 'Still, I presume, you are aware that in this country one must be cautious. It is not safe to speak or write upon such subjects here.'

'Oh, I know that,' said I. 'I take care never to touch upon such matters, unless I am sure of my company—never to strangers with whom I may casually meet.' The marquis smiled gaily.

'But, really, I can be little better than a stranger to you,' said he; 'and I'm sure our meeting was casual enough.'

'Ah, yes; but then, you know, one may discriminate,' said I, with a bow as easy and courteous, and as much like that which my host made to me at the same moment, as it was in my power to produce.

'Bien!' said he; 'I am much flattered by your sincerity. Sometimes our hearts are well inclined at the first glance towards those we chance to meet.'

'Exactly,' said I; 'and therefore it is that I have no hesitation in speaking my mind in the company of Monsieur the Marquis de Tropolli.'

'You could not open your mind, my dear sir, to any one who will listen to you with more patience, or who will weigh your ideas with greater consideration.' Thus the conversation proceeded; and as the marquis was so polite and complaisant as to make no remark about my very deficient powers of expression in the French language—excusing all my false starts and precipitate corrections of my own bad grammar, false pronunciation, &c., with an encouraging nod or wave of the hand—and listened with imperturbable gravity, I proceeded, laboriously, and with great mental straining, to give a candid and open statement of my ideas upon 'the state of the country.' Those ideas were pretty correct, too; for time shortly afterwards verified them almost to the letter. As the marquis seemed to be impressed, and to listen with increased attention, so

did I venture the more fully to tax his patience by a recital of considerations which it was my solemn belief ought to be seriously weighed in the mind of every patriotic Frenchman. I thought it a thousand pities that a nation, so magnificent in resources, so advanced in civilisation, in the arts and sciences, so invaluable to the general progress of mankind, should be afflicted with unstable or incompetent governments. Of the crisis to which things were then drifting, no impartial, unprejudiced observer could entertain two opinions, I thought. If the present system, which Charles X. was enforcing with all the infatuation of his race, were not speedily brought to an issue by some accident of nature, or by some judicious change of policy, an alarming convulsion must be the consequence—did not Monsieur de Tropoli think so too?

The marquis puffed the smoke in a large cloud from his cigar, and shrugged his shoulders.

For a great and intellectual people like the French, I proceeded, tyranny would never do. If Charles X. continued his system of secret police and summary arrests—the undue encouragement of an unpopular priesthood—the persecution of the press—the defiance of public opinion and prevention of its expression—there would be another revolution, and then the House of Capet—the race of St Louis—would be swept from the throne of France never to ascend it again. That was my opinion—nay, for the life of me, I could not understand how any reasonable being could entertain any other.

'Your fears are shared by many,' said the marquis.

'And, after all,' said I, waxing somewhat warm upon a subject in which I felt great interest, 'I have not so many fears as hopes. It is my hope that the spirit of freedom may win another memorable battle; it is my hope that liberty may assert herself more strongly than ever, for the sake of the happiness, the prosperity, and advancement of the world. No!' I exclaimed, 'I have little fear. France has experienced too much, has been awakened too strongly, to submit to the medieval tyranny of a Bourbon!'

'I have lately become acquainted with many whose opinions exactly coincide with yours,' said the marquis. 'It is impossible not to perceive that you have bestowed much reflection upon the position of our country. *Allons!* let us take a walk.'

We took our hats and strolled through the Allée to the Champs Elysées, where we walked and smoked for a while. When we separated, the marquis kindly invited me to repeat my visit to-morrow evening, and accompany him to the Opéra Comique, to see Auber's *Macon*.

Accordingly, the next evening found us dressed with great particularity, and looking, I flatter myself, very distinguished, in our different styles, in a box of the Opéra Comique. I noticed that the marquis appeared hardly so *insouciant*, or so thoroughly at ease as usual. He left the box several times, as if there were something going on somewhere or other which concerned or interested him; and three times he was called out of the box by different gentlemen, whose mere appearance at the little door of the box seemed sufficient to cause him to rise.

As we were passing through the vestibule, and up the great staircase, I noticed that several of the gentlemen who had exchanged salutes with the marquis looked very inquiringly at me; as did several of the ladies also.

It was the first time I had heard *Le Maçon*—one of Auber's earliest and best works—and being a great lover of the opera, and, after my own way, a connoisseur of music, I was of course much delighted. There is nothing like the Opéra Comique in the world. You may hear grander performances at many of the opera-houses of Europe, but nowhere else such inimitable neatness, vivacity, and *aplomb* of representation—nowhere else that unique degree of finish—that rarest

of combinations, excellent singing with excellent acting, together with exquisite perfection of *ensemble*.

The performance was over; and we were descending the great staircase, when our progress was suddenly arrested, and we were both 'collared' in a friendly manner from opposite sides; myself by Fred S—, an old English friend of ours, who had read the enthusiastic letters I had sent home, and was now come, with his wife and sister, to see Paris and the Parisians for himself; the marquis by a party of very highly dressed gentlemen, who, I supposed, were some of his friends of *ton*.

Fred was delighted to see me, and at once confided to me his intention of making use of me in the capacity of cicerone. 'We have noticed you several times during the evening,' said he; adding in a whisper of curiosity and awe: 'Is that the marquis?'

I nodded a most complacent affirmative.

Fred's wife was looking quite charming, and his sister Sophy more charming still. A smile of surprise and pleasure lit up the features of the marquis as he turned and discovered them. I had the honour to introduce them to him—a ceremony which they underwent in some trepidation, and he with a most graceful courtesy, which made me more proud than ever of his acquaintance. He was kind enough to invite us all to take a *petit souper* with him in the Faubourg St Honoré; but as this did not exactly suit the convenience of the ladies, Fred was reluctantly obliged to decline; and, for my part, I was very impatient to have a long and free talk about the people at home.

'Then,' said the marquis, 'I must wait for the pleasure and the honour.' 'Bien! a pleasant anticipation is always an enjoyment in itself.' He took out his card-case and handed a card to Fred; and Fred took out *his* and returned the civility, after writing his Parisian address beneath his name. So, for the present, we parted; my new friend going on his own smiling way and my old friends taking me with them on theirs.

That evening I heard, of course, all the news about the people at home; and, *inter alia*, I learned that my letters had been handed about pretty freely, that my descriptive powers had been highly appreciated, and that everybody was surprised and delighted to find that I was successful in making my way into good society. They all knew how difficult it was for a foreigner, and especially an Englishman, in those days, to penetrate within the enchanted circle of the *haute volée* in Paris.

I had now to retrace all my Parisian rambles for the benefit of my newly arrived friends. From Notre-Dame to the Bois de Boulogne, from the Luxembourg to Montmartre, from St Denis to Versailles, we made excursion after excursion, and trip after trip, entering into a complete and systematic course of sight-seeing, which occupied several days.

They were rather nervous about the marquis. Notwithstanding that I spoke of him and regarded him with the easiest self-possession, they could not bring themselves to anticipate a meeting with him without that peculiar sort of tremor and flurry which one feels when about to be brought beneath the observation of some very exalted personage—the anxiety and timidity of the *débutante* about to be presented at court. However, the meeting was brought about before long. We met the marquis one morning on the Boulevards; I bowed to him, of course—a movement of courtesy which he returned, but in a rather peculiar manner, as if in the interval, since I had seen him last, he had almost forgotten me. However, in another moment he recognised me—shook hands—bowed to Fred and the ladies—asked where we were going, and said that, if agreeable to us, he would go too. We, of course, made it agreeable. As it happened, we were then bound for no particular destination, merely intending to take a turn in the Bois de Boulogne. It was a fine

day, and the shade of the trees in the *allées* of that charming spot made our promenade delightful. The marquis was very excellent company, and chatted and laughed all the way. He was particularly anxious, however, I fancied, to know what had occupied me, and where I had been on the several days during which he had not seen me. Although my replies must have assured him that I had been only sight-seeing, he seemed to press his inquiries with a strange particularity, if not curiosity. We were seated, some of us upon the grass, and some of us upon one of the benches which are placed here and there in the verdant walks, when Fred began to talk of a new acquaintance he had made in London.

'I have always had a *penchant* for France and the French,' said he; 'and the feeling has been greatly increased lately since I have known M. François Sorelle'—

'One of the most gentlemanly persons I ever saw,' interrupted Mrs Fred.

'And such a genuine enthusiast, too,' said Sophy. 'He seems to have but one feeling, one passion—and that is for the welfare of his native land.'

'Yes; and he is one of the cleverest linguists, and, generally speaking, one of the most active-minded men I have ever met,' said Fred—'really the most engaging, sanguine, enthusiastic fellow you can imagine.'

'Sorelle?—François Sorelle?—surely I know that name,' said the marquis, puffing the smoke in a toying, languid manner from his lips.

'O yes,' said Fred; 'he, or, at anyrate, his name, must be known to you, sir. He kicked up a regular dust here some time ago about the shackling of the press, the privileges of the priesthood, and all that sort of thing; and, the water getting too hot for him, he went over to England, as he says, to watch and assist the fermentation from a commanding *point d'appui*.'

'Ah, it will not be long about, I hope!' said I with earnestness: 'the French are too fine a people, and have passed through too much, to put up tamely with the senseless tyranny of the present *régime*. The Bourbons, as Bonaparte said, are too stupid to learn from experience; they will always be the same; and the sooner they are sent packing, the better for the peace and prosperity of the world.' Such were my ideas at that time, cherished with a very considerable amount of innocent warmth.

'It is easy to perceive that you do not think very highly of our royal house,' said the marquis with a laugh. 'But pray, tell me,' he continued, turning to Fred, 'is Monsieur Sorelle still in London—and has he many compatriots with him? I am interested to learn, because I am well acquainted with him, and always knew him to be an ingenuous and enthusiastic politician.'

'Yes, monsieur; he is still in London, said Fred; 'unless he has left since my departure; and he has, I may say, hundreds of compatriots in constant communication with him. There is no reckoning upon where he is at present, though, after all. He may be here in Paris—it is very possible—for he always laughed at the passport-difficulty, and said he could get over that at any time by the simplest *ruse* in the world.'

'To be sure he may,' said the marquis emphatically. 'For my part, I should only be too glad to see him once more here in Paris.'

'I am sure that if his views were adopted, France would have a much better prospect of a quiet future,' said Mrs Fred.

'And many an unfortunate exile would be able to return and live in peace in his own dear native country,' said Sophy.

'Ah! it is plain that our friend Sorelle has made proselytes of the ladies,' said the marquis gaily. Now Sophy was extremely pretty, and the marquis seemed to regard her with much interest; and when we

walked on again, he offered her his arm, and they went on some little distance before us. Then the idea arose amongst us: 'What a singular thing it would be if the marquis were to take a fancy to our little Sophy!' After a promenade of considerable length, Mrs Fred became fatigued, so we returned to Paris in a cab. I was engaged to spend the evening with Fred; and as the marquis could not, of course, be expected to avail himself of such a conveyance, we parted at the Arc de Triomphe.

'Au revoir!' said he, with the charming air which was so irresistibly winning. 'If it so happens that I should like to see you in the evening, will you give me permission to call in?'

'Oh, my dear sir, we shall be delighted!' we all chorussed.

'And you are sure I shall find you at home?'

'We shall only be happy to remain at home expressly.'

'Ah! I cannot think of that. Many thanks. If I cannot be with you at seven o'clock, I will send a messenger, who will tell you how I am engaged.' We dined at the Palais Royal, and were at Fred's apartments in due time. Sophy, it was noticeable, was more than usually smart, and sat by the window in silent expectation. Mrs Fred was in a flurry—that peculiar state of anxiety and excitement which youthful matrons experience when they expect company. As for me, I was quite at home, looking forward to the arrival of the distinguished personage as if he were an old acquaintance. By and by a carriage stopped at the door—a large closed vehicle of handsome appearance. We made sure it must be the marquis, although I had never seen *that* carriage before. We were speedily undeceived, however; it was not *our* visitor. When the carriage-door was opened, three well-dressed gentlemen stepped out, and entered the house. We supposed that the people living in the *première* or the *troisième* (Fred's rooms were on the *deuxième*) were going to entertain company that evening.

The *concierge*, however, conducted the strangers up stairs, and directly into the apartment in which we were sitting. The trio entered with bows and salutations of the most refined politeness. Two of them remained near the door, while the third came forward.

'Excusez, mesdames et messieurs,' said he; 'I am come charged with a message from a gentleman who has the honour of your acquaintance; namely, Monsieur the Marquis de Tropol. He has desired me to say that it will be impossible for him to comply with your kind invitation this evening; but as he wishes to see you—it may be for the last time while you are in Paris—he begs that you will be kind enough to allow me to conduct you to him. A carriage waits at the door expressly to convey you.'

'What! all of us?' exclaimed Fred, whilst we all looked at each other in astonishment.

'Oui, monsieur,' answered the spokesman.

'What's the meaning of it?' said Fred, turning sharply upon me, as if I had an explanation ready at my finger-ends. 'Is he going to make his will?'

'O no, sir,' said the spokesman, speaking now in English, to the great confusion of Fred, who did not think his remark would have been understood save by ourselves. 'He is not going to die yet, we must hope.'

'It's rather curious, though,' said Fred, who was never one of the right-down go-ahead fellows, but always had a thousand suspicions about everything.

'I expect the marquis has prepared a little surprise for us,' said I.

'I think I may venture to assure you that such is the case,' said the Frenchman. 'I am not to give any explanation unless you should refuse to accede to the wish of the marquis without it; at the same time, I was to suffer no persuasions to go untried.'

'Hang it! It's very funny, you know,' said our

fussy Fred, of whom I was beginning to be heartily ashamed. 'What sort of a surprise is it you mean?'

'I am to leave no persuasions untried,' repeated the Frenchman, with a slight shrug, as if he were a little impatient; indeed, I thought he must be disgusted with Fred's suspicious manner. 'I hope the company will soon decide upon accompanying me, for the anxiety of the marquis to see them this evening is very great indeed—*très vive, très vive!* The carriage at the door awaits your convenience.'

'Come! let us be off at once,' said I. 'The marquis evidently wishes to see us for some particular reason.'

'It is so, let me assure you,' said the Frenchman. 'You will find the marquis has not intended to give you trouble or inconvenience for nothing.'

I tried to persuade the ladies to put on their bonnets, and Fred to put on his hat; but the latter still held back. The ridiculous fact was, that he began to think the marquis was a sharper, or something of the sort; that the three gentlemen present were his accomplices; and that there was a regular plot afoot to inveigle us, rob us, murder us, and I don't know what.

'I myself am almost a stranger to the marquis,' said he, sitting down and thrusting his hands into his pockets in true English fashion; 'and I don't understand an invitation given under such circumstances. Certainly I shall not allow my wife or Sophy to go without some further explanation.' I was almost beside myself at this rudeness to the polite messenger of the polite marquis.

'Then you will not be persuaded, monsieur,' said the Frenchman.

'To speak candidly, I would much rather be excused, sir,' replied Fred.

'Bien! since I cannot prevail by persuasion, I must try something else. *Voilà!*' exclaimed the messenger, who, now looking exceedingly stern and impassible, drew from his breast a curious formal document. Fred examined it in silence, and then presented it to me for inspection.

It was a peremptory summons from the Tribunal of Secret Police, especially charged with the supervision of political malcontents and their associates. We were all mentioned there by name—even poor Sophy and Mrs Fred!—and were commanded instantly to surrender ourselves to the bearers of the summons; and, in case of resistance on our part, 'the law would know how to enforce our attendance by its own appropriate machinery.' We were thunder-struck.

'Enfin,' said the Frenchman, with a diabolical shrug, 'il faut que nous allons!' No representations or expostulations were of avail—they only aggravated the impatience of the legal messengers; and at length we found ourselves compelled to accept the polite invitation of the Marquis de Tropoli.

Having donned bonnets and hats, we were conducted to the carriage and driven off—observing, in passing by the *conciergerie*, that three of the Parisian police were standing near by, betwixt whom and our conductors significant glances were exchanged. One of our escort rode with the coachman, and the other two in the rumble.

After a ride of considerable distance, we were set down at some building in an isolated part of the city. The house had the appearance of a large hotel, which had been fitted up to serve some peculiar purpose. We were each conducted to a separate apartment—alas! for poor Fred and his *cara sposa*—and then actually locked in for the night!—each room being furnished in spare and cold fashion as a bed-chamber.

How the night passed with each and all would take considerable time and space to describe. It was a time of violent and memorable emotion, you may believe; and as for me—

By and by, the morning dawned through our barred windows. At an early hour, coffee and bread and

butter were served to each of us; and at about ten o'clock, we were conducted—still on the separate system—into a large apartment, fitted up as a court of justice, and where a formidably snappish old judge presided at the tribunal. Here we were, one after the other, subjected to a long and terrible examination and cross-examination, respecting our object in visiting Paris, our connection with Fred's friend, M. François Sorelle, and as to the expressions we had used with regard to the government.

And who was our accuser? Who the witness, who, with bland smiles, proved our identification? Who afforded evidence of our talk and our opinions?

Why, my fine friend the Marquis de Tropoli!—who was now merely styled Moreau by his superiors—that and nothing more. From a carefully compiled series of papers, he read an accurate, almost verbatim report, of all the treasonable language we had used in the sacred freedom of private friendship; and, to make matters worse, produced three or four of the confounded M. Sorelle's incendiary proclamations, which had been discovered wrapped round some small-clothes of the incautious Mrs Fred!

The marquis—or M. Moreau—was, then, one of the chief agents of secret police.

To make a long story short, we got off uncommonly well. We were not imprisoned or fined, but only ordered to leave Paris instantly, under escort, and embark for England by the first tide. One sentence must record that all the luggage and effects of the ladies, Fred, and myself, had been overhauled and examined during the night, and thrust back anyhow into our boxes and carpet-bags. This exasperated Mrs Fred and Sophy more than all. We were escorted, by special *diligence*, to Boulogne, and there packed off to England! It was some years before I could bear without wincing even the name of the Marquis de Tropoli, though uttered by my dearest friend. But I am getting over that now.

A GERMAN COURT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In his recent *Life of Goethe*, Mr Lewes furnishes a picture of the little court of Weimar, which we feel to be eminently curious. The geographical importance of Weimar is inconsiderable; but its influence on the side of literature has been so decidedly great and memorable, as to give it some prominence among German states. Most of the leading men of genius and accomplishment who may be said to have created the modern German literature, received encouragement from this insignificant ducal court, or were liberally provided for out of its revenues; and when it is remembered that these revenues were less in amount than the rentals of many an English landlord, it will be allowed that the services it rendered on behalf of intellectual progress were magnificent, and in the highest degree praiseworthy. 'The Duke of Weimar,' says Carlyle in his *Past and Present*, 'with his incomings, had to govern, judge, defend, every way administer his dukedom. He does all this as few others did; and he improves lands besides all this, makes river-embankments, maintains not soldiers only, but universities and institutions; and in his court were these four men—Wieland, Herder, Schiller, Goethe. Not as parasites, which was impossible; not as table-wits and poetic Katerfeltoes, but as noble spiritual men working under a noble practical man. Shielded by him from many miseries—perhaps from many shortcomings, destructive aberrations. Heaven had sent, once more, heavenly light into the world; and this man's honour was that he gave it welcome. A new noble kind of clergy, under an old but still noble kind of king! I reckon that this one Duke of Weimar did more for the

culture of his nation than all the English dukes and *duces* now extant, or that were extant since Henry VIII. gave them the church-lands to eat, have done for theirs!' The exceeding scantness of the income of this generous prince is sufficiently indicated by the circumstance, that he was sometimes constrained to supply the deficiencies of his purse by selling to the Jews a diamond ring or ancestral snuff-box, for the sake of raising money to assist a struggling poet or artist. The court of such a prince must be worth looking at; and we may be thankful to Mr Lewes for the trouble he has taken to give us some conception of it.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saale, at Jena; a stream meandering peacefully through pleasant valleys, and presenting a quiet graceful picture at all times of the year, except during the rainy season, when mountain-torrents cause its current to overflow its banks. We are told that the Trent in England, between Trentham and Stafford, gives a very fair idea of this stream. The town is charmingly situated in the Ilm Valley, and stands some 800 feet above the level of the sea. 'On a first acquaintance,' says Mr Lewes, 'Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park, than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments—it is so quiet, so simple; and, although ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone-coloured, light-brown, and apple-green houses have high-peaked slanting-roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet simple streets and pleasant paths—fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene; but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was, of course, very different from that presented now; but by diligent inquiry, we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city-walls were still erect; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were 600 or 700 houses—not more—most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about 7000 inhabitants, for the most part not handsome. The city-gates were strictly guarded; no one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book. . . . There was little safety at night in those silent streets; for if you were in no great danger from marauders, you were in constant danger of breaking a limb in some hole or other. . . . If, in this 1854, Weimar is still innocent of gas, and perplexes its inhabitants with the dim obscurity of an occasional oil-lamp slung on a cord across the streets, we may imagine that in 1775 they had not even advanced so far; and our supposition is exact.' This is shewn from a decree made in the year just mentioned, containing the following noticeable sentence:—'In every house, as soon as the alarm sounds at night, every inhabitant must hold out a lighted lantern, in order that the people may find their way in the streets.' Curiously enough, this is precisely the echo of an edict given out in Edinburgh about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Saxe-Weimar has no trade, no manufactures, no animation of commercial, political, or even theological activity—though, it may be remembered, this part of Saxony was the earliest home of Protestantism. Only a few miles from Weimar stands the Wartburg, where Luther, in the disguise of Squire George, lived in safety, translating the Bible, and hurling his ink-stand at the head of Satan during the progress of the work. Here, too, is the scene of proceedings which indirectly promoted the Reformation. 'In the market-place of Weimar stand, to this day, two houses from the windows

of which Tetzels advertised his indulgences, and Luther, in fiery indignation, fulminated against them. These records of religious struggle still remain, but are no longer suggestions for the continuance of the strife. The fire is burnt out; and perhaps in no city of Europe is theology so placid, polemics so entirely at rest.' Eighty years ago, when Goethe first settled in Weimar, and when, of course, his intellectual influence was not anticipated, the general circumstances of society were very different from what they are at present. The chasm between that time and our own is manifest in all directions. 'High roads,' remarks Mr Lewes, 'were only found in certain parts of Germany; Prussia had no *chaussée* till 1787. Milestones were unknown, although finger-posts existed. Instead of facilitating the transit of travellers, it was thought good political economy to obstruct them, for the longer they remained, the more money they spent in the country. A century earlier, stage-coaches were known in England; but in Germany, public conveyances—very rude, to this day, in places where no railway exists—were few and miserable; nothing but open carts with unstuffed seats. . . . Letters took nine days from Berlin to Frankfort, which in 1854 require only twenty-four hours. So slow was the communication of news, that, as we learn from the Stein correspondence, so great an event as the death of Frederick the Great was only known as a rumour a week afterwards in Carlsbad. "By this time," writes Goethe, "you must know in Weimar if it be true." With these facilities, it was natural that men travelled but rarely, and mostly on horseback. What the inns were, may be imagined from the infrequency of travellers, and the general state of domestic comfort.'

The absence of all comfort and luxury—luxury as distinguished from ornament—is amusingly indicated by our author. All household things were of the homeliest kind, and there was usually but one decent room in any house. 'On eating and drinking was spent the surplus now devoted to finery. . . . The manners were rough and simple. The journeymen ate at the same table with their masters, and joined in the coarse jokes which then passed for hilarity. Filial obedience was rigidly enforced, the stick or strap not unfrequently aiding parental authority. Even the brothers exercised an almost parental authority over their sisters. Indeed, the "position of women" was by no means such as our women can conceive with patience; not only were they kept under the paternal, marital, and fraternal yoke, but society limited their actions by its prejudices still more than it does now. No woman, for instance, of the better class of citizens could go out alone; the servant-girl followed her to church, to a shop, or even to the promenade.'

To the foregoing survey there is something to be said about the *prices* of things at the period in question; the more so as it is known that the pension Karl August gave Schiller was the seemingly trivial one of 200 thalers—about L.30 of our money—and that the salary Goethe received as Councillor of Legation, was only 1200 thalers—about L.180 per annum. This seems beggarly; but we must consider the relations of things. 'We find in Schiller's correspondence with Körner, that he hires a riding-horse for 6d. a day, and gets a manuscript fairly copied at the rate of 1½d. a sheet of sixteen pages: with us, the charge is 2d. for every seventy-two words. The whole of *Don Carlos* cost but 3s. 6d. for copying. He hires a furnished apartment, consisting of two rooms and a bedroom, for L.2, 12s. 6d. a quarter (Charlotte von Kalb, writing to Jean Paul, November 1796, says his lodgings will only cost him ten dollars, or 30s., a quarter); while his male servant, who, in case of need, can act as secretary, is to be had for 18s. a quarter. Reckoning up his expenses, he says: "Washing, servants, the barber, and such things, all paid quarterly, and

none exceeding 6s.; so that, speaking in round numbers, I shall hardly need more than 450 dollars"—that is, about L.70 a year. Even when he is married, and sees a family growing round him, he says: "With 800 dollars, I can live here, in Jena, charmingly—*recht artig*."

'It is evident,' proceeds Mr Lewes, 'that in Weimar they led no very sumptuous life. A small provincial town overshadowed by a court, its modes of life were the expression of this contrast. The people, a slow, heavy, ungraceful, ignorant, but good-natured, happy, honest race, feeding on black bread and sausages; the stupidest people I have ever lived among, and perhaps the ugliest, but a people of whom that is the *worst* to be said. Rising higher, we find the cultivated classes of employes, artists, and professors; and, higher still, the aristocracy, without the culture of the second class, but with a culture of its own, not far removed from vulgarity of mind—a poor, proud, ignorant nobility, jealous of its small privileges. . . . The court was the centre and crown of Weimarian ambition. "Noble or not noble?" that was the question. If you wrote *von* before your name, you were somebody; without the magical *von*, you might be Goethe, Schiller, or Herder, it mattered little—you were nobody. In the theatre, until 1825, the nobility alone were allowed admission to the boxes; and when the Jena students crowded the pit, elbowing out the Weimar public, that public was forced to return home, or jostle with the students for seats in pit and gallery. Even when the theatre was rebuilt, and the *bourgeoisie* was permitted a place in the boxes, its place was on the left side of the house, the right being vigorously reserved for the *vons*. This continued until 1848; since that year of revolutions, the public has had the place it can pay for.'

To understand how the court overshadowed the city, it should be borne in mind that Goethe was forced, against his wish, to be ennobled; and that Schiller, shut out from the society to which his titled wife had right of admission, bitterly acquiesced in the like equivocal honour, complaining of the extra expense which it occasioned. Proud as Schiller was, and personally regardless of conventional distinctions, we have his own word for it, that the acceptance of a title was indispensable. 'In a little town like Weimar,' he writes to Körner, 'it is always a disadvantage to be excluded from anything; for here we find it sometimes very disagreeable, whereas in a large town no notice would be taken of it.' It has been said that Goethe was ennobled to enable him to marry the Baroness von Stein; but there appears to have been no idea of such a marriage; and the real reason was, that Karl August, the grand-duke, imperious as he sometimes shewed himself in behalf of his friend, felt he could not persist in disregarding the prejudices of his nobility; and hence Goethe was raised to their rank to give him a title of admission among them.

What makes all this so singular is the exceeding paltriness of the appointments of the court. 'The Weimar court,' says our authority, 'but little corresponded with those conceptions of grandeur, magnificence, and historical or political importance, with which the name of court is usually associated. But just as in gambling, the feelings are agitated less by the greatness of the stake than by the variations of fortune; so, in the social gambling of court-intrigue, there is the same ambition and agitation, whether the green cloth be an empire or a duchy. Within its limits, Saxe-Weimar displayed all that an imperial court displays in larger proportions; it had its ministers, its army, its chamberlains, pages, and sycophants. Court favour and disgrace elevated and depressed, as if they had been imperial smiles or autocratic frowns. A standing army of 600 men, with cavalry of fifty hussars, had its war-department, with war-minister, secretary, and clerk.' That this may

not appear too ridiculous, Mr Lewes adds, in a note, that 'one of the small princes (the Graf von Limburg Styrum) kept a corps of hussars, which consisted of a colonel, six officers, and two privates!' The accuracy of this statement cannot be doubted; and it tends to reveal to us the absurd insignificance of some of the German states.

Quite in accordance with the freedom of manners previously depicted, though hardly so with the strait-laced etiquette of a court, was the character of the grand-duke, Karl August. 'He can afford,' says Mr Lewes, 'to be looked at more closely and familiarly than most princes. He was a man whose keen appreciation of genius not only drew the most notable men of the day to Weimar, but whose intrinsically fine qualities kept them there. It is easy for a prince to assemble men of talent; it is not so easy for a prince to make them remain beside him, in the full employment of their faculties, and in reasonable enjoyment of their position. Karl August was the prince who, with the smallest means, produced the greatest result in Germany. He was a man of restless activity: his eye was on every part of his dominions; his endeavours to improve the condition of his people were constant. In his tastes, no man in Germany was so simple, except his dearest friend, Goethe, with whom, indeed, he had many cardinal points in common. . . . He was rough, soldierly, *brusque*, and imperious. He was at home when in garrison with Prussian soldiers, but out of his element when at foreign courts, and not always at ease in his own. Goethe describes him longing for his pipe at the court of Brunswick in 1784. . . . In a letter (unprinted), he writes to Goethe, then at Jena, saying he longs to be with him to watch sunrise and sunset, for he can't see the sun set in Gotha, hidden as it is by the crowd of courtiers. . . . His delight, when not with soldiers, was to be with dogs, or with his poet alone in their simple houses, discussing philosophy, and "talking of lonely things that conquer death." He mingled freely with the people. At Ilmenau, he and Goethe put on the miner's dress, descended into the mines, and danced all night with peasant-girls. Riding across country, over rock and stream, in manifest peril of his neck; teasing the maids of honour, sometimes carrying this so far as to offend his more princely wife; wandering alone with his dogs, or with some joyous companion; seeking excitement in wine, and in making love to pretty women, without much respect of station; offending by his roughness and wilfulness, though never *estranging* his friends—Karl August, often grieving his admirers, was, with all his errors, a genuine and admirable character. His intellect was active; his judgment, both of men and things, sound and keen. Once, when there was a discussion about appointing Fichte as professor at Jena, one of the opponents placed a work of Fichte's in the duke's hands, as sufficient proof that *such* a teacher could not hold a chair. Karl August read the book—and appointed Fichte. He had great aims; he also had the despotic will which bends circumstances to its determined issues. "He was always in progress," said Goethe to Eckermann: "when anything failed, he dismissed it at once from his mind. I often bothered myself how to excuse this or that failure; but he ignored every shortcoming in the cheerfulest way, and always went forward to something new."

This was said when both Goethe and the duke were considerably advanced in life; in their younger days, with which we are here concerned, they could neither of them be considered exemplars of propriety. It is recorded of them that they would stand for the hour together in Weimar market-place, smacking huge sledge-whips for a wager. Then, they were given to frequent outrageous orgies; drinking wine out of skulls—as Byron and his friends did in their wild days; and in ordinary intercourse exhibited but a very mitigated

respect for *meum* and *tuum*, borrowing handkerchiefs and waistcoats which were never returned. Time, however, wore all this nonsense off; and even while it was going on, things of proper importance were not left entirely neglected. Late in life, Goethe said: 'For more than half a century I have been connected in the closest relations with the grand-duke, and for half a century have striven and toiled with him; but I should not be speaking truth were I to say that I could name a single day on which the duke had not his thoughts busied with something to be devised and effected for the good of the country; something calculated to better the condition of each individual in it.'

Such is the description, in rough outline, of Weimar, its court, and reigning prince, in the middle of the eighteenth century, which Mr Lewes has, after much inquiry and research, presented to English readers in the middle of the nineteenth. It is curious as a representation of European life and manners which have now become almost, if not wholly, obsolete. As such, we have detached it for the contemplation of our readers, many of whom are not likely to have time to go through Mr Lewes's two volumes, and some of whom, perhaps, considering their cost, are not even likely to see them. It will be proper, nevertheless, to say, as the result of our own examination, that the work is eminently worthy of the attention of all who are interested in German literature, and in the life-proceedings and performances of Germany's greatest author; that the work is admirably conceived and executed; and is entitled to rank among the three or four excellent books which form the sum of English achievement in the biographical department of literature.

POISON-EATERS.

IN certain numbers of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* (416 and 493), the custom of poison-eating was first made known in England. It was something so new and marvellous, and at the same time so opposed to our former notions of the power and properties of arsenic, that many persons—the greater number, perhaps—looked upon it as incredible. The papers in question, however, attracted attention; for the facts they stated were too extraordinary to pass unnoticed. They were copied by innumerable journals and magazines,* and were also quoted in scientific works. But though read, and talked of, and quoted as a marvel, the statements in question do not seem to have induced any one in England to turn the information thus acquired to practical account. And yet, it might be thought, that on medico-legal considerations merely, it would be worth inquiring about. The circumstance of those papers appearing anonymously, may perhaps have had some influence on the amount of confidence or mistrust with which the reader was inclined to receive them. Indeed, the author of the two articles on poison-eating is well aware that his statements have been considered by several as more than improbable; while, on the other hand, those who were still inclined to believe, have addressed themselves, through the editor, to the author, to beg for more details, and to ask a further verification on sundry points which seemed too startling.

Whether the believers in the given accounts be numerous or not, it is at all events certain that the interest they have excited warrants a return to the

* Thirty-two French, German, Italian, and Swiss Journals have been counted into which they were copied, exclusive of English ones.

subject; and this for two reasons: first, in order that the writer of the former papers as well as of the present one may, by no longer appearing anonymously, thus openly take upon himself the responsibility of his assertions; and, secondly, because he is enabled to add some facts to his first accounts, and to insist on their correctness with even more firmness than before.

Dr von Tschudi, who has been so obliging as to make some interesting communications to the author on the subject of poison-eating, observes in his letter: 'I am well aware that my observations and the facts I have recorded have met with much opposition in England, and the veracity of my assertions been doubted by many, especially, if I mistake not, in Scotch journals. Against my facts, however, my opponents have only brought doubts and suppositions; which, of course, is much the same as bringing nothing at all. The observations communicated by me are based on the strictest truth and on an experience of several years. It cannot be denied that, for this neighbourhood at least, my communications were of great importance, for here the custom of arsenic-eating is pretty general.'

The importance of the discovery of such practices has not been overlooked by the Austrian law-courts. In many cases of suspected poisoning, Dr von Tschudi has been called upon, as one whose experience could not but facilitate the inquiry after truth, to test the facts of the case by his knowledge of the results of arsenic being taken as daily food. In a letter to the undersigned, he has been good enough to cite one instance, which shews clearly enough that henceforward both judge and jury, as well as advocate and medical witness, must take cognizance of this accession to our physiological knowledge, when examining or deciding on the cases brought before them.

'A few years ago,' writes the doctor, 'a remarkable criminal case was tried at the sessions held in my immediate neighbourhood. The body of a man who had been buried eight years was disinterred, vague suspicions and assertions having been afloat that he had met his death by foul play; and, in fact, a chemical analysis proved the presence of arsenic. The counsel for the prisoner made use of my communications; I also was called on to give my evidence; and, after numerous witnesses had been examined, the conclusion arrived at was, almost beyond the possibility of doubt, that the man suspected to have been poisoned was a poison-eater. And as the rest of the evidence against the accused was not well founded, the prisoner was acquitted; whilst, without the knowledge of the strange practice of eating arsenic, a condemnation would most surely have followed. This is but one case among many similar to it which I could cite.'

The story given in No. 493, of the gentleman who was in the habit of taking arsenic daily with his breakfast, is one that has called forth most doubts. This particular case Dr von Tschudi considers 'especially important.' The gentleman in question, who is described as not only taking it himself, but as being anxious that his workmen should also accustom themselves to its use, in order to counteract the baneful effects of the poisonous fumes, is a director of arsenic-works belonging to the crown. The account was given Dr von Tschudi by a high law-officer of the imperial court of justice, the names of the party being stated, and every attendant circumstance well authenticated.

With regard to the effects of arsenic on personal appearance, the writer of this begs to state the following

in support of what has already been made known:— On meeting an acquaintance after a long absence, he was greatly surprised at the blooming complexion, fulness of face, and bright sparkling eye of him whom he had not seen for so many months—the gentleman in question having been ill, and undergone a protracted cure some distance off. For a man of his age, this freshness and bloom were something unusual; but it was the more striking, as neither the rosy fulness nor the lustrous eye had been observable before this cure. These appearances, as it was afterwards discovered, were attributable to the quantity of arsenic which had been administered to him in large doses, leaving him not only perfectly free from the disease for which he had been treated, but hale, hearty, and looking as has been above described. He continued to take arsenic for some time afterwards: it was given to him in pills, however; and he never knew, nor does to this day, that for a long time he had been in the habit of taking daily a large dose of a deadly poison.

The other case is that of a young girl, now about twenty years of age. For the last two years, she has taken daily half a grain of arsenic; for a time, the dose was one grain, but it was reduced to half the quantity. During the two years, she has not been out of the house, and delicate and suffering as she is, this indoor-life, under ordinary circumstances, would naturally produce a paleness of complexion, and give her the appearance of ill health. On the contrary, however, her cheeks are full and blooming; her eyes are bright; and there is nothing in her appearance to denote that for so long a period she has been confined to a sick-room: her appetite, moreover, is very good.

The author ventures to assert that in a late trial in England*—‘the slow-poisoning case’—various foregone conclusions on the part of the witnesses would hardly have been come to had it been known that arsenic may be taken innocuously for a long time; and that the presence of such poison in the human body is not always a proof that murder has been attempted. In the trial alluded to, *the very small doses* said to have been administered, would probably not have caused death; and had the patient outlived the illness by which she was attacked, the arsenic—if given—would rather have contributed to improve her looks, and cause the fulness and freshness of health, instead of thinness and pallor.†

A circumstance has come to the author's knowledge lately, which is interesting to him, inasmuch as it shews that the fact of arsenic being taken otherwise than medicinally, is known more generally than at first seemed the case. He was told by a person, of whom he made inquiries concerning the use of the poison in stable-economy, that he remembered long ago to have read that Napoleon was in the habit of taking arsenic, to insure himself against being poisoned. It being the first time the author had heard this report, he inquired of other persons in quite another sphere of life, and of them too he learned that the tale was not new. Now, whether true or not that Napoleon did take arsenic—though his known inclination to stoutness, later in life, might seem to lend additional probability to the story—it is sufficient that such report was *current* to shew that arsenic-eating not only existed, *but was generally known to exist*; for without such foundation, no one would

have ever thought of building up so seemingly improbable a fiction. All popular traditions, if traced back, will be found to derive their strength and vitality from having sprung up in the atmosphere of truth; although, by the time they come down to us, they may be overgrown by the moss of ages, till their outward appearance is changed, and they look wizard-like and unearthly.

But if the use of arsenic is found so incredible, what shall we say to the practice of the Turks, who take corrosive sublimate as an antidote to that derangement of the system produced by an immoderate use of opium?

This is nothing new; nor is the habit, like that of arsenic-eating, attempted to be concealed. The use of the last-named poison by horse-dealers is very general in the East: they come across to Greece from Smyrna, or buy their stock in Macedon; and such adepts are they in the art of preparing their wares for the market, that he must indeed be a connoisseur who is not deceived by their blandishments by the time they appear in the Athenian market. They all, without exception, mix arsenic with their horses' provender. Some years ago, an apothecary at Athens—he may even be there now—had, in his stable, horses, which for sleekness and beauty, and fineness of coat, were the admiration of every one: these were fed with arsenic.

That certain animals have little susceptibility for particular poisons, the following circumstance, related by a Bavarian officer to the writer of this paper, will sufficiently shew. Having, when in Greece, among many other birds, large and small, a falcon which he wished to be rid of, he one day pulverised a piece of arsenic, as large at least as a large cherry, and strewed it on bits of meat. The bird ate the whole; and, as he remained alive and well, the dose was repeated on the morrow. This had no more effect than the former one; and, having thus escaped his doom, the falcon was allowed to live on with the other birds in the court-yard of the house.

As to the custom of giving arsenic to horses, it would seem to be even more general in Western Europe than the writer was hitherto aware of. He has spoken on the subject with a man of long experience; and on referring to arsenic, was rather surprised to find that the person in question spoke of the poison as he would of the usual horse-balls, or of any other well-known and generally received treatment. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine—so he told the writer—he had always understood that arsenic was used by horse-dealers to improve the looks of their animals. From what he himself had seen in different stables, he believed it impossible that certain appearances could be produced unless unusual means had been resorted to. Though he had always heard arsenic spoken of in stable-economy as something quite common, he had never employed it himself; nor had he ever actually seen it administered. The horses of Mr R—'s equestrian troop were famous for the fineness and beauty of their hair; for their sleekness and general appearance; and he understood that such was owing to the use of arsenic. Indeed, at the season when he had seen them, it would have been impossible for horses to have such coats, unless some unusual means had been resorted to.

On questioning an Austrian cavalry-officer on the use of arsenic, the writer was again surprised to find that to give this poison to horses was considered quite a common practice. ‘I never give mine any,’ he said, ‘because it makes them sweat profusely, as soon as you require of them great exertion. It improves their looks, no doubt; and makes them sleeker. Mine are in good condition, and I am quite satisfied with them as they are. However, the use of arsenic is common enough; though I, for my part, don't like it.’

The facts contained in these and the former papers may now perhaps attract the attention of practical

* Since the above was written, a letter has appeared in the *Times* on this subject, in which particular attention is called to the two former articles on ‘poison-eating’ in this Journal. It is therein suggested that the supposed victim was in the habit of taking arsenic, a bottle of Fowler's solution having been found in a basket, and that, having determined to leave off the habit, its sudden discontinuance occasioned her death—that, in short, she was poisoned by ceasing to take poison—a seeming paradox, but which, in reality, is a possible, and, in this case, even a probable occurrence.

† See No. 493, page 392—the attempt at murder by slow-poisoning, and its result.

men, and the subject be viewed no longer as merely curious, but as something deserving scientific investigation.

CHARLES BONER.

ST EMERAM,
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TOBACCO-PIPES.

TOBACCO, which received its botanical name of *Nicotiana* from Jean Nicot, who, in 1586, first sent some seeds of the plant to Catherine de Medicis, was introduced into England in the same year by the colonists who then returned from their abortive attempt to settle in Virginia. The flavour of the herb was so much relished by Europeans, that its use spread with a rapidity without parallel; and, in spite of the opposition of sovereigns and the bulls of the pope, continued to grow in favour, until it became a necessity of life to hundreds of millions. Whether the Eastern nations, who even exceed the Westerns in their use of it, learned the luxury of smoking from the latter, seems a matter of doubt. It is certain that the tobacco-plant grows wild in many parts of India; and that upon some of the oldest of the Chinese sculptures, travellers have recognised the form of the tobacco-pipe in use among them at the present moment. On the other hand, it is asserted that the plant anciently smoked by the Chinese was not tobacco, but a different herb, smoked in a similar way, and that they were led to the substitution of tobacco by the example of Europeans. This is a question, however, of little importance, and we need not pause here to consider it: it is sufficient for us to remark, that at the present moment all nations and tribes, almost without exception, whether civilised or savage, are smokers of tobacco; that they annually consume among them about 5,500 millions of pounds, of which our own country requires 30 millions; that the quantity of the very best land necessary for the growth of the whole crop is not less than 5½ millions of acres; and that the cost of its production equals that of the entire stock of wheat consumed in the United Kingdom!

Such a prodigious amount of tobacco destined to be puffed away in smoke, necessitates—even allowing for that which is rolled into cigars, or ground into snuff—the manufacture of an appropriate number of tobacco-pipes. Not that by any means tobacco led to pipes, as is probably the current notion; on the contrary, it would appear, on examination, that pipes led to tobacco—the custom of smoking being certainly traceable to a date more remote than our knowledge of tobacco. It is beyond a doubt that the aboriginal inhabitants of North America are the most ancient race of smokers of whom we have any certain knowledge, and that their custom of smoking *knick-kneck*—the bark of a shrub possessing narcotic qualities—was an antique custom, as old as their oldest traditions, at the period of their first contact with the white man. With the Indians, the act of smoking was as much a religious or political ceremonial as it was a luxury. They smoked as a preliminary to any important undertaking, and sought the inspiration of the pipe as the source of wisdom in council. In clouds of smoke they debated the question of war, and settled treaties of peace; and whatever was sacred among them, was connected in some way with the social use of the pipe. It is no wonder that they were habitually inveterate smokers, and that whenever arms were not in their hands, the pipe was in their mouths.

The Indians regarded their pipes with something of a reverential and mysterious feeling. The bowl was curiously carved from the 'pipe-stone'—a species of red steatite unknown in Europe, and dug from a sacred quarry, supposed to be given by the Great Spirit for

their pipes, and strictly forbidden to be used for anything else. Some of these carvings were extremely elaborate and ingenious, representing the heads of animals, or human figures reclining singly or in groups. The stone had to be wrought with the rudest tools, and the cavity hollowed out by a hard stick kept revolving between the palms in a mixture of sharp sand and water. The hollow tube—which varied in length from two to four feet—was a straight branch of the ash-tree, from which the central pith had been extracted with infinite labour; this, in its turn, was elaborately carved and ornamented, and adorned with fringes and tassels. The 'calumet' or peace-pipe, which was sacred, and never used but on the occasion of peacemaking, was gorgeous with a banner of eagles' feathers. The value of an Indian brave's pipe often exceeded that of a couple of noble horses: it was never allowed to descend to his heirs, but at his death, was buried with him along with his weapons of war.

From the Indian forest of an antique time, we shall take the liberty to pass to the workshops of a maker of the commonest and cheapest of tobacco-pipes, situated in a back-lane in a turning out of a street running from Whitechapel Road. The common English tobacco-pipe is made after the model of the pipe of the Dutchman, who stole the pattern from the Chinese. The clay from which it is manufactured comes principally from Purbeck, in Dorsetshire, whence it is transported to all parts of the kingdom. The first process we witness, is the breaking and pounding the clay with a wooden rammer, and mixing it with water to a consistency similar to that of putty. The clay, at the requisite consistency, then passes on to a man who pulls, twists, rolls, thumbs, and kneads it out, with astonishing celerity, into small separate long-tailed lumps, each large enough, and to spare, for a single pipe. These he lays loosely together in a heap, ready for the moulder. The moulder, a skilled artisan in his way, dexterously draws the long tail of the lump over a fine steel-rod which he holds in the left hand; performing in less than half a minute what seems a miracle of skill, by imbedding the rod in the exact centre of the clay through the whole length of the pipe. He then lays the rod in the lower section of the mould, shuts down the upper section upon it, and presses them together in a press, the descent of which squeezes out the superfluous clay. The workman then cutting the expressed shreds from the mould, opens it, and the pipe is nearly complete as to shape—an ingenious adjustment of the mould having formed the hollow bowl. In this state, the pipes are passed to the trimmer, generally a young lad or a female. The trimmer, with a sharp steel instrument, first pares away the thin protuberances on the stem formed by the junction of the two sections of the mould; then dresses the bowl to a neat shape; then cuts the mouthpiece smooth; then draws out the steel-rod, and blows down the pipe, to be sure that it has a free passage for the smoke; and, lastly, lays it on the frame to dry, previous to burning in the kiln. A pipe-kiln is more or less capacious, in proportion to the exigencies of the establishment; but an enormous number of pipes may be burned in a comparatively small kiln, as they are ingeniously packed on frames, so that little space is lost, and are sufficiently fired in a short time. On inquiry, we are informed that the number of pipes made in this establishment, when trade is prosperous and the demand brisk, is about forty-five gross a day; which gives an average of nearly 500 pipes per diem for each of the hands employed. With the exception of a fractional proportion, the whole of them find their way into the tap-rooms and parlours of the publicans and the shops of the tobaccoists. When sent to a distance, they are packed as carefully as possible; but the loss consequent on breakage is borne by the consignee, not by the maker. Countless numbers of them are sold in London by pipe-hawkers,

who carry them about by hand, and each of whom cultivates a 'pipe-walk,' or a connection with publicans and tobacconists, whom he supplies from year to year. The profit these men derive from their merchandise is exceedingly small; but they have an allowance for breakage, which, being a careful race, they contrive to avoid, and thus increase their percentage.

The attempts of the English at fancy and ornamental pipe-making are confined chiefly to imitations of foreign productions, and to the finishing, mounting, and polishing of such as are imported in the rough.

The French, among whom anything resembling the English and Dutch model is rarely seen, are said to employ about 4000 hands in the manufacture of common pipes. As they do with everything they undertake, they have brought the elements of art to bear both upon the design and the ornamentation of their pipes. They are not under the necessity of making them at the rapid rate above described, as they would sooner think of throwing away the glass from which they have drunk, when it was empty, than the pipe from which they have smoked. The commonest French pipe is a well-finished article, with a graceful bowl and a well-proportioned stem; and its owner keeps it in a case, reverts it for its blackened hue and pungent odour, and grows attached to it from long use. Numbers of the better class of French pipes are manufactured of porcelain, and some are adorned with enamelled portraits and beautiful heads, executed in a style that puts to shame the works of our average miniature painters. Others are formed of various kinds of earth or earthy compounds, compressed in moulds by the potter, and afterwards cut in deeper relief by hand. Some are made of rare kinds of wood, turned in the lathe or artistically carved, and lined with clay or earthen bowls to resist the fire. Again, they are fashioned in elegant shapes from masses of agate, amber, crystal, cornelian, and ivory, as well as the various kinds of pure or mixed metals. Pipes fashioned of every practicable material, and upon which unwearied labour and exquisite taste have been bestowed, are to be met with in the stores of the Parisian dealers; and yet it is a rare thing to see in a Parisian's mouth anything more costly than the simple nine-inch pipe of soft porous clay, which, with its case, fitting it almost as closely as the mould in which it was pressed, may be bought for twenty-five sous. The magnificent pipes of the French market are got up for the delectation of the foreigners, with whom the capital abounds, and for the pipe-collector, a being who rides a hobby liable to become frantically extravagant.

The Germans have perhaps experimented more profoundly in pipes than any other European people. They long used a beautiful pipe, carved by the herdsmen and peasants of the Black Forest from the close-grained and gnarled root of the dwarf-oak. The wood is hard enough to resist the action of the fire, becoming but slightly charred by years of use. The carvings represented sylvan scenes—boar-hunts, rencontres with wolves, sleigh-driving, fowling, and the exploits of robbers. Not unfrequently the subject was an illustration of ancient German literature, as a scene from the story of Reynard the Fox—or of the works of Goethe or Schiller, in which Karl, or Faust, or the Satanic leer of Mephistopheles, was sure to figure. These wooden pipes, and, indeed, all others save the common clay-pipe of the peasant, were destined to lose their ground and disappear before the meerschaum. This curious mineral, which is to the European what the pipe-stone is to the Indian, is found in pits in various parts of Asia Minor, some specimens being also brought from the Crimea. It is dug in the form of clay, and is called by the Tatars *keff-kill*, or sea-foam (meer-schaum), from the notion which prevails, that when dug from the pit, it puffs up like foam. Its

component elements are chiefly silica, magnesia, carbonic acid, and water. In its manufacture into pipes, the larger proportion of the material turns out useless, owing to the difficulty of getting rid of the air it contains, which causes it to split when heated. It differs greatly in value in proportion to its texture and transparency—that which is white and of a chalky aspect being little worth, while that which is transparent and delicately mottled is highly esteemed. It is allowed by good judges to be the best material for pipes, as, by its porosity and mass, it mitigates the strength of the tobacco, and is slow to heat. Constantinople is the great mart for meerschaum, whether in the form of pipes or unmanufactured. The trade is almost entirely in the hands of German and Polish dealers, who supply, not only the rest of Europe, but North and South America, and many of the colonies, with meerschaum-pipes. They may be purchased at any price, according to size, quality, and workmanship, from a single shilling to L.30 or L.50, and even more. They already exist in millions and tens of millions; they form a part of the *personnel* of almost every breathing German man above the rank of a boor; they are a part of every traveller's equipment, go where he may; they are pushing the clay-pipes out of use in Holland, Belgium, and France; they have invaded Spain and Italy in irresistible numbers; and they inundate our own territories through their length and breadth.

In proportion as a genuine meerschaum is regularly smoked, that portion of the bowl exposed to the greatest heat gradually changes its hue; the cool cream-colour giving place to a warm saffron tint, and this by degrees deepens into a dense Vandyck brown, almost black. A pipe which takes this colouring well multiplies its value many-fold, and it is therefore the object of the smoking connoisseur to superinduce this dense brown hue as soon as possible. But the thing cannot be done to perfection if the pipe, once lighted, be allowed to cool; and, as a man cannot smoke for ever, perfection in colouring is rarely attained. An enthusiast in pipes, however, hit upon a plan by which the grand desideratum could be wrought out. He purchased a 'glorious meerschaum' of a fashionable shopkeeper—had it comfortably swaddled in a dozen folds of flannel, and commissioned the dealer to enter into treaty with a detachment of life-guardsmen at Whitehall, binding them to keep it constantly smoking day and night, by passing it from mouth to mouth as they relieved each other—the dealer supplying them with the best tobacco at his patron's expense. The experiment was carried out, and succeeded to admiration. After seven months' smoking day and night, the swaddling envelopes were removed, and revealed the most magnificent specimen of pipe-colouring which the eye of man had ever beheld. The patron was in ecstasies with his prize, but received a sudden cooler when, demanding the bill, an account for a hundred and odd pounds was put into his hands, which, in spite of his remonstrances, he had to pay for the gratification of his whim.

In all tobacco, there are more or less of certain acrid and poisonous ingredients, which the smoker imbibes with the smoke. Northern peoples seem to care but little about them, and take less pains to get rid of them. The Germans make a small reservoir in the heel of their pipes for the reception of the poisonous oils, and our own dealers furnish various ingenious devices to arrest it in its transit from the bowl to the mouthpiece; but the mass of our smokers consume the strongest tobacco without any precautions of this kind, though it is known that the emphyreumatic oil is as deadly as prussic acid. On the other hand, the Orientals and tropical peoples either purify the smoke by drawing it through water, as is done by the Turks, or divest the tobacco of its acrid qualities before

smoking. The East Indians and Tibetians, who use, for the most part, metal pipes—of iron or bronze—are compelled to smoke a very mild tobacco, to escape the effects of these poisons; and the West Indians and Mexicans, who seldom use pipes, but roll the leaf into cigars, are careful in the selection of the mildest plant, and invariably throw away the cigar when half consumed, by which they escape all flavour of the poisonous oils.

It is among the Orientals bordering on the Mediterranean that we see the tobacco-pipe in its greatest glory, and playing the most important part. Take from the Turk or the Egyptian his chibouque, and you denationalise him at once. He smokes at all seasons and under all circumstances; and the only chance you have of catching him awake without his pipe, is when he is saying his prayers, or cutting the throats of his enemies; in either of which cases it is equally dangerous to obtrude yourself on his notice. Where the pipe is such a necessity, it is no wonder that it is also an idol, and that prodigal sums are sometimes lavished upon its manufacture, its adornment, and upon its various adjuncts and fittings. The pipe of a pacha in state is to be seen sparkling with the rarest gems, whose value would purchase half a county; and for the stick or tube alone, sums amounting to several thousands of pounds of English money have been expended. The wealth and influence of the host who entertains you, may be measured by the costliness of the pipes and the number of them prepared for your smoking. In whatever part of the divan you choose or chance to sit, there is the chibouque ready to your hand; and should you remove to another part, you are spared the labour of carrying it with you. If you chance to set foot on one in your passage, and crush the costly bowl to bits, not a muscle is seen to move on the imperturbable face of the host, while the wrecks are removed, and replaced by a specimen more costly still. The Turk will tell you that he finds at once a solace and a stimulant in his pipe; that the use of it is energising for action, and restorative after fatigue; and that he has no occasion for intoxicating liquors so long as he has his pipe. He is surprised that you consider smoking provocative of thirst, and wonders how that should be. It is not until you have tried a few pipes of the genuine Latakia leaf, prepared by native hands for native use, that you become a convert to his opinions on the subject of smoking.

The pipe of the smoker is as much subject to the changes of fashion as are the garments he wears; but all these changes seem to have originated with us since the close of the last war. The first of the porcelain, carved, and meerschaum pipes beheld in England, were in the hands and moustached mouths of the allies who came over here in 1814, and who made them familiar to the populace by their daily and nightly exhibition in the streets of London. The English potters sought to imitate these in wares of various colours, but their productions were found to be so intolerably hot in the smoking, that they could not be used. Then the foreign pipes were imported, and a brisk trade sprung up, in spite of an ad valorem duty of 30 per cent., intended for the protection of our own wares. The meerschaums came late, and, owing to the duty, were imported in the rough, and then turned, carved, polished, and sumptuously mounted with silver and even gold ornaments by the London jewellers. They bore the bell for twenty years, during which time they assumed every variety of form that the imagination could devise—the last important change being the divestiture of all ornament, and a return to the primitive shape of the Turkish pipe-bowl. At the present moment, however, the meerschaum is on the decline—the whole generation of smokers, as well at home as abroad, being seized with a mania for the short cutty-pipe, ranging from two and a half to six inches in the

stem, which, being stuck in the mouth, leaves the hands at liberty for whatever they may find to do.

A glance, but not too hasty a one, at the shop-window of a west-end tobacconist at the present moment, will afford the spectator a fair history of the pipe-movement for the last half-century. There he will see every step of the advance, from the common clay-pipe of the last war period, up to the cutty of the present hour. He will see that everything may be, and has been turned into a pipe, from 'a man and a brother' in black earth, to a throned monarch in alabaster and gems, and from a new-born babe to a death's-head and cross-bones. He will find every workable material pressed into the service of the smoker, irrespective of its intrinsic worthlessness or value, from the commonest clay to the choicest agate and amber and the precious metals. He will find the adjuncts and appliances of the pipe in shapes as multifarious and as expensive as the pipe itself—the stem, the hollowed branch of the cherry or the almond-tree; or, assuming the form of a flexible tube, woven with threads of gold and silver, and silk of dazzling hues, and from a few inches to many yards in length—adapted for the cutty, which hangs from the lips, or for the bubbling hookah, from which a dozen guests may propel a common cloud, and for everything which ranks between these two extremes.

If any one would extend his researches in this direction beyond the fashionable tobacconist's shop-window, the best thing he can do is to visit the museum of a pipe-collector. What such an enthusiast will do in the way of indulging his hobby is known to few beyond his most intimate associates, and even they are strangers to the sacrifices it costs him. Now and then, however, at rare intervals, death and the auctioneer combine to reveal the mystery; and all the world is set a-wondering at the sublimity of the tobacco-pipe ideal, as it bursts upon them in the museum of the deceased collector. Then for a few days there is a gathering of virtuosi around the splendid hoard—a hoard of bowls that would dowry a batch of daughters, of sticks that would purchase acres of timber, and of tobacco whose exquisite odour lures the knowing-ones to bid, and bid, and bid, to the tune of five, ten, fifteen guineas a pound!

But we are overstepping our limits, and must hasten to put out our pipe, trusting that the reader will be content with this Bird's-eye view of the subject.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, HUMANE AND INHUMANE.

DURING the last summer, accounts came thick upon us from 'the Middle Kingdom,' calculated to corroborate that horrible characteristic we had heard was peculiar to the Chinese—an atrocious indifference to human life and suffering. Vague rumour has repeatedly whispered for months past that, on the repulse of the rebels in the vicinity of Canton city, 600 a day, or 400, 200, at least 150, of these unhappy wretches were publicly put to death, abruptly decollated, or tediously quartered; savagely cut open to have their warm palpitating vitals exposed to the vulgar gaze, or deliberately piecemealed.

Amid these harrowing tales of horrors, the inquiry forces itself on us—'How can this harmonise with the fine-sounding professions of the Emperor of China, who from time immemorial has set himself forth as the Father and Mother of his people?' The only reply we have, is the trite remark, that practice and profession are different things, and often do not tally.

On examining the structure of the Chinese government, one is surprised to meet with the numerous

exhibitions of a form and character that is really *paternal*. We rise from the survey with the impression that the original plan and aim was to constitute the imperial autocrat a nursing father, who should watch over the interests of his subjects, and provide for their welfare, improvement, and advancement.

Take the following as a sample. Amongst the principal executives of that marvellous state, there is 'the Board of Punishments.' The prime object of this institute is to aid the sovereign in correcting the errors of the people; accordingly, it takes cognizance of all punishments throughout the empire; likewise the settlement of penal laws, the decision of cases and appeals, the confirmation or alteration of judicial sentences, and the regulation of fines and mulcts.

The official reports from the various judicial courts in the land, are referred to this board for examination and approval. Its decisions, it is expected, are to accord with the laws of the empire; nor in any case is it permitted to deviate from those laws, even on the plea of the emperor's former decisions in like cases, unless the law on those decisions has been expressly entered as a supplementary clause in the national code. Upon this higher court devolves the responsibility of adjudging whether the laws are duly applied throughout the country, neither with partial leniency nor with undignified severity. All capital cases are laid before them, and, at the autumnal sessions, the entire list of appeals from the provinces is presented to his imperial majesty for examination. His majesty's own decisions upon the respective cases are recorded by this board, and promptly forwarded by it to the provincial judges as the final sentence.

That, in the theory of their penal system, there is not a recklessness, but a singular regard for human life, is evident from the fact, that the ordinary cases of capital offenders are referred to this superior executive. Highway robbery and murder, high-treason and piracy, meet with summary punishment; but in the case of all other condemned criminals, the sentence of death passed by a provincial judge must abide the sanction of his imperial majesty; and the executions of these unfortunate wretches must be postponed until the arrival of the autocrat's replies. Accordingly, it not unfrequently happens that when the punishment of death is recorded against a man—no time being fixed for his execution—after the lapse of months the affair is suffered to be forgotten, and the culprit is either heavily fined or banished.

Next, we have amongst the Chinese the institution of Inquest, on deaths accidental, violent, sudden, or suspicious.

A few years ago, during my residence at Shang-hae, a band of native prisoners were riotous and insubordinate. To settle the matter—for they became perfectly ferocious and unmanageable—the presiding official in the city called in a company of military, and shot them dead within the prison-walls. Their carcasses, however, could not be removed until a coroner's inquest should sit on them; and, as it was the very height of midsummer, to preserve their bodies from corruption until the coroner should arrive, cakes of ice were brought in and thrown over them.

A second incident came under my observation, also at Shang-hae, which I subjoin, with all the particulars of a Chinese coroner's inquiry. Early in August 1851, a native was carried into the missionary medical hospital in a state of complete collapse. His extremities were cold, his colour pale, his eyes sunken, his pulse quick, but feeble. He was evidently dying; and, notwithstanding the prompt attention of Mr Lockhart, the surgeon, he died shortly after admission. That same day, in the course of the afternoon, I

observed a party of Chinese police-runners hastening to the hospital, with red cards, red candles, red cushions, and table-cloths. My curiosity prompted me to join them, and watch them throughout. They entered the central hall of the hospital, and arrayed the chairs and tables, as if for the reception of an official. Mr Lockhart inquired what they meant by all this, as he had not received any notice of a magisterial visit. They intimated that the mayor of Shang-hae was about to hold an inquest on the body of the man that had just died. Mr Lockhart coolly and resolutely ordered them to desist from these preparations, as he could admit no individual, of whatever rank, within his premises without the usual forms of etiquette. No card had been presented to him, and they must return to their master's house. They said in excuse, that the case was urgent, and the city mayor was on his way. But the runners found it of no avail to parley; and, bundling up cushions and rugs, they hurried back to inform his worship, whom they met entering the grounds. His card was forthwith handed in, and the magistrate was received with due courtesy. Upon his worship taking his seat as coroner, the brother of the deceased, and one or two others, came forward to give evidence how the deceased came by his death. They said he had received a violent blow on the abdomen, from a certain person they named, immediately after which he fell to the ground, complaining of severe pain, and was brought into this hospital, established by foreigners for the benefit of the native population.

The mayor was the chief coroner; his assistant was a medical man, who aided him as he could in this department. After the examination of the witnesses, these two gentlemen entered the ward where the deceased was lying. Removing the counterpane, the assistant particularly examined the corpse, to ascertain the seat of the blow. In his investigation, he used a sort of steel instrument, for what purpose no one knows. He turned it this way and that, and at last came to the conclusion that the man was not dead. Thereupon, the chief coroner felt greatly disconcerted—unable to decide whether the man was dead or alive. They both felt the pulse, and said that it was beating; but, in truth, the two were themselves so much flustered that they could not feel. At length, Mr Lockhart relieved them by the assurance that the man was indeed dead. The next question that agitated them was the real and proximate cause of death: this they felt at a loss to determine. Although an explanation was offered by Mr Lockhart, yet they were dissatisfied; and they left the building undecided. Eventually, a verdict of murder was found against the person that assaulted the deceased, and the punishment of death recorded, merely recorded, against him.

In the theory of the native government of China, such are some of the precautionary steps to check injustice and oppression, and to protect human life. Especially in capital punishments, when the life of a fellow-mortal is forfeited, their system indicates no slight endeavour nor insincere purpose to secure an honest and impartial consideration. Although it cannot but be obvious to foreign observers on the spot, that in perhaps a majority of instances the plan signally fails of its full effects, we must own that, taking into account the low value set upon life by Oriental governments, such provision for the administration of justice and mercy as is presented by the arrangements of the Board of Punishments, &c., does the Chinese people high credit. If the administrators of penal law among the Chinese—their local judges especially—were under the salutary influence of precautionary measures to prevent collusion, malversation, and haste, it might be no extravagance to expect that China should become the best governed country out of the pale of Christendom.

SILVIO PELLICO,

IMPRISONED IN THE VENETIAN PIOMBI.

[‘Another change of apartments now took place. The new room, which was also under the Piombi, had two windows—the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch; the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair on the table, but when attained, it commanded a view of great part of the city and the lagoon. In some apartments opposite the window, lived a poor family, who soon evinced the kind sympathy they felt for the prisoner by their compassionate gestures. . . . These consolations were renewed night and morning: when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window: “Good-night, Silvio;” and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat in a tone of emotion: “Good-night.”’—*Pellico's Memoirs of his Ten Years' Captivity.*]

THE captive stood in his dungeon drear; no friendly aid
was nigh;

And from his eye the gushing tear fell in mute agony;
He gazed upon his prison's walls, upon its floor of stone,
And thought upon his dreary lot—a prisoner there alone.

For weeks had passed since first within those gloomy walls
confined,

In loneliness and weariness, a captive, he had pined;
And, like a caged bird, his heart was panting to be free;
Yet time went on, and still there came no hopes of liberty.

The sun was shining clear and bright; the air was fresh and
free;

The golden light was glancing on the waters of the sea;
And e'en within that chamber dim a radiance it made,
And round the lonely prisoner the glowing sunlight played.

He climbed up to his casement high, for through its
narrow bars

He loved to gaze upon the sky and on the glimmering stars:
All Venice in her loveliness lay stretched beneath his eye,
With her towers, and spires, and cupolas, and glowing sea
and sky.

And from the Campanilè's dome, when the air was soft and
clear,

The sound of human voices was wafted to his ear;
And when the eve was falling, the gondolier's strain
Would bring the days when he was free back to his
thoughts again.

And thus he stood in musings deep, and thought upon life's
storms;

When, at a casement opposite, he saw two childish forms:
He marked their earnest pitying glance, their looks of
sympathy,
For him, the lonely captive, in the dreaded Piombi.

And gentle words of pitying love fell from those children fair,
And like the dew on parched ground, stole softly on his ear.
Though youthful were his comforters, yet it was sweet to
know

That there were some who pitied him, his loneliness and wo.

When morning's rosy fingers touched the purple hills with
gold;

And ere the deep cathedral bell its matin summons tolled;
Before the city's busy hum rose on the stilly air,
It bore their morning greeting to the captive prisoner.

And when the stars were shining, and night's silvery veil
hung low;

And when the pacing sentry's step grew slow, and still
more slow;

When silence in the city reigned, and darkness hid from
sight,
Those welcome voices came again: ‘Poor Silvio, good-
night.’

And dearer to the captive's ear were those soft whispered
words,

Than strains of sweetest music, or lays of tuneful birds:
They helped to soothe his troubled heart, his darkened way
to cheer,

To keep alive the torch of hope, and bid him not despair.

And oft when years had onward rolled, and he again was
free,

In dreams he would appear once more a prisoner to be;
Again he from his casement gazed upon the sea and sky;
Again he heard those treasured words of childhood's
sympathy.

E. P.

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

The man of twenty-five years of age, young, strong, full of hope, and health, and vigour, thinks, perhaps, that he need not concern himself about life-assurance at present, as he has a long lease of life before him. Let us see if this is a sound view which he takes of his own position. According to the now well-known laws of the value of life at different ages, he may expect to live about thirty-seven years. Now, how many chances are there against his continuing regularly to set aside the annual sum he designs as a provision for his family, in the event of his decease, when he is not impelled by the fear of loss in failing in his engagement with another party, by the formality of the contract between them, by the periodical demand of the company? If he hoards his savings, they will amount to little compared with what an insurance-company would give, and are liable to be continually encroached upon for trifling objects. His grand aim is to improve these savings as much as he can, with perfect security. Is he likely to be able to invest them from time to time so readily, or so securely, as a company which receives them from him in small annual—or even quarterly—payments, and, without trouble to him, invests them safely and profitably? And what bright prospect, what fair chance of health, long life, or good-fortune, can he set against the moral certainty he acquires that those for whom he is anxious to provide are assured beyond all accidents or risks of the sum he is desirous to secure for them, even should he die the next day after having paid only the first annual premium? How many chances are there against his attaining the expectation due to his age? Of every hundred persons of the same age, ten will be cut off in ten years. What assurance has he that he will not be one of the ten? In the next ten years, eleven more will have gone to their graves; and at the end of the thirty-seven years, of the hundred who, thirty-seven years previously, were living men of twenty-five, only fifty-six—little more than half—will remain. Who, then, that would leave any one for whom he has a regard in difficulties were he cut off, will be so rash as to delay insuring because he has a chance of a long life! But this is not all. If he delays, he may be attacked by disease. He will, most likely, have about nine weeks' sickness between twenty-five and thirty-five, the effects of which on his constitution may raise considerably the premium for insuring his life. Between thirty-five and forty-five, he is liable to about twelve weeks' illness; fifteen, between forty-five and fifty-five. Lastly, should he have the singular good-fortune to have all these chances turning in his favour—to attain a long life—to acquire independence—to have preserved good health, so that delay would not have increased his premium, he cannot be so selfish as to complain, when he receives a return but little short of what he has advanced (with its compound interest)—to grudge that little difference which has gone to alleviate the sufferings of others who have been less fortunate, while he has so large a proportion of his payments returned to him, and has enjoyed so long the security he sought for his family, or his old age.—*Mr Reid's Circular on Life-assurance.*

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A PAGE FROM MY LOG-BOOK.

On a beautiful sunny December morning, we found ourselves becalmed within a few days' sail of the Cape of Storms. Every male on board, from the captain to the youngest cabin-boy, all that day went whistling for a breeze; but no kind old witch, like her in *Macbeth*, answered their conjurations with the promise, 'I'll give thee a wind!' The sails flapped with sullen, sulky boom against the masts, as if they would wrench themselves from their places; not a ripple wrinkled the face of the softly swelling sea, on which the sunshine played like a smile. In careless ease, the passengers, shaded from the sun by the awning, reclined or lounged upon the sky-lights, vainly endeavouring to look unconcerned. One grim old East Indian, who had grumbled ever since we left port, whenever we sailed more than six knots an hour, and who was now more than ever ill-natured because we did not sail at all, lay and railed at everything, human and divine, occasionally varying his amusements by poking the fowls in the coops when their glee burst forth in anything but a harmonious chorus. Some of the younger gentlemen, dissatisfied with heaven's air, diffused a nicotian atmosphere around them; others, especially the female portion of the company, forgot their cares in following the fortunes of amiable young ladies and gentlemen, as set forth in the pages of Sir Walter or Dickens; and some, too lazy to chat, or too well-informed to read, killed time in leaning over the ship's side and gazing down into the sea's blue depths as earnestly as if they were trying, for a wager, who could first see the bottom, or expected to behold some sea-green mermaid or fresh spanking breeze emerge from the sleeping waters.

Slowly but surely time passed by, and the dinner-hour arrived. More wine was drunk that afternoon, I am certain, than had been consumed on any one day since we left Calcutta. The Old Indian, in particular, paid great attention to the port, which seldom moved far from his elbow; and when the ladies left, soon after the dessert was placed upon the table, the conversation grew animated and poetical, and the decanters less and less full. Everything must come to an end, however; so the gentlemen, with their cigar-cases, adjourned to the poop, to enjoy the company of the ladies and the calmness of the evening. Time sped on; the sun went down, and fast upon his footsteps came the night, with her troops of thought-like shadows and her hosts of stars. Hour after hour came and went: the watches were changed; the look-outs paced the fore-castle with their steady tramp; and all the passengers left the cuddy 'to turn in,' except some few who still lingered over the wine-cup: even they

at length went below to woo the drowsy god, and then silence and night reigned supreme.

Morn came, and with it—a breeze? Alas! no. There was a heavy uneasy swell running southward, and the water had a troubled, dirty appearance. The glass has fallen greatly, notwithstanding the fine weather during the last two days, which is very strange; it is now rising again, and we will most probably catch a smart wind, for calms in these latitudes are rare, and of short duration. Alarmed by the falling of the barometer, the captain took the precaution of sending down the royal yards, and lashing them to the lower rigging; and he is now busily engaged in superintending the preparations for bending on studding-sails; for there are faint breaths of wind, now here, now there, now astern, now on our quarter, raising slight ripples, and sundry dark lines on the sea's troubled breast.

The faint puffs become stronger and steadier; the ship rolls less, and there are foam-bells slowly gliding past upon our lee—a hopeful sign. By noon, we are sailing two or three knots an hour, with the light sails drawing beautifully.

'There's a mackerel sky above us, sir,' remarked the old sail-maker, directing my attention to the phenomenon aforesaid. 'I'll lay a pint of rum to a nip of brandy, that before night we'll have our music for nothing;' and he repeated a rhyming adage, the purport of which was, that when a mackerel sky was seen, it was sure to be followed by tempestuous weather.

At dinner, every face looked bright. The captain told one of his best stories, which elicited a grunt of applause even from 'the grumbling Indian,' as he was called. Ever and anon the mate's voice is heard giving orders, which puts us all in greater good-humour; the wind is creeping more and more ahead; the stunn'-sails are taken in; the foam is hissing past the open cuddy-windows, on which our eyes glance complacently; we hear the wind now southing wildly. Onward our good ship flies, rolling and tumbling, and pitching about playfully, like a huge whale sporting in the sunshine. Hark! 'Stand by the fore and maintop-gallant haulyards!' The captain looks up at the compass above him, gives his head a sagacious nod, and observes to the mate that it 'is freshening fast.' The mate takes the hint, goes below for his pea-jacket and cap, and issues upon deck, where he finds them busily clewing up the top-gallants. 'Boatswain, you had better put the spilling-lines on,' he shouts to that functionary, who was directing the operations forward. The mate takes a keen look to windward—he is by no means pleased with its appearance—'Very dirty,' he mutters as he runs his eye along the weather-board. Meanwhile, we are quietly sipping our wine,

and indulging in conjectures as to when we are likely to catch a glimpse of Table Mountain. A midshipman pops his head into the cuddy, touches his cap, and says: 'Mr Launch is afraid we're going to have a squall down upon us immediately, sir, and he would like to know if he should take a reef in the topsails.' The captain leaps from his chair, and we all rise in confusion, and hurry below for our coats and caps. Immediately the captain gains the poop, he gives one hurried glance to windward, and then, in a voice of thunder, bawls out: 'Stand by the topsail-haulyards—let go—handsomely. Away aloft, men. Bo's'n, pipe all hands on deck, idlers and all.' Merrily chirp the pipes of the boatswain and his mates: 'All hands shorten sail,' he shouts. 'Tumble up on deck here, every one of you. Up with you, Jackson, or I'll quicken you with a rope's-end.' The clew-garnets are manned—the sails flapping noisily in the wind, and the men leaping up the shrouds like monkeys. Down upon us, swift as an eagle, is the squall coming, shrouded in mist, and whirling the spray from off the wave-tops. There—'tis not twenty fathoms off—crack! it has struck us—the maintop-sail is rent from top to bottom, and the fore one flapping as if it would escape from the bolt-ropes. 'Let her scud, my man,' says the captain to the man at the wheel. How beautifully she falls off before the wind! and now she is driving dead before it, overleaping the tossing waves at the rate of ten knots an hour. 'On with the spilling-lines,' shouts the skipper to the second-mate, who is standing in the maintop; 'and see if that royal-yard is securely lashed.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' answers the mate; and the men 'all together' drag the sail up to the yard, and confine it under the gaskets and spilling-lines.

As soon as the topsails were all snugly fastened up, the jib was hauled down, and the fore and main sail reefed; then the ship's head was brought to its former position, and she staggered on, every now and then shipping a sea, until every stitch of canvas was taken in, and the storm-staysail bent. By that time, it was quite dark, the scud drifted rapidly across the sky, and the wind howled, and moaned, and shrieked in the rigging! The hatches were battened down, and everything made as storm-worthy as possible, in order that we might ride safely through the night. Thus we lay with our broadside to the wind, rising and falling, rolling and pitching and lurching; while the wind seemed every moment increasing in force, and the waves in size. Every passenger but myself was snugly enjoying his mulled port in the cuddy: there was something so beautifully, fiercely, wildly grand in the conflict of wind and wave—in the proud impetuous motion of our tidy little bark—that I could not leave the deck. About half-past ten—five bells, according to ship-time—I was standing, half-dreaming, gazing at the waters boiling about the bows of the ship, which had laid her fore-castle nearly below the sea, when the pale face of an anxious husband popped up above the companion, and the next moment he was by the side of the mate, inquiring:

'Is there any danger, Mr Launch? My wife is so nervous, you know; and she vows she won't be able to turn in, unless she is made perfectly sure that we are in no danger.'

'Danger!' repeated the mate with a contemptuous shake of the head, and looking, not admiringly, at the questioner. 'Danger! my dear sir?—not a bit! Just tell Mrs W—— to—— Look out for that sea!' bawled he to the helmsman, as his quick eye caught sight of a threatening wave towering its white crest on high. It was too late. Before the man could handle the wheel, it broke close by the side of the ship,

leaping with a stunning shock upon deck, like a wild wolf on its prey. 'Hold on for your lives, gentlemen!' cried the mate, grasping the iron railing in front of the poop.

Right across the decks swept the mass of water. I saw Mr W——, who had lost his grip, floundering in the flood, and rolling to leeward as the ship lay over, until the gunnel was on a level with the sea; and, fearing he would be washed overboard, made a dash at him on my hands and knees. Before I could lay hold of him, however, he was grasping the bars of a hen-coop. When the ship righted, he rose spitting out the brine, with his long black hair dripping wet, and his face the very personification of fear. Without uttering a word, he dived below; I followed, for I was thoroughly soaked, and was just in time to hear Mrs W—— give an unearthly shriek as her spouse burst into the cabin, threw himself upon the bed, and fainted outright. In five minutes, I was in bed, snug under the blankets, and in ten more, fast, fast asleep. In about an hour and a half I awoke; and no wonder, for the noise was fit to awaken the dead. Oh, how distinctly in my cabin, which happened to be the stern one, did I hear the shrieking of the wind among the cordage, and the gurgling hiss of the wind-lashed waves without, which, separated from me only by a plank, seemed like some blood-thirsty multitude clamouring tumultuously for my life! The roar of wind and wave,

When each contend

Which is the mightier—

the noise of pots and pans, of boots and boxes, of tins and water-cans, tumbling and sliding about and across, and up and down the floor, at every roll or lurch—the creaking of cribs—the straining of planks—the wailing of infants—the sobbings of terrified females—the clashing of loose doors—the patterings of rats' feet as they sped through the cabin—the flow of shipped water from side to side in the steerage—the snore of some sleeping servant who had taken too heavy a supper—with a thousand other confused sounds, united in forming a Babel of noise to be heard only on board of a passenger-vessel in a storm. Holding on by the side of my crib like grim death, and endeavouring to keep myself firm by pushing 'with might and main' against the top and bottom of the cot with my head and feet, I lay longing earnestly for morning's light and the abating of the storm.

'Twas an awful night! The ship seemed to have found out the secret of perpetual motion, and went through more capers than I thought earthly thing ever could. How often did I wish myself safe and sound in Calcutta—city of palaces—which we had left two months before, full of high hope! We were homeward-bound. Oh, the agonising thought to perish on our homeward path, after four long years of toiling and moiling, of yearning for native land and the wanderer's 'thirst to see again thy shore,' O home! Recollections of all the shipwrecks that I had heard of, came floating into my mind. Things I had long forgotten—accounts of men who had escaped watery graves on rafts and spars—of men who had been tossed upon the open sea in an open boat, and, after enduring the agonies of thirst and hunger for a week, had been picked up when all hope had deserted them—and of solitary sailors who, by miraculous interpositions of Providence, had been snatched from the jaws of death, lived for years alone on islands, or among the inhabitants of almost unknown regions, until some ship from Europe had touched there, and borne them away to the land they never expected to see more—and many other such remembrances, one on the heels of another, rose in my mind, and made me perfectly miserable.

At length I fell asleep again, but had not lain half an hour, when all at once the ship heeled fearfully over, and I awoke in a sweat. I was standing almost bolt

upright; and, in the conviction that we were going to the bottom, scrambled out of bed. I was saluted, as soon as I placed foot upon the floor, by one of my trunks, which had left its holdfasts, coming bump against me, and peeling the bark off my shins. Troubles never come singly. Stooping down to find my shoes, I lost my hold of the crib by which I tried to steady myself, and was thrown slap against the opposite side of the cabin, with so much violence as to endanger the safety of my head-piece and the panelling which separated me from the abode of an unmarried young lady who had been sent to England under the protection of the captain. The damsel, who was probably lying awake, raised a faint scream, afraid I would invade her sanctum; and I, gathering myself slowly up, bestowed a hearty malediction upon storms in particular, and women in general; then, after a successful ten minutes' groping for my shoes, put them on, and set out for the poop—determined, should we actually sink, to go down in sight of the sky and stars, if they could be seen, rather than perish miserably cooped up like a rat in a hole. In the steerage, a dim lamp was swinging to and fro, throwing its uncertain light upon some of the cuddy-servants, who lay sleeping as tranquilly as if they were in their mother's home in England. Solemn as were my reflections, I could barely refrain from playing tricks upon some of them as I passed. The opportunity was tempting; but I drew upon my small stock of self-denial, and moved on, leaving them to dream in peace. Mounting the ladder of the aftermost hatchway very cautiously, I stepped on deck, made a rush for the companion-ladder, and, without catching any spray, gained the poop.

Never shall I forget the sight I then beheld. What a change had taken place since I looked upon the sea! I stood admiring, wondering, fearing! Our noble vessel, with her dingy triangular-shaped storm-stay-sail, which I feared every moment would be torn from the bolt-ropes, her broadside to the storm, and her yards boring the wind's eye, while her long bare poles rolled through the air—pitched and rolled, and cut all kinds of curious capers, like a restive high-blooded steed kept up, by force of bit and spur, from pursuing the course she would fain take. Before the wild tempest, the waves rolled in mountain masses, breaking with crashing peals into lakes of hissing foam! The scud drifted across the sky, shutting out the blue heavens and the stars; then, mingling with the deafening sounds, were heard the voices of the ship's cordage, making music in the blast—many-toned—from the deep bass of the backstays and standing-rigging, to the shrill tenor of the braces and running-gear. There was something inexpressibly grand in the scene! The light of the binnacle fell upon the eager faces of the seamen who, 'lashed to the helm,' stood watching the little needle, keeping a bright look-out for the big waves, and so using the wheel as to prevent their breaking upon the ship. I had often read of waves rolling mountains high, and of winds whistling through the rigging, but never before had seen or heard them. I fancied the descriptions were rather exaggerated; then I learned their truth. A big billow would come rolling up, gathering force and size on its way, towering higher and higher, until almost on a level with the topsail-yards; then, while I fearfully looked on and trembled, every moment imagining it would break and cover us up for ever, its green top would gracefully curl; break, with a roar of thunder, into a mass of foam; down to the deeps quickly go, like a tame elephant kneeling to receive its rider; raise us aloft, until the masts seemed boring the sky; then roll away to leeward, leaving us in the trough of the sea—so to be raised and so let down by the next succeeding wave. Deceitfully the wind would lull for a while; then, by the light of the

flashing, seething wave-tops, we could see a thick cloud of spray bowling on towards us. The men at the wheel grasped its spokes more firmly, and pulled their bonnets over their brows, while ever and anon their eyes glanced from the ship to the coming storm, wreathed in its robe of mist. Ha, there we have it now! Over far lies our good boat, and the water rushes in through the scuppers, until the deck is a foot deep in water. The wind's howling is wild and angry. Ever and anon, a sea is shipped, to the discomfort of all who unhappily happen to be on deck. The mids on duty are snugly ensconced below the poop, never stirring out, unless at the call of the mate, or when the bell must be struck, to let all know how time speeds. While I stand holding on by the weather mizzen-rigging, sundry reflections as to the life of a sailor rise in my mind. Truly, it is aught but a pleasant one. The landsman, when he hears the wind moaning around his house, and the rain sobbing on the window-panes, 'like a maiden at her deceiver's door,' may well thank Heaven for his comfortable home, and that he is not tempest-beaten upon the dreary waters, thousands of miles away in the far-off sea. A snug room, a good sea-coal fire, and a warm down-bed, are preferable to a midnight watch on board of an Indiaman in a storm, in spite of all that Bill Bunting or Tom Bowling may sing to the contrary. How often is a poor mid roused from his dreams, as he lies snugly in his swinging hammock, by the shout of some chum, conveying to him the tidings that a squall has come on suddenly, and that all hands have been called to shorten sail—say, to reef topsails. Or, how pleasant is it, in a cold frosty night in the Channel, to be called by one of the midshipmen, who is anxious to be relieved of his watch: 'Rouse yourself, old fellow—it's past eight bells; the starboard-watch is aft to muster, and Mr Trysail's been calling for you this half-hour. Come, jump up, and look alive, or you'll have the mate down at you immediately!' There on deck must you keep your watch, exposed to a cold biting wind and a heavy fall of snow for four long hours, until you are almost frozen to ice. Perhaps it may be necessary to take in sail, and then to work at ropes or canvas crusted with ice until your hands become absolutely dead. I could fill a whole sheet with the miseries and inconveniences of a sailor's life, but must refrain.

During the whole night, the elements continued as I have described them. When morning broke, I went below, and turned in. I enjoyed a most refreshing sleep, and dreamed of calm seas, soft homeward-blowing breezes, and sunshine. What a various store of little accidents had happened during the night! They formed the staple of the conversation at dinner in the afternoon. Mr B——'s couch had broken away from its moorings, rushed to the other side of the cabin, and pitched young Master B—— out of his mamma's arms into the footpan. Mrs G——, alarmed at Mrs B——'s shriek on finding the child so abruptly torn from her embrace, emerged like a ghost from her premises, burst into Mrs B——'s cabin, and, seating herself by the side of the sofa-bed, put the parents of the squalling boy into a pitiable condition by vowing that they should all go down among the sharks and whales together. Lieutenant F—— was thrown so violently against the door of his cabin, as he was groping about in quest of a light, that his head was forced right through the panel; and thus he was held by the neck, like a mouse in a trap. Then the lanyards of one of the mids' hammocks in some way became loose, and he was brought to the deck by the run head-foremost. He sustained little damage beyond the enlargement of his bump of amativeness. He had afterwards to undergo some sly rubbing by his brother-mids upon the convenience of thick skulls and few brains, as well as by the doctor, whose applications had the contrary effect of theirs—namely, reducing

the inflammation. And one of the strings of Mr H——'s swinging-tray broke, and tumbled its contents—consisting of a bottle of Macassar-oil, a box of tooth-powder, a glass of punch, and various other small articles—upon the face of the sleeper.

Next morning, the sea was wonderfully calm and the wind steady. All hands were busily engaged in making sail soon after breakfast; and they did it right willingly. No one would have imagined that, twelve hours before, it had been 'blowing great guns,' with waves mountain-high. Sail after sail was loosed to the wind, and sheeted home; and in an hour every mast was clothed, from the truck to the lower stud-sail-boom. Onward sped our craft—

And with a flowing sail
Went a-bounding for the Island of the Free,
Towards which the impatient wind blew half a gale;
High dashed the spray, the bows dipped in the sea.

CONJECTURAL ASTRONOMY.

I aim a mile beyond the moon.
Titus Andronicus.

'WHAT song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond the reach of conjecture,' said Sir Thomas Browne, dallying with philosophy, and 'dreaming o'er the map of things,' amid the folios of his quiet library, at a period when civil war spread confusion through the land, and the coming greatness of Cromwell had already paled the lustre of the English crown. Puzzling questions, indeed; but not more difficult of solution than one by which we are arrested on the threshold of any inquiry into the early history of astronomical science—Who were the first astronomers?

Anything more uncertain than the origin of astronomy could scarcely be named in the catalogue of human studies. The Egyptian, Assyrian, and Indian nations have each been supposed founders of the science; but, as if none of these were sufficiently remote and inaccessible, M. Bailly, in his profound and elaborate History of Ancient and Modern Astronomy, has endeavoured to trace it back beyond the chronicles of the Persians and Chinese, to a most ancient and highly cultivated people of Asia, whose race is now extinct, whose cities are dust, whose literature has perished, and of whose existence all record and memory have passed away. He supposes the site of their empire to have lain somewhere about 50 degrees north latitude, in the southern regions of Siberia, bordering upon the confines of ancient Scythia. M. Bailly grounds his hypothesis upon conclusions drawn from the stellar observations collected by Ptolemy; which observations must have been made in a climate where the longest day was sixteen hours in duration. This computation corresponds to the above-named latitude; but as that region retains no vestige, and embalms no tradition, however vague, of any such people, we are compelled to relinquish his theory as an ingenious and stately chimera.

It is possible that Cœlus, whom we have been accustomed to regard as a purely fabulous personage, was, after all, but one of the earliest astronomers. He derived his name, according to Diodorus Siculus, from the delight which he took in regarding the nocturnal heavens. He lived in the classical Mauritania—now known as Marocco—and extended his empire all over Africa, and through a large portion of Europe. If we

thus accept the historical side of Latin fable, it is easy to suppose that all his family, mythological as they appear to us by name—Saturn, Atlas, Hyperion, and the rest—cultivated the same study, and were afterwards confounded with the objects of their admiration. The name of Atlas was bestowed on the highest mountain in his kingdom, because, through a natural error common to the ancients, he used to repair to its summit for the purpose of making observations, under the belief that he was nearer the stars. Nor is this all. Pliny, as well as Diodorus, affirms that this prince constructed a mechanical sphere, upon which all the known heavenly bodies were depicted; and that in consequence of the fame attached to his invention, he was said to support the heavens on his shoulders.

By some, the registers of celestial observations sent by Callisthenes to Aristotle on the taking of Babylon; and by some, the passing mention of certain stars in the most ancient portion of the Bible, where the Lord demands of Job: 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?'—are thought to be the earliest known records on this subject. The book of Job, which is supposed to be an Arabic chronicle, and perhaps the oldest piece of literature in the world, abundantly proves that, at that remote epoch, the stars were already named and classified. The Chaldaean registers were commenced 2234 B.C.; so that, either way, we claim 'high respect,' if not 'rich validity,' for the origin of the science. The Chaldaeans, however, have the best of the argument, and, in default of a better authenticated claim, the disputed honour may very safely be awarded to their sages. A nation which could carry on an uninterrupted and laborious series of observations during a period of 1903 years—from 2234 B.C. to 331 B.C.—commands our most reverent attention; and when we remember that the Chaldaeans were a pastoral people, dwelling in the most delightful regions of the habitable globe; that they passed their nights in the open air, 'keeping watch over their flocks;' that above them hung the purest of skies, and around them extended the most unbounded horizon, we shall not be surprised to find them considerably advanced in a science which treats of the revolutions of planets and the phenomena of the world of stars.

The early Greeks regarded astronomy as a mere speculation and 'the very coinage of the brain,' till the return of Thales from Egypt, when that philosopher taught in the schools, that the earth was of a globular form; that eclipses might be calculated, and the sphere divided into zones, arctic and antarctic circles, &c. Thales was succeeded by his pupils Anaximander, Anaximenes, and Pythagoras, who, becoming teachers in their turn, and again delegating their office to their disciples, propagated some of the wildest theories that ever falsified an infant science.

Thus, Anaximander believed the stars to be balls composed of fire and air, and fixed in revolving spheres; the earth he supposed to occupy the centre of the universe; and in assigning to each of the heavenly bodies its 'place and function,' he stated that the sun was twenty-eight times larger than the earth, and occupied the highest station in the heavens; that the moon held the next; and the planets and fixed stars the next and lowest. Anaximenes considered the earth a level plain, and the heavens a solid concave sphere, from which the sun and moon depended like circular plates of fire, and whereon the stars were fastened, like the brass-headed nails which represented gaslights in the Diorama of London by Night. Philolaus of Cortona

asserted that the sun was a disc of glass, reflecting the luminiferous ether of the world. Parmenides accounted for the stability of the earth, by alleging that no reason could be assigned why it should fall to one side rather than another; and Theophrastus gravely disputed the wondrous workmanship of the universe, by stating that the two hemispheres were badly joined together, and that the tract of stars known to us as the Milky Way, was only the light which filtered through the opening. Anaxagoras, an Ionian philosopher, taught that the sun was a mass of red-hot iron or heated stone, somewhat bigger than the peninsula of Peloponnesus; that 'this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire,' was a vault of stones built all around us, and kept from falling in upon our heads by the rapidity of its circular motion; that the comets were wandering stars; and that the sun was prevented from advancing beyond the tropics by the resistance of a dense atmosphere, which forced him to retrace his course.

Pliny reasons that the sun must considerably exceed Mount Ida in breadth; and asserts that the differences observable in the colour of planets are to be ascribed, not to their altitude, but to their relative vicinities. Thus, a cold planet turns its neighbour pale, and a hot planet reddens all those which are carried within the influence of its vapours. Again, he argues that shooting-stars do not really fall, but are a mere fluid thrown off from others by the force of their fire, as the oil is precipitated from a burning lamp; and that thunder is a celestial flame discharged from the planet Jupiter, 'as the burnt part of wood is cast off with a loud noise of crackling.' Hence may be traced the notion that thunderbolts are darted by Jove from his celestial seat. Pythagoras originated that music of the spheres of which Lorenzo speaks to Jessica:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

Misled by a fanciful and poetic analogy, he supposed the planets to emit sounds proportionate to their respective distances, and to the rate of their revolutions, as the tone of a string is regulated by the number of its vibrations. This concert was, of course, too melodious for our grosser sense, and attended the gods with 'touches of sweet harmony.' He also taught that the moon was an inhabited globe like the earth.

Every philosopher of old time has had something to say of the moon, and perhaps none of the heavenly bodies have been subjected to more romantic and curious speculation. She has been our everlasting problem; and the dwellers in the planet have never ceased to inquire if there be not dwellers, like themselves, traversing the mountains, congregating in the valleys, cultivating the plains, and navigating the oceans of the mysterious satellite. Man loves to lose himself in conjectures of the improbable and the far. How agreeable to annihilate the distance between world and world, and participate in the life of a globe so near us as the moon! How delightful to study a new geography, guess at a new history, sympathise with a second human race, and strive even to establish some yet undiscovered means of communication with our lunar brethren!

Of course, the moon was inhabited. Any doubt on this point never occurred to the ancients; and the sole end of their researches, observations, and conjectures, seems to have been the arrival at some definite conclusion respecting the animate and inanimate life upon its surface.

Proclus, in his Commentaries on Plato, has preserved three verses of the poet Orpheus; in which it is stated that 'God built a second great world, which the immortals call Selena, and which men have called the Moon, wherein there exist great chains of mountains, and many

cities and habitations.' Anaxagoras speaks of countries, seas, mountains, and valleys in the moon, but without mentioning cities or habitations. Pythagoras and his followers are far more explicit on this head. According to their belief, the moon is an earth such as our own, with but this difference—namely, that it is peopled by a race of animals fifteen times larger and stronger than those with which we are acquainted, and adorned by a vegetation proportionately beautiful and luxuriant. Heraclides of Pontus went further still, when he affirmed that, to his own knowledge, an inhabitant of the moon had fallen upon earth. It is unfortunate that he should have omitted to give us a description of this interesting traveller.

The Arcadians believed themselves more ancient than the moon, say Lucian and Ovid. Before the moon existed, their ancestors, according to national tradition, inhabited the earth. This curious legend has given rise to a suggestion, that our satellite may, after all, be but an old comet which strayed within the circuit of our attraction, and became the attendant of our wanderings. Lardner and Arago see no impossibility in this argument, although the reasons adduced to support it are utterly valueless. As the comet-moon, in order to become our satellite, must of necessity have had but a short perihelion distance, it is urged by many that its arid caverns and scorched mountain-ranges present conclusive evidence of its passage near the sun. But, although certain traces of volcanic action may give some such appearance to portions of the lunar surface, we cannot even conjecture the degree of temperature it may once have sustained; besides, comets are enveloped in a luminous atmosphere, and the moon has no atmosphere at all; neither is she a Belinda, that she should lose her 'radiant trail of hair.'

Some moderns, however, have entertained similar theories and cherished similar errors. A Benedictine monk, one Jacques Alexandre, wrote a treatise upon the tides, in which he sought to invert the relations of the earth and moon, by maintaining that it was the earth which revolved round the moon, and that our globe was the satellite, and not the planet. This treatise was given forth but little more than a century ago, during an age rendered illustrious by the names of such astronomers as Lacaille, Lalande, D'Alembert, and William Herschel; and with what manner of reception did it meet? Was the writer mocked at by the many, pitied by the learned, erased from the list of scientific investigators? By no means. His notion was gravely heard, and his thesis crowned by the Academy of Bordeaux in the year 1727.

Even William Herschel, as reported by Lalande, 'observed some changes in the moon which appeared to him the undoubted results of the labour and industry of its inhabitants.' And this name of Herschel, by the way, recalls to us a gigantic hoax, which, strangely enough, met with world-wide credence, and was propagated under shelter of a reputation too illustrious to be disputed. It was in 1835. Sir John Herschel had been sent to the Cape of Good Hope, on the part of the English government, for the purpose of making astronomical observations, accompanied by an assistant. Suddenly it was rumoured that the great astronomer was about to explore the surface of the moon, as a traveller would explore the intricacies of a country, by means of his largest telescope; and this rumour was shortly followed by an article in the *New York American*, which bore the recital of 'prodigies and portents' to the furthest corners of Europe. Fantastic countries had been seen, peopled with the most bizarre of creations in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; wondrous pyramids, obelisks, and pillars, formed of immense crystals, emitting coloured rays of every degree of brilliancy; chains of rocks of the deepest

vermillion; trees whose branches were festooned, and which bore feathers for leaves; graceful quadrupeds, light as the gazelle, and bearing a horn on the forehead; amphibious creatures, spherical in shape, which rolled along the margins of the rivers; horned bears; bisons with a visor of flesh to protect their eyes; human beings on two legs, provided with enormous wings like those of the bat, flying in armies, skimming the fields, and diving to the bottoms of the lakes—all these, and a number of other tales worthy of the Arabian story-tellers, and the fertile imagination of the Countess d'Alnois, were in this paper detailed, circulated, and believed. Herschel had employed lenses which brought the moon within half a mile of his instrument; the facts were recorded by himself; the account admitted of no dispute. So said the New York paper—so echoed the world; till at length it was discovered that the whole was a mere invention of the assistant, who had pretended to receive the particulars from Herschel himself.

Passing from a mere imposition on public credulity to a scheme not less absurd, yet conceived in sober earnest, we will conclude these gatherings with one of the most extravagant propositions that ever found its way into a learned brain. Unwilling to relinquish his belief in lunar life, and attaching but little importance to the arguments of selenographers, a German geometer devised a plan by which to ascertain the real facts of the question. He despaired of ever manufacturing telescopes sufficiently powerful to make the result visible to the eye; but he imagined that if there really existed in the moon beings possessed of any shadow of reason, they could not be insensible to certain phenomena of light artificially produced upon the surface of their own globe by means of metallic mirrors put in action upon ours. These mirrors were to be of gigantic dimensions, and capable of reflecting the sun's rays at a distance of 240,000 miles. Properly to carry out this plan, he required that an expedition, composed entirely of learned men, should be sent out to the vast steppes of Siberia, and that they should be provided with mirrors calculated to project the light of the sun upon the lunar disc. The plan, in fact, was nothing more or less than that by which an idle school-boy, at home for the holidays, amuses himself by dazzling the passers-by as he turns the looking-glass on his mother's toilet-table. But this was not all; our geometer had a yet profounder scheme for the bewilderment of the selenites: he wished to prove to them that these 'new lights' were far from being the result of accident, or occasioned by any cometary or meteoric influence, as might erroneously be supposed. He proposed that the lights should be thrown on in geometric figures; that such simple forms as the triangle, the pentagon, the quadrilateral, and others, should be employed, and so guided that each angle should be marked by the sun's light on the very ground they trod. These figures, once projected, were to be left stationary for a period not less than ten or twelve days, in order that the selenites who first perceived them might have time to summon those of the opposite hemisphere. It would then be proved to them beyond all doubt that our earth was inhabited by intelligent beings advanced in civilisation and science; and the certain result of the whole would be, that their learned men would immediately take similar means to manifest their existence to us; and a regular interchange of ideas, founded on this beginning, be the magnificent sequel which should enlighten the world, extend our sphere of sympathy and thought, and immortalise the genius of the inventor: that is, supposing that the men in the moon understood geometry, a question which does not seem to have occurred to our learned speculator.

It is, of course, unnecessary to observe that this superb project was hailed with derision by all scientific

men. It would seem, indeed, that, like Orlando's, the wits of the inventor were safely warehoused in some out-of-the-way corner of the moon; and we have not yet heard of any Astolpho bold enough to go in search of them.

THE HOPE OF THE FRENCH.

At the present moment, when all France, or, may we not rather say, all Europe, is awaiting with interest that event which will probably give an heir to the empire of France, the mind instinctively reverts to the past, and looks back, through the vista of nearly half a century, to that moment when the reverberation of cannon, together with the silent voice of telegraphic dispatches, and the hasty messages of imperial couriers, announced to all Europe that a son was born to Napoleon the Great. Never, perhaps, was Napoleon more worthy of this cognomen than at that moment when, on hearing that Maria-Louisa's life was in peril, he silenced the voice of selfish ambition within his breast, and in answer to the inquiry of her physician, uttered these memorable words: 'Save the mother—it is her right.' The sacrifice which he so promptly consented to make, was not demanded of him. A son was given into his arms; and at that moment of satisfied ambition, the voice of the father spoke still more forcibly within his heart than that of the sovereign, for it is said that he was seen to shed tears of joy over the helpless babe which lay within his arms.

The king of Rome was born on the morning of March 20, 1811. He was so feeble at the time of his birth, that it was deemed advisable that he should receive the rite of baptism without delay. On the evening of that day was he, therefore, borne to the chapel of the Tuileries, whither he was accompanied by his father and the whole imperial family. Upon a white velvet carpet, embroidered with golden bees, stood a granite pedestal, sustaining a richly chased vase of silver gilt. This was destined to be the baptismal font. The emperor placed himself at his *prie-dieu*, which stood beneath a dais in the centre of the chapel. When he approached the font to present his son to be baptised, there was a moment of deep silence. The conqueror seemed to be subdued into the father. Who can guess what deep emotions, what shadowy anticipations filled the heart of Napoleon the Great at that solemn moment! All within the chapel was perfectly still, while the acclamations of the multitude without bespoke the tumult of popular joy at the birth of an heir to the throne. A moment it was of vivid contrast, and so living in its historic importance, that its memory is as fresh as ever among men, while the actors of that scene are one and all passed away from the busy stage of this world's drama—

Their parts enacted, and the curtain fallen!

On his return to his own apartments, Napoleon's countenance beamed with pleasure, and he was heard to hum some favourite operatic air, as he often did, when in particular good-humour; although the falsity of his musical tones made these performances by no means agreeable to the hearer. On meeting some of his courtiers, he said to them playfully: 'Well, gentlemen, we have, I think, got a fine handsome boy. He made us wait a little, to be sure; but here he is at last!'

It was many months later when the royal infant was presented with great ceremony at the church of Notre Dame, and received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph. These were the names of his god-fathers. They may still be found in his baptismal register, and found also engraved upon the tomb which closed above his uncrowned head at the early age of twenty-one years.

Napoleon idolised his son. His mode of playing with

him was occasionally rather too rough for so young a child; and then, if the infant shed tears, his father would say to him: 'What, sire! you are crying? O fie, fie! A king should never cry.' The little fellow was usually brought to see his father at breakfast-time; and then the emperor would dip his finger into a glass of claret, and make him suck it; or occasionally he would dip his finger into some sauce, and put it on his son's cheeks or on the tip of his little nose. This delighted the child greatly; and once he marked his desire very emphatically that the same should be done to 'Maman Qiou,' as he called his governess, Madame de Montesquieu. The emperor had shewn his usual discernment in the selection of this lady as his son's *gouvernante*. Noble by nature as by birth, she united firmness of principle and dignity of manners with all the gentle tenderness of a loving woman's heart. Her management of her pupil was admirable. He was good-tempered and affectionate, but often also wilful and passionate. One day, when he had given way to a violent fit of passion, Madame de Montesquieu ordered all the window-shutters in his apartment to be closed. It was at noon, and the child was astonished at the sudden and unexpected darkness. He asked his governess what was the reason of it. 'In order that no one should hear you cry, sire. Frenchmen never would have you for their king if they knew that you were naughty.'

'But they could not hear me, could they?'

'I fear they must, sire; you were crying so loud just now.'

'Ah, Maman Qiou,' said the little king, throwing himself into her arms, while he sobbed aloud, 'I will not do so any more. Forgive me this time, and I will be good.' The kindly *gouvernante* needed not to be urged to pardon her pupil, for she never even spoke a severe word to him but with the view to make him more worthy of the noble heritage which then seemed to await him.

The young prince's delight was to make his way to the *grands appartements*, where he always expected to find his father; and, in his impatience to reach them, he would often run on before Madame de Montesquieu. One day, on his arriving alone at the door of the emperor's cabinet, the fair-haired boy looked up to the gentleman-usher who was in attendance there, and with his little silvery voice said to him, rather imperatively: 'Open the door: I want to see papa.'

'Sire, I cannot open to your majesty.'

'Why not? I am the little king.'

'But your majesty is alone.'

It was the emperor's command that his son should not be admitted without his governess. He wished to give the child a high idea of her authority, and also to check, in this quiet way, the natural wilfulness of his disposition. On receiving this answer, his eyes filled with tears. He said nothing, but gazed steadfastly at the usher, and remained perfectly still for about a minute, until Madame de Montesquieu had reached the spot; then, catching hold of her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said to him: 'Open the door now—the little king commands it!' ('*Le petit roi le veut!*') Immediately the door was opened, and the usher announced 'His Majesty the King of Rome!' The little prince, who was passionately fond of his father, flew into his arms, without taking notice of some of the ministers who were in the emperor's cabinet, where they had just been attending a council. Napoleon, although pleased at these marks of his son's affection, checked him immediately by saying: 'You have not saluted any one, sire. Come, salute these gentlemen, if you please.' Little Napoleon, turning towards the ministerial group, and bending slightly towards them, sent them a kiss with his hand. The emperor, raising him in his arms, said to the ministers: 'Well, gentlemen, no one, I hope, will say that I

neglect my son's education. You see how he does his manners.'*

Napoleon had commanded that his son should early become accessible to persons in distress who wished to solicit his aid; and this was a desire in which he was cordially seconded by Madame de Montesquieu. One day, when the court was residing at St Cloud, the little king of Rome was gazing out of a window, as he was very fond of doing, at all the people going to and coming from the château. He perceived at a little distance a young woman, dressed in deep mourning, and holding by the hand a little boy of about his own age, also clad in black. This child held in his hand a large sheet of paper, which he frequently raised up towards the king of Rome, as if desirous to attract his attention.

'Why is that little boy dressed all in black?' inquired the king of his governess.

'Probably because he has lost his father. Would you like to know what he wants?'

Her pupil answering in the affirmative, Madame de Montesquieu sent for the woman and her little boy. They proved to be the widow and orphan of an officer who had recently died of wounds received in Spain. The widow wished to solicit a pension; and she thought that a petition, presented to the king of Rome by her son, might prove more successful than if sent through any other channel. Nor was she mistaken. The little king was quite moved by the appearance of a child of his own age who looked so unhappy. He took the petition, and put it carefully by, as his father was out hunting, and he could not speak to him on that day.

The next morning, he was quite impatient to reach the emperor's apartment. 'Here, papa,' said he, 'is a petition from a little boy who was dressed all in black. His papa was killed for you; and his poor mamma wants a pension, because she is very poor, and looks so unhappy.'

'Ha! ha!' said the emperor smiling, as he drew his son towards him; 'so you are giving away pensions already! *Diable!* you are beginning early. Come, let us see who is your *protégé*.'

The widow's claim proved to be a valid one, and would doubtless have been recognised at a later time; but, thanks to the king of Rome's application, the warrant for her pension was forwarded to her on the very same day, together with the amount of a year's pension added to the order. It may be that the widow and her son are yet alive, and remember with gratitude the boyish interest of the little king, as well as the prompt assistance of his imperial father.

Never, perhaps, was Napoleon's paternal heart more full of pride and hope than when, upon a later occasion, he presented his son to the army at a grand review on the Champ de Mars. His countenance beamed with happiness as he witnessed the enthusiasm of his troops, and heard their shouts of delight. The Old Guards especially, 'the bravest of the brave,' were almost delirious with joy on seeing the king of Rome in the arms of their beloved chief and emperor.

'Was he afraid?' inquired Maria-Louisa afterwards of her husband.

'Afraid! no indeed: he knew very well that he was in the midst of his father's friends.'

After the review, Napoleon spoke for some time with M. Fontaine about the palace which he proposed building for the king of Rome, opposite to the Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars. He talked also of Rome to M. Fontaine, who was a true artist, and understood the subject well. Napoleon expressed his regret at never having reached the gates of that queenly city—he whose name was so closely identified with that

* The original words are untranslatable: '*Il sait très bien sa civilité puérile et honnête.*' This was a favourite expression of Napoleon's when he was in good-humour.

of Italy. 'But I will assuredly go there some day or other,' said he to M. Fontaine; 'for it is the city of *my little king*.'

How soon these sunlit visions of future happiness faded away into gloom and darkness, it lies not within our province to tell. It remains for us here only to say, that when the infant king found himself uncrowned, expatriated, forgotten or despised by many who had once been servile in their adulation, there were two hearts at least which beat for him as fondly and as truly as in the palmy days of his early childhood. Still was he the idol of his exiled father; and still was he surrounded by the tender care of Madame de Montesquieu, who, abandoning for his sake her country, her family, her friends, accompanied the Duke of Reichstadt to an ungenial land, where she devoted herself as assiduously to his education and happiness as if he still bore upon his brow the crown of imperial Rome, and still was the world-honoured heir of Napoleon the Great.

THE SCHOLAR.

SOMEWHERE near the commencement of the sixteenth century, there might have been found at Louvain a certain professor rejoicing in the name of Joachim Ringlebergivis. He had previously lived a sort of peripatetic existence, lecturing at Paris, Bordeaux, and other places of note, and had at last found a resting-place under the shadow of the famous University of Louvain; where, though bearing about with him a fatal and incurable disease, he gave himself up to study with an intensity that now seems almost incredible.

Scanty materials these for a biography! Why have we then chosen to disinter this mouldering record of a past age? Simply for this reason, that we believe our scholar to have been one of the most earnest and enthusiastic students the world has yet seen; and because in the few pages of his that have come down to us, are traced such burning words of hope and encouragement for all followers of learning, that we cannot help thinking we shall have deserved well of the Republic of Letters if we draw attention to the indomitable spirit that penned them. Truly magical and inspiring words are they; acting on us, as the elder Disraeli has said, like the sound of the trumpet, and well fitted for rousing us to exertion at those moments of lethargy which will at times visit the most energetic. But it is time we should let our professor speak for himself.

He begins by stating, that in learning, as in everything else, there are different degrees of eminence—namely, superexcellence, excellence, and mediocrity. He then goes on. We should premise that the extracts we shall give are translated from the Latin:—

'But, O Heaven! what a timorous, what a creeping and grovelling spirit his must be who could be content with mediocrity! On the contrary, what a glorious spirit his who, after beating back the foe, will win possession of the citadel! More glorious than the sun, which shines in the firmament, shall he be to the end of his days! Therefore would I counsel all who have received inspiration from the gentle Muses, to make for the point that every resolute heart would wish to reach. But if they would have me for their comrade or their guide, I dare not, I fear me, entertain such a hope; for sometimes at my studies this disease of mine so tortures me, that my mind is racked with excruciating anguish, and for whole nights together leaves me without a moment's sleep. Nevertheless, I shall never give over my labours, until the cruel extremity of death and life's last hour shall close these eyes. Ever shall I continue to toil, though I should win neither honour, profit, nor praise. Though another

may reach the goal, another storm the camp, I shall still pursue my weary journey. . . . Nor do I think it mere bravado my thus saying I am content with the toil, though there be no prospect for me of victory. It is but entering on a path by which so many men have struggled on to virtue. In truth, I would sooner be torn into a thousand pieces (may I die if I am not speaking just as I feel!) sooner than forego my resolution of winning my way to the highest point of perfection.'

After insisting still more earnestly on the necessity of striving after this high scale of excellence, our professor waxes a little wroth. 'Many are of opinion that our object in life should be to live comfortably, and that there is no need for such furious exertion. But these are men who look more to the good of the body than to that of the mind—who reflect not what a glorious thing a mind is that is decked out in all the graces of cultivation; how heavenly, in short how divine it is. For my part, I cannot see in what respect these monsters in human shape, who bear about, or rather trail painfully after them, their huge carcasses, differ from oxen in the fields, except so far as this, that they *speak*, and do not *low*. Their faces are stupid; their look besotted; their lips thick; they are always looking to earth and to food; their stomachs are overgrown, which, four and five times in the day, they take care to replenish. These beasts of the field degrade their souls—their noble souls, made for higher things—to a state of stupid torpor; though there are a few things they think worth learning, which, in their hours of revelry, will serve to amuse fools.

Come, then, ye more noble youthful spirits whose whole frames are now quivering with generous ardour (as for the rest of the crowd, I would as soon address myself to dumb animals)—come, I say, let us set forth and seek that beauty of soul whose excellence shall be our pride; and, as a set-off against the shortness of life, let us strive and make the remembrance of ourselves as lasting as possible.'

Professor Joachim, however, like many other hard students, had some strange hobbies of his own. For instance, here are two notable devices well worthy the attention of the sluggish:—

'A long period of inactivity enfeebles the body, and brings on sickness; it has therefore been recommended that students should at intervals whirl round a brass ball in their hands till they were tired. But in this sort of exercise, a deal of time is lost; I have therefore devised a better plan. I sew up in my inside garments pieces of lead, cut up into very minute fragments, and so heavy that I can with difficulty lift the entire mass with both hands. I put it on early in the morning, and I find my strength of body just about equal to the burden. Of course, I take care that the lower part of the spine be not weighted beyond its strength. This I continue for eight days, or thereabouts, until my limbs become sufficiently braced up by the exertion.'

This is quite a German idea, and will be rapturously received in that country. We can imagine the enthusiasm with which such fiery scholars as Hermann or Müller would load their weary frames, and so spare themselves the necessity of taking exercise. The idea, however, of Mr Grote, or some other of our English scholars, coming down in the morning and slipping on his *leaded* dressing-gown or waistcoat, preparatory to commencing his labours, seems not a little ludicrous. In a medical point of view, it certainly would not seem improving to the constitution. But what will our readers say to the professor's method of getting himself awakened in the morning?—

'It often happens that you sleep longer than is good for you; you must then especially take heed that sleep rob you not of precious hours. Have always, therefore, an alarm-clock, which will rouse you at any hour you

please; or else, do what I have often done when on a journey, or in other situations where such instruments were not to be had—place some large stones or beams of wood across your limbs. At first, you will hardly perceive the weight; but in a short time it will begin to press rather acutely upon your legs, and without more ado you will be awakened. Doubtless this seems hard to practise, but so is everything that leads to virtue.'

He insists strenuously on the necessity of teaching, as being the only method of thoroughly studying a subject, and, as a necessary consequence, disapproves of solitary reading. There can be no doubt of the truth of this as a principle; but its impracticability in most instances, and the length of time it would require, are insurmountable objections. But in those days, the learned were few, and hearers were plenty; books were scarce and expensive, and, consequently, accessible but to few; the lecture-system, therefore, found favour, and was enthusiastically supported. It is astonishing, indeed, the rage there was for this mode of instruction. Men would come journeying from distant countries to hear a favourite lecturer. With such opportunities, our professor was quite justified in advocating so strongly the necessity of oral instruction. We shall let him speak for himself:—

'Solitary reading, in which almost every one drones away existence at home, I by no means approve of; for, besides the disgust it is sure to entail, it brings small profit, and effectually dulls the brightness of the intellect. Nay, if ever I have a fancy for reading an author, I could always wish it to be in company with another—it is astonishing how much our powers of judgment are excited by the presence of another; so that, if there be some one by, you seem to see into things, as it were, with your eyes open; but if alone, 'tis all Dream-land with you. Besides, when you bring forth the fruits of these studies into the glare of daylight, they grow dark and black.'

He then proceeds to answer a natural objection.

'It may often happen, in the case of one just commencing his course, that listeners are not readily to be found; every exertion, therefore, must be made to have always some one who, either for love or money, will listen to whatever you please to recite. If for each hour you were in this way to pay but a small sum, and so expend four or five crowns, you will find that you will have made such progress in your studies, as to be able to display your knowledge in a more public manner before the world. But who, say you, will do this? Few, I fancy; and, therefore, few will come to eminence.'

The earnest student must be ready to sacrifice everything to the one great end; all considerations, pecuniary or otherwise, are to weigh as nothing compared with that; nay, the books themselves, the companions of his dreary labours, must, if the occasion call for it, be ruthlessly sacrificed.

'He who has determined on visiting another country, and making a long journey, should bring with him such books only as he has carefully noted; and if there should be in the volume but two or three pages thus annotated, let him tear them out and sell the rest: let him not be so mean-spirited as to hesitate because of the expense. Let him always reflect, that when he shall have reached eminence, means will not then be wanting. Last year, when I was setting off to Basel, I cut out the second book of my Pliny, which was quite new, to bring with me. A friend, who chanced to drop in, began to fancy I was slightly deranged. In this manner I have sacrificed many books, and so shall continue to do whenever it shall be necessary. Though I had new copies of Cicero, Plato, Demosthenes, all purchased at a great price, still should I tear out every page I had noted.'

The professor was not a mere declaimer, but followed

to the letter the stern precepts he inculcated. 'For twelve hours in the day,' he says, 'I taught in the schools. In addition, I used to deliver a lecture on God, or the universe, or some other subject. Many would repeat again and again that I was delirious; but would to God that, from my earliest years, I had been delirious after this fashion!'

Not less enthusiastic were his schemes for the future:—

'If but moderate length of days be vouchsafed to me, it is my intention, before the day of my death, to write one thousand books, to which whole collection I shall give the name of "The Thousand." I am firmly resolved not to relax in my efforts until this task be accomplished, provided death calls not for my unwilling soul. Of the number, I have completed but one-and-twenty, but hope in a short time to see one hundred finished; that is, the tenth part of the thousand. I mention this that the young may not give way to despondency, and may learn that nothing is too arduous for man, provided labour be not wanting.'

'A thousand books! Heaven forbid!' exclaims the reader. But the poor philosopher did not live to realise his enthusiastic dream, not even that first small instalment of the task he had laid out for himself; for, even as he wrote, the hand of death was upon him, and he knew it. Indeed, all through his writing there is a tone of despondency, of desperate hoping against hope, which would seem to announce that most awful crisis of human existence, the battling of soul and body, the struggle of mind with matter. Terrible as are such conflicts, they are not without some share of sublimity; and perhaps, in modern times, no more sublime instance could be pointed to than that of the brave St Arnaud.

Could anything be more affecting than the following extract, in every line of which is told the tale that the sword is fast outwearing the sheath?—

'Oh, I could weep now sooner than pen these lines, when I think how all my days have flown by! Ah! wretched me, my years have passed from me—from me, now when my soul is at length awakened to higher things. What should I do then? Shall I stop short in the race, because I have come too late to the contest? Never! even though I knew for certain I was to die in an hour's time. Sweet will it be to breathe my last sigh in the dear delights of literature. . . . Ah! cruel fate, that has stolen from me, while I heeded not, my most precious hours! O thieves and robbers, and most pitiless tyrants, ye whose advice has ever lost me a single minute. Would not even the flinty rock mourn with me, if it could but behold my grief and lamentation, and the unchangeable course of destiny!'

In another part of the book, in the middle of a discussion on the necessity of application in the season of our youth, the mention of that sunny time seems to have touched the same melancholy chord, and he breaks forth again into vain regrets and hopeless aspirations for life.

'What a happy being is a boy; for his limbs are free as air, his cheeks blooming, and a long term of years is before him! Rather what a wretched being he will be, if he have recklessly cast from him those precious days! Ah! would to God that I could go back to those early days! O that, by some magical change, I could once more be found playing with my little companions on the ground, once more be listening to my master's words, and receiving his welcome correction! But vain are my lamentations, vain these wishes and these tears! My days have sped from me, days that will never come back again—ah, never come back again! And yet I am now but in my thirtieth year. But this malady, which is preying on me and torturing me unceasingly, has left me no hope of life. O ye children, who run forth in such numbers to your

sports, if you had but now the same view of things you will have when grown older, if you were but thrifty of your time, and had an earnest wish to advance in your studies, why, gracious Heaven! I am convinced you would reach such a pitch of perfection in letters, that the earth would appear to have brought forth not men, but gods! O that this flower of youth could return to me once more! Then would I conceive speculations beyond even this universe itself. But time still passes away, even as we mourn over its loss.'

The same thought seems never to have been absent a moment from his mind, always haunting him like an avenging fury. 'Fly,' he says, 'fly as much as you can from a state of inaction: death will give you ample opportunities for that. O sweet light of heaven, never to be wasted in folly and dissipation! Wretched the hour which shall usher in the last day of my existence!'

But it is time that we end this brief chronicle of student-life; yet, before we finish, we must find room for a short night-piece, which has, besides, a dash of poetry through it.

'Somewhere about a week ago, towards the second watch of the night, I found myself standing alone in a garden which my room opened out into. At supper, previously, we had fallen into discourse upon the mysteries of the heavens: how wonderful it was that eclipses could be so exactly calculated; how much larger the sun was than the earth; that this could be ascertained from its shadow merely. After such subjects as these had been variously discussed, at the end of supper I wandered forth into the open air to gaze upon the deep vault of heaven. It was a calm, placid night; everything round was hushed in stillness—not a light was to be seen in the buildings near me. At first, I gazed long and steadfastly on the moon, which was then at the full, and moving in its orbit with all its brilliancy; then, taking out my note-book, I fell to penning down a few verses suggested by the situation. Afterwards, laying aside my pen, I found myself in a higher vein of thought, pondering over the shifting course of events, until I became quite oblivious of myself and where I was. Then, groaning, I thus mused within myself: "Why, Nature, parent of all, why hast thou dispensed so brief a period for man's existence? Why dost sweep away noble inquiring spirits before they have looked into the world and its mysteries? . . . O wretched prospect this, to be deprived of existence, when such a yearning after knowledge of this universe is consuming me! O happy me, if, but for a single instant before my death, it were allowed that I might know all the different species of animals, the different kinds of produce this earth brings forth, all the different shapes of art in every age! Alas, wo is me! Swiftly do the ocean, the sun, and the stars of heaven pass onward; and time slips away from my hands, even when I seem to be most diligent. . . . Few are the years allotted to us, and of these we but carelessly avail ourselves. . . . But when shall I ever return to this sphere? After what lapse of ages shall Joachim look again upon those stars up there? Would that, after the lapse of a thousand years, it were granted to me to see all the hand of nature and of man shall have done! . . . O if I had but made use of my boyhood's years as I ought to have done! . . . But why do I thus shed tears in this womanish fashion? Here is the only remedy left me: every pursuit must be prosecuted with greater vigour; there must be more speed in proportion as the time left me is shorter. I will look upon the hours as days, and hold every single month to be year!"'

And so, with his face upturned to the stars, and brooding over fancies even darker than the Cimmerian shades of night around him, we will let the form of the heart-sick professor fade from our sight; for in the

midst of these lofty aspirations, and grand resolves, his hour came, and he died in the youth of the mind, at the age of thirty.

SIGN-PAINTING AT THE DIGGINGS.

Soon after my arrival at the Diggings, I went a hundred miles up the bush to a place where gold had just been discovered. The journey did not prove fortunate; and finding myself, after a time, unable to live in a neighbourhood where flour was then sold at half-a-crown a pound, I disposed of what tools I had, and retraced my steps. A good deal spent with walking and fasting, I arrived one evening on one of the hills adjoining the government camp at Bendigo, and throwing my swag on the ground, I lay down beside a log, and looked into the valley below me. Chump, chump, here; whiz, whoo, rumble, there—a confused mingling of voices, and rocking of cradles, and clatter of drays, came up with the wind to where I sat; while over the struggling multitude the great angry sun was casting his last beams from the top of the trees opposite. 'Whirr, whirr—boo, boo,' said the flies as they congregated about me. 'What are you doing, young man? Are you not also a gold-digger? Hav'nt you got your supper to earn? Have you no part in the whirl and rumble? Why can't you lie without smoking, and let us eat you; or else why don't you go and work? Whirr, whirr—boo, boo.'

I flourished my hat amongst the blood-suckers, and drove them for a moment away. Hat! did I say? After all, why not call it a hat, since, I suppose, that word may be applied to any sort of head-covering. As I held it in my hand, I regarded it with a melancholy curiosity, and then looked at the rest of my costume; and I yawned several times with a desperate sort of feeling, naturally induced by what I saw. The woollen shirt which I wore was stiff with mud, and torn into an irregular fringe at the bottom; and the rest of my dress was in a much worse condition. As to my boots, the sand and the mud had free ingress there; but there was still part of the sole left, and they were much better than nothing.

These matters, however, were of minor importance just then, for, in fact, I was very hungry. I dived with both hands into my pockets; but the act was quite mechanical, for I knew there was nothing there. I then made a fire as usual, and lay down beside it. Meanwhile the sun had taken his angry face away, and the air was growing cool, and the rattle and the whirr had ceased.

I knew that I ought to get a lodging somewhere. I ought to go and offer myself to the government people to work on the roads; or to do anything, in short, by which to get a living. Why should I not go to the nearest tent and say: 'Friend, give me six feet of ground for the night under your canvas?' But in reply to these suggestions from common sense, I pleaded that I was tired, which was true, and that it was not very cold, which was a delusion. However, there I lay, and while I was debating with myself, some good genius waved his wand, and lo! it was morning.

I awoke shivering, and having shouldered my bundle, walked down into what was called the 'town.' Passing a man who was engaged in putting up a store, I offered to work for him, but he replied that he had plenty of hands already. I saw an auction-room where some vacant situations of different kinds were

advertised. On making inquiry there, they first demanded an entrance-fee, or some such thing; and when I gently hinted that I hadn't any money, they recommended me to apply at some other shop. The coffeetents, poor as their accommodation was at that time, were tempting-looking places, and I confess that the idea crossed my mind of going into one, breakfasting sumptuously, and then requesting the proprietor to take the price 'out of me' in the best way he could. I remembered, however, that this was scarcely what could be called honest, and as I had not fasted long enough to be a rascal, I gave up that idea. Suddenly my eye fell upon a strip of canvas fastened outside a store, on which you might read, in dingy brown paint, the words—

LEVINE'S

GOLD-DIGGERS BEVERIDGE

PRIME LEMANAID MADE ON THE PREMISES.

I remembered to have seen that sign before, and wondered if there were no painters thereabouts who could draw a straight line; for the words in question were uneven, and the letters seemed on bad terms with each other, and leaned in opposite directions. As an advertisement, I thought the thing was a failure, and not likely to attract passers-by. I am sure it must have been out of mere curiosity that a digger went into the store one day—as I had heard was the case—and asked for 'a glass of beverage.' Most persons, I thought, who looked at the sign would wonder and pass by. Why should not I paint signs? It was true I had not had much experience in the art, but I was of opinion that I could draw a straight line, and could also spell words in three syllables. So I walked into Mr Levine's store. It was not then a very prosperous-looking place; and the goods it contained consisted chiefly of a few hams and sacks of flour, and a huge pair of scales.

I addressed myself to a woman, who was the only person I saw, and offered to paint her a new sign. She seemed surprised that any fault could possibly be found with the old one; and as I reflected that it was probably painted by some amateur in the family, I felt myself on delicate ground. However, I suggested that it was possible for letters to be painted upright; and that, upon the whole, it was better for the spaces to be left between the words, rather than irregularly in the middle of each of them. My arguments were successful; and the lady was good enough to commission me to paint a new sign, at the handsome remuneration of sixpence a letter. It was to be four feet long, I remember, and she said that I must get some good canvas that would not tear. These words reminded me that I had no means of executing the order I had received. Here was a large sum of money likely to be blown to the winds! 'At all events,' thought I, 'she is a woman, and no climate can change that fact: I will appeal to her generosity.'

I mentioned the difficulty I was in, and intimated how much I should feel indebted to her if she would trust me with a few shillings to buy the paint and canvas. She replied by asking, whether I took her for a fool? I denied entertaining any such opinion; and she then told me to go along, that if I chose to bring the sign, she would pay me, and that was enough. I made her my best bow, and backed out, wondering how I should get over this new difficulty.

I had not gone many steps from the door before I heard her voice, which, though possibly shrill in reality, sounded very sweetly just then. She called me back, and, without any circumlocution, asked if I really was hard up. On my assuring her that such was the case, she agreed to give me some money, provided I

would leave my rug as security; which, of course, I was very glad to do. This being settled, I obtained the materials I wanted, and having fixed my canvas on the ground with pegs, to prevent it from being blown away, I went to work.

I did not get on so quickly as I had anticipated. I found that a kneeling posture, when endured for hours together, is not comfortable; and then my brush—a piece of stick—was not convenient for drawing a curve. However, towards sunset I did get the thing finished somehow, and carried it to the store, where it was submitted to the criticism of a circle of neighbours. Their comments, I am bound to say, were not complimentary; and the good woman of the store, who seemed to have repented of her liberality of the morning, informed me that it was impossible she could pay sixpence a letter for such a thing as that. I did not see where I was to get redress if she should refuse it altogether, so I begged to know what she *would* pay. She fixed a price which, after deducting the cost of the materials, left me in the possession of three shillings. Too tired for bargaining, I took the money, and thanked her.

It happened that during this scene a man of rather singular appearance rode up to the tent, jumped off his horse, and entered into conversation with some of the people near me. He was an old man, certainly, but a very jaunty-looking old man. His iron-gray hair was cut short; and his hat—a black hat, though a good deal battered—was too small for him, and was worn on one side. He had on a bird's-eye handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot, over an open shirt-collar, and wore also a rough shooting-coat and leggings. His eyebrows were bushy and overhanging, and under them twinkled two small and bright gray eyes.

I was on the point of leaving the tent, when he came up to me, and slapping his whip on the counter, near which I stood, said: 'Are you the painter?'

I replied that I had painted the sign which lay beside him.

'Well, then, you're the chap I want. Can ye ride?' I said I could.

'Let's look at that,' he continued; and without ceremony he whipped up the canvas and examined it critically. 'This here ar'nt what I want, you know. However, you'll do. Come along.' And so saying, he turned round, and was walking out.

'Stop!' I shouted.

'Well, what now? Come along, can't you?'

'Tell me where I am going first.'

'Why, along a me, to be sure.'

'Where's the horse?'

'There he is,' pointing to his own. 'He's a long-backed one; there's room enough for two.'

'Thank you,' said I; 'I can't go now. Tell me what you want me for, and where to go to, and I'll come.' The fact was, that at that moment supper appeared to me a more important consideration than any other.

'Well, you see,' he replied, 'I want you to paint me a sign. I don't want "General Store" stuck over my door; I want something fancy. Now, I sell everything—cradles and picks, and cheeses and pickles; and I've got some of this stuff, too,' taking up a book which lay on the counter. 'Now, I want you to paint 'em all, d'ye see?'

'What! pictures of them?'

'Ay, that's it. Make a man rocking a cradle in one corner, and something else in another, and get 'em all in; and then any one can see what's to be sold, without any humbug.'

I had very little confidence in my ability to paint such a sign, but the chance was too good to be thrown away, and so I offered to do my best; and my new acquaintance seemed to be very well satisfied with my consent.

'Mind you come to-night,' he said, as he jerked himself on to his horse.

'Where to? and what's your name?' I asked.

'Oh, you come over to Long Gully, and ask for "Johnny All-sorts." Everybody knows me.' And so saying, he aroused his horse's attention by a crack of the whip, and cantered off.

Having taken supper at a neighbouring coffee-shop—a proceeding which, I suspect, was not attended with much profit to the proprietor—I set off to find out my new acquaintance. An hour's walk over the hills brought me to Long Gully, a place where the gold had been traced in an unbroken line for several miles. At the first tent which shewed a light, I inquired for Johnny All-sorts. Know him! why, of course they knew him. His place was half a mile further up the creek; I couldn't miss it. Stumbling on over puddles and mounds of earth, I presently came to a low hut, built of loose stones, and standing at the side of the gully. A bright light shone through the door, and I heard a loud noise of talking within. Walking up to the door, I saw a party of Creoles, queerly dressed, engaged in smoking, and conversing in a tongue I did not understand. A tall negro was busied in cooking over the fire, round which a large group was collected. Nobody noticed me; and after looking at them for a moment, I said: 'Good-evening. Can you tell me where Johnny All-sorts lives?'

'Here he is: who wants him?' replied the man himself, getting up from his seat and pushing aside two men who stood before him. 'Oh, it's the painter. Come on here, my lad, and let's look at you.'

'Is this the store where you sell everything?' I asked, as I made my way up to the fire.

'Not a bit of it. This is my kitchen. How d'ye like it? We grub thirty men a day here; don't we, Sambo?'

'Mas'r, my name's not Sambo. Don't you call me out of my name,' said the black.

'Why, look at me; I hav'nt been called by my name these fifty years.'

'Who are these men?' I asked, pointing to the Creoles.

'Oh, they are some fellows I have got working for me, but they are no good. They can't talk anything but French. There's two painters among 'em, that I wanted to paint my sign, but I'm stupid if I could make 'em understand what I wanted. Jim, give us a song.'

The negro, thus appealed to by his proper name, struck up some American melody, which he sang in very good style. When he had ended, one of the Creole boys—they were all boys rather than men—came up to Old Johnny, and said:

'Est-ce que monsieur aime le chant?'

'Now then, yabber,' the old fellow replied, 'what do you want?'

'He wants to know if you like singing,' said I.

'Tell him ay. Let 'em strike up, and they shall have coffee all round.'

The Creole began to sing a song, in which his companions, one after another, joined, until it swelled into full chorus; they then dropped off one at a time as before, until the chief singer sang the last verse as the first, alone. Whether this was accidental, or something peculiar to the song, I could not make out, as the words were in a patois. The air was very sweet, and it had the good effect of sending Old Johnny to sleep. He had evidently been drinking, and I was assured that he was always more or less in that state, though he was seldom known to lose his senses altogether. The negro, Jim, seeing his master drop off, propped himself in the opposite corner, and slept aloud likewise.

Meanwhile, I made the acquaintance of the principal singer. He was a handsome young fellow, with an

honest open brow and a bright intelligent eye. 'What is your name, sir?' I asked.

He took off his hat as he replied: 'Eugène François Sauter—at your service, sir.'

'Mine is Smith, and I am come here to paint a sign.'

'Ah, you are a painter? We are brothers in labour: I also am a painter.'

I wondered what he would say when he found out how much I knew about it.

'Monsieur is going to work for the *bon homme*?'

inquired he.

I replied that I was.

'Oh, I am glad. He has only English, the poor man, and we do not know how to ask anything of him, or to answer him.'

'Are you a Frenchman?'

'No; I am a Mauricien.'

'Indeed! Then you come from a beautiful island, if we may believe what Monsieur de Saint Pierre says.'

'Oh, sir, it is indeed beautiful. This country is so dry, so miserable! But for the gold, who could live in it? If you have not seen Maurice, you have not seen the world. There one can enjoy something.'

'What could have tempted you away from such a paradise?'

'We wished to establish ourselves—I and my comrades. I will give you my confidence, sir. I love a young demoiselle. Her parents are sufficiently rich, and she has a fortune of five hundred dollars. It is necessary for me to get as much; so I came here. We are affianced. It is but a penance. In two years, I go back rich; and then—ah!'

'Precisely,' said I; 'very pleasant. I wish you joy, with all my heart.'

'You have too much goodness, sir.'

'And your companions—are they on the same errand? Have they all got *fiancées*?'

'Assuredly, sir,' he replied, surprised at the question.

'Why, they look very young. You yourself do not seem to be seventeen.'

'Pardon, sir, I am past seventeen. One marries young at Maurice. Why not? When one is old enough to love, one is old enough to marry.'

I felt some disposition to preach to Eugene on this subject, but I restrained myself with the reflection, that it would hardly be of much use, and that if I had been born in the Mauritius I might possibly have thought like him.

'And are your companions painters also?'

'No: Achille is a carpenter, and also Victor, my cousin. Pierre the *Gros* there, he is a blacksmith; and we have tinmen and artificers of different kinds.'

'In that case, you have no need to run the risks of gold-seeking. As artisans, you will earn more money than by digging.'

'I believe it, sir. When we shall have mounted an *atelier* together, we shall soon make our fortune. But we are poor, and one needs money to buy tools; so we must work awhile for the *bon homme*.'

'And do you all work for him?'

'All but myself and Henri. We are painters; and, permit me to say, sir, we can paint sufficiently well; but the *bon homme* had no work for us.'

'He has engaged me to paint him a sign, nevertheless, and I will ask him to let you help me. It is to be something extraordinary, magnificent, unparalleled—quite a work of imagination. Can you do it?'

'Ah, sir,' said he, with characteristic modesty, 'if you will do me the honour to let me try, you will see.'

I thought at that moment that it was to be hoped he *would* do it, for I did not think it likely that I could. 'I hope, sir,' said I, 'that Mr Johnny will allow you to try. I will speak to him in the morning when he is sober'—

'Pardon, sir, but it is impossible. He is always

much more drunk in the mornings; he lies in bed with his bottle in his hand, and drinks while sleeping.'

Eugène said this with so grave a face, that I could only reply that I was very sorry to hear it.

Eugène then brought forward a pale young man, whom he made known to me as Henri the painter. He also gave me a general introduction to the rest of the company, by proclaiming me as a person who had the goodness to offer to employ Henri and himself—a statement which I did not care to find fault with, though it was not exactly correct. The Creoles all rose up at this, and saluted me as if I had been the king of the country. I wondered whether all the working-people in the Mauritius were like these, and if so, what qualities of the soil, or happy form of government it was, to which they owed so good an appearance and manners; for I observed that the faces of most of them were set in the same refined mould as that of Eugène; and though they usually talked in a patois, I found that they could all speak French, and that with as good a choice of words as you would wish to hear. If these were a fair sample of the people, I thought the Mauritius must be somewhere near Utopia.

Meanwhile it was getting late, and Eugène invited me into a large tent close at hand, which had been set apart for the use of his companions, and where we enjoyed the luxury of a bed of clean boughs. While my friends were smoking and singing in chorus, I went to sleep, and dreamed that I was in the Mauritius, where I was married to a fairy with black hair, and that we lived under a large parasol, and fed upon oranges. The next morning, when we were assembled in the cooking-shop at breakfast, Johnny All-sorts walked in, carrying a large sheet of tinned iron, which, he informed me, was intended to form part of his remarkable sign. This he threw down in the midst of us, and then walked to the fire and lighted his pipe. Old Johnny, it must be confessed, did not appear to advantage in the morning. Though I should suppose that he never made any regular toilet, he nevertheless did get a little smoothed down during the day. When he happened to think about it, he would, during his avocations, take a small iron comb out of his pocket, and give a few tugs at his hair. At another time, perhaps, it would occur to him that his face might be dirty, and then and there, or at the nearest water-hole, he would stoop down and go through certain manipulations, from which he believed that he arose cleansed. In the morning, however, no such beautifying processes had as yet taken place, and Johnny appeared exactly as he had arisen from the bed, or ground, of the night before. On the present occasion, he seemed on very bad terms with himself, and I was informed that he was more out of sorts than usual. His handkerchief was twisted round, and hung over his shoulder; the brim of his hat was doubled up at the side on which he had slept the night before; and the hat itself was pressed down determinately over his brows. After a good deal of argument, he growled out his consent that I should employ Eugène and his friend, and told us to go to the store and set to work.

The store was a long, dirty tent beside the road, and before it goods of different kinds were jumbled together, as if they had been 'shot' there out of a cart. Johnny All-sorts, as his name imports, was a man of a catholic turn of mind. All things whatsoever that were visible and tangible, and the product of human skill in any shape, he considered as property, out of which something might be made. He employed men constantly in repairing old tools and diggers' furniture, in turning old water-casks into new tubs, and in putting together pieces of wood and iron to form some curious machine, which he would call a capital cradle, price five pounds; and in this way, as much as by

his other trade of storekeeper, had Johnny All-sorts patched up his fortune; for I was told he was very rich, and was supposed to have heaps of money in the Union Bank.

Having piled some water-casks upon the heap of goods, I climbed to the top of the store, and proceeded to nail a large piece of canvas along the front. Eugène, meanwhile, was trying to mix some paint without turpentine—an attempt which did not succeed. I found my two friends the most cheerful and active of assistants; they had a very happy physical organisation, and bustled about and caroled over their work like birds. Strange as it may seem, there are people in this world whom a little bread and sunshine will make happy. Pierre, the blacksmith, was at work just over the road, and the carpenters not far off, and they joined, as a matter of course, in Eugène's song, waking up the echoes of the woods, and making the place as gay as possible. But though Eugène could sing, I found he could not draw; and when I asked him to design with a piece of chalk sundry tools in a group, he produced a result which was not satisfactory. Henri succeeded very little better; so I was compelled to make the attempt myself.

I could draw simple objects on paper, but I discovered that it was another matter to paint the same on canvas; however, it would never do to give in. I said to myself: 'I will paint something, tell Johnny it is good, and he shall believe it.' With this determination, I drew first the stem of a tall tree—genus unknown—to which I endeavoured to give a rounded appearance by those simple arts which I had learned at school. I was not successful in doing so, nevertheless I did not allow myself to be discouraged. 'There can't be any mistake about that,' I thought; 'anybody can see that's the stem of a tree.' My method of supplying the foliage was simple, but effective. By filling the brush with paint, and holding a stick at a short distance from the canvas, I could jerk the brush against the stick, and shoot my foliage at the top of the stem in a gentle shower. Having finished my tree, I placed under it a rude representation of a cradle. Speaking honestly, I cannot say much for this last effort; and I was considering how I could improve upon it, when Johnny suddenly made his appearance on the long-backed pony, and stopped to examine what I had done.

'What do you paint trees for?' he inquired: 'I don't sell 'em.'

It is a tree, then, I said to myself; I thought he'd know it. 'You see a tree is a very handsome object, and fills up a good deal of canvas too. Couldn't do without a tree.'

'Couldn't you?' growled he. 'And what's that other thing?'

'Oh, that's a cradle.'

'A what? Do you call that thing a cradle?'

'Certainly,' I replied—'the cradle of the young idea. It wants a little touching up, I admit; but the outline is not so bad.'

'Won't do, youngster. You've got an uncommon gift of the gab, but you won't come the lawyer over Johnny All-sorts. That there ain't a cradle, no more than I am; so make it one, d'ye hear?'

And Johnny cantered off. 'Make it one!'—I wished I could. I was compelled to acknowledge that drawing straight lines was my forte, and not painting cradles.

After a conference with Eugène, I waited till our worthy employer's return, and waylaid him as he was going into his stable. I represented to him that to paint such a sign as he wanted would take me a very long time—which was certainly true; and that it would not be worth the expense it would cost him—which was also true, I think. I suggested that we should paint words instead of figures. We would paint them of various forms and colours, and with

plenty of flourishes; and I even offered to draw his portrait on a board, and place it at the top; for I thought his strongly marked countenance would be an easy subject to sketch. Johnny was overcome by these arguments; but he declined the last offer—'He wasn't going to have his face stuck up to grin at people.'

We now got on capitally. Eugène and Henri could, of course, paint letters much better than I could; and at it they went. It is true they made all their S's the wrong way; but this was of no consequence to Johnny All-sorts. In fact, the more out-of-the-way anything was, the better he liked it. I think he was a shrewd old fellow, and knew what he was doing. As we advanced with our work, lots of men would come down in the evening to look at us, and to wonder what Old Johnny was painting such a big sign for. That big sign, with its bright colours, could be seen nearly a mile off, and, I daresay, has drawn many a pound into its owner's money-box. If these pages should come into the hands of any one to whom the name of Long Gully is familiar, he may probably have gazed with admiration upon that wonderful production. He may remember the triangular sheet of tin at the top, which used to gleam like silver in the sun, and the curling tails to those curious letters which composed the name of Johnny. Time may perhaps have dimmed their lustre now; summer dust has probably settled upon and obscured that bright-red paint, and winter rains tarnished that brilliant sheet of tin. And Johnny himself—does he still flourish like a brown old gum-tree, and buy and sell as of old? Summer sun or winter rain never affected him, and Time himself passed lightly by him, marking him on the face, indeed, but hardly laying a finger on the powerful frame below it. Johnny, doubtless, is to be found there still, or else he has followed the tide of wanderers to some newer digging, and there displays new signs and wonders to attract the passer-by.

I ought to ask the reader's pardon for prosing so much on this subject; but the truth is, that I cannot help looking back with feelings of pride and gratification at the remarkable work we then painted. When one has accomplished anything great, I am disposed to think that one generally knows it; and so it happened, that one night, at the close of our labours, when Eugène, Henri, and I sat in judgment upon our work, my two friends came to the conclusion that it was *magnifique*—an opinion in which I entirely coincided. The body of the sign was Eugène's; the fine strokes by Henri; and I put in the flourishes, of which the word 'curvilinear,' pronounced slowly, may give some idea.

It happened that about this time the Diggings called the 'MacIver' first became known, and the greater part of the population in our neighbourhood began to set off in that direction. When our work was finished, and Johnny had been prevailed upon to pay us for the same, I learned that Eugène had become infected with a desire to go to the new place, and had communicated his symptoms to Henri. The rest of his companions were unconvinced by his arguments; and as to Pierre, he expressed his dissatisfaction to Eugène in the sententious manner which was peculiar to him.

'Listen, child: we came here to work and to gain money. Well, we do gain money every day. Have patience; the days pass, the money remains. One cannot become a great prince in a day or two.'

Such were the wise words of Pierre le Gros. Eugène, however, was determined to try his luck at the new gold-field; and so was Henri. It is ill arguing with persons in the early stages of the gold-fever; and finding our remonstrances of no avail, we could only tell them to go and prosper. For my own part, I had met with a former acquaintance, who was digging in a neighbouring gully, and who invited me to 'set in' beside him. I, therefore, purchased a tent and tools,

presented my painting-brush to Johnny All-sorts, and took to the pick and shovel once more. And so I bade good-bye to my honest friends until the time when I should meet them in the Mauritius, where they insisted that I should come to see them, and judge for myself of their happiness.

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

WHILST Russia and the Russians are the prevailing topics in all circles, a few gathered remarks upon those victims of Russian policy, the poor exiles, may not be deemed inappropriate; and as the laws of the empire require that all those condemned, in whatever part of the country they may have received sentence, should pass through Moscow on their way to Siberia, the traveller who may have chanced to be there during the weekly gathering, will have little difficulty in recognising facts in the following account.

On reaching that city, they are allowed a brief rest in the convict-prison, their daily journeys being so calculated that the separate bands all arrive there from divers directions each Saturday night. After resting throughout the ensuing week, during which term they are relieved of their chains, they are despatched in one common band on the second Monday after their arrival; but, ere their departure, government appoints a committee of prison authorities to control the jailers, and to see that they do not use unnecessary harshness. These members are also empowered to hear statements from the prisoners, and, in many cases, to grant redress. Such interferences do not, of course, extend to the quashing of legal proceedings, but merely to the prisoner's comfort, his health, or perhaps some last wishes respecting his family. The excellent Slazy, physician to the prisons, was, some years since, constantly present on these occasions, and was one of the warmest philanthropists ever known. His exertions on behalf of those unhappy convicts were incessant; his labours, evidently those of a love that made him deem no sacrifice of time or comfort too great. He was a German, from Cologne, and as keen a Roman Catholic as that zealous city ever sent forth; and it would be well for mankind if half the world only possessed as much of the true Christian spirit as this worthy philanthropist.

Sparrow's Hill—for so is the place named from which the doomed band depart—is situated at some distance from the city, and is not a prison, as might be imagined, but consists of a number of log-huts, united by a strong wooden-wall, and in the interior divided into two or three courts, each strictly guarded by sentinels. In the first of these, both sexes are to be seen mingling indiscriminately, and all dressed alike in long loose greatcoats, made of a kind of gray cloth: the only distinguishing mark is, that the men have half their heads shaved, whilst the women retain their long hair—a privilege also granted to the men as regards their beards; which decoration is the pride and delight both of the merchant-class and the peasantry. They are led thence into a second court, where their names are registered; as also their crime and history. Here they make their petitions; some soliciting leave to travel by the side of a brother, a fellow-exile—a poor consolation that, of being together in disgrace; but the boon, if granted, is hailed with the greatest joy. A woman will also sometimes petition to accompany her husband; but only in rare cases is this permitted. According to the laws of Russia, she may marry again, for the banishment of the husband cancels the marriage-bond as completely as death; but if her prayer is granted, government pays her expenses, and she assumes the convict-dress, though not the fetters.

The children of convicts, after five years of age, become parish property; a rule which the various

proprietors in the territory are not disposed to relax, as the boys, at least, serve ultimately so far to furnish the conscription for the army.

The examination past, the exiles are led to a third court, where fetters are placed upon the whole band. This is a most cruel and brutal affair. The fetters consist of a couple of heavy iron rings, one for each ankle, united by a chain, not adapted to the size of the person and his length of stride, but of one unvarying length, about two feet. This is connected, by means of links from four to five inches long, with another chain fastened round the waist. The hoops round the ankles are not fastened by a padlock, so as to be removed at night, but are riveted by the executioner, who drives an iron bolt through the rings, and by strong and careless hammering—for he often misses the mark, and strikes the flesh—flattens the bolt at both ends, in such a way that removal is impossible except by means of the file: and with these chains, the poor weary foot-sore wretches are to walk every step of a journey which takes them only a few days short of six months. Meanwhile a sergeant stands by, who must answer for their security with his own life, as he takes charge of them during their pilgrimage; and he sees them properly secured and fastened together in fours by the wrists. At the head of the line stands a little table, covered with copper coins, from which every man receives in advance a certain part of his daily allowance; government giving each for his maintenance forty-eight kopecks—a fraction less than fivepence a day—and to each woman permitted to accompany her husband, half that sum. This ceremony over, the gates are thrown open, and the world ceases to exist for them. It is surprising to witness the calm bearing, the sad but resigned looks of that melancholy assemblage. Hope is now dead; and in its place a dim vague glimmer appears in the distance of life, to which they look, perhaps, more with a dreamy curiosity than with any active feeling of terror or despair.

The gates thrown open, the exiles are handed over to a strong guard, employed exclusively on this duty, and each soldier loads his gun in their presence; there is also a mounted escort, with spears, the commander of which carries a long whip, to lash the cavalcade into order; and thus they move on, the males first, then the carts, and, lastly, the females. Their day's journey is from 22 to 25 versts (from 14½ to 16½ miles English). Persons of rank are not treated otherwise than the lowest serf—noblemen being compelled to march the dreary journey on foot, and as heavily chained as the vilest felon. Political prisoners are undoubtedly treated more harshly than even the most ferocious criminals; and although, during the contest with Poland, there may have been exaggerated accounts published in England as to the numbers banished, there is not the slightest doubt as to the cruelty exercised on all who were so. During their short rest at Moscow, they were linked together like felons; treated by their jailers like brutes. The *Times*, many years ago, gave a touching account of facts which have been since confirmed. One hundred and fifty Lithuanian nobles were mentioned as having been met barefooted and chained, on their march to Siberia—their sentence being, that they should be put as common soldiers into the regiments of the Caucasus, Orenburg, and Siberia. The two young Counts Tyskiewicz, almost children, were so loaded with heavy chains, as at each step to sink into the ground; and they held out their little hands, imploring charity to buy lighter fetters, which their guards refused them. At Choracewice was to be seen Mr Warcynski, the marshal of Osmiand, the same town where the Kirghiz murdered in a church 400 women and children. He was seated in an open wagon—a blessed privilege, too, this was considered—his hands and feet were chained and connected to his waist by other links; a collar of iron encircled his neck; his long gray beard flowed over his

breast; and his head was shaved in the form of a cross—his coat being half-black and half-white. He was condemned to hard labour for life. Those destined for the mines are shut out even from the light of heaven; they not only lose rank and riches, but, by a refinement of cruelty, are deprived even of their names, and a number given them instead, by which the driver of each band calls when he has need to address them.

A CAT-NURSE FOR YOUNG FOXES.

WHILST in Canada, some years since, I happened to be at the digging out of an old fox; and, as a curiosity to shew the people at the house, I brought away with me a pair of the young ones, of which there happened to be no less than seven. As they appeared to be no more than a day or two old, for they could not see, and as they were in size not much larger than kittens, some one proposed to put them beside the cat, and see whether she would not rear them. The suggestion, from its very novelty, was at once adopted. At first, puss seemed to be quite reconciled to them; but upon going afterwards to see how they were getting on, the foxes were indeed in the box, but the cat and kittens had disappeared. Having found out puss's retreat, she and her kittens were again carried back, and put along with the foxes; after feeding her well, and patting and clapping her, she was again left alone; and never afterwards, until the foxes were pretty large, did she deny them the attentions of a mother. When put to the test, by a fox and a kitten being taken out and laid upon the floor, puss, whenever she heard the mewling of her kitten, was at once on the spot, and catching up the nearest—no matter whether fox or kitten—carried it away, and then returned for the second. Afterwards, although the cry of the fox was different from that of the kitten, being a kind of petulant whining, yet, whenever she heard it, she paid as much attention to the one as to the other, was as soon upon the spot, and as restless until allowed to carry it off to her box.

At first it was feared that the foxes, accustomed to teats of larger dimensions, might fail to find out those of the cat, which were hardly discernible amongst the fur, and so perish after all. As it was, they did not appear to discover them until about the second or third day; but after that—and here is a point for naturalists—the teats gradually grew to be as large as those of a dog, returning, however, afterwards to their natural size.

In course of time, puss began to bring in mice, squirrels, and such like; and here I may mention, that as *she* soon learned to comprehend the distressed cry of the helpless foxes, so *they* now as truly comprehended her particular cry when she brought in such game; for no sooner was she heard, than off scampered both kittens and foxes, as though each fully comprehended the fact that the first there was sure to get the prize. Here the nature of the two kind of animals was distinctly exemplified. The kittens delighted in fun, and liked to make the most of a mouse when they got it; but often, when they came trotting back with one in their mouth, they used to be met by one of the foxes, which, in the twinkling of an eye, would snap it from them, and devour it on the spot; the foxes, at the same time, taking pretty good care that the kittens should never have an opportunity of treating them in a like manner, as everything they got was invariably despatched upon the spot. When, however, they did get enough, the surplus was carefully concealed in some quiet corner, over which they kept a watchful eye.

Hitherto, they had been allowed to run about uncontrolled; but the female having killed a young gosling, they were forthwith confined in a pen, the sides of which were about two feet high. Although they had now outgrown the kittens considerably, puss still acknowledged them; and regularly, day after day, calling her kittens after her, she and they leaped into the pen, where she suckled the whole four. In the cool of the evening, the kittens also would invariably be found in the pen, playing with the foxes, where the agility of the former was finely

contrasted with the clumsy antics of the latter. This state of innocent happiness was, however, suddenly brought to a close. Early one morning, the foxes had scraped a hole underneath their pen, and so got free. The first thing, therefore, that met the eye upon going out, was the female fox trotting past the door with a young turkey thrown over her back. Chase being given, she dropped it in a corner beside other four which she had killed, and then took refuge under a pile of boards. After this, they were not only put back into their pen, but chained, which effectually prevented them from doing further mischief.

About this time, puss began to suspect, apparently, that she had been played upon, as her conduct towards the foxes, now about as big as herself, began to change. True, she still brought in mice, and gave them as freely to the cubs as to the kittens; but whenever they began to poke their noses about her, she would salute them with a cuff on the side of the head, which made them shake their ears, and keep at a more respectful distance. This, however, they took in good part, and always seemed to consider it as a challenge to play, as they immediately began to caper round about her; and while the one attracted her attention in front, the other would come creeping round the corners behind, and try to get up to her in that way. However, puss was always as knowing as they, and soon placed herself in a position commanding a view of both, ready to salute the ears of the first that should approach.

[The writer of these anecdotes, who gives his name, assures us of their verity.—ED.]

CHEMISTRY IN COMMON SCHOOLS—TECHNICAL WORDS JUSTIFIABLE.

Why not introduce the study of chemistry in all our common schools, at least the rudiments of chemistry, and especially the meaning of chemical terms? Why should not a boy, a farmer's boy, be taught the meaning of oxygen and hydrogen, as well as that of the word water? When he is now told by the papers or books he reads, that *water*—the meaning of which term he understands very well—is composed of certain proportions each of oxygen and hydrogen—terms he knows nothing about—he is at a loss. His education has left him with the idea, that water is a simple element, as the ancients thought it was; and he also complains of the use of these hard words, when the fact is they are no harder than any other words to learn or to speak; but they are new to him, and thence he thinks them hard. All farmers should understand the rudiments of chemistry at least, and as much more as they can command: no one can be a good farmer without this knowledge, except by accident. It is in vain for writers on the subject to try to use language that cannot be understood by those who have not learned the meaning of chemical terms. The word oxygen, for example, has no *common term* that would be understood more readily by such people; neither has hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, &c. See what a list Webster makes in defining these terms: '*Oxygen*—in chemistry, oxygen or oxygen gas is an element or substance so named from its property of generating acids; it is the respirable part of air, vital air, or the basis of it; it is called the acidifying principle, and the principle or support of combustion.' '*Hydrogen*—in chemistry, a gas which constitutes one of the elements of water.' '*Nitrogen*—the element of nitre; that which produces nitre; that element or component part of the air which is called azote.' '*Carbon*—pure charcoal; a simple body, black, brittle, light, and inodorous.' Now, what information will one who does not understand the rudiments of chemistry derive from these definitions? None whatever. But if chemistry were made a part of common education, all these terms would convey a meaning to the reader of them as readily as those do of water, atmospheric air, and charcoal. It is not supposed that the science at large could be taught in common schools; for if it could, there would be no necessity for high schools. All that is intended by these remarks, is to recommend that the meaning of all chemical terms should be there taught. For example, the school-teacher should teach the scholar the meaning of the word water, thus: 'Water—a

compound fluid, the elements of which are, by weight, eight parts oxygen, and one part hydrogen; by measure, one part oxygen, and two parts hydrogen. Oxygen and hydrogen are gases; they are both colourless, having neither taste nor smell. Oxygen gas is heavier than atmospheric air, and it forms a portion of the air itself. It is essential to animal life and combustion. Hydrogen gas is the lightest of all gases, and hence is used in filling balloons; being about sixteen times lighter than oxygen.' Now, if such instruction was given in schools, there would be no complaint of the use by writers of hard names, hard words, &c.; and the farmers would know just as well what was meant by the words calcareous earth, gypseous earth, &c., as they now do of the meaning of marl, plaster of Paris, &c. I can see no more reason in restricting the education of boys to the common-place words of our language, in our common schools, than I do in confining them in their farming operations to the old common-place routine of practice. Their education should be such as to fit them for the profession they are to follow, let that be what it may. Chemistry and botany are as essential elements of an agricultural education as any others whatever; but how few are there amongst us who know even the meaning of the most common terms of either science.—*S. in the 'Cultivator'—Albany, America.*

TOO LATE.

Douglas—Douglas, tendir and treu.
Old Ballad.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Never a scornful word should pain ye;
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do;
Sweet, as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!—
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

CROCODILES IN CEYLON.

Few reptiles are more disgusting in appearance than these brutes; but, nevertheless, their utility counterbalances their bad qualities, as they cleanse the water from all impurities. So numerous are they, that their heads may be seen in fives and tens together, floating at the top of the water like rough corks; and at about five P.M., they bask on the shore, close to the margin of the water, ready to scuttle in on the shortest notice. They are then particularly on the alert, and it is a most difficult thing to stalk them, so as to get near enough to make a certain shot. This is not bad amusement, when no other sport can be had. Around the margin of a lake, in a large plain far in the distance, may be seen a distinct line upon the short grass like the fallen trunk of a tree. As there are no trees at hand, this must necessarily be a crocodile. Seldom can the best hand at stalking then get within eighty yards of him, before he lifts his scaly head, and, listening for a second, plunges off the bank.—*Baker's Eight Years' Wanderings.*

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A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

THE great national drama, holding so important a position in the annals of our country, which may be said to have commenced with the levy of ship-money, and come to a conclusion at the Restoration, was followed by an epilogue equally discreditable to its performers. The gross debaucheries and extravagant rejoicings that celebrated the Restoration were scarcely over, before the new government proceeded to wreak a paltry vengeance on the inanimate remains of their predecessors. We read in the *Journal of the House of Commons*, that, on the 8th of December 1660, it was 'resolved by the Lords and Commons, assembled in parliament, that the carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, whether buried in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere, be with all expedition taken up and drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged up in their coffins for some time; and after that, buried under the said gallows.' In conformity with this resolution, two bodies, *said* to be those of Cromwell and Ireton, were taken from graves or vaults in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday the 26th of January 1661. On the following Monday, those two bodies were taken on a cart to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn; and on the same day, another body, *said* to be Bradshaw's, was disinterred, which, the next morning, Tuesday, was also taken to the Red Lion. On the following day—Wednesday the 30th, the anniversary of the execution of the First Charles—the last indignities were perpetrated on the three bodies, as we are thus informed by a newspaper of the period: 'To-day, they were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn. When these three carcasses were at Tyburn, they were pulled out of their coffins, and hanged at the several angles of that triple tree, where they hung till the sun was set; after which they were taken down, their heads cut off, and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows.' By another newspaper of the time, we learn that 'the heads were placed upon poles, on the top of Westminster Hall, Bradshaw's being placed in the middle, immediately over that part of the hall where he had sat as president at the trial of Charles I.; the other heads placed on either side.'

The above are all the traces left of this revolting affair. Why three bodies only were desecrated, instead of the four decreed by the resolution of parliament; why they were pulled out of the coffins, as the newspaper states, instead of being hanged up in them, as the resolution specially directed; why they were taken to the Red Lion at all, are enigmas impossible of solution at the present day. Moreover, it is, to say

the least, exceedingly doubtful whether any one of those desecrated bodies was the mortal remains of Oliver Cromwell. Where he really was buried, is a question that has never yet, and probably never will be satisfactorily answered. It is, in short, the historical mystery of the present paper.

Cromwell died of intermittent fever or ague; next to the plague, one of the most virulent scourges of England in the olden time. Bishop Burnet tells us, it destroyed and weakened so many in one season, that part of the harvest was lost, from the lack of men or women able to gather the crop. Assuming the epidemic form, it periodically ravaged London, until the surrounding marshes, Moorfields, Wapping, and Lambeth, were drained; since then, the disease has almost totally disappeared from the metropolis. Cromwell's father died of the 'cruel ague' himself, when his son was a young man; his mother, brothers, sisters, and servants, were grievously afflicted by it; and his first appearance in public life was to oppose the crown-commissioners, who, with reams of parchment and rolls of red tape, attempted to obstruct the drainage of the unhealthy fens surrounding his native town of Huntingdon.

A well-known psychological fact, connected with the baneful effects of marsh malaria, is supposed to throw considerable light on the less understood peculiarities of Cromwell's character. Hypochondriasis, like ague, is frequently caused by atmospheric influence in the form of malaria, and the peculiar debility produced by both these diseases, predisposes the human frame to subsequent attacks. So the gloomy shadow of an apparently perverted religious fervour, that ever enveloped the great man, was probably occasioned by his youthful residence in the marshes of Huntingdonshire. The predisposition to ague accompanied Cromwell through life, to the last scene of all. After the battle of Dunbar, he had a severe attack, and the subsequent exposure during an unusually inclement winter, nearly proved fatal. In March of the following year, he 'thought he should have died,' but recovered till May, when, utterly prostrated, he returned to Edinburgh, where he became so much worse, that at one time his army really believed he was dead. In June, he was so far recovered as to be able to go out in a coach, but relapsed; and another month went over before he was restored to health.

About seven years afterwards, the Protector, worn and harassed in body and mind, watched by the death-bed of his favourite daughter, Mrs Claypole. For a fortnight, he scarcely left the chamber, till at last her excruciating sufferings were terminated by death. Intense grief for this amiable woman, probably not

unmixed with feelings of remorse, acting on an already enfeebled and predisposed system, brought on a return of the ague—a last attack of the life-long, insidious enemy, so often repulsed, but now to conquer; and in the memorable tempest of 1658, in the turmoil of the conflicting elements, Cromwell died. As Waller, in the inflated style of the period, tells us:

Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,
That to remotest shores her billows rolled
The approaching fate of their great ruler told.

It is an interesting fact connected with the last illness of this remarkable man, that prejudice prevented his physicians from administering to him that invaluable medicine, the Jesuits' or Peruvian bark. The drug had been introduced into England about three years before; but, one Underwood, a London alderman, having died after taking it, a strong Protestant prejudice arose against its use. Even so late as the great no-popery processions that took place in London after the discovery of the pretended Meal-tub Plot, in 1679, a box of Jesuits' bark was carried in mock state, and ignominiously burned with the pope's effigy. Nor was it till the commencement of the eighteenth century, that, by the strenuous exertions of Sir Hans Sloane, this truly excellent medicine became popular.

The day after Cromwell's death, an Order in Council appointed certain medical men to embalm the body. Dr Bates, who was the Protector's confidential physician, has left us a full account of the proceedings on this occasion. He tells us that the intestines were taken out, and then the body, being filled with spices, was wrapped in a six-fold cerecloth, put into a leaden coffin, and then into a strong wooden one. Yet the corruption burst through all; and the foul smell pervading the whole house, it was necessary to inter the body before the solemnities of the funeral.

This premature interment of the body necessitated the construction of a waxen figure to represent it during the solemnities of the lying-in-state and public funeral. The wax-figure having been prepared, it was carried, on the 20th September, by the servants of Cromwell's household, from Whitehall to Somerset House. Still, it was not till the 18th of the following October that all preparations were completed, and the apartments where the wax-figure lay in state were opened to the public. A suite of four rooms, hung with black velvet, and decorated with escutcheons of the arms of Cromwell, surmounted by imperial crowns, was devoted to this purpose. In the inner apartment, the waxen figure, dressed in a purple velvet robe, furred with ermine, and adorned with tassels and laces of gold, lay in regal state on a bed of scarlet velvet. In one hand of the figure was placed the globe; in the other, the sceptre; while beside it lay a magnificent suit of armour, denoting the warlike character of the deceased. After lying in this manner for upwards of a month, the public funeral took place, with great pomp; the wax-figure being drawn in a stately, open chariot, covered with black velvet, to Westminster Abbey, 'where, on its arrival at the west gate, the effigy was carried by ten gentlemen to the east end of the abbey, and there placed on a mausoleum erected for its reception.' Once more this waxen figure is dimly seen, through the mists of oblivion, and then it is lost for ever. In the *Public Intelligence* of June 14, 1660, we are told that 'there was exposed to public view, out of one of the windows of Whitehall, now the Jewel Office, the effigy—which was made and shewn with so much pomp at Somerset House—in wax, of Oliver Cromwell, with a cord about his neck, which was tied unto one of the bars of the window.'

Dr Bates merely says that Cromwell's body was buried before the funeral ceremonies were performed, but does not tell us where; nor, indeed, is there any

properly authenticated account of this private funeral; though two different statements have been made upon the subject. Oldmixon, the historian, a man of undoubted veracity, assures us that he was informed by a gentleman who attended the Protector in his last illness, that it was resolved 'to wrap the corse in lead, to put it aboard a barge, and to sink it in the deepest part of the Thames; which was done on the night following, two of his near relations, with some trusty soldiers, undertaking to do it.'

The other account is more romantic, and is partly supported by a slight chain of traditional evidence. It has been several times printed, but was first related by a Mr Barkstead, a gentleman of good fame, and a well-known frequenter of the London literary coffee-houses, towards the end of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth centuries. Mr Barkstead was fifteen years old at the time of Cromwell's death, and the son of Barkstead the regicide, who was executed soon after the Restoration. Barkstead, the elder, had in early life been a goldsmith in London, but, having acquired some knowledge of military duties in the city train-band, he joined the parliamentary army, and rose in the service, till he was appointed governor of Reading. Subsequently, he was appointed to the important post of lieutenant of the Tower; and, being on terms of private friendship with Cromwell, he was also made steward of the Protector's household. The story, as related by Barkstead the son, is to the following effect:—That his father and others, who enjoyed the entire confidence of Cromwell, asked him, when all hopes of a favourable termination to his illness had vanished, where he would wish to be buried, and the Protector replied: 'Where he had obtained his greatest victory and glory, and as nigh the spot as could be guessed where the heat of the action was—namely, in the field of Naseby, in Northamptonshire.' Accordingly, soon after his death, the body, being placed in a leaden coffin, was removed from Whitehall at midnight, and taken to the battle-field of Naseby; young Mr Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse all the way. On arriving at the field, they found a grave about nine feet deep already prepared, the green sods from the surface carefully laid on one side, and the mould on the other. The coffin being lowered into the grave, it was immediately filled up, the sods laid flat over, with their grassy sides upwards, and the surplus mould carefully removed.

There being a local tradition at Naseby that Cromwell was buried in the battle-field, the Rev. W. Marshall, late rector of that place, asked Mr Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt—great-grandson of Henry Cromwell, lord-deputy of Ireland, and last male descendant of the Protector—who died in 1821, if he knew anything of the matter. Mr Cromwell, in reply, stated that his mother, who lived to the advanced age of 103 years, knew, when young, Richard, eldest son of the Protector; and she was told by a servant of his, that he, the servant, recollected the body of the Protector passing through Cheshunt at night, on its way to a place of interment; and that he, then a lad, went on with the post-horses that drew the hearse as far as Huntingdon, from whence he was sent back with the horses; but he believed the hearse was taken further on.

The spot traditionally termed Cromwell's Grave, and still pointed out as such on the field of Naseby, is certainly not 'where the heat of the action was,' nor, indeed, any part of the battle. It is some distance to the left and rear of the extreme left of the position held by the parliamentary forces, not far from where their baggage was posted during the battle, and near the foot of an eminence locally known as Lean-lease Hill.

There is, however, another account of Cromwell's burial-place, that should not be passed over, though it

serves rather to complicate than solve the mystery. Sir John Prestwich, a descendant of a very indifferent and now forgotten poet of the same name, published in 1787 a work entitled *Respublica*—a sort of heraldic and genealogical notice of the leading men of both parties during the civil war. Alluding in this book to Cromwell's burial-place, he says: 'His remains were privately interred in a small paddock near Holborn, in that very spot over which the obelisk is placed in Red Lion Square, Holborn.—*The Secret*.' What Prestwich meant to infer by this oracular declaration, we cannot tell. He may have believed that Cromwell was privately buried, immediately after death, in the paddock that now is Red Lion Square; or that the body was first buried in Westminster Abbey, and subsequently raised by the desecrators, but, during the time it lay at the Red Lion, was furtively taken by some partisans, and re-interred in the paddock, another being substituted in its place to undergo the indignities at Tyburn. The mystery that shrouded this subject from the first, gave rise to the most absurd stories. The partisans of Cromwell ever denied that it was his body that was desecrated; some of them even went so far as to say that the body of Charles I., with its head sewn on to the neck, was substituted for Cromwell's; and, consequently, it was the king's body that was hung up at Tyburn, and the king's head that was placed on Westminster Hall. This wild story gained ground through the pretended ignorance respecting the burial-place of Charles. Herbert, the faithful attendant of the unfortunate monarch, accurately described the exact spot, in the vault of Henry VIII. at Windsor. But, after the Restoration, when it was contemplated to re-enter the first Charles with regal honours at Westminster, the commissioner appointed to search for his body took care not to find it—the fact being that Charles II. wanted money more for his own pleasures than to pay respect to the remains of his father. In 1813, however, Sir Henry Halford, the Prince-regent, the Dean of Windsor, and some others, guided by Herbert's description, found the coffin without any difficulty, and fully identified its contents as the decapitated remains of Charles I.

That Cromwell's remains were desecrated at Tyburn, and his head placed on Westminster Hall, we have only one collateral evidence, which, though of a most suspicious character, we feel bound to mention. In a communication to the *European Magazine*, some fifty years ago, the writer states the contents of a paper he found in the drawer of a long deceased female relative. It is to the effect that this lady's great-grandmother once dined with Sir James Norfolk, who was appointed by parliament to see its orders, respecting Cromwell's remains, carried into execution; and Sir James stated, at table, that he found Cromwell's body in the wall of Westminster Abbey. It was enclosed in six coffins of wood and lead, so firmly cemented together, that they had to be broken open by pickaxes; and he knew the body to be Cromwell's, as it had a gorget of gold, with his name engraved upon it, placed upon the breast.

This story, apart from its vague traditional character, and the utter silence in any other quarter respecting the golden gorget, must be received with very great suspicion; for it appeared at a time when heads of Cromwell, the genuineness of which rested on its truth, were being exhibited as shows, and sold as curiosities. There is an anecdote of a simple countryman, who, when visiting the British Museum, asked to be shewn the head of Cromwell. 'We have not got it here,' said the attendant. 'That is strange,' replied the rustic, 'for there is one in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.'

For a long period after Cromwell's death, his head was of no value, and, consequently, no one ever heard anything about it. Even after the Revolution, when the Jacobite and Hanoverian parties were, like the lion

and the unicorn, fighting for the crown, the memory of the Protector being alike distasteful to both, his head remained in obscurity. But when these civil bickerings were over, and the nation found itself waging war with its American colonists, the sympathisers with the latter could, for a consideration, see the head of the great revolutionist. In fact, the revolt of the colonies having excited reminiscences of Cromwell, a cunning speculator soon produced the head, stating that he obtained it in the following manner; and a similar story is told of all the other heads of Cromwell that at various periods have been brought into the curiosity-market: the head, it seems, was blown down from Westminster Hall one windy night, in the reign of James II., and, having been picked up by a sentinel, was sold to the ancestor of the exhibitor.

The American war came to an end, and Cromwell's head again fell back into obscurity; but there was one Cox, who kept what he termed a museum, but what we now term a show, in Spring Gardens—this man possessed another head of the Protector. This he did not exhibit publicly, such a proceeding being considered offensive by the powers that were; however, he shewed it privately, for an extra fee, to those who asked to see it. Cox went the way of all flesh, and his collection the way of all such rubbish; and for a time we hear no more of Cromwell's heads, until the French Revolution roused a strong democratic spirit in England. Then, according to an advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 18, 1799, 'the real embalmed head of the powerful and renowned usurper Oliver Cromwell,' was exhibited 'in Mead Court, Old Bond Street, where the rattlesnake was shewn last year.' Hamlet's idea of the noble dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole, was nothing to the head of Cromwell succeeding the rattlesnake that was shewn last year! The revolutionary spirit soon died out in England; Buonaparte became a national enemy; and newspapers and magazines were never weary of comparing the English with the French usurper: consequently, the various heads of Cromwell had again to bide their time in oblivion.

At last their time came. A new science, phrenology, appeared, and once more drew them from their obscurity. How many different heads of Cromwell have been exhibited and descanted upon by peripatetic lecturers, *soi-disant* professors, and others, it would be impossible to say; but as we well know that two skulls of the vulgar murderer Eugene Aram have received similar attentions, we may conclude that, from first to last, there have been many more counterfeit heads of the more renowned Cromwell.

The standing argument advanced, by all the proprietors and exhibitors of a Cromwell's head, to prove its genuineness, is this: 'Observe,' they say, 'this head has been embalmed, and in it is the spike upon which it was placed; now, can you mention any other historical character whose head was embalmed before or after it had been cut off and spiked?' Of course, it would be considered the height of impertinence if we replied: 'No, we cannot; but an embalmed head may have quietly rested, attached to its body, in its coffin, for many years, and then, by some sacrilegious cheat, may have been cut off, and, with a rusty old spike thrust through it, exhibited for pelf.' One of the proprietors of a Cromwell's head, however, used a more original argument. He said: 'The very peculiar roundness of this head proves that it must have belonged to the chief of the Round-heads;' and we must confess we have often heard much worse showman's logic.

Where history is utterly dark, and dim tradition affords but a feeble and doubtful light, we may deferentially hazard a conjecture: that Cromwell, on his death-bed, foreseeing the Restoration would sooner or later take place, wished his remains to be preserved from desecration, is natural enough; but the romantic idea of being buried in the field of Naseby, is certainly very

unlike the character of the man. Nor is it probable that an ambitious desire to be interred in Westminster Abbey formed any part of his dying thoughts; but he may have expressed a wish, in the scriptural language he loved so well, to be gathered to his fathers, and, consequently, his remains may have been taken to his family burying-place at Huntingdon. This conjecture is not altogether incompatible with Barkstead's statement. Those who took the body as far as Huntingdon, and there buried it, may, to preserve the secret, and mislead inimical inquirers, have agreed to state that it was taken on to Naseby. The tradition among the immediate descendants of Cromwell has ever been, that he was buried in a field on his paternal estate at Huntingdon; and it is a curious and suggestive circumstance in connection with this subject, that the burial-place of Elizabeth, wife of the Protector, is also unknown, though she survived her husband for seven years. She died in the house of Mr Claypole, her son-in-law, at Norborough, in Lincolnshire. Some writers assert that she was buried in the chancel of Norborough church; others, at Wicken, in Cambridgeshire; while, again, others state that her remains were temporarily deposited at Norborough, and subsequently removed to some place unknown. But, as neither monumental inscription nor parish register records her place of sepulture, we may reasonably conjecture that she was privately interred beside the remains of her husband; and, though we are still ignorant of the exact spot, we may conclude that his body was not subjected to the indignities intended for it by Charles II. and the parliament of the Restoration. Our ignorance of Cromwell's real place of burial is, however, of but little moment: in the words of Sprat, bishop of Rochester, we may, in conclusion, say, that

Without a monument, his memory is safe.
They only want an epitaph
That do remain alone
Alive in an inscription,
Remembered only in the brass or marble stone.

A HIGH AND MIGHTY VISITANT.

WHEN a child is born into the world, 'the verpeja' spins a thread, and hangs a star upon its end. On the approach of death, this thread of destiny breaks, and the star falls headlong to the earth, and is extinguished. So, at least, says the mythology of Lithuania, according to Jacob Grimm; and who can prove that the creed of Lithuania according to Jacob Grimm is wrong?

On the 7th of January, in the present year, some very important destiny must have found its thread suddenly fail it, a little before five o'clock in the afternoon; for a magnificent star was at that time both seen and heard rushing earthwards, across the English Channel. The sun had been beneath the horizon about three-quarters of an hour, but the sky was perfectly clear, excepting a low cloud-bank which fringed the horizon; and the twilight was so strong that the brilliant planet Jupiter could be discerned only after long and careful seeking. From the Isle of Wight, the falling luminary was first seen approaching from the cerulean depths—or, more terrestrially speaking, heights—like a small bright star, not more than 15 degrees distant. Thence down it came, sloping southwards, and seemingly in a line nearly parallel with the polar axis of the earth. It grew rapidly brighter and larger as it descended; and when it had made rather more than half its journey, it suddenly began to leave a bright tail in its path, as if to obviate all chance of subsequent mistake as to the course it had pursued. It now moved with about the speed

of ordinary falling stars when they dash across the spangled sky on clear nights; and its movement was accompanied by a low, continuous, rushing sound. The star, however, had here assumed the dimensions and appearance of a ball of intense bluish-white flame, waxing ever stronger and brighter, until it had a diameter of some 7 or 8 minutes of angular measure—that is, about a fourth part of the width of the full moon—and it cast as startling a glare along the sea-coast and hills as a vivid flash of lightning would have done. When about 7 degrees above the horizon, and the same to the east of the south point—17 degrees to the east of the *magnetic* south—it plunged into the low cloud-bank, its course being still partially visible through the mist, as a track that was described by a casual observer as 'a column of steam rising up from the sea where the meteor plunged beneath the wave.' The entire fall occupied some three or four seconds; but this was estimated, as such things usually are, at very much more by unpractised observers; although, nevertheless, such were invariably left with the curious experience of how little the senses are at the full command of the mind, when caught unawares and at a disadvantage. To the most indifferent looker-on, the mere pyrotechny of the display was, notwithstanding, of so brilliant a character, that the attention was involuntarily chained by it, so long as the flaming apparition was within range of the sight.

But when the flame was extinguished, the beauty of the display was by no means over: there still remained a spectacle that was of scarcely inferior interest, although of a less dazzling character. The tail thrown out through the lower part of the meteoric path still continued visible, like a clear bright line, engraved in fire upon the sky. This permanent tracing commenced from 32 to 35 degrees above the horizon, and ran down to within 10 degrees of it. Its direction was from north to south, with a very slight inclination towards the east, and with a barely perceptible curvature, whose convexity looked the same way. At the first, this graven line was evidently composed of intensely incandescent substance: it was literally *burnt in upon sky*—a trace of veritable fire. It was brilliantly white, but as delicately fine as if the point of a diamond had cut it in the hardest crystal. Up to this time, the entire appearance was very much that which would have been produced if some gigantic Roman candle, of Sebastopol manufacture, had been fired the wrong way. The blue stately moving spherical head, the spark-tail, and the hissing accompaniment of sound—all were there. Now, however, a change came over the spirit of the meteor: slowly and gradually, the line of bright incandescence acquired breadth; second by second it widened and softened as the eye was fixed upon it. After a couple of minutes, it stood out upon the clear sky-background, a distinct cloud-pillar, shining in the yet strong twilight of the higher region it occupied. The fire had transformed itself into vaporous water. There had been a period in the meteor-history when its fire-nature was perfectly obvious, the spark-train being as manifest as the glowing lines that radiate from the anvil of the blacksmith when he plies his hammer on the red-hot iron in a dark night; and there was a period when its cloud-nature was no less distinct, when its curling flock was as perceptible as in the delicate cloud-masses of the summer noontide-sky. But there was also an intermediate or transition stage, enduring for about sixty seconds, when the sharpest scrutiny could not determine whether it was fire or cloud. Most probably, at this time, it was itself a transitional body, half blaze and half 'wraith.' The fully developed cloud-pillar was of a spindle shape, swelling out in the middle, and tapering to either extremity. It was about as bright in the twilight as the young crescent moon seen half an hour after sunset in a transparent spring evening;

but its outline was, upon the whole, far more distinctly 'chiseled' against the cerulean background.

After about three minutes, it became clearly apparent that the cloud-pillar was losing its evenness of outline and its regularity of form. First, its central and widest part began to hollow or bow itself towards the left, like the bend of a horseshoe, whilst the extremities were shortened. It seemed as if the middle of the pillar were drifted or dragged towards the east, whilst the ends of the spindle were held comparatively fixed in the positions they first occupied; then its form became more winding and twisted, ribbon-like, and slightly folding serpent-ways upon itself. Next it put on a sort of speckled or mottled aspect, as if gathering up its cloud-substance into separate parcels. Its general surface, in this stage, looked very much like the flock or mackerel cloud of the summer sky. All these diversities of aspect were evidently caused by the cloud-form being now subject to the wind. Its several parts were drifted different ways, according to the precise movements of the atmospheric strata in which they were immediately floating. The great hollow curve appeared very much as if it were being carried eastward by the proper rotatory movement of the terrestrial surface, and more rapidly so than the thinner and less coherent portions. All this while, however, the strange nebulous form was drifting rapidly upwards and outwards through the air, growing smaller and fainter from increasing distance as it did so, like the vanishing ghost of a shrivelled and contorted balloon. In eight minutes, the horseshoe was reduced to about half of its original size; in fourteen or fifteen minutes, it appeared only like a small whiff of not very conspicuous curl-cloud; in twenty minutes, all that remained of this very remarkable display was 'vacant air.' It seemed as if its final disappearance were due to the combined influences of progressive dissipation of its reflective vapours, increasing remoteness, and the rapid descent of the sun beneath the horizon, causing the twilight rays that illuminated it to be more and more paled.

This beautiful meteor probably first presented its star-form to observers in the Isle of Wight, when eighty or a hundred miles above the surface of the island, and a little towards the south. It then took a slightly curved course towards the French coast, along a plane that was very nearly parallel with the earth's polar axis, striking the sea a little short of land towards Isigny or Bayeux. It was seen over a very wide extent of England: it was visible at Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, and at Liskeard, near the Land's End. From Sevenoaks, in Kent, it was remarked in a direction about 23 degrees west of south; from Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, its path bore 7 degrees east of south; from Liskeard, in Cornwall, it was seen due east. An observer in Havre fancied that it fell on the coast close by, and a very loud explosion was heard at the instant. Some persons returning at the time from Cape de la Heve, which juts out westward of Havre from the coast of Normandy, however, reported that they had seen it fall some distance out to sea in that direction. Only a faint rushing sound was heard at Ventnor; no sound at all was perceptible at Sevenoaks. The highest point at which the incandescent tail appeared, had an altitude of about 17 degrees above the horizon at Sevenoaks; at Ventnor, its altitude was at least 32 degrees, the parallels of latitude of these two places being about forty-eight miles apart from each other: this gives a sort of base, whence the distance of the point may be calculated by an ordinary process of surveyor's craft. Such a calculation gives 118 miles for the distance of the top of the tail from Sevenoaks, sixty-five miles for its distance from Ventnor, and thirty-two miles for its height above the sea. As it is probable that from this point the fall of the meteor became more and more direct

towards the earth, in consequence of the terrestrial attraction increasing its power with the augmenting propinquity of the terrestrial sphere, as the way is with all falling bodies under such circumstances, in all probability it dropped in such a way thence, that it 'quenched its fires' in the waves of the Channel somewhere about ten miles from the Norman coast.

A gentleman residing at Sevenoaks, Mr John Rogers, who has assiduously watched meteoric phenomena during forty years, states that he has never before witnessed any appearance at all to compare with this in all his long experience. Yet the brilliancy of the phenomenon was greatly enhanced at stations further south—as at Ventnor, for instance. It seems more to have resembled the meteors described by Sir Alexander Burnes as frequent in the high districts of Bokhara, than a genuine British example. It is a notable fact, however, that a somewhat similar apparition did upon one occasion visit nearly the same region. On the 9th of June of the year 1822, a very bright meteor flashed across the sky of Angers, and took a path sixty-eight miles to the north of Poitiers. A bright cloud-streak, narrow above and broad below, was upon that occasion left behind in the sky, and remained visible for ten or twelve minutes. Admiral Krusenstern also, in his voyage round the world, encountered a fire-ball, which he described as having left a luminous train behind it for the space of an hour.

This meteoric apparition has very strongly suggested the expediency of making a few remarks, at once popular and philosophical, respecting 'meteors in general.' The pleasant task is, however, postponed to another occasion, lest too exacting a philosophy should be found to be at issue with the graceful Lithuanian hypothesis of meteors—and with Jacob Grimm.

A STORY OF A WILD-CAT SKIN.

DURING my stay at one of the Australian Diggings, I purchased a commodious residence, in which I lived for some time in solitary state. This tenement was situated in a most desirable locality, in the midst of delightful woodland scenery, and surrounded by very extensive park-like grounds. There was a right of free-warren attached to the property, and good shooting in the neighbourhood. To descend to particulars, I may say that the residence in question consisted of a bark-hut, which was made over to me by my friends, the Colters, when they set out for Mount Korong, and which, I believe, to have been one of the best appointed and most convenient dwellings at that time on the Digging.

The fixtures and furniture of the hut also came into my possession, including a table, of which the legs were weak and uncertain, and the top slightly on an incline; an original gridiron, or bent hoop; several empty bottles; two benches; one shelf, or sheet of bark nailed to the wall, containing candles, salt, pipes, and tobacco, and which usually filled with water when it rained, the roof being rather leaky. In addition to these valuables, there was a bedstead or frame of logs covered with boughs—an article whose luxurious character it is unnecessary for me to point out.

I considered myself one of the most fortunate fellows in the country, till I discovered that the Colters had left behind them other things of a less desirable nature. After having bought my first bag of flour, I became aware that I had come into the reversion of a populous colony of mice, which consumed among them almost as much flour as I did. They rattled over my furniture at night, and serenaded me with faint squeaks of pleasure as they pitched into my provisions. There was no keeping them out. I put my damper into double bags, and hung it from the ceiling—that is to say, from the ridge-pole—but they climbed down the rope, and gnawed a hole in the bags. After many

fruitless efforts, I caught one, and made an example of him; but I found that example was entirely lost upon the rest. They were incorrigibly hungry, and would eat. They increased and multiplied to such an extent, that at length matters became serious.

I hope I am not by nature cruel, nor much given to what are called antipathies. I like all living creatures in their proper places. There was an old frog-headed lizard which resided in my chimney, and which was of a social disposition, and would come out sometimes and pass the evening with me. He would sit on the hearth, and stare fixedly at me with his contemplative eye for an hour together. I never thought of doing him any harm; but then he was not obtrusive in his manners—above all, he did not eat flour at 1s. 6d. a pound.

Powder and shot were expensive, but their effects were lasting. I got out my revolver, loaded it carefully; and having placed my last new damper, uncovered, in the middle of the floor, I turned into bed, keeping my eye on the damper, and my finger on the trigger. But not one of the cunning little rascals would come out. Several times one fat old fellow popped his head out of his hole, as though on the watch—my residence was entirely undermined by these animals—looked at me, and then popped back again: I think he winked at me.

The other inhabitants of the hut were less troublesome. There were some tarantulas, or 'tri-antelopes,' as Colter called them, which lived in the bark, and were in the habit of biting people; but I was told they always respected the person of the proprietor. Then there were a number of insects, of such curious forms and brilliant colours as would have delighted an entomologist. Any one with a proper regard for the interests of science, would certainly have collected some of them in a bottle and burned lucifer-matches in it; I, however, contented myself with watching them as they crowded on my table at night. When by chance I had got a newspaper, and was busy reading, they would delight to walk over the white paper, and flutter their gorgeously painted wings. There was a kind of moth with four wings, a little gray-coated fellow, which I used to observe with a melancholy curiosity. He would come flying down upon the paper, where he would walk about for a while; and then, as if he preferred that mode of travelling, would cast off his wings, one after the other, and become a mere grub. Here was a theme on which perhaps a gold-digger might moralise.

The diggers in the neighbourhood went away, one after the other, till I became confined almost exclusively to the society I have described. However, there was a store still standing about half a mile off, and as long as that remained there was no great cause for complaint. A butcher I had no need of, while the powder and shot lasted, for the woods yielded plenty of game, and in abundant variety. There were quail, pigeons (these are fine birds with golden wings, larger than the English wood-pigeon), paroquets—capital in a pie; not to speak of many smaller birds, which were not to be despised when the big ones were scarce. Then sometimes a shot might be had at an opossum or a bandy coot, or some other four-footed tenant of the woods, which, like the birds, went into the frying-pan, and was consumed without sauce or ceremony.

On the whole, I was not dissatisfied with my company, nor particularly pleased when I found my privacy intruded upon by a stranger. One night, on returning home from work, I found a man lying asleep on my bed, with his hat on and his face buried in his arms. I stood for a moment in admiration of his coolness, and then stirred him up with a pick until he awoke.

'Who are you, pray?' I asked.

He turned towards me, and said: 'It's me, Mr Smith; don't you know Gardner?'

His clothes were in disorder, and his face haggard

and dirty; but I recognised him at length as a man who, a few weeks before, had been working in the gully, but who had been absent since that time. He began to tell a story of how he had gone with a party to the Ovens Diggings, then just discovered. He had met with no luck at the Ovens; and, as he had quarrelled with his party, he had come back to stay with me. This was highly pleasant and satisfactory. I knew nothing of Mr Gardner, and was by no means disposed to have his society thrust upon me in this manner. I was at a loss to understand why he should have come to me, for I had never held much intercourse with him. I remembered him as a civil-spoken man with whom I had sometimes exchanged a word, but who had never shewn a disposition to court any society beyond that of the man with whom he was working.

However, it would not do to turn him out at once: the night was coming on, and he was evidently too much fatigued to go elsewhere for a lodging. He had sold his tent and everything belonging to it, having trusted, as he informed me, entirely to my hospitality. I gave him to understand that he was welcome to the shelter of the hut for the night, but that I wished to work alone, and did not want company. He thanked me so earnestly for this surly offer, that I became better disposed towards him, especially when he insisted upon making himself useful, and, tired as he was, set to work to cook our supper. There was, however, something strange about his manner. He never spoke, unless in answer to a question; and then his reply was short, and uttered in an odd, incoherent sort of way, for which I could not account. As soon as the supper was over, he seated himself in a corner of the fireplace with his face buried in his hands. After a while, when I supposed he was falling asleep, a sudden shiver passed over him, and he moved his position without looking up, and doubled himself up still more. I asked if he was cold, and he stared at me, as though surprised at the question. He was not cold, he said. I advised him to turn in; and he then got up and proceeded to heap some logs on the fire, after which he rolled himself in his blankets. I did the same; and, having determined to turn my sulky companion out of doors on the morrow, I fell asleep.

Next morning, as soon as I awoke, Gardner called to me in a faint voice, and asked me to bring him a drink of water. On going to him, I found that he was, in fact, too ill to move. During the day, his illness increased, and I proposed to go to the government camp for a doctor; but he begged me not to leave him, and insisted that he should soon be better. It seemed to me that he suffered more pain of mind than of body, and the convulsive twitching of his face, as he lay with closed eyes in bed, was not a pleasant sight to see. He expressed his gratitude for such services as I was able to render him, and was evidently anxious to give me as little trouble as possible; but when I asked him to explain what ailed him, and to avail himself of any knowledge of medicine I might possess, he would make no answer, or only say, as before, that he should soon be better.

During the night which followed, I was awakened by a loud groaning. The bed which Gardner occupied was at right angles with mine, and as the fire was still burning, I could see his face from where I lay. He was evidently struggling with some fearful dream. His breast heaved convulsively; a gurgling noise issued from his throat, and presently he broke out with a cry of 'Ned—Ned!' several times repeated. I remembered that Gardner's mate, with whom he had been working before he left the gully, was a man commonly known as 'Long Ned,' who was believed to have been very successful as a digger. This man had quitted the neighbourhood at the same time as Gardner, and probably in his company.

I got out of bed for the purpose of waking my

companion; and, having lit a candle, I saw that the convulsions were renewed, and that he presented all the appearance of a man in a fit. I took hold of his arm, and awoke him. He stared wildly about him, as I did so, and then, recognising me, he sunk back with a deep sigh of relief.

'Gardner,' I said, 'where's Long Ned?'

He raised his head with a scared look, and put his hand over his face.

'Why don't you answer me?'

'What makes you ask that?' he groaned out.

'No matter; I do ask it. Where is he?'

'I—I don't know,' he gasped.

I felt certain he was not telling the truth; and a suspicion had occurred to me, which I determined to set at rest at once.

'Look you, Gardner, I must know what's the reason of your groaning and crying out in your sleep. Such dreams as these don't come to honest men.'

'What do you take me for?'

'I believe you have got something on your mind. If it is anything you dare tell, I advise you to tell it, or I shall think the worst.'

He made no reply; and I continued:

'Did Long Ned go to the Ovens along with you?'

'Don't ask me. I can't tell you.'

'I ask you again, what's become of him?' He made no reply for some minutes, and then suddenly raising himself up, he said: 'I will tell you. You won't wrong me, will you?'

'Wrong you!—why should I? What do you mean?'

'I've got a bad story to tell you, and perhaps you won't believe it; but it's all true. You asked me where Ned was?'

'Well?' said I impatiently.

'Well, poor Ned's gone: he was murdered in the bush—not by me—don't look like that; I didn't do it.'

My companion seemed so much agitated, that I got him a drink of tea, after which he grew calmer.

'Tell me all about this,' I said: 'how did it happen?' I will not trouble the reader with the questions by which I obtained the narrative of the murder. It was in substance as follows:

Gardner and Long Ned had set out together for the Ovens, carrying nothing with them except their blankets. The latter had wrapped up in his bundle forty ounces of gold, which he would not send to Melbourne by the escort, as he said he did not want to be short of money at the new Diggings. Long Ned was a very good sort of fellow, but unfortunately he could not pass a 'grog-shop' or drinking-tent without going in; and he invariably stayed by his bottle till he had finished it. Gardner said that his companion would often get so drunk in the middle of the day, that it would be impossible to get him away from the place until the next morning; and on this account, they travelled very slowly.

One afternoon, when they were going to stop by the roadside for dinner, Long Ned caught sight of a tent standing back from the road, on which a dirty cotton handkerchief was flying in the breeze, as a sign of more or less good cheer to be had within. On a nearer inspection, this place of entertainment proved to be a frame of rude sticks, covered with pieces of tarpaulin and strips of old blanket, and beside it stood a shed for a horse and cart. The proprietor was dozing beside the fire, with a short stump of a pipe in his mouth. Long Ned, in his usual way, declined the offer of coffee, and desired the man to bring out a bottle of 'stuff,' at which all three were presently occupied.

The owner of the tent, the only person they saw there, was a short squat man, unusually dirty even for the Diggings, and with a face so covered with dark matted hair, that the features were scarcely distinguishable. However, he seemed of a social temper, and did his best, in a rough way, to please his visitors.

Long Ned began to brag about the gold he had found; how he had got forty ounces in his 'swag,' and tickets for above fifty ounces more, which he had sent down to Melbourne. The landlord said that it wasn't everybody that had as much luck.

There being no room for all three to sleep in the tent, Gardner, with a good deal of trouble, persuaded his companion to resume the journey. The landlord offered no opposition to their departure, but, on the contrary, directed them to a lodging-tent, which he said stood about three miles further on, and which they might reach before dark by a short-cut over a neighbouring hill. He brought out another bottle of spirits, and offered them a parting-glass at his own expense, a civility which neither refused.

They took their way in the dusk over the hill he had pointed out; but, before they had walked a mile, Gardner began to feel a stupefaction of brain, accompanied with giddiness. His companion soon began to suffer from the same symptoms in a greater degree, although they were both tolerably sober a few minutes before. Staggering along, scarcely conscious of where they were going, they came to an old travellers' camp, with two *miamis*, or bush-tents, still standing. Gardner managed to get under one of the *miamis*, and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

He said he never had such a sleep as that. All sorts of shapes seemed dancing before his eyes; and there was a cold weight, as it were, upon his heart, such as he had never felt before. Then he thought he heard his name called, loudly, louder still, and then faintly. He made a great effort to awake, and at last succeeded, though he was still in a half-stupified state. There was a noise of some person moving near him, and a low moaning. He got on his knees to creep out of the *miami*, and by the light of the moon he saw his mate lying on the ground with blood issuing from a cut on the head, and a man kneeling beside him and searching his pockets. Horror-struck at the sight, Gardner was at first unable to move, but at length, with a sudden impulse, he threw himself upon the assassin, and tried to bring him to the ground. The latter, though surprised by the attack, soon freed himself, and snapped two caps of a revolver at his assailant; but the pistol missing fire, he caught up the bundle of Long Ned and made off into the bush.

Gardner had no strength to follow him, but sunk down by the body of his mate, and lay there he could not tell how long. When he again came to himself, it was broad daylight. Having satisfied himself that Ned had ceased to breathe, he ran away from the spot, and walked for two days without sleeping, till he found his way back to my hut.

'It's all true,' Gardner said when he had ended this story.

'What made you keep it secret?' I asked. 'Did you give no information to the police?'

'I dared not. They'd have said it was me.'

I could hardly restrain my indignation at this reply.

'I know what the police are,' he repeated; 'and if you was like me, you wouldn't have told them either.'

He would not explain what he meant; but I afterwards found out the reason of his fears, which were not altogether groundless. Gardner was, in the language of the colonies, an 'old lag'—that is to say, a discharged convict—and he knew that if the murder became known, he would be suspected of having killed his mate for the sake of the gold he had about him.

I told Gardner that I should give information to the police at once. Seeing that I was resolved, he at length gave his consent, and I set off to the government camp, and inquired of the guard for one of the commissioners who bore a good name on the Diggings. Fortunately, that gentleman was engaged in a rubber of whist, and therefore, although it was near midnight, I had no difficulty in getting to see him. He listened

to me politely, and shewed a degree of energy not at all common among those officials.

'This is a strange story,' he said. 'The fact of the murder is true enough, for the body has been found under the circumstances you describe; but why should this man want to conceal it? I must see him.'

I told him Gardner's condition, and he sent for the doctor from the whist-table, ordered three horses to be saddled, and desired me to lead the way to the hut. In half an hour more, he had heard the story from Gardner's own lips, and ascertained that the murder had taken place on the third night before.

'Could you swear to the murderer, if you saw him?' the commissioner asked.

Gardner said he could not: he was so stupified that he remembered nothing about him, except that he was a stout man.

'You say there was a grog-tent where you stopped, about a mile from the place?'

Gardner assented.

'That tent is not there now; I was all round the place last night.'

'I knew you wouldn't believe me,' Gardner said.

'You are mistaken; I do believe you. I know there was such a tent there. You say the man took your mate's swag with him. What was in it?'

'Nothing but a 'possum-rug that his gold was tied up in.'

'Nothing else?'

'Not that I know of.'

The commissioner considered. 'That's awkward,' he observed to the doctor. 'A bag of gold and an opossum-rug are things not easily identified.'

'I should know that rug among a thousand,' interposed Gardner.

'How so?'

'Why, it was made in a hurry, or else in a place where 'possums arn't so plenty as they are here. There was one wild-cat skin in it.'

'You are certain of that?'

'I am, sir,' he replied.

'Could you swear to the man that kept that coffee-tent, if you saw him?'

'I should know him anywhere.'

'Very good,' said the commissioner. 'Doctor, I'll leave you to examine your patient. Let him have anything he wants from the camp. You need not be alarmed, my man; you are not suspected about this affair. Good-night to you.'

I followed the commissioner outside, and asked if he thought he could trace the man at the grog-tent, on whom our suspicions had fallen.

'I think I can,' he said. 'Time is everything; he has three days' start of us, but it may be done.' And the commissioner mounted his horse and galloped away.

The doctor pronounced it necessary to have Gardner removed to an hospital-tent which had just been fitted up at the camp. Next morning, he sent down some assistance for that purpose; and we took down the door of the hut, which was formed of a sheet of bark, and with its assistance we constructed a rude litter, on which the sick man was carried without much difficulty.

On the evening of the following day, a man with a horse and cart was pursuing leisurely the high road from the Ovens to Melbourne. He had just emerged from a long line of forest, and had reached the rising ground, from which a wide view stretches over plain and sea. The city lay within a few miles; and, as the sun was not yet down, the traveller would have light enough to get there easily before dark. So he thought to himself, as he stopped near to a police-station to light his pipe, and then resumed his journey at the same pace as before.

Two troopers, one of whom appeared to be an officer, were lounging before the door as he passed, and bade him 'Good-evening.'

'Evening,' replied the man.

'Let us look what you have got in your cart, my man,' said the officer.

'What's your game?' was the reply. 'There's nothing in the cart but my traps. Look, if you like. And he seated himself on a log, and smoked his pipe, while the policeman turned over the contents of the cart.'

It contained articles of bush-furniture, cooking-utensils, two or three casks, and other articles of a similar kind. In one corner, tied up with a rope, was an opossum-rug, which the officer unrolled and spread out on the ground. The man on the log then took the pipe out of his mouth. The rug was a large one, with a defect in the make which was very unusual: it contained one wild-cat skin.

'What do you want with that?' said the owner of the cart gruffly.

'Is this your rug?'

'Why, of course it is. Whose else?'

'How did you come by it?'

'How did I come by it?' he repeated with a laugh.

'Why, I bought it. They're cheap enough, ar'n't they?'

'Very true,' replied the officer, and he rolled up the rug again and replaced it in the cart. Then going up to the man he said: 'You killed a man on Friday-night, near the Goulburn. You cut him on the head with a tomahawk when he was asleep. You took that rug from him, and forty ounces of gold, which you have got now in your pocket.'

At this speech, the man dropped his pipe, and sat for a moment stupified; then suddenly started up and put his hand to his belt, in which he carried a revolver. The officer, who saw the motion, was beforehand with him, and, catching him by the throat, threw him down.

'Joe, tie his hands,' the officer said to his man.

The prisoner having been secured, he was searched, and a quantity of gold was found upon him, amongst which was a bag containing exactly forty ounces. He was then placed in confinement, and subsequently sent back to the Diggings.

As soon as Gardner's state of health would permit, he was confronted with the prisoner, and immediately recognised him as the keeper of the tent where Long Ned and himself had stopped on the afternoon of the murder, and where he had no doubt they had both been 'hoccused.'

When the prisoner was brought to trial in Melbourne, it was proved that he was a man of notoriously bad character, and there was great reason to fear that poor Ned had not been his only victim. With respect to the crime for which he was arraigned, other facts came out which removed all doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned and executed.

As to Gardner, I never saw him after he recovered from his illness; but before he left the Diggings, he informed me that he should go to Tasmania, to a little farm he possessed there. I wished him good-luck, and returned with considerable satisfaction to the society of the mice.

A RUSSIAN FABULIST.

Gogol and Poushkin are the Russian authors of whom most is known in this country; Kryloff is the Russian author who is most popular amongst the Russians themselves. His fables, which are his principal productions, are familiar to every Russian who can read; moreover, they constitute those specimens of Russian national literature which are least contaminated by imitation of foreign models. On both these accounts, the reader may be glad to learn something of their author—of a writer who, great as is his popularity in his own country, has hitherto been so little known in ours, that his name has only once before been printed in an English serial.

Ivan Andréévitch Kryloff, then, was born in 1767.

When he was eleven years old, his father, a poor officer in the army, died, and his mother had thereafter to gain her own livelihood, which she could do only by the labour of her hands. Her means were, therefore, humble enough, but she nevertheless resolved that her son should be well educated. This was a singular resolution for a Russian mother of her rank in life to form; and she seems to have been singularly impelled to it, by a conviction, founded upon a dream she had the night before Ivan was born, that her son was destined to distinguish himself, and to rise in the world. It being essential to his thus rising that he should become master of the French language, since the Russian nobles—and in Russian society there can scarcely be said to be any middle-class—never used any other except when speaking to their serfs, she at first devoted three-fourths of her scanty earnings to the purpose of paying a master to give him instructions in it. Not finding Ivan make much progress under this master's tuition, and at any rate it becoming impossible for her to continue paying, she dismissed the teacher after a few months, assumed his office herself, and, although she did not know a word of the language, eventually succeeded in teaching it. She kept Ivan at his book, made him read a French lesson to her four times a day; and whenever she thought he read it well, rewarded him with little sums of money. His national aptitude for the study of languages being stimulated in this way, within twelve months he became able to speak French almost as fluently as his mother-tongue.

These twelve months had but just passed, when Madame Kryloff met with an accident which incapacitated her for the occupation she had hitherto followed since her husband's death, and so obliged her to solicit for Ivan, mere child as he was, the place of copyist to the secretary of the governor of the village in which she resided. This situation being gained, Ivan spent the following three years in copying official documents, and in reading certain books which he found in the governor's cabinet, and of which he was generously allowed free use. They were, of course, all French books, and among them chanced to be some volumes of Racine. It was these which found most favour with Ivan. He read and re-read them, and they awoke in his mind a taste for dramatic literature, which clung to him through life, and led him at fourteen to attempt to write an opera.

Meanwhile, the pittance he earned as copyist was all his mother and himself had to subsist upon; and it was so small, that even in summer-time they had to suffer severe privations, and in winter, had frequently to rest content with a single meal of coarse rye-bread per day. In the winter of 1782, owing to the deficient harvest of the preceding autumn, they ceased to be able to obtain even this; whereupon, notwithstanding that she was now a cripple, and that the journey of 900 miles would have to be made on foot, Madame Kryloff boldly determined to go to St Petersburg, hoping that she would there be able to obtain for herself the pension which was her due as an officer's widow, but which she had hitherto received no part of, in consequence of her inability to bribe certain sub-officials to forward her application for it to the proper authorities. She hoped, likewise, to be able to gain for Ivan a more remunerative situation, and one in which he should have greater chance of promotion. During the journey, which occupied six weeks of a winter remarkable, even amongst Russian winters, for its severity, the two poor travellers were entirely dependent for the means of subsistence upon the charity of those whom they encountered upon the way; and as that way lay for the most part through some of the most thinly inhabited portions of an empire which is nowhere populous, except within the walls of some of its cities, it is no wonder that the fatigues of the journey completely exhausted Madame Kryloff, and

that, within three days of her arrival in the capital, she died of hunger, cold, and over-fatigue, leaving Ivan without a home, without a rouble, and without a friend.

But Ivan was not long in finding a friend, nor the friend in finding for Ivan employment in his old capacity of copyist. Thenceforth, for some time, he is lost sight of by his biographers; and when next he is heard of, he is eighteen years of age, has formed the acquaintance of some literary persons connected with the theatres, and has himself written several plays, some of which have been represented. By and by, he became so enamoured of this branch of literature, that he forsook all other occupations, and devoted himself wholly to it. Twelve years passed, during which he wrote a great many plays, but received very little money for them, and he then commenced a literary serial, called the *Inspector*. This enterprise proved entirely unsuccessful, and within twelve months had to be given up; not, however, till something in its columns had attracted the notice of the Empress Marie Fedorowna, the mother of the late Czar Nicholas, and occasioned her to take Kryloff under her patronage. After a while, she obtained for him a sinecure office in the establishment of the military governor of Saratov, on the Volga; and the next four years Kryloff spent in a peaceful retreat 1000 miles from the capital, dividing his time between gambling—to which he was sadly addicted—occasional play-writing, and the cultivation of flowers. In this position, entirely master of his own time, and receiving a large salary for the performance of merely nominal duties in the household of a nobleman who treated him as an equal, he was free to remain till the end of his days, if he thought fit; but, by and by, seclusion from the society of men of literary tastes became irksome beyond everything; so he resigned his office, and once more set out for the capital—the centre of the Russian world of thought. On his way thither, he had to pass through Moscow, where he found that his name was not forgotten, and received from the *littérateurs* there assembled a warm and sympathetic welcome. Amongst them was the poet Dmietrieff; and he, imagining that he perceived in Kryloff the germs of greater genius than he had yet evinced, and fancying that he could see better than Kryloff himself what was the proper sphere for the exercise of his talents, persuaded him to translate a couple of La Fontaine's fables into Russian verse. When the translations were executed, Dmietrieff, struck by their originality and power, sent them to the *Moscow Spectator*, the leading literary journal in the Russian Empire. They were at once inserted, and at once became widely popular. Editor and readers alike 'asked for more;' and thus, at somewhat over forty years of age, Kryloff at last discovered his vocation—at last found that his 'mission' was to write, not indifferent plays, but first-class fables.

Thereafter, the career of Kryloff was almost devoid of incident. The Czar Alexander took him under his protection, and kept him henceforth in comfortable circumstances. The remainder of his life passed pleasantly enough, according to his idea of pleasure, in gambling, drinking *vodka*, rearing pigeons, cultivating flowers, and, when the fit was on him, writing fables. He died in 1852.

We shall try to reproduce a few of his fables. The first we shall translate is directed against that carelessness and want of forethought which are so common amongst all Slavonic peoples, and which were so far characteristic of Kryloff himself, that even in the days of his prosperity he would many times have starved if the czar had not taken care of him. It is styled *Trichka's Caftan*, and runs as follows:—

'Trichka observed one day that there were holes in the elbow of his caftan; so he called for scissors and needle, cut off some pieces from the ends of the sleeves,

and patched the holes with them. His caftan was then mended, certainly, but his arms were bare for a whole hand's-length above his wrists.

Trichka, however, was satisfied. "Why should I trouble myself about so small a matter?" said he. But when he went into the streets, everybody laughed at him, as well they might.

Then Trichka said to himself: "O well! I'm not, after all, the fool they take me for; I'll find out a way to remedy this also. I will make the sleeves as long as they were before."

Trichka, who was no common fellow, did as he said. He went to work with his scissors and needle again, cut a piece from the bottom of his caftan, lengthened his sleeves with it, and was quite content—though he now wore a caftan that was shorter than his waistcoat.

As Trichka mended his caftan, so have I seen gentlemen repair their embroiled affairs. Look a little nearer—they are parading in Trichka's caftan.'

Our second specimen of Kryloff's productions is directed against another Russian national failing—namely, excessive fondness for spirituous drinks, and especially for votki, a kind of whisky manufactured from grain. Mr J. B. Gough himself could desire nothing more telling than the fable of *The Two Moujiks*.

"Good-morning, Thadeus."

"Good-morning, Yegor. How have you and the world agreed of late?"

"Alas! comrade, but sadly. Since last I saw you, I have had a great misfortune. The other night I set fire to my house, and everything I had in the world was burned."

"Ah! brother Yegor, that was an ill trick to play yourself."

"And a trick, comrade, for which I must thank the votki. It was Christmas-eve, so I had some friends to sup with me, and had placed before them plenty to drink as well as to eat. When supper was over, I left the room to go and feed the horses; but I had better have let them go hungry for a night. The votki had so got into my head, that I could not carry the torch steadily, and some sparks from it, consequently, fell amongst the hay. The whole house was instantly in flames, and it was only by a miracle I saved even my life. All my goods were consumed, and you see me now as poor as a beggar."

"Yours is a sad story, comrade," replied Thadeus; "but I have even a sadder one to tell. I also have had a great misfortune since we last met, and one, like yours, all owing to the votki. Like you, on Christmas-eve I entertained some friends, and placed before them full jugs as well as full dishes. When the jugs were getting empty, I left the room in order to go into the cellar for wherewith to fill them again; but I had better have been satisfied to let my guests go thirsty for the rest of the evening. The votki was in my head, and I could not carry the torch steadily; so, being afraid that sparks might fall from it and set the house on fire, I put it out, and went on in the darkness. All went well till I came to the top of the cellar-steps, but then I missed my footing, and fell to the bottom. I was picked up with both my legs broken, and you see me now a cripple for life!"

Ivanovitch had listened to these narrations. When they were ended: "Well, there is one thing to be learned from your stories," said he, "and that is, that although it is certainly dangerous for a drunken man to carry a torch, it is more dangerous still for him to walk in the dark without one!"

The following fable is the last Kryloff wrote: it is styled *The Pearl-divers* :—

'There was once a czar who troubled himself with those old questions which so long agitated the schools, and are not settled even yet: Can knowledge give

happiness to humanity? Can it be considered a good, or must it be regarded as an evil? Finding himself unable to determine them, he proposed them to his counsellors and to an assembly of all the wise men in his empire; but neither statesmen nor scholars could answer them to his satisfaction. So he offered a great reward to whoever would solve them, and caused the offer to be published far and wide. But no one attempted to claim the reward; and the czar had begun to despair of obtaining a solution of the problem which occupied his thoughts, when one day, having wandered into the country and lost his way, he met a hermit, to whom he communicated his anxieties, and whose opinion upon the subject of them he demanded. The hermit reflected for a moment, and then answered in a parable. "Three brothers," said he, "became divers for pearls. The youngest was indolent, foolish, and a coward; he seldom ventured into the sea, and then only into shallow places near the beach: he remained poor. The second brother was industrious, brave, and prudent; he dived every day, and chose spots moderately deep, and within a moderate distance of the shore: he became rich. Seeing this, the third brother imagined that he that went furthest from the shore, and dived the deepest, would bring up most wealth; so he swam far out to sea, and then plunged into the deepest spot he could discover: he remained in it. O czar," added the sage, "much good may be found in knowledge; nevertheless, an audacious mind may therein find an abyss and death!"

We have space but for one more specimen of Kryloff's productions. The one we shall choose can hardly be considered a fable, in the *Æsopian* sense, but Kryloff wrote nothing his countrymen are fonder of: we allude to the story of *The Wonderful Bridge*.

A nobleman, who had just returned from a tour through Southern Europe, one day took a walk with one of his friends. On the way, he spoke of the wonders he had seen in foreign countries, adding to the truth a good deal of invention. He was one of those Russians who are fond of vaunting foreign countries at the expense of their own, and he omitted no opportunity of comparing Russia very unfavourably with the lands he had just visited. Amongst other things, he spoke with much contempt of the variable-ness of the climate of Russia, which is sometimes as warm as that of Persia, and sometimes as cold as that of Iceland; and declared that, on the contrary, in France and Italy the weather never changed, but was always warm and sunny. He asserted that in those countries neither darkness nor winter ever came, but that the year was one perpetual day and perpetual spring. He added: "There, too, they neither plant nor sow; nevertheless, their flowers and fruits are plentiful, and are the finest in the world. For instance, in Russia I never saw a cucumber longer than one's hand, but in Italy I saw one as large as a mountain!"

"Indeed!" replied his companion; "that was certainly a wonderful cucumber. I never heard of a greater marvel, though there are marvels everywhere. We find wonderful things in all countries, in Russia as well as in Italy. For instance, there is something just before us, the like of which, I feel convinced, was never seen elsewhere—I mean the bridge we are coming to."

"Ah, what of it, pray?"

"Why, it possesses this singularity—it will not allow a liar to pass over it. The moment a liar sets foot on it, it opens, and precipitates him into the river."

"And is the river deep?"

"It is the deepest in the province. Is not this bridge, with its determination to punish liars, as great a curiosity as the Italian cucumber which was as large as a mountain?"

"As large as a mountain, did I say? Perhaps as large as a house would have been more correct."

"Well, certainly, a house is not so large as a mountain. Still, a cucumber only as large as a house was a very great curiosity, though I do not think a greater than this bridge, which always refuses to let a liar cross it."

"No, not a greater, and, perhaps, after all, not so great a one as you think, for the houses in Italy are not nearly so large as ours; they are merely little cabins, in which you can but just stand upright, and which will not hold more than two or three persons at once."

"Oh, well, if that be the case, I shall insist that this bridge, which opens the moment a liar sets his foot on it, is the greater curiosity of the two. Still, a cucumber as large as a hut, in which two or three persons could stand upright"—

The friends had now arrived at the foot of the Wonderful Bridge, and the nobleman here interrupted his companion. "Stay!" he said hastily, "I recollect some important business. I cannot go any further to-day—I ought to have been at home an hour ago."

Ever since this was written—1819—the Russians have been accustomed to speak of a liar as one who 'dare not cross the Wonderful Bridge.'

THE HOFRATH OF GRÄFRATH.

VICTORIA governs in England—

The lamb and lion bow beneath
The meek dominion of her eye;

Napoleon rules in France; Leopold is king in Belgium, and Frederick-William in Prussia. But at Gräfrath, the Hofrath is king; he rules with undivided and unquestioned sway, and his subjects only dispute who shall do his bidding the most quickly and heartily.

We set out late in the autumn to do homage at his court; and crossing over the Channel at the narrowest point, arrived, after a couple of days, at Gräfrath, a little village twelve miles east of Düsseldorf, in the Prussian dominions, and within sight of the Rhine. Dr de Leuw was created Hofrath (court-councillor) by the king of Hanover. He was surgeon in the Prussian army, when, many years ago, the ophthalmia broke out amongst the men. This circumstance led his attention especially to the structure and diseases of the eye; and a powerful mind, large experience, and a skilful hand, have rendered him a most accomplished oculist.

The village of Gräfrath contains nothing remarkable, except its monarch. It lies in a hollow, amongst green hills, covered with fields and scattered with trees. The houses, built of wood and plaster, or rough stone, look as if they might have been taken out of a box of German toys, and tossed on the ground by chance. The narrow streets wind in and out amongst them by no particular rule, and the gable-ends are mostly turned to the passenger. There is an open space in front of the two churches, Catholic and Protestant, in the middle of which is an ever-flowing fountain of fresh water, and tanks in which the natives wash their clothes, vegetables, and many other articles.

Our business being with the Hofrath, we alighted at the hotel, where as many of his patients reside as can be received. In the summer, it is quite insufficient to accommodate them. We were asked to walk up stairs, and found a good sized dining-room, containing as furniture only a long table, chairs, and a time-piece for ornament, but not for use. Several persons were there sitting or walking about, and when all eyes turned on the fresh arrivals, we felt somewhat embarrassed, till a young lady approached and politely asked us if we had come to see the Hofrath. She advised us to send our names to him by Schneider. Now, we did not know

who Schneider was, which seemed to her, I perceived, a pitiable state of ignorance. However, instructed by our new friend, we gave our names to the mistress of the hotel, as Schneider was not at hand. We then returned to the salon, and soon grew more familiar with its inmates. First, we were informed that it was quite uncertain when we should gain the much-desired audience; the Hofrath was no respecter of persons. Lord — and the Bishop of — had been there; they were forced to wait for hours, and sometimes days. No letters of introduction were available; but if we had patience, our time would come.

All agreed that the Hofrath was the first man in the world in his department, and that our coming there was the wisest thing we could possibly have done. Now and then the door opened, and there was excitement on every face. It was Schneider, a little shabby man, who has lost an eye, with a great German pipe in his mouth. He is prime-minister to the Hofrath. He pointed straight to some favoured individual, who immediately with a joyful countenance rose and followed him. His moment of audience was come. But no such moment came for us; and after hours of vain expectation, we were informed by the prime-minister aforesaid, in very imperfect French, that Lundi might prove more propitious to us. So, as this was Samedi, we determined to return to our luxuriant hotel at Düsseldorf, and revisit Gräfrath Lundi, when Miss Flick said, in tolerable English, 'I shall find you a room.'

Lundi found us in the salon before breakfast was quite discussed, and there was no room yet ready for us. A party was soon going off, then the rooms had to be cleaned, after which we might hope for a local habitation. In an hour or two more, we were asked down stairs, where, on the ground-floor, and close to the back-door, two little rooms were shewn us, the floors of which were beneath the level of the little back-yard seen from the windows. The first had two little beds in it; the second was a tiny sitting-room; and an iron stove was placed in such a manner as to warm them both. They had the rare luxury of a little bit of very shabby carpet in each, and there were three large windows, draped with elegant muslin curtains. These we would willingly have exchanged for the commonest blinds, seeing that to shut the shutters left us in the dark, and to open them was to dress in public; because the high road to the kitchen passed under the window, and there was a constant traffic on it; besides that a party of washerwomen were mostly up to their elbows at work between our window and the road above mentioned. However, these were all minor considerations, and we soon learned to be quite contented with our accommodations; especially as our turn came at length, and we were ushered by the redoubtable Schneider himself into the august presence.

The Hofrath retains two apartments in the hotel for his own use. It is said that the house was once his residence. He now lives at the other end of the village, but spends the greater part of the day here. His hall of audience is most unpretending; its only ornaments are various paintings on the walls; some are landscapes, by one of his sons, fine engravings of the king of Hanover and his family, some votive-offerings from his grateful patients; and I noticed near the door, framed and glazed like the rest, the rendering by Punch of Lord John Russell's return from Vienna with 'no answer!' It is perhaps as well that there is no carpet, for one large dog and one enormous ditto roll on the floor, not seldom picking a bone together. A parrot in a brass cage is on the deal table, a heap of papers, and an inkstand of unquestioned antiquity, but without any dignity in its old age. It is said that several handsome writing equipages have been presented, but this old favourite is not displaced by them.

The Hofrath himself is a fine-looking gentlemanly man of sixty-three, with abundance of gray hair, and

very agreeable simple manners. There is something about him which immediately commands respect and confidence. The influence which he exerts over the minds of his patients is really marvellous, and at once proves the force of real genius. We had every reason ourselves in this interview, and every subsequent one, to be more than satisfied with his attention, knowledge, and kindness. He has no particular or secret methods in his practice, and never resorts to severe treatment, such as blisters, leeches, or calomel; he gives very gentle medicine, uses external remedies (it is said they are all of vegetable origin) pretty freely, and if operations are necessary, resorts to them with decision, and the utmost skill. He practises himself, and recommends to his patients a rigidly temperate diet, and enjoins great strictness not to expose weak eyes to the influence of cold winds. When these prevail, his patients are strictly ordered to keep the house. No sort of guards are allowed in the form of spectacles, only a simple shade from the light.

There is no similarity to be observed in the directions given to different cases. One patient is to do nothing, stay in a shaded room, and save his eyes as much as possible; another is desired to read, write, or draw as long as he likes without fatigue, even by candle-light; and these last have sometimes experienced most happy results. Patients who had been saving their eyes for years, and were gradually getting worse, brought him now proofs of their doings, which he received with great approbation; never more so than when they took the shape of garments for the poor, which he is very happy to distribute among his numerous pauper patients.

He is a most diligent labourer, and gets through a great amount of practice, as any one may see for himself by the crowded state of the hall or passage, and the paupers' room, every morning. Those who do not lodge in the house have no resource but to sit or stand—for there are only two chairs—in this passage till they are called. The poor people one meets all about the village, wearing their shades, and led about by those who can see best; and there are some affecting instances of persons finding their way to Grafath, in the earnest hope of benefit, and having nothing to subsist on while their case is in hand. For these, there is a fund, and many liberal givers among their richer fellow-sufferers. The Hofrath gives them medicines and advice most liberally, and seems to have a particular pleasure in proving how equally he holds all his patients, not unfrequently having a crowd of his gratis subjects about him, while some perhaps titled persons are in the same room waiting for their turn. Some of his English visitors have been known to take offence at this; but when expostulated with, he has only mildly answered, that such individuals were quite welcome to withdraw if they felt the company unpleasant.

The great man Schneider was once convicted of having taken bribes from some of the impatient patients, in hopes of obtaining an earlier call to his master; upon which he received an immediate dismissal from office. It is said that he sat in front of the house for a week, shedding tears of humiliation and repentance, at the end of which time the Hofrath relented, and, on promise of amendment, received him again into favour.

To those who reside at the hotel, however, the tedium of waiting is greatly alleviated by sitting in a pleasant salon, which commands an extensive prospect, and enjoying agreeable society, rendered still more interesting by its including so many fellow-sufferers. These can compare symptoms, and often gather encouragement from their neighbours, or congratulate themselves on being in a more hopeful condition. One very favourite topic amongst them was praise of the Hofrath, which was literally in every mouth; and we

have smiled to hear the names of all the best oculists in Paris, London, Dublin, or Berlin, canvassed by their old patients, and set aside in a tone almost contemptuous. If any rash individual at such a moment had questioned the Hofrath's right to reign over them all, and thrown down the gauntlet, it would have been eagerly scrambled for, and he would have been esteemed a fortunate individual who succeeded in obtaining it, and thus earned the right of maintaining the honour and skill of the Hofrath, at all times and places, before any person whatever.

Time would fail to tell of the numerous and wonderful cases which he is reported to have led to a successful result, after other oculists had given them up as hopeless. They passed from mouth to mouth, and met us at every turn. Making all due allowance for the enthusiasm of gratitude or hope, a full remainder exists to stamp the Hofrath as an eminently successful practitioner.

We were a polyglot company in that unadorned dining-room. An attentive listener might often hear in use at the same moment the French, German, Dutch, and English languages, the last with Irish variations. One gentleman gave us a daily digest of the *Times* and the latest news from Sebastopol; and another was in great spirits because the Hofrath praised the state of his eyes, and gave him hope of one day seeing the light again. This individual had been to Solingen, a town within walking distance, and brought back curious and bizarre articles of German cutlery.

An interesting German lady handed a beautiful dish of fruit sent from her country-home, for which we could return only a grateful smile. A Dutch and an English lady compared their Swiss sketches, which were alike, yet very different. One gentleman was suspected of drawing likenesses (perhaps caricatures) in his commonplace-book, when the thing in question proved to be only a sketch of himself in his German bed!

But there was one individual, a puzzle to everybody, who appeared one morning at breakfast, and soon gained universal favour. He could converse agreeably with any one, in any language, on almost any subject, and he had been almost everywhere. His manners were as simple and engaging as his knowledge was extensive. He came to Grafath, like the rest, to consult the Hofrath about his eyes, and this circumstance seemed the only thing about him the most curious could be certain of.

But time wore on, and we must think of our return, especially as the winter was coming, and the Hofrath did not encourage our longer stay. He gave us prescriptions and instructions, desired us to take great care of all the power we had left, and to hope we might retain it. He received with thanks his moderate fee—one dollar or 3s. for each consultation, and a present to his charity-box. So we took our leave of him and of the friendly circle above stairs with hearty good-will and good wishes.

On our journey home, we lingered here and there in the purple twilight of the lofty cathedrals, or passed through long picture-galleries, sighing that we could give only a few moments to immortal works on which their authors had bestowed the labour of years. Nor did we omit a visit to Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where, amongst the Sisters of Charity, Miss Nightingale learned those lessons she has since had but too good an opportunity of putting in practice.

Thus we reached the border of the sea; and stepping on board the packet, a breeze,

That rolled from out the gorgeous gloom
Of evening,

soon breathed us over to our native land.

We thankfully trod again the solid ground of

England, but shall ever think of the wise and good Hofrath, and his little court at Gräfrath, with grateful and loving remembrance.

THE CHÂTEAU OF MONTE CRISTO.

STANDING far from the high road, near St Germain—best approached by pedestrians by a series of gymnastic exercises down steep steps and rugged paths, with angular rock cropping out in plenty—is a desolate, deserted place of ambitious design and lilliputian dimensions, called the Château of Monte Cristo. Not very well known, though, even to the peasants living thereabouts; for when we addressed ourselves to an honest-looking fellow in the national blue blouse, without stockings, asking our way thereto, he shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and, in a tone of profound despair, replied: 'Monsieur, connais pas!' as if he had announced the fall of the empire or the blight of his vineyard. He ran after us, however, in a few minutes, to tell us that monsieur had decidedly deceived himself, for that M. le Comte de Monte Cristo lived in a château near the Mediterranean, and that M. Dumas had written his life: which was pretty well for a man in a blue cotton blouse without stockings. However, we puzzled out the direction at last; and in a short time found ourselves in the grounds surrounding the celebrated novelist's celebrated château.

A few fast withering flowers of the commoner sorts; straggling branches of untrimmed trees; the grass on the mounds and lawns grown rank and coarse, and the paths full of unsightly weeds; a pair of peasant's sabots flung against the hall steps; and a lean dog gnawing a bone outside a dirty kennel—these were the first features of the place which struck us as we passed through the rusting iron gate, creaking on its hinges in the gusty wind. After looking about for a short time, wandering to the front—where, on a terrace commanding one of the noblest views that can well be imagined, was a chipped bust of 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,' keeping guard over African marigolds and ragged lilac phlox—we made our way to a fanciful house, like a large carved toy rather than a serious human habitation. The roof was shaped into two small Moorish-looking pinnacles or towers, below each of which were the initials A. D. in gold letters interlaced. The outside of the house was covered with carvings and fretwork in stone, shields and busts—Dante, Shakspeare, and Cervantes, in a row—griffins' and angels' heads, and a queer-looking gargoyle, all in communistic brotherhood together; with beautiful little bits of fantastic tracery and exquisite designs running like a symphony through graver melodies. Below the double flight of steps, which, in the Italian fashion, led from the garden to the principal room on the first floor, was a rockery behind wirework screens. This was Italian, too, in the style of the châteaux on the Isola Bella and by the Lago di Como. It would have made a beautiful effect of cavern and gnomistic mystery, with the climbing-plants trailing over, had it not been so ludicrously minute. After examining all this outside quaintness, we went to where a melancholy woman, looking out of one of the lower windows, was peeling carrots and turnips, like Rose Chéri in *Le Fils de la Famille*. She asked us 'what we desired,' in a weary voice, as if she were far too melancholy to be excited, even by the rare presence of a stranger. We told her that we desired to see the house; and she, laying aside her roots and her knife, opened the side, or, as Dumas intended it to be called, the postern door, and bade us enter—much as she might have repeated a requiem.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about the lower rooms of this pigmy château, excepting the flies, and the wonderfully beautiful views got from each of the three sides—in almost all the rooms, three

sides had windows—which gave the most striking pictures, changes, and combinations possible; also the cleverness of making the fireplace and a window together; that is, above the fireplace was a window, not a mirror, nor a blank wall. For the rest, the paper, decorations, &c., were such as may be seen in any ordinary cottage in France or England—until we went upstairs; and there was the gem, there was the triumph of the Château of Monte Cristo; the jewel of the shrine, the rose of the bower. This was a small room, divided at the further end by Moorish arches, and covered with one mass of the most beautiful arabesques, deeply cut in the walls and ceiling. Hadji Younis, of Tunis, and his son, assisted by a Frenchman, had been three years at work on this room. They received thirty francs a day among them. The back of the arches, or rather the inner room, is not finished; the red sketches are still round the doorway and the archivolt, and part of the engraving is begun. But it would never have been equal to the first, either in execution or design. It is French, not Moresque, and lacks the glorious richness, the exuberance, the fancy, the very revelling of power and love in Hadji Younis's work. It is seldom one meets anything equal to this in the capitals of civilised Europe. The ceiling is a master-piece. In the centre is a mass of work like the 'engine-turned' of our jewellers, stretching out into elaborate, mazy, intricate interlacings, cut deep and fine one within the other, and one deeper than the others, into the very heart of the ceiling. Mirrors were set in the lower part of the walls, and the arches were hung with violet velvet. All this has gone now, and nothing but the carved walls and roof remain, like a large toy or lady's work-box from Algeria. Two inscriptions are written against the side of the room, in variously coloured letters—one is, 'Who strikes my dog, strikes me;' the other, 'Speech is silver, but silence is gold' (is not that somewhat a satire in Dumas's house?)—and again the cipher of the owner's initials. This is the only room worth mentioning in the house itself; and, after having dutifully visited the other apartments, we went down stairs, and passed through the open-worked side-door into the garden again.

We followed a winding path until we came to a small stream or moat, in the middle of which was a small island, and on the island a miniature tower—the model of the Château d'If, some said. There were mimic dungeons, and a tiny water-gate; there was an attempt at what was meant to be a drawbridge—unserviceable; and crossing this formidable moat of about three feet wide by means of half-a-dozen planks thrown across, we landed on the island. We went up a flight of steps, passing under a stone dog gnawing a stone bone—a Diogenic-looking dog he is, living above the door, in a Diogenic-looking kennel, with *Cave canem* written beneath; and then we entered the reception-room, into which the door directly opens. It is a low room, lined with oak, the ceiling of oaken beams, wreathed with shining green vine-leaves, which give it a certain Palissy-ware look, suggestive of fragility and fractures. Below the high chimney is a carving in wood of the crucifixion, brought from Jerusalem. The chimney itself is a mass of rather heavy colouring, brightened with red and gold, in quaint barbaric mixture. On one side is Dumas's shield; on the other, his father's—three horses' heads in bend—to immortalise the fact that three horses were shot under him in some battle; name unknown to our melancholy cicerone. A small hexagonal cell, just large enough to hold a small table and an attenuated chair, was where the lion fed when he worked in the tower; for this tower was his study, and the embrasure of a window in the reception-room was where he wrote. This embrasure he used to isolate by high folding doors or shutters; and though he had only as much space as enabled him to sit *without squaring his*

elbows, at a very small table placed sideways; though, if he had been forced to remain there, people would have cried out against the barbarity of enclosing a human being in such a narrow dungeon as this; yet it was by choice his favourite place of work, and he found space enough for his ideas and his multitudinous books therein. Up a fabulously small staircase—steps and supports alike perforated, and looking as if spun out of bronze-coloured lace, winding round a mere thread of a central column, and without a proper landing, merely a plank removable at pleasure—are the sleeping and dressing rooms. There is nothing to speak about here but the views from the windows, and the rich effect of the carved stone mullions outside. It is like a drapery of exquisite carving hung round. A vine-tree is sculptured round the central window; roses and leaves twine round the stem, round which, too, serpents and lizards are creeping in all directions, and in every attitude, with a butterfly resting on a rosebud between. The tracery altogether is exquisite, from basement to roof—rich, full, and beautiful, always remembering the extreme smallness of the whole. On every large stone clasping the angle of the walls is inscribed the title of one of Dumas's books; and on the pinnacle at the top, in letters of gold, is the magic crown of all, *Monte Christo*. It is strange to push back the ivy and trailing branches veiling over, to read these patent confessions of exorbitant vanity. Who but Dumas would have dreamed of building a monument to himself—of enshrining himself, as he sat at work, in such pomp of fame—of offering up incense to himself? It was for him alone to shew the world how far the naïveté of boundless vanity might lead a man of genius.

The tower and the château were formerly furnished with Eastern prodigality, and more than once Louis-Philippe and his sons were entertained there. The revolution of 1848 destroyed Dumas's fortunes, as it destroyed those of his royal patrons; and the Château of Monte Christo, which had cost a fortune in the building and furnishing, passed into the hands of an Italian count, who does not live there, and who is suffering it to sink into neglect and desolation, soon to be changed into ruin. The tower is to be let; and, if any young aspirant to literary laurels fancies he can gain inspiration by living where Dumas lived before him, he may hire that tiny château on the tiny island for 100 francs a month, as it stands, eat in the hexagonal cell, work in the narrow embrasure, and sleep, like Robinson Crusoe, with his ladder drawn up after him.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME few signs are apparent that a distinction is about to be made between architecture and building—that in the erection of houses and public edifices, art, if not science, will be allowed a little (perhaps still too little) room for fair-play. And, truly, it is time; for even undiscerning people are becoming tired of what is not infelicitously called 'Camberwell Gothic.' Mr Tite's address to the Institute of British Architects, which was largely published in the newspapers, embodied an able exposition of the function of a true architect; and a discussion has arisen as to whether real merit shall or shall not be recognised by a diploma. Mr Fergusson, besides lecturing on architecture, has published a noteworthy *Hand-book* on the noble art. Mr Owen Jones is bringing out a *Grammar of Ornament*, which will set before the student the decorations of all the nations of the earth, from the earliest times till now. Mr Ruskin is still teaching the rudiments at the Working-men's College; and while these and others are advancing the object in their way, our new

Board of Works—a proper democratic institution—will help it on in theirs. To them we trust, and, as is believed, not in vain, to see that our public ways—our streets and alleys—are of lawful width; that narrow places shall be widened, and foul ones cleansed; and that whatever is built, shall be built well; that houses in London shall be what houses in Edinburgh are—handsome, substantial structures, which don't become dangerous before the lease is out. So, with enlightened laws, earnest science, and refined taste, architecture should be able to seize the opportunity, and claim its rightful position. Means and appliances are not lacking. At Birmingham, ragstone is now melted and cast in hot moulds into brackets, friezes, cornices, and other architectural ornaments, supposed to be as durable as glass. A remarkable fact, by the way, is, that the molten matter, when poured into cold moulds, resembles obsidian when solidified. What will geologists say to this? In Paris, a new building-material, called *béton*, ashes being one of the ingredients, has been introduced with advantage; and a preparation of oxychloride of zinc has been found well suited for mouldings, mosaics, statues, medals, and manifold other purposes in constructive and decorative art. If all parties will agree to let each material speak for itself, and not degrade it into an imitation of something else, we shall then have good reason to be hopeful.

Mr Robert Stephenson, in his address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, took up the subject of British railways. Among details of comparatively little consequence, he put forth many important facts and opinions. With 8054 miles of railway, constructed at a cost of L.286,000,000 sterling, employing directly and collaterally 130,000 men, and earning an annual revenue of more than L.20,000,000, how much depended on efficient and economical management! 'Every farthing saved on the train-mileage of the kingdom, was L.80,000 a year gained to railway companies.' Parliamentary legislation was not so fair as interests of such magnitude deserved, and to this cause most of the anomalous management was due. Then the Post-office, in laying down the principle that no profit should be allowed, 'did not appear to treat railways with all the consideration they were entitled to expect.' On the other hand, directors were bound to consider how the largest revenue might be produced. 'Nothing,' said Mr Stephenson, 'is so profitable as passenger-traffic, as it costs less in every way than goods, and an average train will carry 200 passengers. The cost of running a train would be overstated at fifteen-pence a mile, and 100 passengers at five-eighths of a penny per mile produce five and twopence half-penny.' Here we have an authoritative datum for minimum fares, from which we learn that a penny a mile leaves a handsome profit. Mr Stephenson thinks that railways might be raised from their present—in some instances scandalous—condition, by a limited number of men of business leasing the lines from shareholders under the Limited Liability Act. 'A large profit would accrue to those who took the line and managed it with vigour and economy; while shareholders would derive great advantage from the certainty of receiving fixed dividends.'

Mr Faraday's lecture has for so many years been looked forward to as the opening of the session at the Royal Institution, that a break in the series is to many a disappointment. This time, the initiative was taken by Mr Grove, with a lecture on 'Inferences from the Negation of Perpetual Motion,' in which the subject was elucidated by philosophical reasonings, as was to be expected from the author of the *Correlation of the Physical Forces*. Dr Scott Alison has exhibited an instrument to the Royal Society which he calls a *Sphygmoscope*, and employs to indicate the movements of the heart and blood-vessels. The construction is simple: A small glass-tube, about a foot in length,

open at the upper end, and with a graduated ivory scale affixed, terminates below in a hemispherical or trumpet-mouth, bent to a right angle with the tube. This mouth is covered with a water-proof membrane, and, being filled with coloured water, is to be pressed against the ribs where the movement of the heart is most sensible. At once the water starts up the tube, in which it is seen to rise and fall with every beat; and thus all the movements of the vital organ, whether regular or irregular, may be distinctly viewed and measured by means of the scale. A smaller instrument of the same kind will shew the beating of the pulse, or of any other blood-vessel however small; and the beats may be compared with those of the heart. They are perceptible even at the end of an India-rubber tube two feet in length. Already, some new physiological conclusions have been arrived at with regard to the circulation of the blood, and a further insight into vital action is hoped from the general use of the sphygmoscope among medical practitioners. Another physiological subject, brought before the society by Mr Rainey, of St Thomas's Hospital, is interesting to all who eat the animal forbidden to Mohammedans: it is the existence of a parasite, the *Cysticercus cellulosus*, in the muscles of the pig. In some parts of the country, people do not scruple to eat mealy pork: henceforth let them beware of the animalcules, which, under certain circumstances, grow into more formidable parasites in the human body.—Moleschott, of Heidelberg, investigating the influence of light on the phenomena of respiration, finds that animals breathe one-fifth less frequently in the dark than in the light; and Vierordt, who, as we mentioned, invented a pulse-indicating instrument some months ago, shews that in man the frequency is diminished by increase of temperature.

An application of silvered porcelain, as a reflector, has been made, which promises to be useful. The silvered copper-reflectors used in light-houses and elsewhere, soon tarnish; but the polish of the silvered porcelain is described as brilliant and indestructible. Some of the disks are twenty-one inches in diameter, a size hitherto believed to be impossible of attainment. Specimens were exhibited at a late meeting of the Civil Engineers. This body, occupying itself with a wide range of subjects, has since had a paper 'On the Past and Present Condition of the River Thames'—another contribution to the efforts now being made for a purification of the royal stream. Apropos of water, the Artesian well at Highgate, or rather the boring for one, is abandoned, after reaching a depth of 1300 feet, no indications of the perennial springs of the green-sands having been discovered.

Among matters geographical, the reading of Mr Anderson's report of the hazardous journey to the mouth of the Great Fish River, by the party sent to search for the relics of the Franklin expedition, was not the least important. Whatever hope may have been entertained of finding the mortal remains of any of the long lost explorers, or written records of their fatal adventures, is now entirely dissipated. Nothing was discovered, save a few buttons, forks, tools, and other articles in the hands of the natives, and sundry pieces of wood, one of which bore the name *Erebus*; and that is all we have towards clearing up the terrible mystery. Some of our arctic men are of opinion that the *Terror's* boat ought to be looked for; and that a searching-party sent down Peel Sound, on the track of the Franklin expedition, would find memorials, perhaps tombs, at the winter encampments. It is doubtful, however, whether the Admiralty will authorise any further explorations; but in any case, Lady Franklin will send one out to search for the remains of those she has so long mourned. An area of about 200 square miles, unvisited by any of the explorers, contains, as is believed, the ships and other relics of the ill-fated

party. Dr Kane's narrative, shortly to be published, will, it is said, be one of the most interesting in its details of polar adventure.

The international commissioners appointed to survey for a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, have fixed on the site of the moles at either end, and have found stone suitable for the various constructions in the quarries of Attaka. If present appearances may be trusted, this project bids fair to be realised.—Dr Barth, undeterred by his past dangers and privations, intends to go out again to Africa, to renew his explorations of the interior.—The French are actively turning their possessions to account; they are pushing up the Senegal in small steamers, and contemplate establishing a line of travel from their colony on that river to Algeria. More than 4000 acres of cotton were grown last year in Oran, and some of the Arabs have settled down as cultivators. The Touaricks have sent a deputation to Algiers, praying that a trade may be opened with Soudan—thus a way to the interior seems to offer from various quarters. And science is not neglected, for magnetical and meteorological observatories are to be established at stations inland and on the coast, the results to be communicated to the observatory at Paris; so that comparison may be made of observations on both sides of the Mediterranean. The French colony on the isle of Nossibè, Madagascar, is flourishing with abundant tropical produce; and thus our allies appear to be making the most of their African possessions, east, west, and north.—The American government have measured a base-line, nearly four miles in length, on Cape Sable, Florida, for the purpose of an exact survey of the rocks, shoals, and reefs, which make the approach to the Gulf of Mexico so dangerous, as proved by the disastrous wrecks that occur every year in those latitudes.—Sir Thomas Tancred, describing the natural productions of the Canterbury colony, New Zealand, says that there 'the potato-apple ripens and becomes a highly scented and agreeable fruit, like a plum, of which a preserve is made.'—Mr Henwood who, as we recently noticed, went out to the Himalayas as mineral surveyor to the East India Company, has given the results in a paper to the Geological Society of Cornwall. He found in the mines of Kumaon and Gurhwal practices far worse than those once prevalent in our Northumbrian and other coal-mines; for the Indian is so sparing of labour, that he leaves passages barely large enough to wriggle through serpent-wise, and along these, children crawl, dragging the ore in skin-bags. It appears that, when properly worked, the production of iron will be very great. There is already a considerable demand for the metal in Tibet, and Mr Henwood reports that, to facilitate the trade, 'a magnificent line of road has been planned from the plains' to the hill-country. The amount of traffic already carried on by means of goat-paths is surprising: along these, the wares of Birmingham and Manchester find their way to China, as well as the iron and tea of Kumaon. That India should send tea to China, is certainly a remarkable fact in the history of commerce.

Of the 2,800,000 acres in Mayo and Galway which, a few years ago, afforded nothing but picturesque scenery for the tourist, nearly one-third is now in the possession of new owners, who are draining, erecting farmsteads, and cultivating on approved agricultural principles. The wages of labourers have doubled; and an independent middle-class is springing up, most of whom are English and Scotch; and in such hands we may be sure the abundant mineral resources and water-power of the region will eventually be developed. What wonders have been wrought by the Encumbered Estates Commission during the seven years of its existence! Erelong the Saxon in Ireland will turn his attention to fish-breeding experiments with many advantages in his favour. That success is possible is shewn by the trials on the Welsh border,

where 10,000 young salmon, bred last year in ponds from the spawn, have just been turned into the Dee. The prosperity of pisciculture in France has led to a project for *hirudiculture*, or breeding of leeches. The marshes in the south, inhabited by these useful creatures, already pay a profit of fifteen per cent. to the owners, which, it is thought, may be much increased by systematic breeding. The time required for the rearing of a stock for reproduction is eighteen months.

De la Rive has published the second volume of his *Treatise on Electricity*—a large octavo, rich in all that readers may wish to learn of its interesting subject. Becquerel's third and last volume has also just appeared, embodying the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; and of electro-magnetism in its applications to telegraphy, clocks, and machinery of any kind that can be impelled by electric force.—One hundred public electric-clocks are being set up in Marseille, to be lit with gas at night. Connected by 40,000 metres of wire, their movements will be simultaneous. The cost will be 22,000 francs, and the annual maintenance 2000. They are to be at work next May.—The Academy of Sciences at Paris have approved, and ordered to be printed in their *Memoirs*, M. Devincenzi's paper on his method of electric-engraving. A zinc-plate having been prepared with Raphael's portrait of Perugino, the inventor, in six minutes and before their eyes, converted it into a plate fit to print from; and 800 impressions were taken, in which all the delicate touches and striking effects of the original were faithfully reproduced. A longer exposure of the plate to the action of the current would have fitted it to deliver 3000 impressions. Now, that the design or copy can be put upon the plate by photography, we may expect to see a new branch of engraving come into use. An artist will no longer be needed to transfer a landscape to a plate.—M. Poitevin has submitted to the Academy his method of engraving, in which neither acid nor graving-tool is required. He coats with gelatine a plate of glass, or other smooth substance, prepared in a solution of bichromate of potash, takes the photographic image in the usual way, dips the plate in water, when the parts untouched by the light swell, and thus the image appears in relief. This serves as a mould from which copies may be taken by electrotypy or by plaster, as plates to print from; or if but a few impressions are required, they may be printed from the gelatine plate itself.—The Academy have appointed M. C. Deville, a well-known geologist, to the interesting task of endeavouring, by travel and diligent investigations, to 'throw light on the profound and fundamental cause of volcanic phenomena.' They desire to know what an eruption really is—whence it comes—and what and where is its cause? Vesuvius is said to be threatening another outburst; and the last accounts from Hawaii, describe Mauna Roa as pouring out a terrific lava-flood: so here are facts for the savant to begin upon.—M. Chacornac, of the Paris Observatory, has discovered another little planet—the thirty-eighth, to which Madame Le Verrier has given the name of *Eucharis*. As this nymph was the rival of her who fascinated Telemachus, it will only be fair to name the next discovery *Calypso*.—Wöhler, of Göttingen, and Deville (the chemist of Paris), both on the same day, announce their success in producing pure silicium—the metallic base of flint.—M. Bellemare, of the ministry of war, has contrived what he calls the 'kilometric interruptor,' the use of which is to render collisions on railways impossible. The instrument cannot be described without the aid of engravings; but to give a notion of its action: it is made fast to the sleeper opposite any or all the telegraph-posts, and is connected by a wire with the telegraph-wires, so that touched by a passing train, the communication is cut off for a moment, and

a signal is transmitted to the next station ahead and in the rear, whereby the attendants are always informed of the exact place of the train, and regulate the departure of other trains accordingly. The instrument is simple and ingenious, and not liable to be deranged by weather.—M. Joigneaux, a cultivator, says it is a mistake to cut potatoes when planting them, as the eyes are deprived of their due nourishment, and grow up weak and liable to disease.

We conclude with an item from the Royal Astronomical Society: at their anniversary meeting they gave their gold medal to Mr Grant, author of *The History of Physical Astronomy*—an award as honourable to the donors as to the receiver.

WINTER NIGHTS.

COLD blows the wind around the hill;
The winter night is drear and dark;
The grassy lawn and garden-walk
Are drifted o'er with snow, but still
We hold a charmed talk

Of those we loved who silent lie,
And sleep the sleep that has no end;
Of father, brother, sister, friend,
We see again the loving eye,
And hear old voices blend—

Of things that happened years ago,
When round the household hearth we drew,
A joyous circle—they were true
And happy days, when the wild snow
Across the moorland blew.

His voice was then our guiding law,
His voice that even yet is dear,
His, whom we loved, though half a fear
Would sometimes raise our childish awe—
But now he is not here.

His presence is not with us now,
As in the days long left behind;
And though at times he seemed unkind,
We only saw his paler brow,
And could not search his mind.

But she who soothed with music low
His harsher-spoken words away,
Still walks for us life's weary way,
Though now her hair from raven's glow
Is changing into gray.

But for the sake of him that's gone,
And loving her who liveth here,
Our thoughts fly backward many a year,
And sitting silently alone,
Old things are counted dear.

HENRY HOGG.

DESOLATION OF CEYLON.

The tanks which afforded a supply of water for millions in former ages, now lie idle and out of repair; the pelican sails in solitude upon their waters, and the crocodile basks upon their shores; the thousands of acres which formerly produced rice for a dense population, are now matted over by a thorny and impenetrable jungle. The wild buffalo, descendant from the ancient stock which tilled the ground of a great nation, now roams through barren forest, which in olden times was a soil glistening with fertility. The ruins of the mighty cities tower high above the trees, sad monuments of desolation, where all was once flourishing, and where thousands dwelt within their walls.—*Baker's Eight Years' Wanderings.*

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LITTLE UPHOLSTERERS.

THERE has for some time been a growing interest in the condition of that portion of our juvenile population inhabiting the debatable land lying between the dominions of poverty and crime: the access from the former to the latter being so easy, and rapid, and frequent, that the attention of the wise, the great, and the philanthropic has been aroused, to endeavour to withdraw the young, if possible, from ground so dangerous. To those whose minds take pleasure in successful results from such efforts, the facts related here will be welcome. They refer to the working of an establishment in London, in which girls have been employed whose training commenced in a Ragged School.

In this institution, the experiment has been made to furnish remunerative employment to this class of girls, and, at the same time, to arouse them from their state of apathy and ignorance; to carry on their education, begun in the Ragged School; to awaken in them good dispositions; to form them to good-manners; and to engage their intelligent and hearty co-operation in plans devised for their benefit, and which aim at their gradual, however slow, emancipation from abject poverty.

The director and founder of the institution is a gentleman whose life is one continuous dedication of a large fortune, of time, and of talents, to public good. Desirous of giving employment to those to whom employment is so great a boon, he, in the winter 1854-5, purchased from a lady her patent for the manufacture of dolls' furniture. These beautiful toys, now known as Patent Art Toys, were exhibited by the patentee in 1851: they formed the furniture of the Tudor Villa which gave so much pleasure to the juvenile visitors of the Great Exhibition; and it is in the manufacture of these articles that the young workers of whom we are about to speak are employed. Specimens are now before us; they are of great durability, and extremely elegant; and we are not surprised to learn that they find ready customers among the juvenile aristocracy and gentry.

The workshop of this industrial establishment presents the spectacle of several girls between the ages of eight and seventeen. Some may be seen cutting and twisting into the required form the wire which forms the framework of each article; others are covering the frames with mimic carvings, moulded in composition; others staining and varnishing the composition; others are stuffing sofas and chairs, for their neighbours to cover with brilliant satin or velvet; whilst others, again, are employed on beds which the proudest of dolls

might be proud to possess; and, lastly, some of the elder ones with beaming eyes pack up, and with steady importance carry off to the Soho Bazaar, the neatly finished and attractive work. All are busy—all look cheerful.

The same sort of wire-frame used for the dolls' furniture likewise serves to mount many objects of great beauty for ladies' use—such as teapot-stands, pin-trays, &c.; the stand or tray itself being of painted glass, rendered sufficiently solid by a patent process. The production of this painted consolidated glass forms another department of the institution. In this department, ladies are employed who have been thrown on their own resources for support—the establishment thus doing the double service of employing educated women and destitute children. Let us, however, for the present, leave the ladies' department, and confine ourselves to that of the children.

Their earnings are from two to ten shillings weekly; the working-hours are from half-past eight to four; the hours for lessons, from four to six o'clock. There is a drawing-class one evening in the week, and the workers assemble on one evening to listen to the reading of some interesting book. Out of the working-hours, three-quarters of an hour are allowed for dinner—a meal to which the girls sit down with propriety and cheerfulness, but not until they have sung a verse, which falls very pleasingly on the ear, the young voices uttering in slow and sweet melody a simple strain of expressions of grateful content. The homes of these girls are poor and miserable; or if not so, are in the neighbourhood of horrible abodes. Some are so dirty, the lady-visitor is afraid to enter them. Some, however, are admirably clean in the midst of surrounding squalor and filth, and the occupants of these consider dirt a great disgrace. This feeling was once exemplified at a geography lesson. The children, required to give a description of London, said it was 'a very crowded place; you could hardly breathe.' When asked if the houses were not dirty, they fired up, and did not like the stigma, until the teacher said, 'I mean outside.' To exchange, however, during the day, the very best of these homes for the lofty workshop, lighted from the top, warm, clean, and well ventilated, is highly beneficial to the health of the workers.

The children used to bring dinner with them when they came to work. Sometimes it happened that a girl was sent dinnerless by her mother as a punishment; or, if the mother was in a bad temper, the girl had not dared to ask for dinner or for money to buy any. The appetite of these children was vitiated: they preferred fat and heavy food, and hot

and peppery; many, if trusted to purchase their own dinner, bought what seemed to satisfy them most, but which disagreed with them. The very name of some of these viands is unknown beyond their own class. For all these reasons, it was deemed advisable to provide a cheap and wholesome dinner in their work-room, which one of the girls should cook. This was accordingly done, at the rate of 2d. each daily, the shilling for the next week's dinners being paid in advance, on Saturday, from their wages. For this sum, they had stewed meat three times a week, and potatoes and pudding three times—the puddings being of rice, suet, batter, macaroni, apple, &c. The health of the children visibly improved, and they grew fatter, and more lively, and strong. The arrangement was a great relief to the mothers, who eagerly availed themselves of it. The above estimate is for fourteen girls; the cost to each individual must vary according to the number who share the meal, and diminishes in proportion as that number augments.

In a letter from one of these working-girls to a friend in the country, a Christmas-pudding makes a very amiable figure, especially when we consider that the said luxury was bought with the well-earned money of the writer. She says: 'My dear little brother is getting on very well indeed. On Christmas-day, he had some plumpudding for the first time in his life, and he do like it so!'

Their conversation sometimes degenerates into discussions on food, but their patient abstinence is wonderful and pathetic. It is remarkable that they never allow a meal to draw them away from occupation which interests them, or from amusement. For instance, the drawing-class is held in the evening. When asked to go to it, some who are indifferent may answer, 'they can't be starved, and they haven't had their tea;' but some are very much in earnest, and if they have not brought their tea, will forego it rather than miss the lesson.

The children have been encouraged to save a portion of their earnings. They can withdraw their little store at any hour; which, when done, is invariably in order to put it to some rational use. At first, it was quite a new idea to *accumulate* money for any purpose—if they did not earn enough in one week for the object they had in view, they seemed to consider its attainment utterly and for ever impossible. In regard to money, as well as to other matters, they cannot originate a plan; it is not even enough to suggest one to them; but *carry it out with them*, and they will repeat it of their own accord, and without you; still requiring, however, as yet, some one to keep up amongst them the right spirit.

The mothers employ their younger sons and daughters in household work, regarding the earnings of these industrial girls as considerable enough to entitle them to have their evenings free, which gives a great field for the labours of the instructor. One of the most satisfactory events which we have to record, is a meeting of the mothers, called in the hope of establishing some communion between them and the institution—all the influence and regulations of which, it was felt, should suit home-arrangements and harmonise with home-duties. The mothers expressed themselves most grateful for what had been done, and manifested an intense and truly laudable desire for the education of their daughters.

The latter are treated with greater respect and kindness at home, in consequence of contributing to the general fund. They enjoy a measure of independence, and a comparative exemption from blows, hard words, and starvation. It seems to be considered their right to be taken out to see sights—as the Crystal Palace, for example—or to visit town or country friends, and to have little treats—as, for instance, a party on a girl's birthday, if she was in work.

The difficulty of finding employment for this class of girls is very great, and yet, unless it be found, the good work begun in the Ragged School stops short; nor stops short only, for it is scarcely possible that these young creatures—thrown on the world to battle with its temptations, and endure its worst privations, in homes where dirt dwells, from which beauty is banished, which knowledge ignores and hope shuns—should not sink back again into that atmosphere of physical and moral degradation out of which the Ragged School snatches, and for a while upholds them. Their almost only resource is to become little nurses or maids-of-all-work; in either case, they are overworked and ill rewarded—receiving for the most part no wages, and compensated only by being fed, and that badly.

On the other hand, it is hardly possible to over-estimate the advantage of their becoming workers. We have noticed the effect it has on their relations with their home; but that which it exercises on their own being and character is infinitely more important and admirable. In the workshop are developed qualities which are the foundation of morality; as perseverance, steadiness, punctuality, energy, the power of application, and the habit of self-control—the workers being compelled to resist any inclination to idleness, from whatever cause such inclination may arise—be it illness, excitement, the reaction after excitement, or the wish to do something else which is not their immediate duty. The effect of manual labour, too, is tranquillising, and its tendency is to soften rude boisterousness of spirits while the faculties are sharpened; and when, as in the case before us, the manufacture is elegant, the taste is developed and improved.

Moreover, it is an advantage of the purely mechanical occupation in which these children are employed, that a great deal of indirect teaching and pleasure can go on simultaneously, and without interrupting work. They have learned poetry while at work, are very fond of singing, and sing in chorus or alone the hymns and songs learned in the Ragged School. They are fond, too, of hearing poetry, and of hearing singing, and have been much interested in learning the classification of animals into mammalia, &c., the habitat and properties of plants. Such a petition as this to the young lady who presides in their room is not unfrequent: 'Miss O—, tell us about Switzerland,' or 'tell us about Italy.' A very few facts originating in horror at a spider, have served to arouse a lively interest in insects. They like to have an object brought into the room, and which then becomes a theme; they enjoy the feeling of knowledge, the perception that in an object of sight there is something they cannot see. They manifest the greatest delight to come a second time upon a fact, as when in the school-room they are given a piece of information which they have previously heard in the work-room: the first time, the fact is comparatively nothing; but when it is confirmed from another source, the belief is strengthened, and the joy extreme.

Experience has proved that the children listen eagerly during working-hours to subjects to which at any other time they would not pay attention—the reason being, that these subjects are more interesting than their own thoughts; and although one would be far from wishing to substitute this kind of teaching for the more regular, connected, and methodical, yet it has been found a most valuable accessory to the latter, as a means of awakening interest; and when there is so little time to be given to regular studies, the addition of the working-hours is an important one.

All write well, and their improvement in that is probably owing to their having had their hands in use since infancy. In choosing copies, some like facts about animals, some poetry, and some texts from Scripture: the taste for poetry prevails. The favourite lesson is a lesson in descriptive geography, which they write out from memory. Some of them prefer the north countries, and some the south. Of the south, one only gets an idea gradually—it is something like an atmosphere: descriptions of northern countries can be presented to the child more as a picture. They manifested a great desire to come to the lesson on England, but they all declared they could give no account of it to a foreigner; all they knew of its productions was, that oak-trees grew in it.

A library has been collected, partly out of their own contributions. They pay a half-penny weekly towards the cost of copy-books, out of which there is occasionally a shilling or so to spare, which is spent in books for the library.

One evening in the week is always spent in reading to them. The authors they prefer are Mrs Howitt and Tennyson. '*The May Queen, New Year's Eve,* and the *Charge of the Light Brigade*, had long been favourites with them,' said our informant; 'and when they found these poems were by one man, you should have seen their burst of delight!' There was the same pleasure at discovering that their favourites among Mrs Howitt's works were by one hand. The individuality of authors was quite a new idea to them. They like anything touching; such as songs about blind people, &c., and a new poem is a great delight. Mrs Gaskell and Anna Ross are favourites; but perhaps no story has charmed them more than Mrs Harriet Myrtle's *Water-lily*. They dislike all classes of fairy tales, thinking them silly and untrue—thus proving that they do not like the physically impossible; but they delight to realise another's life, provided it is or might be true. In reading *The Old Curiosity Shop*, they each chose to be one of the characters. Before arriving as far in the story as the marchioness, one girl, supposing she was some one very grand and beautiful, decided that her favourite Miss O— should be the marchioness. Judge of her astonishment on seeing the fact! She thus writes to a young lady: we will give the whole epistle:

DEAR MISS M— —I hope you are getting better, and likewise your mamma is quite well. I hope you will be soon able to leave your room, and take short walks in the country. Our lessons are getting on very nicely. We have heard about the little marchioness, and my dear Miss O— shall not be her; but dear Miss O— has chosen to be Nelly's brother; but I do not like it, and I get very cross and indignant about it. I will wait till the book is finished, and I will give Miss O— the best name. Will you excuse this short letter? When you are well enough to write to me, will you write me that piece of poetry you repeated to us—

As slow our ship her foamy track?

Miss O— sends her kind love to you.

Good-bye; I am, yours affectionately,

L— G—.

In the summer, instead of reading to them in the

evenings, they were taken to Hampstead, Highgate, &c. Many of them had hardly ever been in the country before, and none of them had ever noticed flowers: they thought all leaves were green, and all of the same form; they had noticed that flowers were of different colours, but not that they differed in form; they called every flower 'a flower,' and knew it by no other name; they knew not that plants had roots, and for a long time implored to stick the stalks into the earth, 'just to see if they would live;' they had no idea of the growth of plants, nor had any notion that a bud became a flower. But now, in these summer-evening walks, led to observe and encouraged to enjoy, no one can imagine their delight at finding the different sorts of flowers growing in one field, to see that in one fair expanse there were assembled daisies and butter-cups, clover, bugloss, forget-me-not, white deadnettle, water-ranunculus, &c. One girl had made artificial flowers, and was delighted to make here her first acquaintance with the originals.

Another, who had only once before been in the country, now in this glorious field wandered away by herself, and, seated on a bank, with her feet over the water, selected and arranged a bouquet of grasses and flowers with the most exquisite taste: here she sat, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, humming a low air, and could hardly be persuaded to come away. The disappointment of the girls was great to find their mothers did not care for wild-flowers: it was quite sad. Since that time, so much has their taste been developed, and their power of observation stimulated, that they now go out into the country in little parties, to gather flowers and collect objects which they bring to the work-room, with a request to be told all that can be learned about them.

These country-walks, and some visits to different ladies in the country, who have kindly entertained them at their houses, have produced, amongst other circumstances, one happy change in these children. It may be said that all their dates were marked by misfortunes. Asked, 'When did such a thing happen?' the reply used to be: 'Oh, it was when my father was out of work;' or, 'The year mother had such a job to get us dinners.' Illnesses and deaths were very frequent dates; but this year they mark their epochs in some such way as this: 'It was before we went to Romford,' or 'to Willesden;' 'after Miss O— came home,' or 'since the Concert.'

It is worthy of note that these children have no respect whatever for rank; their reverence is for goodness. One girl said she would like to see the king of Sardinia. The others began to rally her, and assert 'they didn't care for kings and great folks. They wouldn't go to see the Queen; the Queen wasn't made of gold—she wasn't better than other people.' When their teacher explained to them that kings and queens had very important functions, and it was interesting to see any one who had performed any great or good action, or might do so if they chose, the children seemed to assent.

The obedience which has been obtained is perfect; by what manner of spirit let one little incident shew. S— J—, who had been idle, was desired to come and stand by Miss O—, to do her work. She did not stir. Irritated by this contumacy, one of the girls exclaimed: 'Why don't you box her ears, Miss O—?' 'Oh, I should never think of doing such a thing as that,' was the answer. It brought S— J— instantly to her side, to pursue her work with the greatest diligence.

We shall not omit to record one unmistakable indication of the progress these children are making, in the fact, that they are importunate to be instructed in the New Testament; even those of them who were formerly not only indifferent, but to whom it was distasteful. Thus, with happiness, and intelligence, and awakened hope, the expanding natures of these lowly

children of toil open to the beams of religious truth and love.

Unostentatiously, and in silence, now for upwards of a year, has this little germ of a great work been growing—the work which lies before society of employing and educating the female poor. Reader, go and see—go and help.

THE THEORY OF THE GYRFALCON.

'THE World of Birds,' a passional ornithology, proceeding from the eccentric and amusing pen of M. Toussenel, has found so many admirers, and made so many proselytes on the southern side of the English Channel, that it is worth while indulging our readers with a glimpse of a literary performance of such bold originality, especially as it will help them to understand many passages in French romances and journals of the day which would otherwise seem to be enveloped in a hopeless veil of mysticism. The only preface necessary is the statement, that the opinions immediately to be detailed are not put forth in joke and irony, but are seriously and sincerely entertained, not only by our author, but by a great number of clever and well-educated men and women; or, as it will appear we ought to say on the present occasion, by a great number of clever and well-educated women and men.

It is at once confessed, that the history of the birds of France is only the pretext and apparent object of this curious volume. But the work does not the less profess to be a complete treatise on passional ornithology—that is to say, a treatise in which the manners and customs of the birds of France are described with scrupulous fidelity, without reckoning a multitude of hitherto unpublished analogical details; only, the world of birds is nothing but the accessory subject, while the world of man is the principal topic. With these preliminary sentences, and a hint to the reader not to be unnecessarily startled should he light upon an odd-looking word or sentence, we will at once endeavour to learn what instruction is to be gained by listening to the language of birds.

Birds love much—some of them love always. They are the tribe of creatures privileged by their Maker; for the favour of Heaven towards every creature is measured by the power of loving which has been conferred upon it. And as the Deity does nothing by halves, He has been careful to lavish upon these charming creatures the gifts requisite to cause them to be loved. On the mantle of the humming-bird, the peacock, the bird of paradise, and the golden pheasant, He has profusely scattered rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, the most brilliant and the best assorted tones of the gamut of colours. In like manner, He has selected from the gamut of sounds the sweetest notes to accentuate the voice of the humble singing-bird. With the exception of man, birds are the only creatures that are able to render thanks to God in joyous songs; but the heart, both of man and bird, must be happy before the voice can sing. Prayer is happiness expressed in song.

And as love is a passion of luxury, which requires, as the fundamental condition of its complete expansion, a warm atmosphere, and a clear and limpid sky, God has given the bird the faculty of rapid locomotion, which permits it to follow the course of the sun, and to realise the utopia of an eternal spring. The swallow and the turtle-dove, those happy models of conjugal fidelity and attachment, live in equal ignorance of inclement seasons and of cold hearts. Love is an easy indulgence for birds; because, amongst their ranks, none are to be found who are less handsome or less rich. They are already in the condition which mankind will enjoy when the phase of harmony arrives. The life of a bird is one long epithalamium.

Love, which has gifted the male with dazzling plumage and with corresponding vocal powers, has been still more bountiful with regard to the female. Hers is the monopoly of the labours of art—the privilege of genius, of wisdom, of devotion, and of courage. Her soul is enriched with all the treasures of sentiment and intelligence, as the person of her partner has been adorned with all the colours of the rainbow. The female chooses the position of the nest, and the choice is almost always made with admirable discernment. These master-pieces of elegance, solidity, and skill are the exclusive result of female labour. It is only as a special mark of favour, and as a reward of good conduct, that the male is allowed to co-operate in the workmanship of the edifice. The sole exceptions to this rule are to be found in certain families that are ennobled by monogamy, in which the husband is the perfect model of conjugal virtue. The male swallow has thus earned, by his rare merit, the right to exercise, conjointly with the female, the mason's trade. No one can imagine how highly little birds honour labour. The glorification of labour is the foundation of their whole policy. If the legislators of human societies had the least consciousness of their mission, they would always endeavour to take pattern by the birds. There are only two methods for nations to be happy: the first, to be governed by analogists; the second, and the surest, not to be governed at all.

In a family of feathered bipeds, it is a thing unheard of that a mother should voluntarily abandon her little ones. Cases of infanticide, so common with the sow, the rabbit, and man, are of such extreme rarity amongst birds, that learned men of the highest authority aver that no such thing ever takes place. And if infanticide is a crime unknown to birds, charity, on the other hand, towards foundling children, is practised with a fervour which puts our philanthropy to shame. Place a poor little fatherless and motherless sparrow outside your window, and all the fathers and mothers of the neighbourhood will throng around him to contribute their mouthful. The virtues of birds form an inexhaustible theme; and the reason of its inexhaustibility, is the lead which the females take amongst them.

Now, in our ardent thirst after justice and happiness, we honour the bird for his courage—which we men have not as yet acquired—in professing his passional opinions boldly, and in proclaiming the superiority of the sex which attracts over the sex which is attracted. The bird is, in fact, of all beings gifted with speech, the first which has declared in plain terms: '*The happiness of individuals, and the rank of species, are in direct proportion to the feminine authority.*' Man would not have made the discovery of so simple a theory, and one which contains so many things in so few words; amongst others, the secret of happy destinies and the law of pivotal movement. In passional ornithology, we call this theory THE THEORY OF THE GYRFALCON. The gyrfalcon is a magnificent white bird with golden eyes. It is the strongest, the handsomest, and the bravest of the falcons. The race of falcons is a chosen race, as remarkable for its courage and intelligence as for its power of wing, and was naturally the first to ally itself to man. The gyrfalcon stands at the head of the order of superior birds, and is the mouthpiece of the immense majority of species at every important solemnity.

If we draw a parallel between woman and man, it is the former who gains throughout by the comparison. A poet would say, that if God has made woman smaller than man, it was in order to finish her more perfectly. Her superiority has no need to be demonstrated; it is read at first sight on her rosy and velvet cheeks, on her fine and satiny skin, which is without a vestige of animal pilosity; whilst the skin of man retains, by its hairiness, all the characters of the

covering of a beast. On this account, woman alone bears in her aspect the stamp of humanity. Man, then, is more *animal*; woman, more *human*. Man is more carnivorous; woman, more herbivorous, and, therefore, less impure; for carnivorousness is an aberration of humanity, and a semi-return to the diet of beasts.

Good sense, and wit, which is the gaiety of good sense, are essentially feminine. The Germans call good sense *mutterwitz*—that is, mother-wit. The entrance of a single clever woman into a family, is sufficient to un-simpleton it for several generations. Man seeks blindly after the light; woman retains the spark within her. Woman is poetry; man is prose. For man, says Carus, religion is intellect and truth; for woman, it is faith and love.

One ornithological fact is sufficient to settle the question of the precedence of the sexes; and it is wonderful that naturalists, without being very sharp-sighted, have not discovered it before. This fact is, the faculty which all old hens, that are sick either in mind or body, have of transforming themselves into cocks, when they are good for nothing else; that is, when they have lost the power of laying. It constantly happens that a hen entering the decline of life, whether worn out by the tribulations of maternity, or from any obscure physiological cause, suddenly renounces the attributes of her sex, abdicates humility and gentleness, and puts on the quarrelsome character and the brilliant costume of the cock. Crowing hens in our poultry-yards, and crowing hen-pheasants in our woods, are equally common phenomena. From all which, it clearly results that cock-hood is the last resource of hens.

Art is the incarnation of the ideal. Now, man has never had, and never will have, any other than a feminine ideal—the angel, or the Virgin Mary. Virginity and maternity are two such ravishing, such poetic aspects of the same face, that man is impelled by the aspirations of his eternal love to unite them, whether he will or not, in one and the same type—a type divine.

God has delivered the world into the hands of races of the German stock, who made it a duty to honour woman. The most powerful of these nations is England, where the sceptre is in the hands of a woman, and whose most illustrious monarchs are named Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria. The Russian Empire, which is the next in power to the British, is an empire of mixed blood, but whose sovereigns are also women, Elizabeth and Catherine. If the fortunes of France are inferior to those of England or of Russia, it is the fault of the Salic law, which, under the pretext of preventing the sceptre from being converted into a distaff, has placed the nation under the degrading rule of mistresses, and has deprived it of Elizabeths the Great and Catherine the Great, to inflict upon it the Maintenons and the Pompadours. The only way for France to rise to the highest rank, is to place her destiny in the hands of her women, who are as much superior to the women of Russia and of England, as her public men are inferior to the official personages of those two countries. What a singular reconciliation of difficulties, and one which perhaps has never struck anybody but M. Toussenel, amongst all those who have investigated the causes of the grandeur and the decline of empires! The English and the Russian nations, the two most powerful countries in the world, are precisely those in which man takes the most pains to make himself resemble woman—the Englishman, by incessant shaving; the Russian, by thickly padding his chest!

Why do the Iroquois and the Yankee of the present day respectively occupy the two extreme steps of the social ladder? Why is the last of the Iroquois on the point of dying of starvation, and of disappearing from the surface of the very same land on which the Yankee

has contrived to find the elements of an almost fabulous prosperity? Because, amongst the cannibal Iroquois, woman was a degraded slave, subjected to all kinds of painful labour; whilst North America, to which all Europe is just now emigrating, is the only country in which woman is enfranchised from hard labour, where she is honoured and considered as the equal of man, and where they have begun to restore her to the enjoyment of her political rights.

Since the happiness of human societies is measured by the scale of the liberties of woman, it is clear that politics, which are the art of making people happy, consist exclusively in extending those liberties. A new-born babe would arrive at this conclusion.

And now let us come to the practical inference which is drawn from the premises, of which the above is only a small portion. M. Toussenel thus addresses his countrywomen and countrymen, and we only wait to see how long it will be before the nation is converted to his principles:

Noble children of the beautiful land of France! sons of the land of love and glory! let us hasten to return to the suggestions of our Germanic nature, which tells us that 'in woman all wisdom lies.'

Since every one of our revolutions has been ruined by the interference of aged men, let us profit by the teaching of our errors, and for the future absolutely reject their co-operation.

Since our revolutions have been thus abortively attempted in the name of the imprescriptible rights of man alone, let us make one revolution, by way of experiment, in the name of the imprescriptible rights of woman, just to see whether she will not succeed better than we have done.

Since pleasure is the only compass which our reason possesses to guide us towards the pole of our destiny; since balls are the only public assemblies in which men know how to behave themselves decently, let us model our institutions upon the plan of a ball-room, in which woman is despotic queen.

Since the birds, as well as Tacitus and Robert d'Arbrissel, declare that the custom of worshipping woman, and consulting her upon every important subject, is the source of every virtue, the mainspring of all great actions, and the guarantee of all success, let us have the courage to restore and honour the practice of our German ancestors. Let us not confine ourselves to gilding the chain of our slave; let us break it. Let us make the spirit of our manners actually enter into our code; and let us inscribe on the title-page of the fundamental law the immortal declaration of Carus: 'Woman is; man becomes.' What is, is sure; what becomes, is uncertain.

Since God has granted to woman the exclusive privilege of exciting enthusiasm in men, and of softening lions by the charm of speech—gifted as she is with tears in her voice, magnetic fires in her look, and other talismans of irresistible seduction; such as white teeth, expressive nostrils, and the still more magic gift of betraying the invisible impulses of her soul by the visible palpitations of her bosom—let us restore to woman what belongs to her; let us open the tribune to female orators, that we may know for once what eloquence is.

Let us return, as soon as possible, to true universal suffrage—to that from which woman will not be excluded; and to the system of two Chambers—one of men, the other of women; the first of which proposes, only the second disposes. This hierarchy is in the order of things; since sentiment, which is the lot of woman, is the sovereign criterion of equity, and pronounces judgment from a higher eminence, and from a greater distance than science, which is the lot of man.

Without coming to this, there is no safety; for it is written that society cannot be perpetuated without

woman; and history and the birds teach us that God has refused durability to every institution in which woman, the pivot of attraction, does not occupy the first place.

The institution of a female Legislative Assembly is the death-wound of brutal force; the funeral-knell of the sabre and leather-breeches; the sentence of imposture, corruption, and venality; the end of corporal and mental prostitution; the dawn of harmony; the era of clemency, justice, and charity—when crimes and their punishment shall disappear, and society will spontaneously hold together, in virtue of the miraculous power of the same principle of attraction which sustains the circling globes in space. The complete realisation of aerial navigation only waits for this great day of restoration.

The institution of a female parliament in France would be the revival of the arts, of pleasures, and eternal fêtes; the electric explosion of liberty and happiness over the entire surface of the earth; the universal embrace of all nations, of all classes, and of all ages; the reign of love and brotherhood, whose advent will cause the planets to tremble with gladness, as they swim in their orbits round the sun.

And M. Toussenet prays to live to witness all these things come to pass! For our part, we pray that our *Journal* may live to report them when they do; but, in the meantime, we would suggest that, since the Theory of the Gyrfalcon is too pleasant to be untrue, the promoters of the Half-Saturday and Early-closing Movements are losing time: they should go in at once for a holiday that shall last for ever.

THE ENEMY IN ENGLAND, AND HOW HE CAME FROM ODESSA.

It is a comfortable thing to have our wars fought on foreign soil. Double taxes and high provisions are evils, to be sure; but they are nothing to speak of when compared with the inconveniences of an enemy in our fields, burning our barns, and blowing our houses about our ears. Throughout our present war, therefore, although Englishmen are not accustomed to receive an enemy on their own shores, much solicitude has been shewn in contemplating the possibilities of such an occurrence: our coast-defences have been put in order; coast-guardsmen have been commanded to 'make ready;' and other prudent measures have been adopted to guard against the accidents of war. But what if all this preparation of ours is too late? what if the enemy is already on our shores, spreading devastation over our fields?

The seaport town of Odessa, embowered in its beautiful gardens and vineyards, stands on its limestone cliff, a fertile oasis on the edge of the dreary steppe; its palace-like magazines of corn and flax have long formed an attraction to the mercantile nations of the West. English ships have found shelter under its moles, while Odessa ships have found a hearty welcome on the shores of England.

From this port, alike famous in the annals of peace and of war, an expedition was sent in the year of grace 1836, and safely landed on the west coast of Ireland, at Westport, in the county of Mayo—an obscure and distant port, wisely chosen by an insidious foe. A small consignment of flax-seed was sent on shore, and received, we presume, without the formality of a flag of truce, for the nations were not then jealous of each other's integrity. It was the visit of a friendly tribe for purposes of barter. But in that bag of flax was hidden a Russian enemy, who has since spread his armies abroad over the plains of England, and devastated our fields with even a greater, because more permanent, devastation than that which appertains to fire and sword.

The enemy in question is a pernicious form of vegetable life known to botanists under the name of *Cuscuta*, but more familiarly characterised in different parts of the country by the name of Dodder. It presents itself in the form of a mass of elastic matted threads, which invest our crops of flax and clover, and live at their expense. It has already spread its upshadow over many of the most fertile counties of England. Its original geographical limits are not precisely known; but these have yearly become more extended since our acquaintance with it, in which respect it appears to agree remarkably well with the country which first gave it birth.

The dodder, like the mistletoe, is a true parasite, having no root of its own, but extracting nourishment from the tissues of other plants. It consists of a mass of pale-reddish branched threads, which shoot out in all directions over the plant attacked; these threads, which represent the stem and branches of the parasite, have no green leaves for the elaboration of food, which are indeed not required, seeing that its nourishment is derived in a prepared state from its victim; a few minute brownish scales, however, form the morphological indication of leaves. At intervals on the stem, little roundish heads of flowers are produced, which are succeeded by little membranous capsules; these opening transversely, 'like a soap-box,' permit the seeds to drop.

When the seed falls upon the soil, the embryo, coiled up like a wire-worm in its interior, comes forth serpent-like from its shell, and lies prostrate on the surface without any attachment. Like the serpent, it no sooner quits the egg than it is in search of prey, and accordingly writhes about, feeding on air, until it finds a suitable stem with which it may close in deadly embrace. It is no sooner twisted around the stem of its devoted victim, than cellular papillæ are sent out on those parts of the threads in contact with the bark; these penetrate the bark, thus forming a medium of communication between the tissues of the two plants, and the appropriation of sap begins. 'Its shoots dart from one plant to another,' says De Candolle, 'and thus are conveyed to new victims when the old ones are exhausted. Often the seeds germinate before they quit the capsules, and the new plant immediately becomes a parasite.'

The ravages of the clover-dodder have been particularly observed in the counties of Hants, Somerset, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Berwick, Mid-Lothian, and in Wales. It is spoken of as 'a great nuisance in Holland and Flanders.' The flax-dodder is not so extensive in its ravages, because flax is not much cultivated in Britain; but in Germany it is a great pest. According to Mr Lance, the seed imported from Russia—previous to the suspension of commercial intercourse—and used in Somersetshire and Wales, was 'full of dodder;' while, on the contrary, the seed used in the south and west of Ireland, imported from America, is free from the parasite. It is stated, on the authority of Mr Thomson, a merchant of Westport, Mayo, that 'on particular inquiry, he was satisfied that the dodder-seed is never found in American, nor yet in Riga flax-seed, and equally satisfied that it is in seed from Odessa and other parts of the south of Europe.'

From the remarks of De Candolle, the dodders would appear to be well known to French cultivators, who call them *teigne*, *rache*, *perruque*, &c. 'It is difficult to guard against them, on account of the rapidity of their vegetation, the facility with which they pass from one plant to another, the abundance of their seeds, and the double power they possess of germinating either in the earth or in the capsule. M. Vaucher cleared his artificial fields from dodder pretty well by perpetually breaking and dividing their stalks with a rake. The means which appear to me really efficacious are, immediately to mow all the

portions of artificial meadow where dodder has been seen to develop itself, and to do so before it can have produced seeds. If it appears in fields of flax, the plants attacked must be cut down or rooted up; and if it appears among vines, the branches must be cut before the seed is matured. If these precautions have been neglected, and a portion of the land should be infested with the seeds, the crop which has been attacked must be replaced by crops of corn or of grasses, such not being liable to the attacks of the parasite. Thus time is given to the seeds of dodder which have been concealed in the soil to exhaust themselves, when they may perish without doing any harm, since the soil finds itself covered with plants which cannot nourish them.'

Formidable as our British dodders are when present in great numbers, they are individually very puny when compared with some of the tropical species. One of these is so gigantic, that one of its masses is sufficient to cover a willow-tree from twenty to thirty feet in height; it is, moreover, suicidal by nature—a very curious physiological fact—for when it has eaten up all vegetation around it, and its resources are thus exhausted, it preys upon itself—falls upon the sword of its own ambition.

The facts we have detailed in connection with the dodders suggest one or two thoughts on a subject which has been treated philosophically by some fanciful botanists under the untoward title of the *Wars of Plants*. But the idea is, in reality, not so fanciful as may at first sight appear; for plants have their wars as well as their loves; and it only requires another Darwin to carry home this point to the convictions of every one. We know that many plants are well armed with a defensive armour, which forms a complete protection against the aggressions of herbivorous animals; for although donkeys eat thistles, and cows the more venomous nettles of the waysides, there are some plants so formidable that neither man nor beast can seriously affect them. The *Opuntia*, or prickly pear—a kind of tropical cactus—is one of these. The Grecian traveller, Clarke, has suggested, that in some latitudes it might serve as an outwork for fortifications, since, as he says, 'artillery has no effect upon it; pioneers cannot approach it; fire will not act upon it; and neither infantry nor cavalry can traverse it.' That the *Opuntia* is suitable to the climate of the Southern Crimea may reasonably be doubted; but it might be worthy the consideration of Her Majesty's ministers, whether the soldiers who have already displayed so much valour, might not exhibit the better part thereof by hedging in under an *Opuntia* fence. This plant has, in fact, been often employed as a means of military defence. Sir Hans Sloane relates,* that in the island of St Christopher, when it was to be divided between English and French, it was ordered, by the consent of the two nations, 'that there should be planted three rows of the *Opuntia tuna* as a boundary, thinking these the strongest fortification to hinder the attempts of one another in cases of war.' In the Spanish colonies in America, this plant is considered a very important means of military defence, and is propagated constantly around fortifications with that intent. Desfontaines remarks of it: 'Munimentum hortorum et domorum impenetrabile.'†

But the actual wars of plants are exhibited in some of the phenomena of geographical distribution. Whatever may have been the manner in which the earth was originally clothed with vegetable productions—whether they all radiated from a central Eden, according to the opinion of Linnæus; or, as is more probably the case, each species originated in and was diffused from a centre of its own—all botanists agree, that time has worked changes in the limits of species;

that certain species of weak constitution have been unable to hold their place, while others of a more robust and prolific character have extended their dominion over the earth. We see this warlike process going on around us. Were they left to their own resources, the tender plants we cultivate would soon yield to the supremacy of rank weeds which rise up and assert their right to the soil; and the same phenomenon is constantly going on among the wild plants of mountain and valley. There are, indeed, conquerors from afar, who, Alexander-like, overrun the whole world; thus the yellow mimulus and the canal-weed, natives of the American continent, have, in the brief space of a few years, spread themselves over Europe, displacing the aboriginal vegetable inhabitants of the streams and ditches; thus also the chickweed and the thistle follow in man's footsteps in every region of the globe, waging, like himself, a successful war against their indigenous inhabitants.

When a coral island rises up in the midst of the ocean, it soon becomes covered with a vegetation derived from such seeds as float to its shores. Many of these may be unsuitable to its soil and climate, and merely linger on a miserable existence; but in time the same agencies which brought these original colonists, bring others which find the soil and climate more suitable for their development; the latter soon displace the former, and thus bring about a complete change in the insular flora. In this manner has the vegetation of the British Islands been derived chiefly from the adjoining continent; the alpine plateau of Scandinavia furnishing our Scottish mountains with their boreal flora, while Germany has contributed most of our lowland plants. The orchids of Kent bear evidence of their French origin; while the characteristic plants of the south-west of Ireland appear to have migrated from the north of Spain. Species gain the ascendancy in proportion to their tenacity of life and power of reproduction; but both of these are inferior, and subject to a more powerful law, which restrains the development of species within certain geographical limits. The antagonism of organisms to which we have referred, is thus of great importance in determining many of the phenomena of nature. The contemplative reader will observe, that some of the principles which obtain in the wars of plants are equally applicable to the wars of men.

THE FAST-NIGHT'S TRIBUTE.

THE Jews of Wilna were at one period of their history reckoned the wealthiest and most devout of the many Israelites who bought and sold in Poland. The quarter which they inhabited was richer and dirtier than all the rest of the town. People said that the plague always began there, but trade went briskly on. There was a strict observation of feasts and fasts, new moons and Sabbaths, and for attendance at the synagogue, the Jews of Wilna were unrivalled among their brethren. The requisitions of the Talmud, they fulfilled to the letter: in the traditions of the Rabbins they were known to be orthodox; indeed, like many of the Polish Jews, they augmented the latter by ingenious additions of their own, one of the most popular of which was, that on the night of that famous fast, the day of atonement, Satan had leave to carry off one Jew by way of quit-rent; and the story went that rich men stood in the greatest danger of his preference. This article of faith, which might seem the reverse of comfortable to unpractised minds, was maintained with unshaken confidence and much terror through sundry generations; but in latter days, there arose a controversy on the point between Rabbi Joseph Ben Moses and Rabbi Levi Ben Solomon. The former of these learned doctors, who had travelled in Germany, and conversed with Gentile

* *History of Jamaica.*

† *Flora Atlantica.*

scholars, first cast doubts on the received dogma, and at length did not scruple to call it an invention of the heathen; while the latter, being of high conservative principles, declared for the tradition in its literal integrity, which he said the Jews of Wilna should hold fast as the surest pillar of their orthodoxy. The controversy grew high, and the disputants waxed warm. Rabbi Ben Solomon called his antagonist an enemy to ancient faith and morals; Rabbi Ben Moses entitled *him* a superstitious bigot. Both delivered strong exhortations on the subject, and their parties in the synagogue were so equal that neither could be turned out; but it was generally admitted that most of the old-established merchants held fast by Rabbi Ben Solomon and Satan's quit-rent; while the younger, and less substantial traders, stood with Rabbi Ben Moses for the safety of all Israelites on every night in the year. The last-mentioned party boasted that if the wealth was against, the intelligence was with them; but of one convert they were not a little proud. Simon Ben Tobit had no learning whatever but the knowledge of fur and leather, of which he was one of the keenest and most extensive merchants in Wilna. His wealth was great, and his influence still greater; for Simon had no heirs, having lived a widower from the early death of his spouse Judith; some said because he had never met with a dowry as satisfactory as that of the deceased lady, and had taken a solemn vow to marry on nothing else. However that might be, the fur and leather merchant was a zealous supporter of Rabbi Joseph's doctrine. He said 'rich and respectable men ought to believe it for many reasons; and though somewhat new, it was a great discovery.'

There were those on Rabbi Ben Solomon's side of the question, who hinted that for him it was a great discovery indeed, and were fond of referring to a fact well known in Wilna—namely, that neither Jew nor Gentile in all the city was less inclined to stir abroad on the dreaded night, particularly since a certain dealer in hare and beaver skins threatened him with the traditional abduction, on account of a bale, for which, the dealer asserted, he had not been honestly paid. The matter had gone to law, and been decided in Simon's favour, which he considered complete justification; but though it was twenty years ago, and the merchant had grown rich and the dealer poor, the latter continued to live in the outskirts of the town, and vow vengeance against the Jew every Easter. His name was John Linski, and at the time of our story, his trade was small. Moreover, he had learned, perhaps through meditations on his lost lawsuit, to entertain himself with the spirit of rye; and he and his old wife must have fared meagrely, but for the exertions of an only son, Peter, one of the wildest youths in Wilna for street-broils, holiday frolics, and all manner of mischief. Peter, nevertheless, worked hard for his parents, not at any particular trade, for he would not learn one, but at every variety of accidental business. Nature had gifted him with extraordinary strength and equal courage. Wherever there was a heavy burden to be borne, a stock of hard wood to be cleaved, or an assistant against the wolves and robbers of the Wilna roads wanted by a travelling gentleman, young Linski was in requisition; and, though wild and thoughtless, he had never been known to fail in time of need. Not only had Peter taken part in the paternal vow, but found special fun in molesting Simon Ben Tobit. The wealth and numbers of the Wilna Jews, and the toleration and good neighbourhood which generally prevailed among the varied religions of that northern town, made the authorities willing to discountenance, and even to punish, all attempts of the kind; but there was no prevention of Peter Linski. He came out upon the Jew with volleys of ill names and pork-soup from the narrow and dirty lanes which Simon must pass on his way to the market-place. He

assaulted him with unexecutable threats through the window of his own warehouse, and had more than once pinned a piece of hog's-skin to his robe at the very door of the synagogue. Of course, Simon gave Peter no work, and dissuaded everybody from employing him. It was even reported that he had wished the young sinner the fate of Korah; and Peter, as a last act of annoyance, hoped, in no whisper, that Rabbi Ben Solomon's doctrine might be proved sound, by his disappearance on the next atonement-night.

The day of this widely published hope was rapidly approaching, with the autumnal equinox and the close of the Jewish year. Its coming was regarded not only by Peter Linski, but by all the Jews in Wilna, with profound expectation; for the followers of Rabbi Ben Solomon sympathised so far with the Amalekite, as Simon had begun to call Peter, that they rather anticipated the loss of the fur and leather merchant; and the disciples of Rabbi Ben Moses had declared their high resolves to confront the superstition by going abroad after dark. Simon Ben Tobit was the loudest among these resolutionists. Perhaps he felt it due to the peculiarities of his own position; but the fast of ancient fear came on, with all its attendant forms and ceremonies, partly derived from Old Testament times, and partly from rabbinical interpretations. One statute of the latter origin enjoined remaining, if possible, within the synagogue the entire twenty-four hours. It is, we believe, still observed by pious Jews throughout the world, and was by the pious of Wilna; but rich and busy men occasionally took time for the settlement of accounts, or the conclusions of advantageous bargains with uncertain Gentiles; and many tales had Rabbi Ben Solomon to quote in consequence. Simon had a small transaction pending with a certain dweller in that good town. Michael Gutzloff was a Russian and a travelling-merchant, who went every winter as far as the Siberian fairs with a sledge full of saints' pictures, bad knives, and worse tobacco, which he generally sold; and brought, on his return to Wilna, any article likely to bring a profit. In his last journey, Michael had contrived to secure some half-dozen of black fox-skins—a fur deemed so valuable, that the Russian czars have always considered it their own special perquisite; but the risk was supposed to be balanced by the gain. The skins were to be seen, under suitable precautions, in Michael's back-cellar. Simon had been there seven times, and the difference between offer and demand had sensibly diminished; but there were still fifteen roubles which he could not bring himself to give, and for which Michael stood out with the determination of a man who knew the game was in his hands.

Such was the state of things when shops and warehouses were closed, tools laid by, and industry suspended in the Jewish quarter of Wilna; for sunset warned its inhabitants that the solemn fast had begun. It is said that the synagogue was never more fully attended, and the disciples of Rabbi Joseph were in special haste to get safe into their places before the night fell. Simon Ben Tobit had seen his furs and leathers carefully put up; his own trusty hands made fast the three padlocks which secured his warehouse; he had set his house in order, and was about to assume the suit of sackcloth which rich and regular Israelites were accustomed to keep for this and other doleful occasions, when a messenger from Michael Gutzloff knocked at his door. Being in want of money for his winter expedition, the Russian had made up his mind to dispense with ten of the disputed roubles, and invited Simon to come and divide the remaining five. The season was anything but convenient. Michael lived at the other end of the town, and people were expected to visit his cellar without company; but the fox-skins were a bargain, and the Russian might find another bidder; so, taking out his money-bag with a

groan that he could not join the solemn assembly, Simon followed the messenger. The division of the five roubles was not to be done quickly; but Simon saved three, exclusive of the rye-brandy, with which Michael had to be put in good-humour, and returned long after dark—repeating the Ten Commandments, to ward off the perils of the night—with the precious furs bundled tight under his arm. Wilna was in those days, as it is still—all but the great churches—indebted for its light only to the sun, moon, and stars. Simon's homeward way was almost pitch-dark, and there poured upon him that steady and continuous rain which the Poles say always comes with the Jewish fast. Terror, nevertheless, did not take hold of the fur and leather merchant till he reached what was known in that good city as the Black Stream—a sort of canal, or rather open sewer, constructed in ancient times, it was said, by a worthy bishop, to carry off the melting snows of winter and the refuse of all the year down to the river, from which both town and province take their names, and divide the Jewish quarter from the lowest Christian suburb. The latter purpose it might have served effectually; but the Jews and Christians bought and sold, and over the Black Stream there was thrown a wooden bridge, narrow, and furnished with a rude rail only on one side. The bridge had been old in the days of Simon's grandfather. The planks were decayed, the rail had given way in sundry places, but nobody thought of repairing it, any more than of clearing out the stream below, whose existence was now made known to all travellers within a mile of the city. At the Jewish end, there stood a rag-store, now shut up and silent; at the Christian one, a small and very dirty lamp burned before the wooden image of a Polish saint, believed to do great service against the plague. As Simon approached in this direction, there was a large dark object moving behind the saint, and all that had been prophesied and promised rushed on his memory. He tried to run over the bridge, but something caught him behind, and with a swing he was flung on the back of a horned hairy thing, which roared in a voice of thunder: 'Come, come to the bottomless pit!' That roar told Simon the true state of his fortunes. It was not into the hands of the Evil One, but those of his enemy, Peter Linski, that he had fallen. In spite of the ox-hide, put on for the occasion, Simon knew him well; and, relieved from his spiritual terrors, the fur and leather merchant kicked, struggled, and shouted for help, with all his might. It was a rule in Wilna that nobody ventured out for any cry but fire; and Simon's efforts would have availed him little if he had not grasped the rail of the bridge, just as his bearer stumbled on the broken planks, and, kicked by Simon and encumbered by his disguise, Linski tried in vain to recover his footing, and plank and rail giving way under his weight, he fell splashing down into the Black Stream, while the triumphant Jew maintained his hold, and stood safe and at liberty. The flickering lamp shewed Simon his enemy sinking slowly in that thick and noisome flood, and vainly stretching out for help. He might go on his way to the synagogue—nobody could tell—and Peter Linski would never annoy him more. Simon thought so for a minute; but the next, conscience spoke. 'Hold my hand fast, Peter Linski,' he said, clutching the rail, and stretching his right arm towards the young man; 'hold fast, and I will help you, if the God of Israel will give me strength!' Peter first caught his fingers, and then his wrist. Never did the Jew get such a pull; and lucky it was that some of the timbers of that old bridge were strong, in spite of time and weather; for by their help, as well as that of Simon, the wild, active youth scrambled up, drenched, dripping, and without his ox-hide. 'Go home, Peter Linski,' said Simon, with some dignity, 'and tell your father that I will pay him the difference in that bale

of hare-skins. Take my advice, also, and come no more to frighten honest people.'

The congregation thought Simon Ben Tobit singularly late in coming to the synagogue; but when the solemnities were over, there was a feast at his house, after the fashion of wealthy Jews, at which he displayed the black fox-skins, and told Rabbi Joseph how, by a special Providence, they had been secured under his girdle before the adventure with Linski on the broken bridge. 'Wise and worthy Simon,' said the rabbi, after hearing the whole story, including what profits might be expected on the skins, 'it was indeed the Enemy who strove to carry off your soul on the night of our solemn fast, when it seemed so easy to let that troublesome Gentile get his own deserts; but he did not prevail—praise to the God of Jacob. And now I see the meaning of that ancient tale over which we have disputed, for it is in times of devout observance that the Adversary chiefly lies in wait for men, and, it may be, for Israelites.' The explanation of Rabbi Ben Moses never became popular; but as the story went abroad with sundry additions, believers in the ancient dogma rather increased, and Simon's narrow escape from the tribute-taker has been handed down in confirmation of its truth among the Jews in Wilna. It is said, however, that the enmity between the merchant and the Linskis ceased from that day. Peter got work about Simon's store, and of course dealt no longer in pork-soup and ill names. The old man's Easter vow was never repeated; and the controversy being closed the same year by the death of Rabbi Joseph, the fur and leather merchant talked no more on that subject; and the Jews' quarter still rejoices in the old and orthodox belief of the Fast-night's Tribute.

RUSTIC PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL SAYINGS OF ULSTER.

It might be asked—Why should not our provincial antiquaries amuse themselves, as their brethren in Germany have done, by forming, for their respective localities, collections of the local proverbs of each; or, at least, by illustrating the several modifications which the common proverbs of the language undergo in the various districts, from the peculiarities of dialect, of customs, of names, and even of local, personal, or historical allusions?

No one would suppose that, even to the present day, there does not exist any popular collection of Irish proverbs, whether of native growth or of English and Scotch importation.* Yet the native Irish proverbs alone would themselves afford materials for a large volume. The conversation of the Irish-speaking population, in some districts, is almost entirely made up of proverbial sentences; and it is always profusely illustrated with proverbial similes. We knew a school-master, in a very remote locality, whose conversation might be matched, in this particular, against the happiest efforts of Sancho Panza; and we once saw a letter of his composition which would not be out of place beside the wittiest of the French 'Sermons en Proverbes,' recently described by M. Nisard in his curious *History of Popular Books*. We meet with Irish proverbs of every form, in poetry and in prose, diffuse and sententious, humorous and grave, sportive and earnest. Sometimes they are abstract, philosophical, and of general application; sometimes they are founded on local, personal, or historical allusions; sometimes they present a curious combination of all these characters. Their general tone and colour may perhaps best be described by comparing them, both in themselves and

* The only attempt towards the formation of such a collection with which we are acquainted, is in a note of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, ii. p. 397.

in their conversational use, with the Eastern proverbs, which form so large a part of the colloquial intercourse of the Syrians and Egyptians, and which lend such a charm to those inimitable pictures of Oriental life which travellers like Lane or Burckhardt—who can be truly said to have found a home in the East—have given us in their writings.

The metrical proverbs of Ireland, especially, are exceedingly interesting; and the fidelity with which—although of course unwritten, and often of considerable length—their precise words are preserved in districts between which not the slightest intercourse is maintained, is not the least curious circumstance of their history. For many a long age they have maintained their hold upon the people:

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics—
All have sung them.

As witnesses of many a usage now forgotten; as an illustration of the social condition of the country; above all, as displaying in its homeliest and most unstudied mood the intellectual character of the Irish race, it is difficult to overstate their importance; and we know no object more worthy the attention of the Irish antiquarian societies, whether local or general, than the collection and preservation of these embodiments of national wisdom.

A slight but interesting contribution to this important undertaking appears in a late number of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, a highly meritorious antiquarian journal, published quarterly at Belfast, in a style, both as regards its matter and its typographical and pictorial execution, not unworthy of any of our metropolitan presses.* The Ulster proverbs, to which the correspondent of the *Ulster Journal* confines himself, are, of course, among all the local proverbs of Ireland, the least characteristic, in a national point of view, because they are chiefly importations of the English and Scotch settlers, who constitute a large section of the population of that province. But we can hardly bring ourselves to doubt, that even this instalment of the work will be eagerly welcomed, and that it will be followed up by a thorough investigation of the subject of Irish proverbs, properly so called, whether those of the Irish-speaking districts of Ulster, in Donegal, Antrim, Monaghan, and Tyrone, or of the more completely Celtic counties of the southern and western provinces. In the hope of attracting attention to this curious subject, we are induced to offer a few remarks on that portion of it which has already been partially opened in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*.

The rural population of Ulster is known to contain a larger amount of foreign admixture than that of any other part of Ireland outside of the ancient pale. From the time of the English invasion, indeed, there have been settled in a portion of the county of Down a number of English or Anglo-Norman families, who are still known as a distinct class; but the great body of the Ulster settlers date their possession from the well-known plantation of Ulster under James I. and the two subsequent confiscations; the first after the rising of 1641, and the second after the Jacobite struggle of 1690-1. In all these settlements, the larger and far more active element has been the Scotch; but it is very unequally distributed over the province—Armagh, Down, Antrim, Derry, and Fermanagh have received by far the largest proportion of foreign admixture. Donegal, Tyrone, Cavan, and Monaghan are still comparatively Celtic. Even in the settled counties themselves, the distribution of races is by no means uniform. In Down, the northern and north-

eastern baronies are almost as purely Scotch in language, in religion, and in habits, as Ayrshire or the Lothians; while in the more southern districts the Celtic element is almost equally predominant; and in Antrim, where the Scotch and English settlers possess a large numerical majority, there is, nevertheless, an extensive district, locally known as the 'Glens,' stretching along the eastern and north-eastern coast, in which the population is exclusively native and Catholic, and in which, until within the last thirty years, the Irish language continued to be commonly, if not almost universally spoken. The same may be said of some districts of Derry, and, still more, of the yet more Celtic regions of Donegal, Tyrone, and Monaghan. In relation to the present subject, we have not to deal with either of these antagonistic extremes, but with the neutral or mixed race which lies between them, and which combines, as well in language as in manners, some of the leading peculiarities of both.

The language of a great part of the rustic population of Ulster is a curious medley of Scotch and English—the latter language, however, everywhere forming the basis of the mixture. In general, it may be said that the proportion of Scotch decreases as you proceed southwards, and as you recede westwards from the coast; but there are Scotch words and phrases which may be met in all parts of Ulster, even to the most southern point of the county of Monaghan, or the most western border of Cavan or Donegal. It might be curious, if space permitted, to enter somewhat into the characteristics of the local dialect which results from this admixture; but we must be content with saying, that even where the words are English, the inflections, the pronunciation, and the construction, commonly tend towards the Scotch forms. Many, however, of what may appear to be the peculiarities of the people of many parts of this province, are, in truth, common to all primitive and secluded populations—as, for example, the habit of distinguishing individuals by appellatives derived from their occupation, or from some personal peculiarity, rather than by their family names. Thus we commonly meet, or, at least, commonly did meet, some fifteen or twenty years ago, individuals known by no other name than 'Bletherin Dick,' 'Skellyin Pether,' 'Tommy the Tape,' 'Biddy the Bacon,' or 'Paddy the Bottle;' and we knew a district in which four men of the common name Edward were respectively known—and known to the youngest child in the parish—as 'Red Ned,' 'Black Ned,' 'Neddy the Guldhercock' (Turkey cock), and 'Neddy Palaver!'

A very large proportion of the proverbs and proverbial sayings of Ulster, are a mere transcript of the corresponding Scotch or English sentiment; but most of them undergo some change in the process of transference. The conversation of the peasantry abounds in proverbial similes and illustrations; and the repartees with which their wordy wars are garnished, are always felt to be happiest and most telling when they are couched in phraseology which bears the stamp of proverbial wisdom or proverbial humour. A sly, knowing fellow, for instance, is said to 'know the butthered side of his bannock;' a man who deals largely in professions, but whose sincerity is suspected, is often reminded that 'talk's chape;' a rough but honest friend is said to 'be better nor he's likely, like a swinged cat;' while of one who, in doing a service, makes so much noise about it as practically to deprive it of all value in the eyes of the recipient, it is said that 'the egg was not worth all the kecklin.'

Indeed, many metaphorical expressions, founded upon these proverbial analogies, almost form an established element of the rustic vocabulary. A weak or fickle friend is described as 'every man's dog;' a fidgety person is compared to 'a hen on a hot griddle;' and a good trouncing with a shillilagh is disguised as a 'rubbing-down with the oil of hazel.' If a sudden and

* *The Ulster Journal of Archaeology*. Belfast: Archer and Sons.

embarrassing crisis arise, it is said that 'the fat's in the fire.' If a quarrel is foreseen as a probable contingency, it is predicted that 'there'll be wigs on the green.' Most of these are common in Scotland, but sometimes the allusions are grotesquely Irish. We have heard it said of a greedy eater, that he 'took a bite out of the bannock like the heel of a boot-jack.' A barefaced liar is said to 'tell lies as fast as a dog would trot.' If the affirmation be confirmed by an oath, he will be told that 'he'd swear through a dale-board;' and in domestic quarrels, it is not uncommon for one of the combatants to threaten his antagonist that he will 'comb his head with the creepy.'

The proverbs which bear upon domestic concerns display all the characteristic shrewdness for which the people of the North are believed to be remarkable. 'The master's eye puts mate on the horse's ribs,' the Ulster form of the well-known proverb, is nowhere more literally understood or more scrupulously acted upon, and there is an endless variety of similar maxims. What a mine of valuable philosophy in the simple counsel, 'Niver lowse (loose, unyoke) the plough to kill a mouse,' or 'Niver loss (lose) the sheep for the ha'porth of tar.' What a world of bickering and ill-will might be spared if men would only keep before their eyes the good-humoured maxim, 'Inches disn't break squares in a load of whins' (gorse, furze). There is much good feeling, too, as well as good sense, in the reflection conveyed by another of those popular sayings, 'It's niver lost that a friend gets;' and a world of wretchedness and self-torture would be spared if men would but recollect the advice, 'Niver gowl (howl) till you're hit,' and the equally practical maxim, 'A pound of care niver paid an ounce of debt.'

Some of the proverbs collected in the Ulster Journal are unmistakably local. There is a saying of very general use in England, 'A dog's life, hunger and ease;' the Ulster proverb is, 'We have dogs' days, hunger and aise, through the *blue month*'—'the blue month' being the interval between the failure of the old crop of potatoes and the coming on of the new one, commonly the month of July. In like manner, the proverbs—'A whang off a cut loaf's niver missed;' 'Niver powr wather on a drowned rat;' 'A soople mother makes a lazy chile'—though but differing very slightly in form from the same proverbs in their foreign garb, will yet be recognised at once, as of Ulster use, by any person conversant with the local phraseology. There is a very expressive saying, 'Butther to butther's no kitchen,' which would hardly be understood at all elsewhere. The word 'kitchen' means 'condiment' or 'seasoning,' and is used to designate whatever is used (as, for instance, in the homely dietary of the peasantry, bacon, butter, milk, &c.) as a relish for the potatoes, bread, or other ruder and more insipid fare which forms the body of the meal. This homely phrase is transferred to the vocabulary of everyday life; and the proverb is applied when two men or two women, as the case may be, dance together, or in any similar contingency. By a like application of what appears to be a purely local name, a person who is making a rapid fortune is said to be 'making money as if he had a *cam* on the fire;' the '*cam*' being the cresset or melting-pot used for the purpose of melting lead, pitch, or other fusible material, and the whole being a local paraphrase for 'coining.'

The Ulster proverbs do not spare the fair sex. 'Do like the women—say no, and take it,' is a bad compliment to female sincerity. The well-known verse about 'a spaniel, a woman, and a walnut-tree,' although it is clearly an English importation, is also familiar enough in Ulster, to provoke a suspicion that the feeling has been transplanted as well as the rhyme; and the maxim that 'Nixt after single, a good wife's best,' is a very equivocal recognition of the charms of matrimony. It is

curious, too, that the prejudice against mothers-in-law, and the conviction of the hopelessness of maintaining peace in a household where the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law live in common, have left their traces here, as in the proverbial lore of most other countries. The English maxim, 'Happy is the wife who is married to a motherless son,' falls infinitely short in expressiveness of the Ulster rhyme—

Of all the ould women that ever I saw,
Sweet bad-luck to my mother-in-law!

A man who anticipates his income, is said 'to eat the calf in the cow's belly.' Of a niggardly hardfisted churl, it is said that 'it is as hard to draw a shilling out of his pocket, as to drag a cat out of a silk-stocking by the tail.' When a particular result may be relied on as certain to be attained in every possible contingency, the party will be assured that 'if he doesn't get it in male, he'll get it in malt.' Vague and barely possible conjectures are met by the rejoinder, that 'maybe's a big book;' and threats or promises of very distant events, by hints that 'niver's a long word.' Of a youth who devotes an unusually long time to the toilet, it is said that 'an empy (empty) head is long a-combing.' A flighty person is said to 'have a bee in his bonnet.' One who from hurry, pressure of business, or other cause of perplexity, has got into a state of bewilderment, will declare that 'he doesn't know *whether it's a head or a bee-skep* (bee-hive) he has upon his shoulders;' and we recollect a gentleman who, in driving his gig up a very steep hill in a wild district of Antrim, observed to a passing peasant, 'that it was a bad road for gigs,' receiving the ready rejoinder: 'He maun hae *gigs in his head* wad bring a gig here.'

'Discretion is the better part of valour,' in Ulster use appears in the still more expressive form, 'Bether be a coward than a corp' (corpse). Perhaps, indeed, this maxim is rather a union of the classic proverb just cited with the Hudibrastic adage—

He that fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

There is an endless variety of adages and phrases to express the various degrees of folly or stupidity. An eccentric person, where the eccentricity is not excessive, is said, oddly enough, to 'want a square of being round.' The next degree of aberration constitutes a 'quarter-clift;' a silly half-witted fellow is called, as in the kindred Scotch phrase, a 'haverel,' or 'half-natural;' a downright fool is styled a 'natural,' or (ironically) a 'head o' wit;' and sometimes (though in the more southern districts) an 'omadhawn,' or rude, uncivilised boor, is paraphrased as 'a coarse (coarse) Christian;' and, in the last stage of unredeemed ignorance and vulgarity, you may sometimes hear the strange vituperation: 'You're a mouth, and you'll die a lip!' The proverbial sentences on this head are equally various. Sometimes it is foretold that a man 'will never set the Lagan on fire;' of another it is suggested, that 'there's a power of brains outside of his head;' and a third is broadly assured that 'he hasn't as much brains as 'ud carry a snipe across a bog.' The extreme of ignorance is 'not to know B from a bull's foot.' Sometimes your friend will express his pity for your folly or simplicity by praying, 'The Lord send you more wit, and me more money;' sometimes he will turn it aside by the jocular exclamation: 'Bother, says the pinkeen, I hate noise!' The 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' man of the English adage, is characterised in Ulster as one who would 'save at the spigot, and spill at the bung.' Of one who, with good talents and prospects, has thrown himself away in life, it is oddly but expressively said, that 'he was cut out for a gentleman, but the devil ran away with the pattrern.'

It need hardly be said that among the Ulster proverbs we meet many a familiar face with hardly

the smallest variation of feature. 'The airy bird catches the worm,' is the favourite argument for early rising; although we have heard it replied, that whatever it may prove for the bird, the case of the worm, as stated by the adage, is an unhappy illustration of the maxim; for if the worm had not risen so early, he might have escaped his fate. Nor will the reader fail, through their slight local variation, to recognise as old acquaintances the following miscellaneous adages:— 'Them 'at hides can fine.' 'Purty people and ragget people is always gettin' plucks.' 'Them 'at gets the name of airy risin' may lie all day.' 'Let ivery herrin' hing by its own tail.' 'As well hang for an oul' sheep as a young lamb.' 'As we burned the caunle, we'll burn the inch.' 'It's a long loanin (lane) that has no turn.' 'Handsome is that handsome dis.' 'Niver wait to look for the ladle till the broth's in the fire.' 'Hit a dog with a bone and he'll not growl.' 'Ivery day braw makes Sunday a daw.' 'The cobbler's wife and the smith's mare af'en goes barefooted.'

There is a very curious phrase, which, though it can hardly be said to be so popular as to deserve the name of an adage, may yet occasionally be heard. Gerald Griffin, in one of his tales, makes an amusing use of the story on which it is founded. An article in which the cost of accessories far exceeds that of the article itself or its nominal material, is said to be 'like the limestone-broth.' An old-school farmer, whose family is just emerging into gentility, will apply this phrase to the ribbons or other trimmings of his daughter's bonnets, or to the furnishings of his wife's new parlour. The limestone-broth was the device employed by a sly old *boccagh*, or wandering mendicant, to secure a good supper without seeming to ask it. Making his way into a plain but 'likely' cottage, he begged the good-wife to lend him a small pot, and to permit him to cook his supper upon her fire. On her acceding to his request, he produced from his wallet two substantial pieces of freshly-cut limestone, which he laid carefully in the pot, and just covering them with water, placed the pot upon the fire to boil. The good woman could not help asking him what it was that he was going to make, and was informed that it was limestone-broth. When the boiling had proceeded for some time, the beggarman tasted the contents, and pronouncing the broth excellent, begged for a little salt to season it. By and by, he suggested that all it wanted was a spoonful of meal to thicken it. Next came a petition for a slice or two of turnips and leeks, to give it a little substance; and in the end a hint that it wouldn't be the worse of a 'knuckle of bacon,' just to give it 'the laste taste in the world of the flavour of the mate.' The good woman, who watched the proceeding with the utmost interest, cheerfully complied with all those successive requisitions; and when, at last, at the conclusion of the operation, she was invited to try the limestone-broth, she pronounced it 'quite as good as any mate-broth she ever tasted in all her life!' The application of the story will be readily understood.

It would be easy to multiply these specimens of the proverbial wisdom of Ulster; for there is an almost inexhaustible variety of them. Some are indicative of that prudent forecast which is believed to be the great characteristic of the 'canny north.' There are a great many sayings about 'puttin' by for the sore fut,' and 'layin' in for the rainy day,' which, of course, will be recognised as direct importations. We are not so certain of another form of the same sentiment which may sometimes be met, to the effect that 'a lazy man is a beggarman's brother.'

It has been observed, indeed, that the very homeliest of these sayings, those which bear the plainest marks of having been

Framed for village churls,
Not for high dames and mighty earls,

are invariably the most terse and the most felicitous. What words could more happily express the same sentiment, than 'Bethther sup with a cutty than want a spoon;' or, 'They're scarce of news that talks ill of their mother!'

It must be confessed, on the other hand, that the Ulster proverbs are, for the most part, sadly deficient in the poetic character; and in this respect they present a striking contrast with the native proverbial lore still in limited circulation, although rapidly disappearing, among the Irish-speaking race. It would be interesting to pursue this contrast, if space permitted; and, indeed, the whole subject is well deserving of the attention of the learned in Irish popular literature and antiquities. The day is fast approaching when it will be difficult to preserve or recover these, or indeed any other of the characteristics of the social life of the native Irish of the past generation. The manners and occupations of the peasantry are rapidly undergoing a change. The complete annihilation of the linen-trade, once the staple manufacture of Ulster, has in itself effected a complete revolution in the habits of the people, and especially in the constant domestic intercourse which a sedentary occupation such as this necessarily produces. Many an Ulster homestead of 'sixty years since' could furnish a counterpart for Longfellow's exquisite picture in *Evangeline*, where

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet, and blue, and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the *gossiping looms*, whose noisy shuttles, within doors,
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Now the busy factory, with the ceaseless din of its machinery, and the hard rules of its matter-of-fact system, has taken the place of the cheerful family work-room, with its merry gossip and homely collisions of jest and repartee; and the change which the consequent modification of habits and manners has brought with it, is almost as great as though now, in the very same regions,

Dwelt another race, with other customs and language.

In a few years more, the lore, over which it is still so pleasant to linger, will live only in the echoes of the past.

VILLAGE-LIFE IN FRANCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Do you remember Les Ormeaux, and our *bonne*, Argentine?* We have little more to say about our country-quarters, so far as the house is concerned; but we have now become acquainted with the neighbouring village and its manners, and have made quite a friendship with Argentine. Occasional *brises* with the officials of the place, even sometimes with our *propriétaires* themselves, vary our existence. These, it must be confessed, are generally procured for us by Argentine, one of those excellent but dangerous dependents, who, serving us with great zeal themselves, take care that no one else shall do so; but on one occasion Madame la Propriétaire was solely in fault. The affair was caused by her sending some people, without any warning, to take away the piano from our drawing-room—a commission which the good-natured gardener and workmen executed very unwillingly. The postman was so interested, that he stopped

* Lest the reader's memory should be more defective than the author supposes, we may say that in No. 86 he will find the history of a *Day in a French Country-house*, with a vivacious sketch of manners, and a characteristic outline—filled up in the present paper—of a French *bonne* of the best kind.—ED.

twice as he passed the window to look in, and repeat: 'Quelle méchanceté!' I remonstrated a little—not very wisely, as she was perfectly *dans son droit*; but, behold, the tigress started up in a moment; the French claws were out like lightning; the eyes flashed fire, and the voice was raised to a perfect peacock's scream of angry self-justification. Seeing her in this state, I said little or nothing, and turned quietly away, she bawling after me: 'Personne ne m'apprendra les usages!' All this was uttered on the stairs, and audible through the whole house; so unmanaged was the lady's enthusiasm. Soon after, we heard her fuming away about it to her husband, her wrath being now turned on Argentine, who had expressed *her* opinion most decidedly of all, and who now heard her say: 'Attends un peu, pendant que j'arrange Argentine dans la cuisine.' The latter, like a true French gamecock, was not a bit dismayed by the prospect, but prepared herself, with great glee and spirit, for an equal combat. Taking my sister aside, she rehearsed to her what she meant to say, with the most animated gestures, and a perfect theatrical effect, waving her arms, and throwing worlds of emphasis into her voice. The whole was in a style of polite and cutting irony, and wound up with a sharp hit at the doubtful style of some of the lady's guests, in the words: 'Une maison si peu respectable.' However, the grand fight did not come off; for madame had thought better of it, and in a few hours came to our window, the smiling, courteous little Frenchwoman once more, to explain and apologise for what she called her *vivacité Française*.

Sometimes Argentine has a quarrel with the gardener, whose temper is not belied by his two wild fierce eyes; and then these two French spitfires shoot out their abuse like a discharge of artillery, their words racing after each other as fast as they can go. Argentine, like a true Parisian—though she is Picard-born—has a great contempt for country manners and intelligence, especially for the specimens here; she complains of their way of talking, which is certainly rugged and unintelligible, and says: 'On a ici la gorge très-forte.' Apropos of a very neat green checked dress of hers that we were admiring, she told us that when she went to a village near, the people passing by laughed at her, and told her it was a gown to go to the Carnival in. This, we supposed, was rather a compliment; but she assured us that it was in allusion to the rags and tatters that at that time are carried about for sale, and that any such allusion was always meant for insolence. She said she had made no answer, for they would not have understood her, 'tant ces gens du pays sont bêtes.' She *could* have said: 'C'est trop bonne, monsieur, pour aller au Carnaval avec vous—but of what use would that be? They would only have rejoined with some new insolence.'

One beautiful summer morning I rambled out early, as was my custom, to make the most of the few precious hours of the whole day. These delicious summer mornings, when the known, familiar landscape is changed into a fresh-created paradise, bathed in its first dew, with its ethereal elements not yet quite resolved from a rich confusion of mist, lights, shadows, and pearly liquidness, into clear and separate form! I went down through the orchard and the prairie, out by a link-gate that never shuts, half hid in thick hedges, into the corner of a small green lane leading out into three roads to different villages. I passed along, enjoying on one side the valley, with all its meadows, fresh mown; on the other, the hill, with all its soft slopes of prairies and wood, at the top of which stands our country-house, invisible among the trees, but with the little billiard-house half-way down, and the deserted *manège* at the bottom, shewing their peaked roofs and white stone-walls through the foliage; while to the right, here and there, a ruinous stone-cottage or two in its orchards marks the tiny village of

Les Ormeaux. I took my way onward to a favourite knoll, on whose grassy top all was dewy sunshine and emerald shade, and under whose knot of tall birch-trees I gazed down on the whole valley. It slept below, pillowed on woods, with wreaths of bright vague mist softly hanging over it, the aqueduct at one end shining boldly out; in the middle, rich meadows poplar-bounded, the big village looking only like a few houses grouped into the centre of the valley, and a delicate dream of blue distance between woods and rocks closing up the prospect. In the flood of pale translucent turquoise above, the little snowy spot of moon still hangs, and there is still a soft stir in the air, like the pulse of morning-life. But sounds are beginning to wake up around, like the tinkling of small bells ringing the world back to life and business—the whispering, laughing, screaming, rattling, or bubbling notes of the birds; the creaking of cart-wheels; the whetting of scythes; the voices here and there of the haymakers, or of the women and children watching the cows, secured, as usual, by a string. These animals belong to different owners, and are generally stall-fed, though allowed, for a few hours in the day, to graze in the fields of some richer propriétaire. I talk to their keepers, and hear the praises of their *belles vaches*, and admire the gay groups that run about pursuing the more self-willed animals over the dewy, sunny prairie; while others sit in the shade eating their breakfast. Rosalie, a poor *folle*, kindly treated by all, who fancies she too is guarding cows, is always to be found here, with wild look and grotesque attire. As a proof of her *folie*, she wears a bonnet, actually the only one in the village—a strange sunburnt, shapeless thing it is. Now she stands and calls to me, triumphantly waving a thick leafy sapling-stem like a sceptre. The blue butterflies skim over the harebells, that look like their sisters, all drenched in dew. But the sun grows high and hot, and I return home up the hill, through a hayfield, and by a narrow romantic red stony path, hidden under the great branching arms of a family of noble *marronniers* (Spanish chestnuts). An old woman is leading, through clustering honeysuckle bushes, her white goat, and a beautiful sunny kid, that leaps over the young shrubs and butts at its mother.

As I approached the hamlet, I remembered that I wanted some poppies to complete a bouquet of wild-flowers I was painting; and seeing some in a corn-field just above the road, I entered it, and made two steps into the wheat to collect my spoil. Suddenly a voice called: 'Mademoiselle!' and there started, as it seemed, up from the ground, a white-bearded stooping old peasant, who told me that I must not walk in the corn—that it did a great deal of harm—that the propriétaire would be very angry, &c. I made all sorts of apologies, pointed out that I had done no damage, and went my way. In our own grounds, I found the workmen conversing in some excitement about something or other; and soon learned that the subject of discourse was that the garde-champêtre had caught mademoiselle in the corn, and was about to make a *procès verbal* about it, and fine her two francs. We consulted M. l'Esperance, and found that it was so; and that, instead of being, as we at first supposed, a mere attempt at extortion, the whole proceeding was perfectly justifiable by law. The garde-champêtre is a sort of public officer—as much so, he said, as a gendarme—paid by the community to guard all their fields; that a single step off the path is a trespass which the garde is bound to report; and that it is at the propriétaire's choice to exact what sum he thinks necessary, or to *faire dresser un procès verbal*—that is, lodge a complaint at the Cour de la Justice, and make a *somation* of the offender to stand his trial. Though a suit, however, might have been very amusing, as it was not quite worth the trouble and expense, I

consented to pay the *amende*; and in due time the garde-champêtre appeared with a dirty bit of paper, on which M. Bedard, the churlish propriétaire, had made an ill-spelt statement that I owed him fifty sous for trespass.

No doubt the excessive rigour with which property is guarded in France has its justification. The land is unenclosed, and the majority of proprietors are poor, depending wholly on those few acres for their subsistence; so that injury is very easily done, and would be very severely felt. The same penalties await the walking in a hayfield before it is mown: if, after it is mown, the owner means to get *une seconde coupe de foin* off it, he sticks up a bundle of straw and a piece of wood in one corner. If this warning is unseen or disregarded, the inevitable garde-champêtre and the fine, or the *procès verbal*, follow.

A visit to the village introduced us to the abode of a peasant-proprietor, quite a great man in his way. The house is a picturesque old stone-cottage, solidly built. The entrance and exterior would be considered shabby in England, though the proprietors are rich, and have taken pains to make themselves comfortable; but good building, at least good finishing-off and external neatness, are things scarcely known in French country-life. We entered by a low dark door, through a passage darker still, then through a low large empty room, where cider is made, and emerged into a good-sized garden at the back, with fruits, vegetables, and some nice flowers, and a beautiful view over the valley. Madame told us with pride that it was kept up entirely by her son, who, as he worked with his father on M. l'Esperance's grounds, had only an hour or two in the early morning or the late evening to devote to it. The young man himself presently appeared, and blushed his modest pleasure at our praise of his labours, though only venturing now and then to join with a word or two in our conversation. He is about twenty years old, tall and slight, and has a charming face, with something of the sweetness and modesty of a girl's expression, a feminine gentleness of manner, and withal so good, true, and simple look, that one cannot imagine anything but innocence in the soul within. I have not unfrequently met this type among the peasant-boys here—a delicate, almost Raffaellesque beauty of features, with a sweet, good expression.

The good woman then shewed us all over her premises: her husband bought the place sixteen years ago, and they made it, garden and all, completely themselves. When I asked her if she was fond of it, she said there was to her no such a place in the world. They have, besides, six *arpents de terre*, consisting of a meadow whence they get hay, and which is full of fine old apple-trees, used for cider. This they sell in large quantities, and make a great profit by it: it is the only article of their produce they sell. We were shewn into the drawing-room and the best bedroom, which, to our surprise, were furnished as in the houses of the gentry; especially the latter, which was evidently used as a sitting-room, with its damask moreen curtains and gilt mirror, timepiece and candlesticks. She insisted on our tasting her cider, which was very good.

After this, we went into the yard, inspecting the nice clean *greniers*, fragrant with hay, and full of the great wooden vessels, pails, and barrels, used for cider-making and other purposes. Then we went to the cow-house, and admired a very beautiful creature, cream-coloured, something like an Alderney, but large and vigorous. It was stall-fed, as is the custom here, being turned out only for an hour or two in the day. All these concerns—garden, cider-press, cow, and farmyard—are managed by the son, who winds up his day with the accounts. We parted with many mutual politenesses, and with much pleasure at this glimpse of a character unknown in England—the peasant-

proprietor, completely a peasant, yet wealthy, possessed of all the comforts consistent with his social position, and not aspiring to more. The good-woman herself was dressed like the humblest paysanne: the handkerchief-coiffure, the loose body quite untrimmed, the short bedgown-petticoat, blue stockings, and coarse shoes—all of the plainest cut and texture, and all, though not unbecoming to youth bloom and a light figure, seemingly made to shew off the advances of age.

We returned through the one rude village-street of which Les Ormeaux consists, ending in a little *place*, with the *mairie* on one side, the church on the other, and a large stone reservoir at the end. It is highly picturesque, as the cottages are mostly crumbling and tumbling at every corner. Though low, they have a good deal of extent in the way of odd ins and outs, wings, gables, penthouses, yards, and outhouses—all in solid but ruinous stone, with sloping thatched roofs above, and crumbling stone-steps outside. They are almost all built from the ruins of the hunting-châteaux which the noblesse in olden days used to occupy here. There are in the neighbourhood, amongst the woods, various farmhouses called *bouillis*, and enclosed by a wall. These, in the time of Louis XIV., were all royal property, and occupied by the *enfants de la cour*, who were sent down there to be brought up *en retraite*, and fed, as was customary, on *bouillis*; hence the name.

And here I may remark that a change is gradually coming over Argentine. In spite of her Paris scorn for the paysans, there is one *blouse* whom I had early noticed as more frequently than the others passing the drawing-room on his way to the kitchen on errands that seem to me somewhat frivolous, who stays longer, and at parting repeats more often and in softer tones the 'Bon jour, mademoiselle;' a blouse whom, in short, as my sister expresses it, she has found too blue for her peace. The symptoms are, that she now wears constantly her best blue dress, and that lace-cap, with its coquette ribbons, for which she paid six francs; and sometimes, like us, she has a tea-rose in her *ceinture*, when, her day's work done, she wanders about the garden with the white kitten in her arms; also, that I meet her on the stairs, too deeply preoccupied to see me, moving without her usual careless buoyant activity; and when I rally her on her *air sérieux*, that she can only repeat hurriedly: 'Non, mademoiselle, je pensais.' I connect all this with the secret excitement, veiled in laughter, with which she told me of 'deux messieurs dans le village' who had engaged her to dance for the fête—soon to take place—a month beforehand. The individual whom I suspect, is the handsome, good-humoured Hippolyte Charron, the peasant-proprietor's son; at any rate, he is always the person meant when she speaks casually of 'un jeune monsieur,' and who is certainly a legitimate object of attraction. It is proudly told of him that, at the conscription three years ago, he was drawn, and bought off at the unusually high sum of 1300 francs, on account of his superior physical qualifications for the army: this demonstrates, too, his value to his family.

All the world is now preparing for the fête of St Eustache—the patron saint of our little church—which is the most important in the year, except the Fête Dieu, which took place in June. It is expected to draw many strangers here. There will be a *grande masse* in the morning, with a ball in the evening; our propriétaires have invited a number of people for that week; and the dignity of the church-proceedings will be enhanced by the presence of the Archbishop of Chalcedoine—in what *partibus infidelium* situated, my geography-books do not inform me, but I conclude Asia Minor—who is come to stay with M. le Curé.

The said curé called one afternoon, his object being to borrow a crimson cushion for the use in church of monseigneur the archbishop. This prelate is a Smyrniote by birth, and has a negro-servant, whom

he bought in the slave-market at Smyrna for sixty francs, and whose face is marked with three scars, inflicted by his mother at his birth, which, it seems, is the fashion with the boys of the tribe to which he belonged. The curé is a meek little man, whose relations are among the peasantry of the village, and whose niece makes our dresses. We see his small straight black figure from time to time gliding along our garden-walks, through the trees, and sometimes into the house, with the peculiar stealthy quietness of his class. The gliding black-robed form looks strange to us Protestants; but I perfectly acquit this peaceable little priest of any designs towards our conversion or destruction.

The Sunday before the fête, we had a business-visit from M. le Bedeau (beadle), M. le Maire, and M. le Tailleur, the last being the curé's brother. Their object was to collect subscriptions for a new black coat for the beadle—not before it is wanted, as I can testify. He came humbly in a blouse, and therefore did not present the petition himself.

But my chief anxiety at present is about the toilet of our Argentine for the evening-dance, which is a grand event in her quiet, contented, hard-working life. I must be excused for bringing her in a good deal; she is our chief link of communication with the village-world, and I confess, besides, to a great affection for her. My suspicions with regard to the handsome young mason have quickened my interest on this occasion.

Well, we found, on questioning her, that she had nothing but an old faded pink cotton-gown, and was too economical to buy another. So we have done our best to make her *belle*, by buying a very pretty gay blue print, that looks like muslin, and gives her great satisfaction; and the curé's niece is set to work at once to make it up. Likewise, I gave her a commission to the large town of Versailles, to get herself some small items to complete her toilet; she is so modest, grateful, and easily satisfied, that it is a pleasure to help her.

The great day of the fête began, unfortunately, with pouring rain—greatly, I fear, to the detriment of the château arrangements. These, however, have gone on with great bustle and energy all the day; servants, gardeners, workmen, pass our windows every moment, carrying down the materials for a grand dinner to the billiard-house on the second terrace, where, fortunately for us, the revels are to be held. First, our great dining-table is borrowed; then the unjustly seized piano is hauled down, through the soaking rain, and a confusion of French tongues raised to their highest pitch. From time to time, carriages drive in, and discharge ladies in gay dresses, prepared for a holiday in the country. M. and Madame l'Esperance, *en grande tenue*, equal to the occasion, and apparently in high spirits, pass to and fro, and civilly ask us to join their party at tea, which we as civilly decline, having a better fête in view—that of the peasants in the place. Meanwhile, the garden is over-streamed with these new guests; they are generally French—all of a piece: they smoke, bawl, scream, and are very much at home.

The village, too, is getting on with its preparations; this morning was the *grande masse*, which our poor little church did its best to render imposing. It was performed by the archbishop, in his cope of purple watered-silk, with his face darkened by southern suns, his gleaming good-humoured eyes, his portly figure, and a fine diamond-ring. There was the *bedeau* in his new splendour, to which *we* had contributed our mite; plenty of flowers, chiefly from M. l'Esperance's garden; fine company; and as many tapers and as much music as they could contrive.

At two o'clock, comes the ceremony of carrying round the *gâteau*, made of *pain bénit* (blessed bread). A separate one is carried to each house, and, as it is

paid for, I suppose it is merely a way of getting a contribution for the church. The Protestant family in the village of whom I have spoken, and who are very kind and liberal in all their proceedings, gave last year twenty francs. The cake was brought to us by the master-mason's son, in full dress, and blushing a great deal. The office of carrying the cake is eagerly sought for by the young men, who contrive to make much amusement out of it. I am afraid they failed with us; as, not quite understanding the matter, we behaved awkwardly, putting our offerings into his hand at once, instead of entering into some friendly small-talk, which Argentine, who stood by, was evidently anxious for. The cake, in consideration, I suppose, of our religious scruples, was not blessed, as is usual, before bringing it to us.

At half-past eight in the evening, Argentine went to her fête, accompanied, at her request, by us. We could not persuade her to go earlier, as she was determined to finish all her work for us, and get our tea ready first. She wore her gay blue print, in all its first gloss and freshness, with short hanging sleeves and lace manchettes; a nice steel brooch, yellow silk gloves, a handkerchief, which I perfumed for her with Eau de Cologne; neat gray brodequins; and her dark hair beautifully done, with its plaited coils behind, and its smooth bands in front. We looked her all over, and agreed that the right effect had been produced: she looked fresh and well-dressed, without being fine; and her happy, lively, but modest looks were in keeping; her personal attractions, besides, are youth, health, a fresh complexion, and animated eyes.

So we set out for the place where the tent had been put up. The ground was laid with planks; benches were set all round; lamps hung from the ceiling; and some thirty people collected and dancing quadrilles—the only dance practised by French country-people—to very lively airs from a double-bass, cornet-a-piston, and violin.

The dancing, I must confess, was more lively than elegant, the usual step being a *galop*, with various attitudes and additions not recognised in a *salon*, and sometimes breaking into a decided romp. The women were generally neat, though not pretty; some in flounced clear muslin, with sashes; most in light-coloured *indienne* or *percaline*. They were generally very quiet; a few, who made themselves remarkable, came, I was told, from Paris or Versailles. The men danced with their hats on, in good time, executing the steps very carefully, and with great energy, but with an entire absence of lightness and grace. They rushed, stamped, kicked, and figured about, till the effect was perfectly grotesque.

At last, to my pleasure, the long quadrille was ended; there was a rest, and then another began to form; and at length the tall young Hippolyte approaches: he takes off his hat, makes a low bow, and murmurs a few words with all the respectful *empressement* of French gallantry. He offers his arm; Argentine is too shy or too pleased to say anything; but she blushes and smiles, and is led off, looking most modestly happy. And now I am at leisure to notice the rest, and to chat over balls in general, and this in particular, with our Protestant friends, who have just come in, and whom I shall call the Gerards. Among the spectators was the archbishop's negro-servant, whom the old women of the village facetiously call 'M. le Blanc'; he stood up tall, conspicuously black, and even more conspicuously ugly. He was very much at his ease, talking and playing fine gentleman. They offered to introduce him to a damsel in want of a partner; but he answered magnificently: 'Soyez tranquille; je ne veux pas danser;' and continued his talk. Then there was a *demi-monsieur*, as my young friend Mademoiselle Lucile pronounced him, with much disapprobation, moustached and bearded,

with a gold chain, full of airs, and dancing very disagreeably—probably a Paris bagman. I wanted to see how Argentine performed, and I soon recognised her, looking all modest, natural reserve, dancing quietly and well, and no way conspicuous, except for good-behaviour. I was amused, in the intervals of the dance, to see the young men whispering and flirting, and admiring their partners' bouquets, just as they do in salons.

Mademoiselle Lucile has the true French passion for dancing. She was never regularly taught till last winter, though her sister and she had learned the polka-step merely from seeing it once danced by bears on the stage. I complimented her on the distinguished grace she must have acquired from her *professeur*, M. l'Ours. She has not yet been to any balls; and, indeed, at seventeen there is time before her.

We went away when the room grew hot and the dancing furious. Argentine returned at two o'clock, after an evening of much success, having danced four times with le jeune maçon, besides having promised two more for the next evening, which was to close the fête. She highly disapproved of the manners of the town-importations; and said she never went to public balls at Paris because of those *mauvaises habitudes*, which there could not be escaped from.

ART OF DYEING.

The art of dyeing has been successfully practised in the East Indies, Persia, Egypt, and Syria, from time immemorial. In the Pentateuch, frequent mention is made of linen cloths dyed blue, purple, and scarlet, and of rams' skins dyed red; and the works of the tabernacle, and the vestments of the high-priest, were commanded to be of purple. The Tyrians were, probably, the only people of antiquity who made dyeing their chief occupation and the staple of their commerce. The opulence of Tyre seems to have proceeded, in a great measure, from the sale of its rich and durable purple. So highly prized was this colour, that in the time of Augustus a pound of wool dyed with it cost, at Rome, a sum nearly equal to L.30 sterling. . . . In ancient Greece, it does not appear that the art of dyeing was much cultivated. In Rome, it received more attention; but very little is now known of the processes followed by the Romans, such arts being held by them in low estimation. The principal ingredients used by these people were the following:—Of vegetable matters—alkanet, archil, broom, madder, nutgalls, woad, and the seeds of the pomegranate and of an Egyptian acacia; and of mineral productions—sulphate of iron, sulphate of copper, and a native alum mixed with the former. The progress of dyeing, as of all other arts, was completely stopped in Europe, for a considerable time, by the invasion of the northern barbarians in the fifth century. In the East, the art still continued to flourish, but it did not revive in Europe until towards the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. One of the places chiefly celebrated for this art was Florence, where, it is said, there were no less than 200 establishments at work in the early part of the fourteenth century. A Florentine dyer, having ascertained in the Levant a method of extracting a colouring principle from the lichens which furnish archil, introduced this on his return, and acquired by its sale an immense fortune. . . . The ancients seem to have attained considerable proficiency in the art of topical dyeing, or of producing coloured patterns on cloths. Homer notices the linen cloths of Sidon as magnificent productions. In India, the art of imparting a tinged pattern to cotton fabric has been practised with great success from a very remote epoch, and it derives its name of calico-printing from Calicut, a town in the province of Malabar, where it was formerly practised on an extensive scale. According to Herodotus, the inhabitants of Caucasus adorned their garments with representations of various animals by means of an aqueous infusion of the leaves of a tree; and the hues thus obtained were said to be so persistent as to be incapable of being removed by washing.—*Muspratt's Chemistry.*

THE DEPARTING VESSEL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A BARK was gliding through our bay, with banners on the breeze,
And music from the crowded deck rang o'er the rippling seas;
There was no cloud in all the sky, no mist upon the shore,
And yet a moisture filled my eyes—a voice cried: 'Nevermore!'
A voice cried: 'Nevermore, perhaps, shall some on board that ship,
Who leave a land of love in search of wealth far o'er the deep,
Return to dear and kindred hearts, that now are sore and sad,
Though all unselfishly they shew a visage calm or glad.'
Youth leaves us with a laughing lip, for hope is at its core,
And shews successful enterprise upon a glittering shore;
But age upon the voyager looks sadly, for it sees
The grave, that barreth meeting here beneath ancestral trees!
O Mother! take thy last fond look—thy poverty to-day
Shall have one mouth the less to feed, since *he* hath gone away!
O Mother! cherish yet a hope that Time for thee and him
May bring a welcoming embrace, though now thine eyes are dim!

O Son! the mother's tears that bathe thy cheeks are holy, they
Should purify thy heart from ill—then keep them wet for aye
Within thy memory, there to speak of her whose earnest prayers
May watch and hover o'er thy path 'midst manifold despairs!
The music from that gallant bark, as slowly it recedes
Grows fainter at each onward sweep across the briny meads;
I cannot now discern the tune, whose gay and sparkling tones
Seem strangely mixed with sea-birds' cries and rising ocean's moans.

And as the distant sounds in bursts of song fall on my ear,
Before my wakeful fancy vivid memories appear;
The dying echoes rouse a troop of phantoms at each strain,
And swarms of thoughts, like bees from hives, float upwards from my brain!
I see the shapes of forms beloved flit past me, though I know
That they no longer move in life through life's long walks of wo;
I hear the voices of dear friends, who never more to me
Can speak those accents that gave life a pleasure sweet to see!

The music's last faint cadence, as it comes upon the wind,
Like a dying bird that leaves the sea its grave ashore to find,
Fills all my thoughts with sadness deep, which makes me seem to be
Left lonely and unloved by all who sought or cherished me!
Thus age and sickness summon up dark images, that lend
A morbid colouring to scenes where brightest beauties blend;
No marvel that the solitary wanderer here below
Hears many a dirge that none else hears, sees many a secret wo!
Hopes, wishes, aims, belong to youth—with youth and health they flee,
As fleeteth with yon fleeting ship the music o'er the sea;
In youth we wish and hope—but ah! when age doth o'er us fall,
And care attends our stumbling steps, *we fear to wish at all!*

TORQUAY.

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FAMILY INSTITUTIONS.

CHALMERS, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, makes some very interesting remarks on the division of human beings into nations, provinces, townships, parishes, families, and households. By this arrangement, God has so provided as that none, the poorest, the weakest of his intelligent creatures, shall be born into the world without his own legitimate guardians and protectors, who are especially bound to his preservation and support. Each new-born infant is as much a citizen of some country, a member of some family, as is the wisest and most mature man; and although, from the waywardness and folly of man, these ties are not always found to be binding, and men break loose from natural duties, and children from family ties, yet are they ever the best and happiest who, restrained by conscience and duty, and influenced by a holy and noble love of their country and their homes, diligently cultivate those bonds of social and family union which bind man to man, child to parent, and brother to sister.

There are few things which tend more to establish and to increase family union and affection, than the petty but endeared habits which we find prevailing in some households; in which each member of the family is periodically engaged unitedly with all the other members in some observance or amusement which we are fain to class under the head of 'Family Institutions.' Of all these observances, those which belong to birthdays are, perhaps, at once the most numerous, the most varied, and, on the whole, the most interesting. Every family in which birthdays are noticed at all, has a little code of observances peculiar to itself, and in many cases varying according to the character of the individual whose day it is, or to the season of the year in which it happens; but in all, including some special marks of rejoicing that do not belong to any other period. What a pleasant excitement we have seen prevailing in a certain family for days, or even weeks, before one of the most distinguished birthdays of the year approaches, especially mamma's! The elder girls are all grouped in mysterious little knots, in some out-of-the-way corner of the grounds, or in the school-room, or some other safe place, with heaps of silk, and ribbons, and gold paper around them, as busy as a hive of bees. Then there is a party of small creatures in the nursery, seated at their low table, in their little arm-chairs, with nurse, and the pretty eldest sister, who acts governess, and is everybody's friend, leaning over and guiding first one little pair of hands and then another through the difficulties of her work. Each of the elder minikins is being inducted into the

art of pincushion-making. Lina, the elder of the two, has, it is true, made one before, for she is nearly six years old, and made one for mamma's last birthday; but there were long stitches in it, and Lina is resolved that *this* shall be 'a beauty.' But Rose is making her first effort; and, though the pincushions are of the simplest construction, little Rosalie finds it very difficult, and gets very hot and fussy about it. Then there is Godfrey, a fine bold boy of three, who *will* do something; so he is plaiting a book-marker for mamma.

'Hush! she's coming,' says Lina, and pop goes the work under the table; but the little faces, unused to deceit, betray to mamma that something is going on. However, she is too wise to ask what; Lily is there, and in the secret, and that is quite sufficient guarantee that all is right; besides, she has not forgotten that the 28th draws near; so she soon goes, and the scraps of kid and ribbon, and the rounds of flannel for stuffing reappear, and the work goes on prosperously under the eye of the patient Lily. And so, in due time the pincushions and book-string—of which mamma has already a whole drawerful—were finished, and wrapped in dainty bits of white paper, with loving inscriptions for 'dear, dear mamma, from her little Lina,' or 'her little Rosie, with best, best love;' and very restless were the little makers, until the next morning brought forth their work again to the light of day. Then the elder branches of the family had each their present ready, duly 'signed and sealed,' and only waiting to be 'delivered;' and at break of day, or near it, every individual of the household was astir, gathering and dressing flowers for the breakfast-table, and forming each her separate little nosegay for mamma. Annie had one beautiful late moss-rosebud on her own tree, that had been good enough to bloom just in time; and Lily had her sprig of verbena from her own treasured plant; and papa had gathered his latest hoarded cherries, and his earliest bunches of black and white Muscat grapes, and arranged them with the tinted red and purple leaves of their own vines, so that a painter might covet them as his subject. And at last the clock struck eight, and the room being all in perfect order, mamma's step was heard on the stair, and then what loving caresses were bestowed and returned, and oh! the tender kisses and blessings each young one received as his or her little offering was opened and admired; and 'baby's *boot-marter*'—which he would thrust into her hand with 'Isn't it *bootle*, mamma?'—long before his turn came, was placed between the leaves of the Bible which lay open before papa. Then all were seated, whilst

He wales a portion with judicious care;
and the blessing of God was asked, and glad thanks

offered to Him for all His good and gracious gifts. Oh! who in that family does not remember 'mamma's birthday?' Who is there, that has been used to such household observances, who does not bear them in affectionate remembrance, even though far separated from all the loved ones, perhaps a dweller amidst the wild forests of America, or in the deep jungles of the 'Eastern Ind?' On sea and on land, in cities and on mountains wild, those who have kept such days will bear them in their hearts; and, doubtless, oftentimes the remembrance of *her* whose love was ever around her children, thus aroused, may have proved a talisman to warn them from sin or to soothe them in sorrow.

But it was not only mamma's birthday that was a day of note: sweet Lily's, which came early in March, had its own peculiar observance. The first violet was always *sought*, and in general *found*, to honour that day. Whether in wet or dry, in the hot days that now and then surprise us in March, or amidst those fierce and biting winds which are the characteristics of that month, the whole family was on the alert, on the 3d of March, seeking—through mud and mire, it may be—in hedge-row and copse, that indispensable flower. No matter if the blustering wind *does* make the great branches of the trees saw and creak beneath its influence; there are the girls and boys, reckless of its threatening voice, hunting amongst the herbage for that gem of flowers; and at last, in some more sunny nook than ordinary, the sweet odour on the air tells the eager children that their prey is near; and lurking amidst the sweet green moss, and half covered by the dried leaves of last autumn, there they find its purple or white blossoms, pure and fragrant. And with triumphant shouts the treasures are secured; and there they stand by Lily's plate next morning, delicately grouped in a little extempore basket of ivy and moss, edged round with the glowing scarlet cups of the spring fungus, which have vegetated into their gorgeous beauty from no better parentage than that of a dead twig, which has lain rotting half under the mould all the winter. Such birthday observances, or, indeed, any observances which keep note of special days, act as good notes of the variations in the seasons. There have been years when no bud, or indication of one, was to be found on any violet root far or near, though sought most carefully for that festival; and there have been other years when, on the same day, it certainly was impossible to find the *first* violet, inasmuch as handfuls had been brought in by the school-children and others for a month before it arrived, and the season was nearly over.

Another observance in the same family was also capable of affording a good index of the seasons. It had been their habit for generations, that each individual should choose his or her own favourite pudding or tart for the dinner of that day, and preside over its distribution. One always had a plum-pudding; another, an apple-pie; whilst one, from infancy to old age, had regularly that kind which good Mrs Caudle so emphatically describes 'dear mother' as excelling in, making—'a dog in blanket;' otherwise called 'a raspberry roll-up.' Whoever went without, a jar of raspberry-jam was always kept till April for 'papa's pudding;' and this habit was carried out, not only in the paternal home, but in the houses of the children who had married and settled—some in India, and some in England, and who always had the favoured pudding on the prescribed day. The great grandmother of the family, who lived to the age of eighty-nine, was wont to tell that she had never failed of having *her* pudding, which was a green-gooseberry, on the 22d of June, save on two years, during her long life. On one of these occasions, the gooseberry-bushes were but just in flower; on the other, the fruit was all ripe and gone; and this in the

same spot of earth, for she was born, lived, and died in the same little village.

One more birthday observance, and we have done with that branch of our subject. A precious one had left her parents' home, and married one who bore her to an Indian home. Thus did the mother's muse breathe of her child:

I dreamt I saw her leaning on my knees,
Her dark locks clustering o'er her arched brow,
And midst them one white flower was simply wreathed,
Whilst the bright eye, affectionately sweet,
Met mine in tender gaze!
Those locks I parted with a gentle touch,
And kissed that brow, so fair and so benign,
Where I so oft have tender kisses prest!
But soon the vision fled!
How oft, amid the silence of the night,
Float those clear eyes before me! indistinct
At first, and dimly seen; but brightening soon,
Like stars emerging from a shadowy cloud,
They come, with looks of love, and tremulous tears,
As last I saw them in the parting hour!

The very day after that on which this mourned one landed on the far-off shore, she gave birth to a little son, the first grandchild. And now a new Family Institution was established in the English home, in honour of the stranger-babe. On the first anniversary of his birth, grandmamma, who has no little one left, became one herself, and bidding her grown-up children be the same, she held an infant's festival. All the little pets of every family near, from four to nine or ten years old, were bidden to celebrate Willie's birthday. Games of all kinds were provided, shuttle-cock, Les Grâces, balls, dolls, &c.; and at four o'clock, from twenty to thirty daintily dressed little boys and girls, in their pretty vests and trousers, or white frocks and coral necklaces, were assembled in grandmamma's garden; which, though it was but a town-garden, between four walls, boasted a fine row of old codlin-trees, and a terrace-walk, with slopes at each end, flanked by little stone-coped walls, on which the darling little ones delighted to sit; and it had a green-house and a tool-house, and numerous outhouses besides, famous for safe hiding-corners; and fun and frolic enough there was, when the sun was lower in the sky. At present, they all cluster round grandmamma, and listen whilst she tells them stories of little Indian Willie and his pretty carriage, drawn by two white goats; and of the alma in her rose-coloured satin petticoat and white saumee, who walks on one side; whilst the native boy in blue and green, and scarlet and gold clothing, with a turban on his head, and ear-rings in his ears, leads the pretty goats; and with her own sweet smile, which ever drew all hearts towards her, she tells them all to love little Willie, whose birthday it is, and that she hopes some day he will come home, and be there to play with them all. Then, when all the party are assembled, the little ones are led into the quiet cool old wainscotted parlour, where tea is laid out, with plain buns and bread and butter; and by the time it is over, it is cool enough for them to sally forth anew into the garden, where the gay little creatures—their first shyness worn off, and their curls a little ruffled by play—begin to scamper about, and scatter themselves amongst the flower-beds, themselves the fairest flowers there; and fine games of 'Hide-and-seek' and 'Blindman's Buff' they have amongst those odd corners, till, fearing they may get overheated, their hostess calls them together, and takes them to see her pigeons fed and the canaries bathing in their troughs of water, and tells them tales of the curious birds and beasts, and the gorgeous flowers of other lands; which, told in her rich and flowing language, sound to the little ones like tales of peris and fairies. Now, whilst grandmamma had kept the little guests thus busy in the lovers-walk

of the garden, very interesting work had been going on in the upper terrace-walk. A long table had been placed, and on it laid out a feast which makes the merry babes shout with joy when, lifted to their high chairs and stools, they behold the display—I mean such amongst them as had not yet been brought under the restraints of society, and learned to 'behave themselves;' for there were some of the more mature who had numbered eight or nine years, and would not think of taking other notice of the banquet than a bright look towards some favoured friend would afford; nice little motherly things, whose great aim seemed to be to sit next to the little fat junior brother or sister whom mamma had specially directed her to keep in order, and to see that the said little minor neither ate too much cake, nor put his fingers into his neighbour's plate, nor spoiled his pretty little best frock by fruit-stains.

There were five large china-bowls full of luscious ripe raspberries beaten up in milk, with a suspicion of cream floating on the top—for grandmamma wisely thought *all* cream too rich for such young creatures—yet it was called 'raspberry and cream.' Then there were great dishes of junket, and huge piles of cake, both plum and seed; and biscuits and buns, and plateaux of fine strawberries; and, best of all, because the rarest, a bowl of weak sweet negus, compounded of plenty of warm water and sugar, flavoured with lemon and lemon-peel, but turned from ignoble lemonade to glorious negus, by a few glasses of grandmamma's excellent home-made currant-wine. Oh, these are pleasant memories when life is in the wane; and we often recall the faces of those chubby boys and girls, in their happy play on Willie's birthday-festival, with feelings of affectionate remembrance.

But we were to record some other Family Institutions besides those connected with birthdays. A merry one—no doubt a relic of the olden times, when there was more close and personal connection between the heads of families and their dependents than, alas! we now find, and when the festivities which the master and his family enjoyed, were shared in some measure by his servants—is found, though rarely now, we fear, in the custom of 'stirring the Christmas-pudding.' On Christmas-eve, in a family I know, at about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, when La Signora Mache, and all her troop of sons and daughters, ranging from the young Oxford first-class man to the little pet-girl of more merriment than size, were assembled in the drawing-room, the footman comes to the door, and with a solemn dignity, befitting such an occasion, announced that 'Cook is ready, ma'am.' On this signal, all the family rose and proceeded in mirthful procession to the kitchen, where, on the long deal-table, stood two immense bowls, each containing the mixture of raisins and currants, and flour and spice, and eggs and suet, and all other good things appertaining to an English Christmas-pudding—all ready to be put into the pot as soon as the mystic rite which they are awaiting has been performed on them. One of these bowls holds the family-pudding; the other, that destined for the servants. They are of equal goodness, but that for the servants is somewhat the largest. The mistress, surrounded by her household, stands before the first bowl, drops a well-washed shilling into the mixture, and proceeds to give it a hearty stir. She then falls back, and is succeeded by the eldest son, who gives it another rousing stir; and then in succession every member of the family, in the order of age, each one performing the same ceremony *con amore*. The party then turn to the kitchen's bowl; the shilling is dropped in by the mistress, the pudding stirred by every individual in the same order as before, and the party return to the drawing-room.

Great fun arose at the dinner-table on the morrow, when the pudding, having been boiled the legitimate

number of hours, presented itself in all its brown beauty, its head silvered over with a crust of fine white sugar, and a glowing sprig of holly and its scarlet berries stuck in the centre. Every one was anxious to find the shilling in his or her portion. Whether doing so portends luck, we do not know; but we suspect this is supposed to be the case, and great is the prevailing excitement. 'Hurrah, mother!' shouts Horace, the young Oxonian, making a great mouthing, as if he were biting on the shilling. 'Oh, Horace!' says disappointed Annie; but in an instant her face brightens, and with a loud laugh she holds up the treasure. She has found it in the last bit of her pudding, and Horace was but pretending. It is odd that that shilling should so often be found in Annie's portion. Of course mamma is above deceit, or we should be apt to believe that she made some agreement with the cook to mark the place where it lay; but it would be quite beneath her to play such a dishonourable part; so we must suppose that it is a fair chance that makes 'little one' so often the finder of the Christmas-shilling.

But there is another and pleasing custom which prevails in the same family, and marks the holy festivals of Easter and Christmas with an abiding interest. From the earliest period from which the little hands can hold a pen, or form a word, each child of the household is enrolled in the band who are engaged in this *institution*. For days before these great festivals of our church, when the young ones are gathered together from their different places of education for their vacation, as great a mystery prevails over the employments of the household as if a birthday were pending; only, on these occasions, all goes on in full family conclave, but with a sort of tacit understanding that mamma is not to notice it. At those times, each young one builds up a screen of books and papers round his or her bit of the table, and within its shelter is intently occupied with writing and drawing apparatus. The little ones have, of course, the help of an elder when that elder can leave her own business; but all are fully and secretly occupied, except that there is a very great deal of whispered conference at times between the workers. The morning of the festival declares what has been going on. In the early morning, before mamma leaves her room, she receives a visit from each of her children in succession, when each presents her with a paper, and receives the mother's kiss and blessing. At the breakfast-table, these papers are examined. Each contains a hymn or carol suitable for the season, those of the elder writers most delicately and beautifully inscribed in some elaborate style of penmanship, with initial letters blazoned in gold, and blue, and scarlet, the margins filled with quaint devices, all gorgeously illuminated in the style of antique manuscripts and missals, and probably at the top a brilliantly coloured vignette, after the same model. One of the last we saw—the kings of the East offering their gifts to the infant Saviour—was really a little gem: all, of course, were not equally good, yet each designer does the best he or she can; and though some are more skilful than others, all contrive to make something pretty. The ornaments of the younger ones' carols are in great measure done by the elders; and greatly are these little gifts prized by her for whom they are prepared. The accumulated collection of many years certainly affords a rather curious and amusing exhibition of *progress*; from the little one's first infant scrawl of a text of four words, there is the regular ascent through all the grades of good round-hand and schoolboy-scribble, to the easy gentleman-hand and artistic illustration; and the subjects selected shew a similar growth of mind, as they rise from a single verse of *Watts's Infant Hymns*, to the fine old ode, scholarly translated from some ancient poet; or perhaps, on some occasions, the spirited original production of the young writer. It is a pleasing

custom, and one which will probably shoot out and ramify, and be kept up in the household of future generations.

One more Institution, which, though it has passed with the childhood of the children we knew, is not, we hope, entirely forgotten.

On one day of the winter-vacation—and a wet one was generally selected—there was an annual festival, called 'A Baking.' On this occasion, every child was allowed to select from a cookery-book a recipe for some one thing. There was no limitation on the choice, except that the article selected was to be something that was to be *baked*. After dinner, on the day chosen, a cloth was laid on a long table in the servants-hall; and on it were placed eggs, flour, butter, milk, spices, currants, almonds, and whatever was required for the composition of each child's choice. Each young cook, boy and girl, was then begirt with an apron, and with sleeves tucked up, and well-washed hands, the business of the day commenced amidst peals of laughter and mirth. What smashing and beating of eggs, what twisting about of little white hands and arms in bowls of flour and butter, and what rolling of dough and moulding of cakes ensued, may be more easily imagined than described. Each child was expected to go through the whole process for himself, and turn out the article he or she had selected, without help. One would choose gingerbread-nuts; another, a sweet-cake; one would try her hand on a preserve-tart; whilst another would fix on some delicate kind of sweet-biscuit for her handiwork. As I have said, none but the very tiny ones had help; and if any young lady or gentleman was too ambitious, and, selecting a too difficult job, failed in making it good, he or she bore the discredit; whilst those whose culinary skill carried them through the ordeal, received due credit when the good things were all produced in the evening; for, after they had all been made and baked, the whole produce of the well-stocked oven was served up at an evening-feast, each young cook presiding over the dish he or she had compounded. Of course, there was much merry emulation prevailing at such a feast as this, some of the good things turning out capital, whilst others were somewhat hard and heavy; but it did not matter; the 'baking' and the feast, and the fun and games afterwards, were all delightful; and few days in the holidays were productive of more enjoyment than that of this quaint and original Family Institution, 'the Baking.'

STARS WITHOUT NUMBER, AND SPACE WITHOUT BOUNDS.

WHEN the star-shepherds (astronomers) of olden Greece kept nightly watch upon the twinkling flock, that strayed or rested in the unmeasured fields of dark immensity, their eyes often turned in wonder upon a stream of 'milky' light, that mysteriously engirdled the star-sown space as with a belt or zone. As these early observers possessed a language that was richer than their science, they found a very happy name for this interesting object, although they could not determine anything concerning its nature: they called it *Galaxias kuklos*, or 'the Milky Circle;' and this designation proved to be so appropriate and full of force, that it has remained in favour with star-craftsmen even to the present time. Whenever the living successors of the early astronomers—observers who have gone far towards interpreting the mysteries that so puzzled their predecessors—wish now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to allude to this remarkable circlet of the nocturnal sky, they still recur to the expressive epithet conferred upon it by the Greeks, and speak of it as the 'Milky-way,' or 'Galaxy.'

But the star-craftsmen of modern times, having

caught a glimpse of mysterious gleams, do not sit down and wonder at them, as the old star-shepherds did; they, on the contrary, open their eyes to a million times their natural size, and then, with these wonderfully enlarged organs of vision, they look into the mysteries, and detect in their depths meaning and purpose. Sir William Herschel made his eye four feet wide, three-quarters of a century ago, in order that he might scrutinise this milky stream of the sky; and with his organ of vision thus rendered telescopic, or 'far-seeing,' he discerned in it stars by hundreds of thousands. Upon one memorable occasion, he counted no less than 50,000 stars in a small strip of it not more than thirty times the breadth of the full-moon. In that narrow region, therefore, he saw twelve times as many stars as the unaided eye perceives in the entire heavens. Here, then, is the explanation of the phosphorescence of the Milky-way: it is composed of myriads of stars, withdrawn so far from the eye into the remoteness of space, that the entire light of the collective host is blended into one faint misty gleam, that is almost upon the point of vanishing from unaided human vision, even when contemplated in contrast with the utter blackness of night's deep shadow. A 'galaxy' is a mighty star-host, banded together in thickly serried ranks, but so confused with each other in extreme distance, that the several ranks and individuals are alike incapable of being distinguished. It is the 'sheen of their spears' alone that glances to the earth.

Of the army of stars that stands guard around man's dwelling-place, some four or five thousand are visible to the naked eye: these are the nearer lines of the wonderful armament, resting within the scope of the short-sighted human organ of vision. But let it be imagined, that whilst man and his ponderous earth hang upon nothing in the void, as they do—balanced by the Almighty hand—these four or five thousand stars are drifted away to join their companions in the milky zone; and, next, let it be further conceived that they do not stop even there, but that they and the milky zone then float onwards, deeper and deeper into the far-stretching realms: then the entire form of light would be gathered up, as it was removed further and further, into smaller and narrower dimensions. From a wide and long stream, it would first be dwarfed into a narrow patch; then this patch would dwindle into a speck; and at last it would be a filmy something, seen and yet not seen, cheating the sharpest eye, and floating nevertheless as a dream of a vision hardly beyond its reach. If, however, a large telescope were now directed towards this 'dream of a vision,' it would again become a vision, as large perhaps as a fourpenny-piece, and as bright, on the dark field of the midnight sky, as the faintest whiff of curl-cloud that the eye ever discerned on the blue canopy of a summer's day. The stars would all have been absorbed into the 'galaxy,' and this galaxy would then be seen from without, instead of from within. It would be contemplated as a curious miniature, hung upon the black walls of space, instead of being surveyed as a glorious surrounding panorama. Such, then, is the remote and external aspect of a star-galaxy.

But, how, if the deep black walls of space are really hung by a series of such galactic miniatures? How, if the sable curtains that infold the earth are really the draperies of a picture-gallery, in which star-systems are exhibited by hundreds to telescopic gaze? Such really is the case. The magical telescope of the present day not only sees stars by myriads in the Milky-way, but out far beyond, in other directions, it contemplates other wondrous star-groups, completely encompassed by the void, and cut off from each other, as from the star-firmament of man's nocturnal sky, by chasms of absolute desolation and emptiness—*islands without number on the broad ocean of the infinite;*

archipelagoes of the unfathomable depth, separated by intervals of all but inconceivable vastness. Not less than *four thousand* such galaxy miniatures have now been marked and numbered in the catalogues of the star-exhibition; all of them forms that are familiarly known, and that can be identified at any instant by the zealous exhibitors who have constituted themselves their enumerators; and more are continually presenting, as telescopes of the highest power are directed to fresh regions of research.

But, although of almost inconceivable extent, the intervals that lie between these shining islands of the void are not immeasurable: an approximate idea of their vastness has been realised by science. The measure, however, that is used in the estimation is of a very novel kind: it starts with the circumference of the great earth as its standard unit; but it very soon finds that this unit is all too small for the work that is on hand, and so converts this into a term of a much higher order. The terrestrial sphere is 25,000 miles round; it would take a railway-carriage, travelling continuously at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, one month to encircle it. Such a material vehicle cannot be transported to the nearest star, as there are no railways laid down through space; but there is a messenger that habitually performs this journey, and that gives intelligible indications of the rate of its progress whilst doing so. Light-beams pass from star to star through the intervening chasms, and unite the whole by a net-work of connection. It is by means of such light-beams that information is brought to the earth of the existence of these surrounding bodies. These light-beams flash along in their progress so rapidly, that they go eight times as far again in a second as the railway-carriage does in a month. As far as mere speed is concerned, they are able to put a girdle eight times round the earth while a common clock makes a single beat. Can it be ascertained, then, how long the light-beam that comes from the nearest star, to tell of its existence, has to spend upon the journey? because if it can, this may give an elementary expression that will prove to be manageable in yet higher computations. By converting twenty millions of units that are determined by periods of steam-speed, into one unit that is determined by light-speed, a new comprehensive span is obtained, that may certainly be used as a link in a very long chain indeed. Since light goes eight times as far in a second as steam-carriages do in thirty-one days, the speed of light is better than twenty millions of times as great as that of steam.

The sun is 3800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is round. This distance is so great, that it would take a railway-carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, 330 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with a speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is, ninety-five millions of miles—in something like two months. The earth sweeps through ninety-five millions of miles in this interval. Suppose, then, some clever surveyor were to take advantage of this movement of the earth, and were to make an observation upon some one remarkable star on two different occasions, when he was in situations of space ninety-five millions of miles asunder, he would then, on the two occasions, look at the star along lines which converged together to meet at the star, but which were separated from each other at their further extremities by a line ninety-five millions of miles long. Now, if the surveyor could find how great or how small the degree of convergence was by which these lines approached each other; or, in other words, if he could make out how far they had to go before they met at the star, he would obviously know how far the star is away. This clever piece of star-surveying has really been successfully performed. The nearest star is at

least 200,000 times further away than the sun. In the triangle formed for the purposes of the survey, the two long lines run 200,000 times further than the length of the base separating them before they meet. The light-beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume *three years and a quarter* upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star.

But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star-galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded. By the application of another principle, Sir William Herschel convinced himself that the most remote stars of the Milky-way are 750 times as far again away as the nearest one. In making this estimate, he gave up *surveying* and its proceedings, as no longer of any avail in the task in hand, and he took to *sounding* the vast depths before him in its place. First, he ascertained, by experiments on the way in which light is weakened by increasing distance, that if the nearest star were withdrawn until ten times its present distance, it would appear like the faintest star that can be discerned by the naked eye. He next satisfied himself, that if the star were yet again withdrawn to seventy-five times that distance, it would still be seen by a telescope, with an aperture eighteen inches across, as a faint star. Then, knowing that he could see myriads of such faint stars in the Milky-way, when he employed a telescope of this dimension in seeking them, he at once arrived at the conclusion, that those stars were seventy-five times ten times as far again off as the star from which light-beams come in three years and a quarter. These stars consequently twinkle in a region so stupendously remote, that even the flashing light-beams cannot reach the earth from them—when sent upon its telescopic mission of revealing their existence to man—in a less period than 2625 years. The astronomer, looking through his wonderful tube, now sees those stars by means of light that started off from them on its errand of revelation to his eye when Rome and Jerusalem were both in their early glories, and ruled by their kings.

By an extension of the same ingenious reasoning, it has been determined that the external galaxies are themselves many times more distant than the remotest stars of the Milky-way. Sir William Herschel found that a star-group, consisting of 5000 individuals, would have been discerned in the midnight heavens, by the help of his large four-feet wide telescope, as a faint speck of light, if 300,000 times as remote again as the nearest star in the firmament. As, therefore, numbers of such faint specks of light were visible to the glance of this noble instrument, he inferred that those specks were star-galaxies thus far away; that they were really star-groups, so far off that light-beams could only flash from them by a passage of close upon a million of years. The recent discoveries of Lord Rosse have gone a long way to confirm the sagacious deductions of the illustrious astronomer of the eighteenth century. In his still more gigantic instrument, many of Sir William Herschel's faint specks are now seen as glorious masses of stars, clustering round each other as thick as bees in a dense swarm. The leviathan telescope of Lord Rosse, which has accomplished this interesting result, opens its enormous pupil with something like an 80,000 eye-penetrating power, and pierces as far again into remoteness as the great telescope of Sir William Herschel did. Still, it seems only to have carried human vision a comparatively trifling and unimportant step nearer to the bounds of universal space; for there, upon the new horizon which its penetrating glance brings into sight, fresh faint specks of starless light loom, as intractable and irresolvable to its powers as the old ones were before. The veteran philosopher,

Baron Humboldt, a very high authority in these matters, after a deliberate consideration of all the circumstances concerned, has placed his belief upon record in the pages of *Cosmos*, that some of these specks reveal themselves to the observer by means of light-beams which started from them *millions of years* ago. And so again, in all probability, still larger telescopes, that would discern stars in these specks, would still find other specks beyond them which have never yet presented themselves to human vision. Such is the universe which astronomical science now calls upon the intellect of mankind to recognise; a scheme in which star-systems, each composed of myriads of orbs, are as numerous as the stars themselves are in the glorious firmament of night, and in which these star-systems are distributed through an expanse that flashing light cannot cross in millions of years, although it can circle round the earth, seemingly so vast, eight times in a second! To an intelligence that has been made capable of fathoming these depths, and comprehending these results, the universe really presents itself as 'unfinished' or 'infinite.' 'Infinity' properly means that which is not finished or bounded (*in finitus*) within the scope of human investigation or research.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

Now that I am home again from these terrible scenes for good, and never more to be so tried and tortured; now that I am maimed for you, my reader, and all my fellow-countrymen, I can speak—I can tell the whole truth. Not if even you could point at me with the cold unpitying finger all men level at such as I, would it matter now; for though I do thus plead guilty, and confess I am a Coward, the proof is against it, and the verdict must needs be, 'Not Guilty.'

Be sure, it is not for nothing, at this time of life, and covered with honours—deserved, Heaven knows, far more than those reaped by reckless brave men—that I thus hide my scars, and tear asunder my laurel. I have earned it with sweats, with toil, and with terrible fear; I have fought for it, won it, with weak heart and trembling hand; with the fearfulest odds against me, for doubt warred in my own camp. Ah! you, my brave comrades, who love me, how little you knew of the storm that was raging at heart—far worse than the driving bullet and shell hurtling hither and thither—as I stood by your side in the conflict, the pride and the mere desperation that strove to trample down fear, that dread most degrading of all, the fear of the lead and the steel!

Let me think when it was I first found out this clinging curse, when I first knew myself to be leprous, a thing to be shunned by my kind. I was born so, I believe, for I do not remember to have ever been frightened in childhood, 'jumped upon,' shut up in dark rooms, or terrified with sheets and turnip-tops; no, I suffered none of those hideous experiments, such as are wantonly tried, with the chance of producing a laugh—or epilepsy, or nervousness for life, or madness. I read no terrible legends; but I well recollect, even in childhood, how shockingly I suffered. What a fearful thing to me was the blackness and silence of night, and how welcome the gray gleam of morning; what sweats, what agonies, did my infant frame endure, as the shades of evening thickened, and I was left alone in my little crib till my nurse's bedtime! What could a child—I used to think—like me have done, to be so persecuted? The whole powers of blackness seemed to be leagued against me, whispering about the curtains of the cot, between my head and the wall, and in the air; shuffling with their shapeless forms in hiding-places here and there, in the cupboard where the coals were kept especially, but where Sarah's gowns were hanging also, and even in my chest of tiny drawers. When I hid my head within the bed-clothes, it was worse; these creatures

leaned over me, and moped and mowed, and stood ready with their bony hands when I came up again, which I was obliged to do, porpoise-like, to breathe. What dreams I had! not about things familiar to me at all, but full of unearthly horrors, of monstrosities and lurid character, and ending with some dire result. I could feel, too, but it was no comfort to me, that I was dreaming, and that I should wake—as I did wake—with a dreadful cry, and find the fever-drops in great beads upon my forehead, fresh from having been whirled round on a gigantic wheel for years and years, or pushed on, inch by inch, to the brow of a frightful precipice. Nightmares were mere hobbyhorses to me.

There was a room in our old house at home with a strange noise in it—a drip, drip, dripping, and then a chirp in the old chimney, which never began till evening. I used to peep in through the doorway by daylight, sometimes holding the latch in my hand, so as to be ready for a run, but never entered alone, nor would have done so for worlds. There was a death in the house, a death of one near and dear to me, when I was about seven or eight, in this very room; and even now, I associate that dread event and the strange sound together. I heard the family begin to talk of this on one occasion, and there went a hush through them, and 'Charley's in the room,' they whispered. This made matters far worse; for, with a singular instinct, I had concealed my fears as much as possible, not so much from shame, but because I had felt I should not be sympathised with. I did not know then what a disgraceful, wretched, and unpitied thing a coward is! I knew I was one, first, I think, by this incident: I was walking over Blackheath by myself, as I liked well enough to do in the broad day; and on the outskirts, at the opening of a leafy lane, I came upon this scene: there was a poor donkey tied by a short chain, which galled his fetlock, to a post; and just without the range of his tether sat a cripple, engaged in tormenting the poor beast; he was throwing sharp flints at it, and always aiming at the fetlock that was galled. I remember that green lane with blossoming may in the tall hedgerows, and the birds rehearsing their summer songs, and the deformed miscreant sitting at his hellish pastime, and the patient suffering creature, as though I saw them now. My young blood boiled within me, for I ever hated the lust of cruelty with the hate of the bravest, and I cried out shame upon him. The look the abortion cast upon me as I spoke, I have not yet got rid of; I stood petrified before it, with my feet rooted in the earth. It would have been easy for me to have escaped from him, for he had but one leg and one arm, had I not been thus spell-bound. I cursed him in my heart, but I feared him far worse than I hated him. He bade me watch him kill the donkey, and he redoubled his cruel efforts; he told me to throw stones also, or he would 'clutch' me, he said. I don't know what wickedness I might not have been made to do, but that a man came up at that moment, and drove the monster off; but I had done, or left undone, enough to know from that moment my curse. I did not need our rescuer's—a Kentish ploughman's—remark, of 'Thee shouldst have flinted [stoned] him, boy,' to tell me I was a coward.

I rather liked my first school, for I was somewhat of a favourite with the boys, and there were a good many sleeping in one room, which was an immense comfort; and when I heard that I was about to be sent from it to a military college, my heart, which was never very high, sank down to zero, and all the atrocities that martial law had ever inflicted thronged my imagination by day, and sat upon my chest at night. However, there was a good long vacation-time before the examination came off, and I determined to enjoy that, at least.

My uncle asked me down to his house in Somersetshire, which, except for its loneliness, I was accustomed to consider the most charming in the world; and down I went. Now, it so happened that, not expecting his

invitation to be so promptly accepted, himself and his family had been engaged to dine and sleep out, on the very night I arrived; and, not liking to increase an already considerable party, he left me at home with an apology and a couple of woman-servants. That was the facetious manner in which I painted my lonely condition; and, indeed, had it not been for a certain humorous way I had got into of looking at everything serious, my life, through fear, would have been almost insupportable. I firmly believe that I first tried it, amongst many other experiments, as a means of correcting my weakness; and although it is hard for a small boy to take a comic view, for instance, of burglars at midnight, I really succeeded in doing myself some service by this means. In after-years, and amidst a common danger, a very tolerable joke would often escape my trembling lips, to procure me, when the peril was over, a great reputation for presence of mind.

Well, my uncle went to his dinner-party, and I went to bed—in a room over the low verandah, which anybody could get upon from the ground, with no shutters to the window, and only a kind of button by way of a bolt. However, I locked the door—saying to myself, it was as well they should not enter by two ways at once—and tried to get to sleep before burglar-time. I had a life-preserver by my side, but did not place much confidence in a weapon which I knew I should not dare to use; and I had matches, but no candle alight, because I believed that would attract ruffians, as it does death's-head moths. The village-clock striking twelve awoke me; the iron warning seemed as though it would never cease, and I pressed my fingers into my ears to shut it out. Now, with the exception of dog-howling, there is no midnight sound more distressing to me than clock-striking. Yes, there is—hark! hush! secretly, stealthily, dully, I hear a file at its nefarious work. No, not a file—a diamond, cutting a pane of my window out, for the convenience of unfastening the button. I could not pray, even inwardly, for my whole soul was taken up with the fear that casteth out love. I could not scream nor speak for the chattering of my teeth, but I coughed; not as I had intended it to be, an assuring cough, as much as to say: 'Here I am, my fine fellows, a powerful, athletic person, wide awake, and delighting in combat,' but a strangled, miserable cough, such as a timid youth might give who thought it was likely to be his last effort in the breathing way. Nevertheless, the diamond ceased cutting, and there were whispers outside at the top of the verandah. I sat up in a bath of perspiration, and stared, like the sphinx, with dilated eyeballs at the window-curtains. A light all of a sudden flashed upon me from a dark-lantern, and I knew that the ruffians were about to enter. I stole out of bed with the life-preserver, and approached the casement. All seemed still, save for the beating of my heart, that throbbed like a huge clock within me. I stood ready to strike the first intruder as he came in, as he must have done, head-foremost. I stood ready, I repeat, but I don't think I should have done it. After a while—I do not know how long—I peeped through the curtains, and beheld—moonshine, moonshine almost as bright as sunshine, and no burglars on the verandah with dark-lanterns and diamonds at all. There was a dreadful sight in the cheval-glass, however, of a small youth in white raiment, with his knees exceedingly close to one another, and a face like a turnip-top; and I should think I was a stone lighter than when I went to bed. That night's experience is a fair specimen of the charming way in which I generally spent the periods devoted to repose. The light from the dark-lantern was caused by that unnatural and protracted stare of mine, and may be seen by anybody else who looks long enough; and the whispering I heard, and the glass-cutting, was the blood doing something or other it should not have done about my ears, I suppose: but

it is easy enough to be scientific and explanatory by daylight.

When I went to the military college, my disease was in no way bettered; but, thanks to my strenuous exertions, it got no worse, and certainly became more capable of concealment. Boy as I was, I had set myself to work to effect its cure; and from that time to this, I have never let myself be utterly beaten. I needed not the chance expressions regarding 'pluck' and 'funk,' such as every school-boy hears ten times a day, to teach me what the world thinks upon this matter; and, knowing its judgment to be a hard one, I determined from the first it should not be expressed upon me. That it was a cruelly wrong and unjust one, I found out soon enough at the college: I found there every description of cruelty in active operation, and delight in giving pain to be actually the leading characteristic of the corps of gentlemen-cadets. I saw authority lending itself to assist the oppressors and to tie the hands of the oppressed. When a large corporal beat wantonly a small cadet—more helpless than a woman, because, by the military regulations, he was forbidden to defend himself—I discovered the tyrant might still be considered a very courageous fellow; and, from these circumstances, I began to be more easy in my mind. For if the general opinion decreed that a physical disability to face danger calmly was worse than a morbid lust for inflicting pain upon helpless persons, it was clear that the general opinion could neither be right nor valuable. I knew that I myself would rather be shot—if it could be done, as Bob Acres wished it to be, 'unawares'—than commit an act of cruelty. I knew that I had the greatest moral courage, and could have addressed 5000 Tories with enthusiasm upon the rights of men, provided only that they kept the peace; and because the whirl of a cricket-ball made me tremble, because a fear came over me in peril that I could no more prevent than a landsman can sea-sickness, was I to be an outcast and a pariah among such men as the corporal? Now, the corporal was half the college, and would be the other half when the other half was old enough. No; I knew that I had a contemptible weakness, not easily cured or concealed, but I no longer humbled myself in the dust, or made myself miserable about what I could not help.

I purposely attended the fencing-rooms to accustom myself to the sight of naked steel; I stood as close to the cannon as was permitted by the gunners; and I climbed far higher up the gymnastic-pole than my brain could easily bear. That soldiering was just the profession least adapted for me, I was convinced—but my family was not rich enough to justify my throwing up my chance of a commission—so I adapted myself for it as well as I could. Of course, there were many cowards besides myself; and whether they were hang-dog, shambling poltroons, or bragging, lying Bessuses, I saw through them like glass.

All deeds of violence on my part, however justified and called for by the occasion, were the results of prudence and reflection. The sense of shame, and the fear of detection, had to reinforce mere honest indignation before I went into action: though my nature was sensitive and impulsive enough, anger was no match for fear. Staying at a cadet friend's house in a vacation, this incident happened to me: I was accompanying his two sisters from an afternoon concert in the town, when a couple of young dandies insulted them; they followed so closely, that it was impossible but that their impertinent remarks must have been heard. I was indignant beyond measure; but in the ladies' presence, of course, both words and deeds were out of the question: I therefore saw them home before I confronted their tormentors. They were tall unwhiskered youths, with foolish but not wicked faces, and upon one of them, who wore a moustache,

I turned rapidly, as the door closed upon my charges, with my cane in hand. I saw him draw one leg back irresolutely, which cost him a thrashing at least as much as did his insolence; for I gave him a one-two over the head and shoulders as decisively as a Fighting Fitzgerald might have done. I don't know whether he fled first or the other, but I found myself pursuing them both through the streets of Roughfield, at the pace of about fifteen miles an hour. I was, as might be perhaps expected, one of the fastest runners of my day, and it was easy for me to get near enough to the uncared one to trip him into the gutter, and administer a three-four in continuation of the tune I had played so satisfactorily upon his friend: a policeman then came up, and I gave him into custody. If I had hired the creatures to behave as they did, nothing could have gone off more charmingly. When my host, Jack Stanhope, heard the circumstances, he was quite delighted, and grateful to me beyond measure. 'If,' said he, 'the man in custody should want satisfaction for the licking you gave him, he must have it from me, mind.' I said, at first, I should much prefer shooting him myself, but gradually suffered myself to be overruled; however, we thought it better not to press the charge, and the accused thought it better to take himself off quietly. But I was the lion of Roughfield for days—Mr Stanhope's friend, who had horsewhipped two ruffians for winking at Mr Stanhope's sisters. I believe, during that period, I might have taken my choice out of a dozen young ladies for my bride; but I was not in want of a wife, but of a reputation.

The usual routine of a military college was at last over, and I found myself a commissioned officer of the 200th regiment. My comrades, upon the whole, were a lighthearted, generous set of fellows, and one or two of them right true friends indeed. There was but one entirely black sheep in all the flock—Lieutenant Bullseye. He could sing well, play whist tolerably, and, provided all things went smoothly with him, was rather a jovial person, so that, I am sorry to say, he was not unpopular; but he was infamously cruel both to man and horse, sneering and overbearing in manner, and absolutely offensive to all persons who expressed opinions contrary to his own, which happened to be singularly bad ones. When he was in wine, the lieutenant was something awful; and he was in wine from eight o'clock P.M. to three o'clock A.M. invariably. He did not like me from the first, and took every means of letting me know it. Now it was my sword-belt that was awry, and now my shako should have been in place of the forage-cap; or I made such a row at mess, or I was a sulky dog that never spoke. I flattered myself, perhaps with reason, that I, from the military college, knew as much of regimental regulations as Lieutenant Bullseye from nowhere, and had probably had as good opportunities as he of learning how to behave myself at dinner; but he was determined to bully me, and bully me he did. Affairs had come to that crisis when opinion began to be divided as to whether I 'took it deuced good-naturedly from Bullseye,' or did not dare resent it. I had had it on my lips a score of times to warn him that I would throw a bottle at him if he said another word; but there's many a slip 'twixt the bottle and lip, and I had never yet mustered the pluck to do it. One trick he played me might have ruined me for ever but for the merest accident. Half-a-dozen of us had been out into the country, and were about returning in a mail-phaeton and a dog-cart. Bullseye had been as disagreeable as usual during the day, and had not improved since dinner-time; I had left the room to avoid him, and was lounging by the inn-door looking on at the harnessing of the horses; and, the windows of the apartment I had just quitted being open, I was fortunate enough to hear the following plot:—It was proposed, amidst several 'too bads' and 'precious

shames;' but Bullseye, by reason of his 'bad eminence,' managed to get it carried. The party, under this and that excuse, were to go back in the phaeton, and leave me to drive home alone; the five were to get on very fast, attire themselves as highwaymen, and stop poor me on the heath in the dark night. And as they plotted, so it came to pass; but I myself was armed by that time with more evil eggs and rotten oranges than are usually stowed in front of a young gentleman's dog-cart, and singling out my especial foe from the rest, I made his black crape but a very small protection to him.

One night, he went a little further than any of his previous experiments: he told me, in the presence of several others, that, as it was his guard-night, he intended to come and duck me in the morning between two and three; and I told him, on my part, that I should like to see him at it. This was accepted as a regular challenge, and I knew that the auditors would make up their minds permanently, according to my behaviour. I was, I confess, burning with a very considerable passion for revenge by this time, and I arranged my plans with care; they were simply the placing of a couple of heavy iron candlesticks by my bedside, and the waiting until it was time. My friend came up through the dark as cautiously as a cat; but fear has a perfect hearing, and I caught the ring of a scabbard against the banisters well enough; I heard his footfall on the landing, too; and allowing, as I thought, just so much interval as would have brought him to the door, I let fly one of my missiles as hard as I could fling it. He was nearer than I had calculated, and fell with a groan close by me; and I leaped out in horror to strike a light. My feet got into the water that was doubtless flowing from his broken jug, and I slipped up. When I had lit the candle, I found the lieutenant seemingly dead upon the floor, and the wet on the floor to be caused by a pool of blood that was increasing momentarily from a wound over his temple. The unfortunate practical joker was in hospital for seven months, and he bore that terrible lesson written over his brow to his grave. Upon consultation with his intimates, he came to the conclusion that, under the circumstances—I had every day inquired after his health—it would be better to cut than to shoot me; and, except when regimental duty required, we never spoke to each other again. I cannot but recommend some such similar course of proceeding to all young ensigns troubled with Bullseyes: the remedy is severe, but it is, I believe, the best one. If you are plucky and strong—which you are not likely to be, or Bullseye would not be there—get out of bed, and lick him by all means; but, otherwise, take to your iron candlestick.

There was one man, Captain Childers, in the old 200th, who would have redeemed the character of any regiment, although composed otherwise of Bullseyes. Without being what is called pious, the captain was the most unaffectedly good man I ever knew; the soldiers of his own company positively adored him; and the mess, though he was never a late sitter, nor more than a tolerable hand with a cue or a card, gave him three-times-three with greater enthusiasm than to any other man. Although obviously generous, and living in better style than most of us, his expenditure was not what might have been expected from one of his supposed fortune. I had heard this remarked by youngsters more than once, and confirmed by some gray-haired captain or veteran subaltern raised for good conduct from the ranks. 'Childers spends all his money,' they said, 'in buying pleasures for other people;' and, certainly, if a good fairy ever did wear the wings of a grenadier captain, it was in the gallant 200th, under the mortal appellation of Childers.

When my name was on the top of the list of ensigns, and nothing but death could have made me a

lieutenant, the fairy took me for a walk upon Chatham ramparts; and the conversation turning upon the purchase-system, I expressed my opinion against it strongly enough. 'Look at Captain Sloman, who is only one step before you,' I said, 'and has been in the regiment fifteen years longer than yourself! Look at young Greenorn, who is the third purchasing ensign, who will walk over my head; and only watch the trickery and black-legging that take place all the year round, about buying this and that man out of the regiment altogether, that the rich ones may get on, and four hundred pounds is wanted from one, and two hundred pounds from another, according as he is benefited by the alteration.'

'All quite true,' replied Childers; 'and although the purchasing-system does prevent great senility among the commanding-officers, it is, upon the whole, a very indifferent plan; but remember, you need only have the regulation-money—which you are actually forbidden to exceed—once lodged at Cox's, and no power on earth can oblige you to be passed over.'

'Yes, captain. But what young man is prepared, with ever so much justice on his side, to dare the indignation of his brother-officers in thus stopping the promotion of half the regiment? Could any more odious system have been contrived than this, which renders an honest man who does his duty an object of contempt? And, moreover, how few of us have even this regulation-money? Where, for instance, am I to look for it, or Jones, or Smith, or Robinson?'

'That,' said the captain, speaking slowly, and with some hesitation, 'is just what I wanted to get at. The fact is, I have some loose cash lying idle; and if you will permit me to lend it to you until you are a general officer, with a regiment of your own, and the commandantship, say, of Chatham, it will confer on me a great pleasure. No, there's no obligation; I look upon it quite as an investment, I assure you, and the money shall be lodged for you at once. You will be quiet about this, please, to everybody, and hint, if people wonder, at an unexpected legacy.'

Captain Sloman, whom Childers had insisted on placing before himself on the Army List, had had a legacy of this sort before me, and four or five other officers besides; and, thanks to our common benefactor, I was a lieutenant before the year was out. My gratitude to this man turned to affection, which increased as I came to know him better; from his companion, I became his friend. I talked to him unreservedly, as I would have talked to a wise and tender-hearted elder brother; and, at last, I told him *all*. I had read of some, similarly afflicted with myself, who had found noble mentors—men who, brave as lions themselves, had pity and advice for their weaker brethren—and Childers, I said to myself, is surely one of these. I revealed my secret; I said to him, the man whom you have made your friend is a coward.

I knew at once that I had gone too far; I had rashly judged this high-minded, honourable man to be able to reason calmly even on this matter. He could not conceal from me that he was deeply shocked: he said I was most culpable in entering the service at all; that I ought to leave it while no mischief had yet been done; and then, on a sudden, the remembrance of what he had done for me struck him, and he coloured to the very roots of his hair. I said I would sell out, if he pleased, as I was in his hands—a cruel and improper speech enough, but I was very angry and disappointed—but he only replied: 'Let us sleep on this, and talk more about it to-morrow morning.'

I tossed and tumbled sleepless on my little camp-bed, cursing my folly and anathematising the whole martial race; but, soon after dawn, Childers came in with outstretched hand; and 'Forgive me, my dear fellow; you were right,' he said: 'your conduct has been very praiseworthy. By all means, seek every opportunity

of strengthening your nerves; and I hope, please God, to see you one day by my side in battle for God and the Queen against somebody.'

Not eighteen months from that time, the news of the declaration of war with Russia came to us while at mess, and I cheered as lustily as any: perhaps the danger seemed then so distant, or else, as I believe, my desire to shew myself worthy of the trust which Childers had in me, outweighed my fears. The town where we were quartered was soon ringing with preparation for the field; the harbour was choked with frigates and transports for embarkation; and among the first regiments that received the route for the East was the old 200th.

In the dirty troop-ship *Obstinate*, I was soon convinced that fear itself was not without a master: unaccustomed as I was to the ocean, I saw, in the Bay of Biscay, wave after wave rise above the topmast of our vessel, and gulf after gulf yawning to receive us, without a touch of terror. If men had hauled me from my noisome berth, or torn me from the deck-side, to which I was generally lashed, to hurl me into those roaring depths, I should neither have been alarmed nor surprised. Unutterable sickness had seized upon body and soul; but when we had passed the Straits, and the fair blue Mediterranean broke into smiles around us, it seemed as if I was waking in heaven after purgatorial pains. I promenaded the deck, and listened to the inspiring *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, of our good band with a high heart. The incessant note of war that pealed from everywhere was irresistibly blithe; and the enthusiasm, and sensibly closer alliance among ourselves, invigorated me greatly. To a constitutional coward, a danger that threatens him in common with others, is light compared with one which affects him alone; that want of reliance and distrust which he feels in himself, he is far from transferring to his companions; he is inclined rather to believe in their invincibility, in proportion as he doubts his own; and of all the hopeful hearts that beat at Gallipoli in 1854, there was none that looked forward to the issue of the coming conflict with less mistrust than mine.

I purposely confined myself as much as possible to this general anticipation; I carefully shut out all morbid forebodings of what might happen to me personally; I prayed fervently to be rendered a brave man, for my country's sake; I called every reflection of prudence, and every sentiment of honour, to aid my determination. I think no man in the British army had so hard a battle to fight before he touched Russian soil as I.

On Thursday the 14th of September, we came in sight of the long level coast whereon we were to land, and unfortunately our regiment disembarked on that very day; I slept that night in a pouring rain without any sort of roof to shelter me. Childers and I had got under the lee of a hayrick for some time; but a stronger than we, a general with his whole staff, indeed, dislodged us from that enviable position. What a miserable appearance did that bright army of the day before present at daybreak! A drizzling rain was still falling dully upon garments already like so much sponge; the very bugles seemed to have water in their waking notes; and the flags, that were set here and there to mark the ground to be taken up by the different divisions, clung miserably together in wet folds. Nearly a week was passed in this picnicking fashion; and, except a little skirmishing with Cossacks and the visits of a stray cannon-ball or two, which did no execution, we saw and heard little of the Russians. On the 19th, we encamped on the north side of the Alma. The position of my regiment, as we moved forward on the following morning to the river-bank, was almost on the extreme left of the army; before us spread great cliffs of some 700 feet in height, intersected by deep ravines, and between them and the stream were broad belts of

vineyard; a fair prospect to look upon, as nature made it. But besides the ravines, there were trenches dug along the hillside, and a great triangular battery near the summit; other lesser batteries could be seen commanding the approaches; and the broken ground in front, as was soon discovered, was set with riflemen. Our noble ships had sailed beside us as we marched, and their shells cleared the more exposed heights of the hill of its defenders pretty rapidly. To avoid the fire from the Russian guns, we were, most of us, lying upon the ground in waiting for the signal to advance. I lay quite quiet, with my hand upon my heart, to feel how it was going: it was going a good deal faster than I could have wished; my sword, too, seemed to tremble in my hand rather more than mere excitement accounted for. The hurting of the balls certainly sounded terribly, and the bursting of the shells a good deal worse. In the front, the Russian village was a mass of flame and smoke; and to the right, amidst continuous streams of fire, I could see the attack of the French. The nimble Zouaves went up the hill at a trot, and leaped from rock to rock like chamois; but when they reached the summit, they drew together their scattered lines, and the Russian riflemen fell back before the bayonet upon their main body. At this moment, and about two o'clock—for I was so 'superfluous,' as Falstaff says, as to look at my watch, mechanically and without intent—the word was given to advance. I felt cold and sick as I strode forward, but with no definite idea of any sort; presently, the cannon-balls made little lanes of us to left and right; and a desire to press on took strong possession of me. In that horrible passage of the river, and with a consciousness of perhaps being the individual mark of a Russian sharpshooter, I remember a thought struck me, of how absurd it was to be in the water with one's clothes on. The next moment we were out of line, and stumbling over fallen trees and amongst the vines; and now, with a cheer that was useful to one at least amongst us, however it took away from that stock of wind which we were about so greatly to need, we charged the hill.

As we left the vineyard, and when we were first face to face with the great battery above us, Childers, with a radiant smile upon his features, offered me a bunch of grapes; I gave him a look of gratitude for more than the outward and visible refreshment, and we climbed the steep side by side. The storm of ball and cannon-shot that poured upon us now was terrific; the men fell dead on all sides; some dropping over with a groan, and some leaping up into the air with musket in hand, and coming to earth lifeless. I longed to change this horror for a hand-to-hand encounter, as much as the bravest. The volumes of smoke that rolled in front of us prevented me from taking exact mark of our progress; and I pushed forward with all my speed, with more zeal than knowledge. Suddenly the thick air faded for a moment, and I saw the parapet of the stockade right in front: about a dozen of our fellows were alongside of me with their teeth clenched and eyes absolutely darting flame. I remember wondering whether I looked half as formidable as they. Suddenly a tremendous mass leaped out of the redoubt, and the next moment I was thrown to the ground with a dreadful shock. When I came to consciousness, I felt a heavy weight upon me, the body of a man still quivering in the throes of death; moreover, I was covered with blood, which rained upon me from above in streams. My foe—a Russian ensign—had been run through the body by my own sword which I was yet holding by the hilt. In the sally from the battery, he had brought a musket with him as well as his flag, and thus encumbered, in his leap from the embankment had struck his bayonet into the earth and fallen forward with his whole weight upon my sword-point. To this I owed my exemption from the fate that I saw had overtaken my companions. The

gallant 200th for the moment had given way. To shake myself free from the dead man, and to wave his banner in the air with a cry, was the work of an irresistible impulse. I heard the cry returned; and immediately a sharp pain seized me, I scarcely knew where, and I fell heavily, and rolled over and over again like a log. The gallant 200th had not been driven far: I could distinguish their individual voices as they bore the Russians back again towards their fastness; I could hear the 'Steady, steady, my men,' of old Captain Sloman above the crack of the rifles and the ring of steel. How much more gratifying this would have been, I thought, if the Russians were not being driven across my body. I had their flag, too, tightly grasped in my left hand, and the sight of it would be sure to exasperate them. I do not think I had the least intention of giving it up; I knew it was an opportunity for establishing a character, such as would never return again. Slowly, and with extreme pain, I dragged its silken folds beneath me, and covered it up as well as I could—it was not yet quite the time to make a boast of my trophy. I shut my eyes as the flying foe came over me; they were retreating backwards, and firing at every ten steps or so; one of them actually loaded his gun while his foot was upon my chest; then the stream of men rolled beyond me, and I knew my friends were close at hand. Suddenly there was a great cry in a strange language, and I looked up, and saw two Russians rushing back to where I lay. The sharp hot pain of a bayonet ran through my side as one seized hold of the flagstaff. I grasped it tighter, as much through agony as determination, and they had no time to stab again: a couple of grenadiers of my regiment were upon them in an instant, and I knew that I was saved. Saved, but saved for what? The noise of battle increased and died away; the heat of noon was succeeded by the dews of evening, and still I lay in a half faint, and choked with thirst, at the foot of the redoubt upon Alma Hill. I had a dull pain all over me; but the wound in my arm was the most agonising. I began to wish that I had been killed outright; my mind wandered vaguely about, from my dear friends at home to the Russian ensign, whom I began to think also my relative, and over all the events of my life.

Presently a man stooped over me, and said: 'Are you alive, sir? and will you take a drop o' drink?'

He gave me the divinest draught—some water—that I ever yet tasted; and my tongue, that had cloven to the roof of my mouth, was loosened. I said: 'Tell Captain Childers of the 200th that his friend lies here with a Russian flag—don't by any means forget the flag—and here is my watch for you, with thanks, my man.'

'Kape your watch, yer honour, and see how short a time I'll be gone for you,' said the kind fellow; and down he ran over the heaps of Russians, as if Alma field had been One-tree Hill in Greenwich Park upon a Sunday. He soon returned with the good captain and a couple of scarfs to carry me down in.

'What!' exclaimed Childers, as I shewed him my cherished banner, 'are you then the young hero who was seen waving the Russian flag between their battery and themselves?—whose foot was first on the stockade?—who led the whole regiment by half-a-dozen yards? Why, we gave three cheers for you when they shot you down, and swore to be revenged for so fine a fellow; but we thought it was poor Bullseye.'

'Oh, confound Bullseye,' said I.

'Nay, don't do that,' said Childers gravely; 'for he fought like a brave soldier, and died a gallant death: he was run through the heart in that same sally from the guns.'

My hospital was under a tilted cart for four-and-twenty hours, and then I was sent on board ship, and afterwards to Scutari. The surgeons say I have had

a lung shot through, and must take great care of myself; and I shall go hopping, like a robin on one leg, to the end of my life. The best balsam which my wounds could have had was administered to me by Childers himself: he procured me a copy of the general's dispatch, wherein there was an especial mention of the lieutenant who took the Russian colour. The lieutenant is now therefore a captain; and Childers, who is now Colonel Childers, writes to him from the trenches very regularly. He says he believes I behaved better, *under the circumstances*, than any hero of the Alma day.

To all my fellow-sufferers, then, this my story, with deep sympathy, is dedicated. Treat each your fears as though they were bad tempers or vicious horses, to be struggled with on all occasions, and never suffered to obtain the upper hand: call in to your assistance all possible aids of imagination and humour: be very cautious to keep this sad secret of yours—few men, and fewer women, are fit to be intrusted with it—I have told you mine for the benefit of you all.

If you saw me with my sling and bandages, my grand moustaches and my Alma medal, you would, I think, for the future not despair. Do your best, and you may yet wear a feather in your caps, and that not a white one.

THE BLUE-BOOKS OF A NEW KINGDOM.

ALL men know that the Blue-books of Great Britain form an interminable series of folio publications, varying from a quarter of an inch to nearly a foot in thickness, and that they contain in detail, not the speeches, but the practical proceedings of parliament, and furnish ample materials for the history of the country, political, commercial, fiscal, statistical, criminal, educational, ecclesiastical. To grapple with a library like this, even confining ourselves to a single year, would be out of the question here; but, luckily, we have now before us the entire blue-book literature of another kingdom, formed on the model of our own, the whole series contained within the manageable bulk of a thin octavo. The kingdom we allude to is under the constitutional government of king, lords, and commons; and its ministers are Anglo-Saxons, speaking and writing the English language. It is called the kingdom of the Hawaiian Islands, better known in our hemisphere as the Sandwich Islands. In the time of Captain Cook, this little country, we all know, was in a state of savagism; in 1840, the king granted a constitutional government; and in 1851, the election of representatives by ballot was introduced. At present, the entire population is 73,137.

The collection of state-papers begins with the Report of the Minister of Public Instruction, dated 7th April 1855. By this it appears that the number of free-schools taught in the native language was 402, with 10,241 scholars, learning reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and vocal music. These schools are supported by a tax, and the total amount expended on them for the financial year was nearly 21,000 dollars. Religion is not taught; but the children read such religious books as they are furnished with by their parents. Besides the common schools, there are various others, particularly those in which English is taught to the natives. On these the minister of instruction makes the following remarks:—'I am but imperfectly informed as to the progress the native children have made in acquiring the English language—to them a most difficult one—during the year; but, judging from those I have visited, it is very encouraging. The fact that they are generally much interested in the study, and determined to overcome all its difficulties,

does much to relieve the task of the teacher; and it no longer remains a matter of doubt that Hawaiians will acquire English. This is a new era in our educational history, and creates more hope of our ultimate success in preparing the native race to meet the white man on something like terms of equality, than any we have ever before been permitted to entertain. The struggle will be a long, tedious, and expensive one; but if successful—as it undoubtedly will be—all labour, care, and expenditure on this account will be richly repaid. The introduction of the English language to the native race will be one of the distinguishing glories of his majesty's reign.'

Connected with education, the paper touches on the subject of public morals. Property and life, it informs us, are as secure as in any country; while the grosser crimes—such as robberies, murders, incendiarisms, and the like—are seldom heard of among the people. The grand vices are drunkenness, sexual immorality—and 'furious riding.' The lower classes of the people live in the same social state as our own lowest classes. One would think the subject of the Report was the condition of the low lodging-houses of our own great towns. 'As a general thing, their domestic condition is wretched, and most unfavourable to morals. Living, as most of them do—one, two, or three families, as the case may be—packed together in mud or grass huts, without partitions or separate apartments, what opportunity can there be for family government, for a proper training of children, especially for bringing up young girls to habits of modesty, cleanliness, and industry, so essential to woman's character? The thing is impossible. It is for want of this domestic training, family government, habits of industry, and purity, that so many young people go astray.' The remedy proposed in the new kingdom for the evil has only faintly, if at all, suggested itself to us in our old country. It is to educate the females, by receiving great numbers of them into the English schools. An educated female, trained in any considerable degree to proper domestic habits, will not be contented long to mix with a crowd of mere women and children, living like a herd of swine in a small grass-hut. Such females would become the mothers of the people; and the minister quotes the philosophical saying of the first Napoleon, who, when asked what was wanted to make France great and happy, replied—'Mothers.' Idleness is the root of the evil. This state of things is rendered worse in the new kingdom by the very kindness and liberality of the native character, for in these terrible dens the inhabitants subsist in common. What one individual earns is spent among the whole. Many an industrious native assured the reporter, that he might as well sit idle as work, for the fruits of his labour were all consumed by his friends in and about the house, and he had not the power to send them away, or set them to work. The Hawaiians are still savages in their abhorrence of more work than barely suffices for their support; and although possessing the rights of freemen, like the emancipated slaves of our West Indies, they are satisfied with mere animal life.

The Chief-justice of the Supreme Court does not take so favourable a view of the position of the new kingdom as the Minister of Public Instruction. The great besetting vices we have mentioned he considers to be evils which threaten speedy destruction to the race. 'Every year we are diminishing in numbers, every day we are wasting away, and breathing shorter and fainter. The history of the past teaches us the events of the future; and if we will not read, and heed its lessons, nothing can avert our impending destruction. I speak plainly on the subject, because I feel deeply. I feel that the truth should be known, and the nation aroused to the importance of preserving its own existence.' There are already laws prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to the natives; but these,

it seems, are easily evaded. The so-called small-beer, for instance, which is legally sold, is drugged with all manner of intoxicating poisons. This high functionary recommends the enactment of the most stringent laws for protecting the people from themselves, scouting the idea of standing upon such punctilios with the Hawaiians as would be necessary with a people in the condition of the English, French, or Americans.

A portion of one of these blue-books is occupied with the affair of the resignation of the chief-justice, who wished to retire from the toils of office in consequence of ill-health. Remonstrances, however, were made through the king by the bar of Honolulu, who asserted that no fit person could be found to take the place; and at length Mr Lee yielded to a written request from Kamehameha IV. himself, and consented to retain office.

In matters of finance, the disbursements of the young kingdom were 318,621 dollars, defrayed out of receipts amounting to 393,084 dollars. This would seem very agreeable; but the reporter complains, nevertheless, that they are buying too much and selling too little; and he is under some perplexity as to a sum of 1000 dollars voted by the legislative council to the queen of the late Kamehameha III. The monarch died, and the lady became the queen-dowager, for whom no provision was made. What to do about the L.60 or L.70 still due to her in her former capacity? The legislative council, he opines, should consider whether any further aid, in the shape of an annuity, ought to be granted to the queen-dowager.

It will serve to throw some light upon the status gained by the new kingdom, if we mention that the number of foreign letters sent and received in the year was 41,484, and that of inter-island letters 27,000. The number of newspapers received from abroad was about 30,000.

We come now to heavy political matters, which we do not profess to understand very well. A proclamation from the king declares that his government has been in danger, but rescued by the offer of prompt assistance made by the representatives at his court of the United States, Great Britain, and France. This, we presume, alludes to the doings of the American filibusters, who were put down chiefly by the energy and loyalty of others of their own countrymen, who are very well satisfied with the freedom, security, and light taxation, of the new kingdom as it exists. The foreign minister goes into some serious speculations on the subject.

'I will not conceal from you,' says he, 'that the great, and only great question now deserving serious consideration, is that of whether the *Hawaiian kingdom can exist as a separate state or not?*' He is of opinion that it can; and he gives various reasons connected with the growing prosperity of the country; but adds: 'Such, briefly, in my view, are our inherent means of an independent national existence; but all these means are rendered unavailing by the causes of internal disorganisation before referred to, intimately associated as those causes are with the cupidity of a few selfish individuals seeking to obtain a speculative value to their lands, contracts, &c., acquired under the king's government. The number of these selfish and turbulent individuals is increasing every day; bound by no ties of gratitude or of loyalty to the king, knowing no real restraints, either of religion or morality, if they cannot overturn the government, which has loaded them with benefactions, by artful pretences, they will not scruple to resort to force, and to invite in aid of that force an invasion of the lawless men who abound in California. To resist such a combination, physical force only will be of any avail; the elements of such a force are not wanting; but under our present constitution, it is impossible to give it an efficient

organisation, and to keep it up in a state of efficiency, and to apply it with the promptitude and energy necessary to suppress rebellion.'

Then follow various treaties between various high contracting parties, and the correspondence relative thereto. As a specimen, we give the following Circular, addressed by the foreign minister pending some dispute with Bremen, to the representatives of England, France, and the United States:—'SIR—The word, the honour, and the faith of a king being held sacred in all civilised countries under regal government, I have the honour to inquire of you, if you know of any example in which a sovereign has refused to ratify a treaty, negotiated and concluded by his own order, at his own court, by his own minister of foreign affairs? or if you know of any writer on international law, on whose authority a sovereign could justify himself for such refusal? You will much oblige me by replying to these questions at your earliest convenience. With the highest respect, I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant—R. C. WYLLIE.'

To this pregnant question, our own consul replied by saying: 'I know of no case, as described by you, ever to have occurred, or of any writer on international law, whose authority, under the circumstances, as set forth, a sovereign could plead to justify himself for a refusal. —I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient, humble servant—WM. MILLER.' This William Miller is the once celebrated South American patriot-general, whose memoirs, written by his brother, were published a good many years ago. It would be difficult to find a spot on the hero's body without the scar of a wound. We had the pleasure of knowing him in London when in the zenith of his fame, and we could swear to the authenticity of that frank, bluff answer to the Hawaiian minister. The French consul's reply was learned and diffuse. It cites Vattel, G. F. de Martens, Bynkershoek, and Wheaton, and finally arrives at the same point to which Miller drives at once, as if with the point of his sword.

The Mr Wyllie who asks the question is a countryman of our own, from Ayrshire, and one of the most energetic of the ministers who are endeavouring to work out the new system of government. He acts at once as the minister of foreign relations and the minister at war. The chief-justice of the supreme court, Mr Lee, is an American. The code of laws was originally framed by Mr Ricord, then attorney-general, also an American, now in California. The minister of finance, Mr Elisha Allen, was formerly American consul; and the minister of the interior, Mr Young, is the son of a Briton, whose wife is a native lady of high birth, of whom Madame Pfeiffer makes honourable mention on account of her courtesy and high-breeding. The king, Kamehameha, is a man of sound sense and good ability; and his speech to the privy-council on his accession to the throne, in his twenty-sixth year, might serve as a model for princes of greater and older nations. His speeches in the House of Nobles, before his accession, are said to have excelled, both in eloquence and soundness of views, not only those of his own countrymen, but those of the foreign ministers.

All this, however, has nothing to do with our Blue-books, which are confined to state-papers. These, of course, break off abruptly; for an official year has no natural limit, beyond the additions at the bottom of the columns of figures. It breaks off, however, at an interesting epoch, full of speculations on the fate of the new kingdom. The maritime nations of Europe have all an interest in preserving the independence of this state as a centre and pivot of the commerce of the Pacific; and their simply affording the means of transport, might gather to the Hawaiian Islands a population of the natives of the region able to counteract the influence of any single foreign power.

Kamehameha, however, can do nothing of himself, his small revenue being only just sufficient to meet the necessary expenses of his government.

VILLAGE-LIFE IN FRANCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

SOMETIME after the fête of St Eustache, Argentine told us of a *bal de nocés*, that was to take place in the village. The occasion was the marriage of Mademoiselle Allard, daughter to the *aubergiste* of L'Etoile du Nord, to a young architect from Paris. The bride, who has delighted Argentine and Louise with a special invitation, is a pretty girl of eighteen; she has had many offers, but prefers this one; and has made, we are told, a regular love-match, that wonder and joy to French female hearts. Now came a toilet anxiety: at a wedding-ball, it is *de rigueur* for all the demoiselles to wear white muslin. Argentine is too good a Frenchwoman to think of violating *les convenances*; but she has no white muslin dress, and no time to buy and make up one. I consulted Mademoiselle Gerard, and resolved to do what she purposed—to lend a muslin skirt for the occasion. Never was offer more welcome, or more gratefully accepted. With true French tact, Argentine explained that the invitation was a compliment to us, as they scarcely knew her, and she wished to do us credit on the occasion.

But alas! next day came a letter, summoning Argentine to her dying mother in Picardy. It was dictated by the mother, and was as follows:—

'MA CHÈRE FILLE—Je te souhaite le bonjour et en même temps pour m'informer de l'état de ta santé. Quant à moi, il faut me lever à deux et me coucher à deux; voilà quinze jours que cela m'a pois. Ma pauvre fille, je suis dans une triste position. Ma pauvre Argentine si tu voulais venir me voir avant de mourir, cela me ferait un plaisir sensible, surtout ma pauvre fille je voudrais te voir avant de mourir, car je suis dans une triste position. Rien à te dire pour le moment que des compliments, surtout ma fille viens, je t'en supplie. JOSEPHINE ROSIER.'

So here ends poor Argentine's expected fête; she went off tearful, but quiet, thinking of us, and arranging things for us even amidst the hurry of her departure. Lucile candidly wishes the letter could have come a day later, that Argentine might have had her ball first, especially as Louise, unless she can get some other companion, will not go. Frenchwomen of all classes are, it appears, exceedingly particular about proper *chaperonage*. Argentine, in all her parties, has taken care to be under the protection of the Gerards' gardener and his wife, the only two certainly respectable persons we know here. The other day, the *bonne* of the L'Espérance committed her reputation irretrievably by coming home alone from a fête at two o'clock in the morning.

On coming in from a walk, my sister was invited by Madame Allard to step in and see the wedding-dinner and the bride. The latter was seated at a little table apart with her bridegroom, his friend, and her *demoiselle d'honneur*. She looked pretty in her white dress and orange-wreath, as well as very modest and frightened. At the large table, they were singing songs.

Argentine came back in a day or two in mourning, for her mother was dead. She was much subdued, and had lost all vivacity of manner, but she set to work in her usual indefatigable way.

It is pleasant, as one 'takes one's walks abroad,' to receive the constant good-humoured salutations of the peasantry. An old woman will discuss flowers with us, and talk of those which are 'most distinguished,' and how we remind her of an English lady who was alone in the *pension* last year, and spent all her time in solitary walks searching for flowers. The old goat-

herd, as we pass down the wide pastures, and see his two beautiful white goats, the only two objects breaking that slope of fresh shining grass, smiles and says: 'Vous faites votre promenade, mademoiselle!' Even the pretty little boy of four or five, curled up asleep under a haystack, opens his blue eyes with that sweet, doubtful smile that takes captive the heart, and warbles out: 'Bonjour, madame.' On one occasion, I explored a new way, and arrived at a certain cottage, a lonely, abandoned, poetic cottage, which stands on its own knoll of green-sward, in its own circle of trees, and among its own meadows, so charmingly situated, but so hopelessly forsaken, and to which there seems no possible access till one has found and followed the scarcely visible track upward, and come close to it. A light white garden-gate, left neglectedly open, and a green walk, lead to the cottage; a superb walnut-tree and Spanish chestnut-tree embower it; a vine grows on one of the walls, its neglected grapes fast ripening. Closed windows, barred doors, grass-grown court, a blank look, and signs of growing disrepair, speak of the sixteen years it has been left thus. It stands so close on the brow of the hill, it looks as if a touch would push it down into the vale, whose beautiful expanse it seems leaning over to behold.

In a hollow just below, I saw a girl tending two cows—the nymph of the solitude. I accosted her. She had a sweet little face of a *piquant* caste, with the usual grave, plaintive expression of young womanhood here; her large brown-black eyes, with summer lightnings in them, brooded over by darkest lashes, were full of grave, latent passion, like the eyes of Creoles; but her voice had a clear, young music in it, and her replies were cheerful. She was fourteen years old; her name Louise Mouly; she was servant to M. Deschamps, a farmer at Les Ormeaux, and kept his two cows here from early morn till nightfall: her mistress assists her to tend them in the morning, and to drive them in at dusk. Adieu, then, Louise Mouly; pursue, as yet, in innocent solitude, your life of pastoral duty. Some day, your cows will be left to stray, while those eyes of still flame talk with other eyes.

Another wedding in the village, which, of course, Argentine has begged us to come and see with her. It was that of a young man named Brou, son to our porteuze d'eau, to Renée, a *bonne* in a bourgeoisie family at Montbrun. There were to be no *nocés*—that is to say, no dinner and ball, as it was not a grand affair. On arriving at the little place, we found that the wedding-party were all inside the *mairie* getting through the previous civil marriage; we waited, therefore, at the door. The bridegroom's first-cousin is married to the curé's brother, the tailor; the bride is an *enfant trouvée*, whose mother even has never been discovered. There was a long delay at the *mairie*, from a difficulty in finding papers, and from no preliminary formulas having been got through. This was not owing only to *campagnard* awkwardness, but to difficulties made by the father, who disliked the match, and would do nothing to help—all out of *pure méchanceté*, they said.

The young man ran off to get some paper or other. 'Voyez! il pleure,' said Argentine. He was a gentle, rather timid-looking young man, with smooth straight black hair, a black coat, and a red rose at his button-hole. We criticised the colour of the coat; a maid-servant who had joined us, a fat, fair, vicious-looking young creature, shutting one eye languishingly, and munching something after her invariable custom, gave her vote preemptorily for black as the most distinguished.

In the meanwhile, the bridal cortège began to assemble. The bridegroom's two sisters—round-faced country-maidens, blooming and smiling, saucy and coquettish, in white jacquet, blue sashes, and lace-caps—appeared, carrying a banner with a pictured Virgin upon it; this was for the bride. Then came the *bedeau* in *such grande tenue*! The new black

coat, cocked-hat, great steel chain, gay cane, and gold ear-rings—all embellishing a face of most grotesque ugliness. He carried the bridegroom's banner, inscribed ST EUSTACHE. The saucy maidens teased him incessantly, criticising everything he did, and abusing him unmercifully, he opposing to them a face and manner most ridiculously angry. They abused the way he carried his banner, managing their own with active rustic grace, and looking very *piquantes* in all their lively scornful confidence.

At last the wedding-party was under-way, bride and bridegroom hand-in-hand with lifted arms. She was in a white mousseline-de-laine, had a long white veil and a wreath of orange-buds; but, alas! she was plain and coarse-looking, with a thick figure, a broad homely face, red, not blushing, trying to get up a look of becoming bashfulness, and all the worse for her tight finery. The bride and bridegroom knelt at the altar before two great tapers, the rest of the party sat round. There was the gray-haired maire; one of the sisters as demoiselle d'honneur; and the bridegroom's father and mother, who have long been separated, met there, but sat apart. I knew the father at once by his face and bearing; he never once looked at the bridal pair, but sat with a hard, surly, contemptuous brow, that never changed nor smiled. His wife, a good, hard-working woman, told us once that he had *mangé* all they had, and driven her out of doors by his *bêtises*. The bride wept much; the bridegroom also was moved; the gay sisters kept on persecuting the unfortunate bedeau in a sly way all the time.

We took our departure when they vanished into the sacristy, after two hours' endurance. I had been pleased with the bridegroom's face and manner, but Argentine gave me a history which took off from his attractions. It seems that, besides refusing to pay a lost wager with another young man—on the subject of his marriage—he had further provoked the same young man by having 'dit des gros propos au sujet de Mademoiselle Louise,' whom he had *méprisée* as a *cuisinière*. 'Chose ridicule,' says Argentine, with much esprit de corps; 'when all the world knows that a *cuisinière* is much more distinguée than a *bonne d'enfans*, as René has been. Moreover, he had had the bad taste to *mechaniser* Louise's personal appearance; and this the young man would not stand. So the young Brou was kicked, knocked down, struck on the face—which latter was so *devoré* that he had to keep his bed two days—and all this six days before the wedding, and in the place before all the world; so that prêtre, maire, and garde-champêtre had to interpose. The victor would have been put in prison, but for his general popularity and his superior position and character.

'It seems,' said I, with a wonderful flash of sagacity, 'that this young man is a lover of Mademoiselle Louise.' 'Justement, mademoiselle; c'est son amoureux.' 'Who is he, then?' was the general demand. Argentine laughed, coloured deep, and would only answer: 'C'est un jeune homme du village.' 'Ah, vous ne voulez pas nous dire son nom, mais je le devinerai bientôt.' 'C'est possible,' said she, laughing and colouring still more. So I felt sure that it was no other than Hippolyte Charron. I should not have expected such fiery *élans* from that gentle smiling face. Where there is so much brightness and honesty, spirit cannot be wanting. I suspect young Brou's spite to have been the fruit of a rejection by the fair Louise.

There was the same night a little dance at the *Mère du Bois* (the *marchande de vin*). Argentine, with all her love of gaiety, did not care to go—I suppose because Hippolyte would not be there. I told her *tout bonnement* who I suspected the unmarried young man to be, and she acknowledged it very gaily.

'So he is Louise's admirer; but, Argentine, I thought he had been a little yours.' She denied this; but as the conversation was evidently pleasing to Argentine,

I am a little in doubt how matters really stand: I confess my reason rather resists the idea that Argentine has carried it against the younger, much prettier, and smiling Louise.

Argentine, who seems opening all her stock of gossip to-day, spoke of poor Zélie, the gardener's wife, who has always been to me an interesting, though rather little known personage. Her husband has just lost his situation from his habit of drinking, incurring debts, quarrelling, and giving offence; but, till they get another abode, M. l'Espérance has allowed them to inhabit the little unused building, called the *manège*, at the bottom of the prairie. So now she is all alone in that wretched place, her husband being much given to stay out all night. Most of the young women about here have a singularly melancholy, suffering expression, but Zélie's is that of despondency. She is a small, delicate little figure, with a pale-brown face; always at work, always quiet, keeping to herself, smiling gently with that meek sad face when spoken to, and answering in a sweet low voice, very unlike the usual tones of her class. When first I saw her, I thought she was one whose lot in life had been blighted. Argentine says she was forced by her parents, five years ago, to marry this man, and has never been happy since. I asked if she had loved another. Argentine did not know, but thought it likely.

Poor thing, she has no children to console her; instead of whom, she takes great care of the animals, which seem her most constant society. When her duties are done, she works alone in her cottage. The other day, seeing the door of the cottage where they then lived open, and no one visible, I looked in: it was so beautifully clean, so still, empty, and peaceful; the large fireplace, the clean curtained bed, the clean brick-floor, the few chairs and tables so well arranged. As I stood admiring, a voice asked me if I wanted anything; and there, at the window behind the door, sat Zélie working, and there, probably, she had been working alone for hours in the only enjoyment which her weary spirit and body seemed to seek—rest and calm.

Zélie's *triste* story dwelt in my mind, and I went down to the bottom of the prairie, to visit her in her wretched quarters—the *manège*. This building consists of a square stone-tower, very ruinous, of which the ground-floor is a large dreary dark room, earthen floored, with naked stone-walls, and a few arched grated holes for windows. Here once was the windlass, which, turned by a horse, conveyed the water from a tank close by up to the house; but the overtoiled horse is dead, and now a woman fetches it. I began to ascend the dark, steep, narrow, broken stairs, to which there seemed no end, without coming to anything, till, from the very top, I heard Zélie's voice. She welcomed us to her low shabby loft, turned into a bedroom; she said it was very *triste* all alone there; that she heard the wind all night, and that it made her head ache. We invited her to come and sit with Argentine in the daytime; indeed, the solitude there to a heavy heart must be terrible. There was not the least appearance of complaining in her manner; she seemed pleased with our visit, and thanked us much. She looks older than she is; *à cause*, as Argentine says, *de ses chagrins*. Her husband treats her badly, though not so brutally as would be the case with a drinking English labourer—that is not in the French nature.

A small event occurred to vary the extreme quiet of existence here. A review of six cavalry regiments took place on the plains of Satory, and the soldiers are billeted for the night over the neighbourhood. M. l'Espérance's share consisted of three officers and six soldiers of the lancers, as well as twelve horses. The garden was soon filled with a party of horsemen; a young officer rode up, *billet* in hand, to the drawing-room window, and addressed my sister in the usual brusque word-saving style of his class, which, I suppose,

originated the epithet cavalier: 'Madame—M'Esperance?' But the worthy propriétaire was gone to Paris, to escape, I suppose, his compulsory guests; so they had to arrange with his respected and grim old mother. The *billets de logement* had been made out by the maire; the business was conducted by the tall bulky *maréchal des logis*, with his coarse voice and bluff manners. He complained that there was not room for the horses; and the result was all that noise and length of discussion which the French always find indispensable—everybody coming up to join in it.

Then came the question—to them, I imagine, the most important one—their dinner? They coolly asked for the bill of fare, which they did not consider satisfactory. The house was not provisioned to meet the vast demands of three Herculean young cavalry-officers—I suspect the deficiency was intentional—and they wisely determined to dine at Versailles. I daresay, too, they felt themselves out of luck at being assigned quarters where there were no good fellows or *jolies dames* to bear them company. We, the only then lodgers in the house, kept religiously to our own apartments, but watched, at a respectful distance, the stabling of horses, the doffing and donning of uniforms, the piqueting of lances, and heard the loud, brief calls and gruff voices of our gallant friends. The little Victor, a small nephew of our propriétaire, ran about among them, intensely sharing in their proceedings with that serious sympathy and sense of partnership felt by every male animal in France, of the smallest size, with red coats and swords. Once or twice, we too have met some dragoons riding, and been abruptly asked: 'Pardon, madame—pour aller à St Marc!' or been saluted at the door by the three young officers, who bowed and waved their caps round their heads with a grave extravagance of courtesy. They are handsome youths, with brown curling moustaches and beards, fair fresh faces, and an appearance of gay reckless spirits. The last time I saw any number of French military was at the Coup d'Etat, when several regiments of cavalry and the line bivouacked in the Champs Elysées, which was covered with fires and stacked weapons, and littered with hay for the horses, whose masters were grumbling at the weather and at the president's commands. I must confess, though one is reminded by such scenes of captured towns, that these formidable beings are very tame and quiet here, and seem not to have the remotest intention of *égorgering* the little Victor, or of insulting the *terrier*.

The evening was spent jollily by the six privates at dinner in the gardener's cottage; the officers, I presume, were no less jolly at Versailles. Argentine, who never *ménages* her words, unhesitatingly pronounces all these *militaires* '*très gourmands*.' She alone, of all the *bonnes* here, has not found it necessary to hold any intercourse with them. One very young officer was quartered all alone at the Gerards. They were gone to Paris; and he found it so dull, poor boy, that he went to bed at six o'clock. Louise, the maid, however, was charmed with his beauty, pronouncing him *un amour d'officier*, and with his politeness, for he expressed much regret at inconveniencing her.

At midnight returned our friends from Versailles, in an excess of good spirits. They had to wait long at the door before it was unlocked, and amused themselves with chattering to the kitten and the gardener's wife. They were not at all *gris*, but simply light-hearted, chattering like children, and laughing at nothing at all.

Next morning, we lost our guests; a soldier was brushing his officer's uniform all the morning outside our door, and talking to himself over it; and, finally, they rode forth, giving the last bright look to our quiet bowers, as their red plumes, polished shakos, the shining lances and tricolor flags, and the dark-blue uniforms, with white sashes and facings, glanced through

the yellowing shrubberies. Little Victor was appropriately solemn as he looked his last at those who, in the course of a day and night, had become his sworn friends; and M. l'Esperance, in his wide-awake, stood with his broad back and shoulders, flinging wide open the porte-cochère in a state of very genuine satisfaction.

Nothing after this occurred, save the regular progress of defacement and decay in all nature—yellowed and bare trees, weeping skies, sheeted with dusk clouds, wild howling winds, that scream through those ill-secured doors and windows, and make one lie drearily awake at night. The visits of friends from Paris are over; the Gerards are gone; we shall be glad to be again in Paris. The only one who, I suspect, will not be so is Argentine, who leads a very agreeable life here, with plenty of air, exercise, freedom, and society, especially that of the *jeune maçon*. It seems he has now fairly given the preference to her, and poor Louise is very unhappy. Her once smiling, blooming face has become dark and sad of late. 'Pauvre fille,' says Argentine compassionately, 'elle est bien troublée.' I suppose no unfair arts have been used to supplant her, as the friendship has continued undiminished, and Louise's visits to Argentine are as constant as ever. She has now gone with her *maitres* to Paris; and Argentine wanders pensively about, carrying the cat as a *petite société*, and owing to feeling *ennuyée*. It appears that though the young man has made no explicit declaration to either, Argentine has the parents in her favour. They constantly invite and encourage her, and tell her they should much prefer her to Louise for a daughter-in-law. Whether Louise's being Swiss and Protestant, is any objection, I cannot find: she is much the prettiest and most coquette; but then it seems that she is often not neatly *chaussée*, and this is a point of first importance to the French mind, high and low. Argentine is evidently the most active and laborious, and the best manager.

What Argentine's secret feelings may be, she has too much feminine *finesse* to betray. She goes cheerfully and stoutly about her work as ever, and seems completely mistress of her will and thoughts. The young man, too, is cautious; on hearing that she was going to Paris, he only said: 'C'est malheureux,' and that he should come and see her. She always maintains 'qu'il n'est ni pour elle ni pour Louise, qu'il est trop riche, qu'il ne regarderait pas les domestiques;' and that, therefore, she never thinks of him, *aucunement*, ever affirming—Heaven pardon her the falsehood!—that if she were to see him no more, she would care no more than the first day she saw him. As for his intentions, however, as the conferences are more frequent and prolonged than ever, I can only hope that she is deceiving us, and that he is not deceiving her. I confess I should like to see Argentine mistress—in prospect, at least—of a very pretty homestead, with garden, orchard, meadows, cow, cider-farm, a nice house, charming granaries, well-stocked piggery, and 'everything to make life desirable.'

A day or two before we left Les Ormeaux, M. l'Esperance came down to perform with us the business of going over the inventory, and inspecting with us the furniture, to see in what *état* we had left it, and fleece us accordingly. Knowing, by Paris experience, how keen-eyed, hard, and exacting are French propriétaires, we were surprised, on the whole, at his moderation. At anyrate, the affair was courteously conducted, which it might not have been by his sharper wife. Argentine attended, bristling her feathers, fiercely on the watch, to do battle for us, and full of the most republican equality of language and manners with M. l'Esperance, whom she considers neither *juste* nor *raisonnable*. In one matter, where she accused him of having gone back from his promise, she afterwards took off, with great spirit, the scene which she conceived to have taken place between

him and the *dame à Paris*, whom she justly regards as his prompter, and gave especially her termagant tones and furious advice. She expresses utter scorn of his subjugation to his wife; a man, she says, should never allow a woman any part in his affairs, and, especially, should never break his promise for a woman. A woman's word, says she, *c'est frivole, ce n'est rien*—a man's ought always to be sacred. On these subjects, her views certainly differ much from those of Constance, a former servant of ours—a sensitive creature, of fiery temperament, vehement convictions, and *esprit*, which almost amounted to genius. She stood up earnestly for her own sex; and when I repeated to her a French gentleman's assertion, that in every French household the woman governed, she said: 'Very true, and quite right, too'—and strengthened her opinion by historical and political examples. 'Voyez Napoléon,' she said; 'did not all go wrong with him when he divorced Josephine? And when Madame Adelaide died, did not Louis-Philippe fall into errors, and lose his throne?'

But we must return to Les Ormeaux—only to leave it, however, for we set off at last, with every accompaniment that could unsentimentalise the parting. A foggy, drizzling, unlovely day hid from sight all the beauties that winter had spared to our knolls and dells; and we had a good deal of trouble in the *déménagement*, as the man who undertook it did not perform it properly. Here ensued a farewell scene of French screaming; the same thing said fifty times over, only in different accents and with different gestures, and tempers, to judge by appearance, all boiling over in utter exasperation. Argentine's withering 'C'est ridicule' was promptly applied; but at last she judged the case too bad for even that, and stood by in silence with her arms crossed—the last and most desperate resource of French sensibility. The porteuse d'eau, who had been trying to cheat us in the morning, moved by a small present, testified so much sympathy for us, as also to stand by with her hands under her apron. A hint from Argentine about going to the maire, finally brought the *voiturier* to reason, and, fetching a second cart, he took away the effects and Argentine, who, I hope, forbore from quarrelling with him on the way to Paris.

We waited a long while at the *cabaret* for our *voiture*, and might have waited for ever—our driver having no idea of keeping his appointment. He had gone off instead to St Cloud, where there was a concourse of people 'gone,' said Madame Allard, 'to fetch Louis Napoléon to Paris.' This suddenly recalled to us the little insignificant fact, that the Empire was to be proclaimed that day. So we waited for the omnibus, and discoursed with the jolly old landlady, who was very conversationally disposed.

At last we were off in the omnibus, and at last we were safe at Paris, and in our pleasant *appartement*; and from that time Les Ormeaux, with its green sunny solitudes, its woods and gardens, its roses and orange-trees, was no more to us than a dream. I may as well here wind up Argentine's *affaire de cœur*, which began like a true romance, and ended—like a French one. One day the jeune maçon came to see her at Paris, and brought her flowers. Another day, Louise came and talked earnestly and gloomily; and Argentine told us with laughter, which was, I think, scornful, that M. Hippolyte was going to marry a girl of nineteen, who had a *petite propriété*. From that time, I withdrew all my interest in the engaging young mason, whom I regarded as an utter French flirt. But as what I felt for Argentine went on increasing, I was well pleased to hear, after we had left Paris—and gladly would she have gone with us to England, had we thought it advisable—that she was married to a man whom she described as *le meilleur d'homme du monde*, and that she *had bien tombée dans son mariage*.

A DEAD BABY.

LITTLE soul, that for so brief space entered
In this little body, straight and chilly;
Little life, that fluttered and departed
Like a moth from a close budded lily;
Little being, without name or nation,
Where is now thy place among creation?

Little dark-lashed eyes, that never opened;
Little mouth, by human food ne'er tainted;
Little breast, that just once heaved, and settled
In a marble slumber, white and sainted;
Shall I e'er in future children's faces
See some pretty look that thine retraces?

Is this thrill that quivers through my heart-strings,
And in dews beneath my eyelid gathers,
Token of the bliss thou mightst have brought me,
Dawning of the love they call a father's?
Do I hear through this still room, a sighing,
Like thy spirit to me its author crying?

Whence didst come, and whither take thy journey,
Little spirit, of me and mine created?
Must thou lose us, and we thee, for ever,
Wondrous life, by minutes only dated?
Or new flesh assuming, as to prove us,
In some other babe return and love us?

Know I not. What know we? Our beginnings,
Like our endings, rest with the Life-sender,
With whom nought is lost, and nought spent vainly.
Unto Him this little one I render.
Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover.
So—a year's dream—a year's hope, is over.

GREEK AFFECTION FOR FOREIGNERS.

To say the truth, the Greeks like none but Greeks. If they like foreigners, it is in the same way that the sportsman loves game. They shew the same affection to the French, the English, and the Russians, by cheating them uniformly in everything, by selling impartially to them all articles at double the price at which they sell them to Greeks. In giving small-change, a Greek would think he had lost caste if he did not cheat you in giving you back change for a five-franc piece. When you perceive it, and mention it to him, he repairs his mistake, and smiles amiably, as much as to say: 'We understand one another; you guessed that I was a rogue; you are a man of sense, perhaps a bit of a rogue yourself; we were made to understand one another.' A Greek coffee-house keeper is by no means embarrassed when a Frenchman and a Greek, who have taken coffee at the same table, come at the same time to pay him, the one twopence, the other a penny. If you made any observation upon it to him, he would answer: 'The Greeks do not eat up one another.'—*Edmond About's Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day.*

THE MARRIED MAN AND THE BACHELOR.

Though bachelors be the strongest stakes, married men are the best binders, in the hedge of the commonwealth. It is the policy of the Londoners, when they send a ship into the Levant or Mediterranean Sea, to make every mariner therein a merchant—each seaman adventuring somewhat of his own, which will make him more wary to avoid, and more valiant to undergo dangers. Thus, married men, especially if having posterity, are the deeper sharers in that state wherein they live, which engageth their affections to the greater loyalty.—*Fuller.*

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FIDDLES AND THE FIDDLE-TRADE.

No man who is not a fiddler can be fully aware of the virtues that reside in a fiddle. To the majority of mankind, the thing is but a vibratory machine of thin wood, furnished with tightened strings of catgut for the production of musical sounds; and the non-fiddling portion of the community are apt to entertain a derogatory notion both of fiddles and fiddlers, as though there were something unaccordant with the dignity of human nature in the production of melody by shaking the elbow and twiddling the fingers. Not that they by any means object to the result produced, or refuse to listen to the harmonious combination of sounds which horsehair and resin elicit, or refrain at all times from responding to the invitation of the music by tripping through the mazes of the delightful dance: but they wouldn't be seen to operate themselves; they could not submit to be themselves the fiddlers. A small section of society—a dismal, dolorous, and drab-hearted community—go still further. With them, the terms 'to play the fiddle' and 'to play the fool' are synonymous; the notes of a fiddle-string sound irreligiously in their ears, and they look upon fiddlers as persons in a highly equivocal, not to say dangerous position. But the truth is, these people don't know what a fiddle is. I do, and I have therefore the advantage of them.

I am the owner of a Straduaris which cost me nearly L.200, and is worth more than double the money. I have insured it in the 'Equitable' for the sum it cost—I couldn't rest in my bed till I had done so. How it came into my possession—what risks I ran—what sacrifices I made to get it—what danger I was in of losing it for ever: these are particulars which I may record at some future time. At present, I am about to say something of fiddles and the fiddle-trade in general, for the benefit of the world at large and my brother-amateurs (I am not a professional musician) in particular.

All the world—at least all the musical world—knows that the finest fiddles which the art of man has ever achieved, were made by the Cremonese masters 200 and odd years ago. What all the world does not know so well is the fact, that though these masters, Amati, Straduaris, and the rest, made but comparatively few instruments, these have somehow so miraculously multiplied since their death, that at the present moment, when, according to the ordinary course of things, they ought almost to have vanished from the earth, they abound in such prodigious numbers, that there is not a dealer in one of the great cities of Europe who has not always one or two specimens at

least upon hand to dispose of. I am of opinion that this is owing, not so much to the merit of the Cremona fiddles, transcendently excellent as most of them are, as it is to the existence of a class of men of whom the reader knows but little or nothing. It is with the great fiddle-makers as with the Raphaels, Titians, Correggios, and Rembrandts, in another art; their works are so tremendously in request among the connoisseurs, that they have to be manufactured anew to meet the demand. It is the credulity and ignorance of the collectors which have instigated the forgeries in both cases.

As your connoisseur in art is never a painter, though he knows the constituents of megilp, and can daub a bolster-looking cloud; so your connoisseur in fiddles is never a performer, unless the ability to rasp a quadrille or a polka is to entitle him to that designation. But the collector of fiddles, it is probable, derives as much pleasure from his accumulations as his brother of the studios. He gloats over the torso of an old instrument, and feels the same raptures on contemplating the graceful swell of the 'belly,' as my lord-connoisseur does in the presence of an antique marble or a Venus of Titian. And as there are rival connoisseurs in art who bid and buy frantically against one another, so are there rivals in the fiddle-mania who do precisely the same thing. One consequence of this is, that fiddle-dealing is a snug money-making profession, the more pretentious branch of which is monopolised in London by a few old stagers, but which is carried on profitably in all the large towns. There is, for instance, Old Borax, whom those who want him know whereabouts to look for—within the shadow of St Martin's Church.

Borax makes but little demonstration of his wealth in the dingy hole that serves him for a shop, where a double-bass, a couple of violoncellos, a tenor or two hanging on the walls, and half-a-dozen fiddles, lying among a random collection of bows, bridges, coils of catgut, packets of purified resin, and tangled horsehair in skeins, serve for the insignia of his profession. But Borax never does business in his shop, which is a dusty desert from one week's end to another. His warehouse is a private sanctum on the first floor, where you will find him in his easy-chair reading the morning-paper, if he does not happen to be engaged with a client. Go to him for a fiddle, or carry him a fiddle for his opinion, and you will hardly fail to acknowledge that you stand in the presence of a first-rate judge. The truth is, that fiddles of all nations, disguised and sophisticated as they may be to deceive common observers, are naked and self-confessed in his hands. Dust, dirt, varnish, and bees-wax are thrown

away upon him; he knows the work of every man, of note or of no note, whether English, French, Dutch, German, Spaniard, or Italian, who ever sent a fiddle into the market, for the last 200 years; and he will tell you who is the fabricator of your treasure, and the rank he holds in the fiddle-making world, with the utmost readiness and urbanity—on payment of his fee of one guinea.

Borax is the pink of politeness, though a bit of a martinet after an ancient and punctilious model. If you go to select a fiddle from his stock, you may escape a lecture of a quarter of an hour by *calling* it a fiddle, and not a violin, which is a word he detests, and is apt to excite his wrath. He is never in a hurry to sell, and will by no means allow you to conclude a bargain until he has put you in complete possession of the virtues and the failings, if it have any, of the instrument for which you are to pay a round sum. As all his fiddles lie packed in sarcophagi, like mummies in an Egyptian catacomb, your choice is not perplexed by any *embarras de richesses*; you see but one masterpiece at a time, and Borax will take care that you *do* see that, and know all about it, before he shews you another. First unlocking the case, he draws the instrument tenderly from its bed, grasps it in the true critical style with the fingers and thumbs of both hands a little above the bridge, turning the scroll towards you. Now and then he twangs, with the thumb of his left hand, the third or fourth string, by way of emphasis to the observations which he feels bound to make—instinctively avoiding, however, that part of the strings subject to the action of the bow. Giving you the name of the maker, he proceeds to enlighten you on the peculiar characteristics of his work; then he will dilate upon the remarkable features of the specimen he holds in his hand—its build, its model, the closeness and regularity of the grain of the wood of which the belly was fashioned; the neatness, or, wanting that, the original style of the purfeing—the exquisite mottling of the back, which is wrought, he tells you, ‘by the cunning hand of nature in the primal growth of the tree’—*twang*. Then he will break out into placid exclamations of delight upon the gracefulness of the swell—*twang*—and the noble rise in the centre—*twang*—and make you pass your hand over it to convince yourself; after which, he carefully wipes it down with a silk handkerchief. This process superinduces another favourite theme of eulogium—namely, the unparalleled hue and tone (of colour) imparted by the old Italian varnish—a hue, he is sure to inform you, which it is impossible to imitate by any modern nostrums—*twang*. Then he reverts to the subject of a fiddle’s indispensables and fittings; discourses learnedly on the carving of scrolls, and the absurd substitution, by some of the German makers, of lions’ heads in lieu of them; hinting, by the way, that said makers are asses, and that their instruments bray when they should speak—*twang*. Then, touching briefly on the pegs, which he prefers unornamented, he will hang lingeringly upon the neck, pronounce authoritatively upon the right degree of elevation of the finger-board, and the effects of its due adjustment upon the vibration of the whole body-harmonic, and, consequently, upon the tone. Then, jumping over the bridge, he will animadvert on the tail-piece; after which, entering at the S-holes—not without a fervent encomium upon their graceful drawing and neatness of cut—*twang*—he will

introduce you to the *arcanum mysterii*, the interior of the marvellous fabric—point out to you, as plainly as though you were gifted with clairvoyance, the position and adaptation of the various linings, the bearings of the bass-bar, that essential adjunct to quality of tone—*twang*—and the proper position of the sound-post. Lastly, he will shew you, by means of a small hand-mirror throwing a gleam of light into its entrails, the identical autograph of the immortal maker—Albati, Guinarius, or Amati, as it may happen—with the date printed in the lean old type, and now scarcely visible through the dust of a couple of centuries, ‘*Amati Cremonæ Fecit 1645*,’ followed by a manuscript-signature in faded ink, which you must take for granted.

Borax has but one price; and if you do not choose to pay it, you must do without the article. The old fellow is a true believer, and is accounted the first judge in Europe; fiddles travel to him from all parts of the continent for his opinion, bringing their fees with them; and for every instrument he sells, it is likely he pronounces judgment upon a hundred. It is rumoured that the greatest master-pieces in being are in his possession.

A dealer of a different stamp is Michael Schnapps, well known in the trade, and the profession too, as a ravenous fiddle-ogre, who buys and sells everything that bears the fiddle shape, from a double-double bass to a dancing-master’s pocketable kit. His house is one vast warehouse, with fiddles on the walls, fiddles on the staircases, and fiddles hanging like stalactites from the ceilings. To him the tyros resort when they first begin to scrape; he will set them up for ten shillings, and swop them up afterwards, step by step, to ten or twenty guineas, and to ten times that amount if they are rich enough and green enough to continue the experiment. Schnapps imports fiddles in the rough, under the designation of toys, most of which are the productions of his peasant-countrymen bordering on the Black Forest; and with these he supplies the English provinces and the London toy and stationers’ shops. He is, further, a master of the fiddle-making craft himself, and so consummate an adept in repairing, that nothing short of consuming fire can defeat his art. When Pinker, of Norwich, had his Cremona smashed all to atoms in a railway collision, Schnapps rushed down to the scene of the accident, bought the lot of splintered fragments for a couple of pounds, and in a fortnight had restored the magnificent Straduaris to its original integrity, and cleared 150 guineas by its sale. But Schnapps is a humbug at bottom—an everlasting copyist and manufacturer of dead masters, Italian, German, and English. He has sold more Amatis in his time than Amati himself ever made. He knows the secret of the old varnish; he has hidden stores of old wood—planks of cherry-tree and mountain-ash centuries old, and worm-eaten sounding-boards of defunct harpsichords, and reserves of the close-grained pine hoarded for ages. He has a miniature printing-press, and a fount of the lean-faced long-forgotten type, and a stock of the old ribbed paper torn from the fly-leaves of antique folios; and, of course, he has always on hand a collection of the most wonderful instruments at the most wonderful prices, for the professional man or the connoisseur.

‘You vant to py a pfeedel,’ says Schnapps. ‘I sall sell you de pest—dat ish, de pest for de mowny. Vat you sall gif for him?’

'Well, I can go as far as ten guineas,' says the customer.

'Ten kinnis is goot for von goot pfeedel; bote besser is twenty, tirty, feefy kinnis, or von hunder, look you; bote ten kinnis is goot—you sall see.'

Schnapps is all simplicity and candour in his dealings. The probability is, however, that his ten-guinea fiddle would be fairly purchased at five, and that you might have been treated to the same article had you named thirty or forty guineas instead of ten.

I once asked Schnapps if he knew wherein lay the excellence of the old Italian instruments.

'Mein Gott!' said he, 'if I don't, who de teifl does?'

Then he went on to inform me, that it did not lie in any peculiarity in the model, though there was something in that; nor in the wood of the back, though there was something in that; nor in the fine and regular grain of the pine which formed the belly, though there was something in that; nor in the position of the grain, running precisely parallel with the strings, though there was something in that; nor in the sides, nor in the finger-board, nor in the linings, nor in the bridge, nor in the strings, nor in the waist, though there was something in all of them; nor yet in the putting together, though there was much in that.

'Where does it lie, then, Mr Schnapps?'

'Ah, der henker! hang if I know.'

'Has age much to do with it, think you?'

'Not moshe. Dere is pad pfeedels two hunder years ole as well as goot vons; and dere is goot pfeedels of pad models, vitch is made fery pad, and pad pfeedels of de fery pest models, and peautiful made as you sall vish to see.'

This is the sum-total of the information to be got out of Schnapps on that mysterious subject. On other matters, he can pronounce with greater exactness. He knows every Cremona in private or professional hands in the whole kingdom; and where the owner bought it, if he did buy it; and what he gave for it, or from whom he inherited it, if it came to him as an heir-loom. Of those of them which have passed through his hands, he has got fac-similes taken in plaster, which serve as exemplars for his own manufactures. Upon the death of the owner of one of these rarities, Schnapps takes care to learn particulars; and if the effects of the deceased come under the hammer, he starts off to the sale, however distant, where, unless some of his metropolitan rivals in trade have likewise caught the scent, he has the bidding all his own way, and carries off the prize.

Fiddle-making, as a branch of industry, is not a very remunerative employment, and those who follow it in London are but few, and are growing fewer. The whole number hardly amounts to half a score; and though there are not wanting among them men who can manufacture excellent instruments, yet the staple of their productions is a kind of regulation article which does not command a high price, and serves, for the most part, to supply the demands of the counties and the colonies. The best English instruments, however, deserve a better character than they bear. Some of the old provincial makers, needy men, who perform the entire work with their own hands, have produced fiddles almost rivalling the old Cremonas in tone, and excelling them in workmanship; and I have seen some few specimens of this class realise by auction fifteen times the amount paid for their manufacture. The inundation of German fiddles, which may be bought new for a few shillings, has swamped the English makers of cheap instruments, of which there are by this time five times as many in the market as there is any occasion for. Hence it is that fiddles meet us everywhere; they cumber the toyshop; they house with the furniture-dealer; they swarm by thousands in the pawnbroker's stores, and block out the light from his windows; they hang on the tobacconist's walls;

they are raffled at public-houses; and they form an item in every auctioneer's catalogue.

Meanwhile, the multiplication of rubbish only enhances the value of the gold; and a fiddle worthy of an applauding verdict from old Borax is more difficult of acquisition than ever. So I shall keep my Cremona.

A NEW VIEW OF AN OLD SUBJECT.

Prithce think
There's livers out of Britain.
Cymbeline.

CLEVER people have long since been unanimous in their opinions respecting the non-existence of animal life upon the moon's surface: be it so; I do not presume to question their decision; I have not the slightest intention of doing any such thing; but, for all that, sitting here in my study, with some books scattered about my table, and a globe at my elbow, I suppose there could be no great harm if I were to indulge in a little train of innocent speculation, suggested to me, in an idle hour, by sundry waifs and strays of miscellaneous reading.

Countless books have been written, and countless discussions held upon this single question of lunar population; professors have had more to say about it than about anything else in the circle of the universe: they never will let the moon alone; they take the altitude of her mountains, the depths of her caverns, the breadth of her plains; and, in fact, so worry and torment her, that we are constantly reminded of that pleasant satire of Lucian's, in which Luna remonstrates with Menippus upon the impertinent curiosity of those earthly philosophers who amuse themselves by taking her measure as accurately as if they intended to fit her with a dress. It must be confessed, that we have treated the moon somewhat lightly; made her the common subject of conversation; and expressed our opinions upon her very freely.

What, then, must the men in the moon say about us?

True, this question implies a population in our satellite; but why should we not grant her an imaginary population for the nonce? Archimedes asked but a place to stand, and he would move the world. I propose that we stand in the moon and look at it; that is a great deal easier and more amusing. 'The least change in our point of view gives the whole world a pictorial air,' says Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'turn the eyes upside down by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!' The essayist is somewhat of an authority: let us try, then, what *this* change will do for the aspect of our olden home.

We will suppose ourselves standing on a lofty mountain-summit in that portion of the moon which lies between the centre of the hemisphere presented to us and the lower edge of the disc. It is a dreary place enough; all around us are piled gigantic peaks, height above height, far as the eye can pierce, abrupt, threatening, and inaccessible: the sides of some sheer down to the level plain from heights of 12,000 and 16,000 feet—mere walls of blank stone, without break or slope, and with never a shrub or blade of grass to be seen, and not a drop of water anywhere. Some are split into deep gullies; some form frowning ravines. The plains are broken into horrid pits, and strewn with stupendous fallen blocks.

It is noonday; the sun shines overhead, and the sky is intensely black. We shall not be surprised at

this, when we remember that our own blue firmament owes its beauty to the reflection of light on air, whilst here we have scarcely any sensible atmosphere, and no aqueous body of vapour whatever. For the same reason, we find the sunshine less bright, and note that it falls more coldly around us; we miss the clouds which reflected and dispersed daylight and summer warmth over the world we have left.

Straight before us, midway between the horizon and that part of the heavens directly above our heads, we perceive a vast and mysterious object—a monster-planet faintly illumined, like the moon by daylight, and enveloped in a floating veil of many shades. This planet is nearly fourteen times larger than our satellite; it neither rises nor sets, but remains ever in the same station, while it is the firmament which seems to revolve behind it. More wonderful, however, than its size, its nearness, or any other of its attributes, is the floating veil of which I have just spoken. It is interspersed with dark spots, and with moving tracts of light; these are constantly being developed, changing, and disappearing, as if some effervescent matter, more luminous than the rest, kept rising from the under-current of the liquid mass, and sailing on the surface. Yonder, as the sun begins slowly to sink, this veil looks as if in places it were touched with fire; in others, it seems to be rent violently asunder, and reveals some inner substance, which is quickly hidden again by the closing of the apertures.

This extraordinary and gigantic object is called the Earth; it is a planet, and learned selenites are of opinion that it is uninhabited. 'The earth,' say they, 'is the most unstable of planets—the world of revolutions. It seems to consist of some troubled matter. One sees there nothing but storm, confusion, and change; and it would by no means surprise us if, some day, we were to behold its utter destruction. It is pretended that there are inhabitants on yonder globe; but, if so, on what part of it could they exist? On the solid element of the star, which we perceive through the rendings of the outer veil? Absurd! There they would be crushed, drowned, stifled by that outer element which weighs upon it in every direction. Think you that the small quantity of our pure, untroubled ether which reaches them through its openings, would suffice to support life? And would they not at every instant be liable to be torn from the earth's surface, and whirled away by these raging winds and vapours, that are scarcely ever seen to subside or clear away? Or is it to be supposed that they have their abode in the outer element itself? There, it is true, they could breathe the celestial ether; but how trust themselves to so turbulent and uncertain a support—a substance scarcely to be called a substance, traversed by electric fire, and opening constantly in such a manner as to precipitate them upon the solid nucleus beneath? In short, a few moments of consideration are sufficient to convince any reasonable person that, although the earth is a vast and marvellous planet, it is totally unfitted for human habitation.'

These arguments are feasible enough. I listen to them with the utmost attention, and could almost allow myself to be convinced by them, were it not that I am myself a denizen of that misunderstood planet. At the same time, I acknowledge that no appearance is more likely to imbue the selenites with false notions than these white and luminous phenomena which encircle our globe. Their forms are infinite, and vary perpetually. They are thrown into relief against the darker terrestrial nucleus. A white spot first appears; it increases in volume even as we look upon it; it spreads rapidly over a vast extent of surface, takes a thousand fantastic forms, is suddenly rent into thin and semi-transparent fragments, which catch up every opal tint of sunlight; and presently it disperses and is lost, like the fairy mirage of Morgana.

Again, long streaks of light and shade, running at right angles to the earth's axis, and similar in effect to those belts which are observable on some others of the planets, give a yet stranger aspect to our globe. These are composed of masses of vapour, borne along in the current of trade and other winds. They take their course from the north-east to the south-west, forming long trains of light, which shew more vividly in contrast with the darker expanse of ocean across which they are carried. Nor are these the only winds whose track is visible from our observatory in the moon; we can readily distinguish the luminous vapours driven along by the tropical winds, by the monsoons of the Indian Ocean, by the polar winds which travel towards temperate climes. The action of these is, however, always subordinate to the elevation of the atmospheric temperature.

Let us turn to another of the many phenomena presented by this curious and interesting planet. At each of the poles, we perceive two vast and glittering patches of white, which vary periodically in size, and return to their original relative dimensions after about 365 revolutions of the globe. In proportion as the white tract on the one pole diminishes, that on the opposite pole becomes increased; so that one seems to gain what the other loses, and *vice versa*. At the same time, there is never an equal space remaining between these two extremes; for the white covering upon the southern pole is always more considerable than that of the northern.

Seeing one of these decrease during six of our months, while the other enlarges in proportion, is a source of infinite wonder to the learned selenites; but we have no difficulty in pronouncing it to be the effect of summer and winter on the polar snows. Mars presents exactly the same phenomenon; and as to the different extent of the glacial districts belonging to the two poles, it is accounted for by the fact, that our mean temperature is higher than that of the southern hemisphere.

By this time, the sun has attained the verge of our lunar horizon, and night is coming on—night and an icebound silence, which is more terrible than the raging of our wildest storms; for here is neither atmospheric vibration, nor water, nor any vehicle by which sound may be conveyed.

Hours have glided away unnoticed as we stood up here, reader, with our eyes fixed on yonder earth. The sun sets behind us, and the great moon begins to cast a glorious light upon our barren landscape—a light fourteen times more intense than moonlight on the earth; and the earth is full to us; by which we may conclude that the moon is new to the earth.

Enveloped as it generally is with a cloud-veil, the earth can seldom be seen to great advantage, and never quite divested of that troublesome element which alone debars the lunar astronomer from embracing at one *coup d'ail* the half of our globe, with all those permanent varieties of shadows and light which mark the geography of its surface. If ever it were so to be unveiled, the inhabitants of our satellite would enjoy the most magnificent map which it is possible to imagine, with its dimensions thirteen times exceeding those of our full-moon.

But stay—we have already consented to create a lunar population, and to suppose ourselves actually transported to a mountain-peak in moon-land. Why can we not go a step further, and imagine a clear and cloudless sky? Nothing easier. See! even as I speak, the vapours roll away; the belts become wavering, broken, and irregular; presently every mist has shrunk and vanished, as the soil from our breathing leaves the surface of a mirror, and the gracious earth, more radiant than before, sheds a flood of unimpeded light on all around.

Now we can contemplate the outlines of isles and

archipelagoes familiar to us only on our artificial globes, trace the beds of oceans, follow the boundaries of great continents, and contrast the dimensions and figures of those spots which we know to be the seats either of civilisation or abject barbarism. We can also observe the alternations of light and shadow, as they distinguish lofty elevations from deep valleys, recognise the polar wastes and the eternal snows of our mountain-ranges, and discover many regions by the colour which is proper to their physical conformation.

Lambert (of Berlin) suggested that the earth, seen from the planets, presents a greenish tone of colour, in the same way that Mars appears ruddy. Perhaps the illustrious professor ascribed the general tint of our globe to that of the ocean, which covers a large portion of its surface. If all our continents were, like South America, chiefly clad in virgin forests, this might perhaps be the case; but, to go no further than North America, we find elsewhere immense solitudes almost bare of vegetation, and utterly powerless to reflect any other than the tawny hues of sandy plain and gravelly clay. On the 14th February 1774, Lambert recorded, amongst other observations, an olive tint reflected from the earth upon the lunar surface; but I do not remember to have read of any similar appearance either before or since, nor ever to have heard the former suggestion treated as anything better than an idle speculation.

But see! yonder elongated spot, turning from us to the right of the planet, is the southern extremity of the New World; and standing in tiny relief against the sky, marked by a long line of shadows alternated with streaks of light, we behold the lofty summits of the Cordilleras or Andes. Here and there are seen points of intense whiteness; and in some places, glancing spots which seem to go in and out like stars, and which we recognise for the burning volcanoes, 18,000 and 19,000 feet in height, described by Humboldt.

Slowly, but perceptibly, these keep withdrawing, and with them the circle of antarctic snows; and now, on the opposite side, an immense obscure stain, greenish in part, and in part reflecting the blue of the terrestrial atmosphere, comes into sight, and continues during some hours to spread itself over nearly all the disc of the earth. This greenish hue differs considerably from the lighter green prevailing over the triangular spot which we pronounced to be the southern division of America. Southwards, it spreads over all we can see of the planetary disc, and is interspersed with a multitude of small gray spots. It is the great Pacific, sown with islands. The arrival of two gray spots so close, that at this distance they look like one long one, precedes the development of a vast mark which is chiefly green, but shaded with many colours. The two long spots are the islands of New Zealand; and the larger mark is the continent of Australia, with its fertile tablelands and wooded terraces. To the north of Australia, a crowd of greenish spots, of every shape and size, are known at once for the islands of New Guinea, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, Philippine, and others, which constitute the archipelagoes of the Asiatic coast.

It is now some time since we have perceived, towards the north, and not far from the circle of arctic snows which now appears at the top, a grayish stain upon the ocean, which spreads itself round by the west, and descends almost to the earth's equator. The sides of this spot are jagged and irregular, and present a thousand aspects. This is the continent of Asia, and the most easterly frontier of the Old World. The colour of Asia is far from being uniform; and the more it comes round in the revolution of the planet, the more gigantic, the more varied, and the more remarkable does it appear. Northwards, it is gray and cold in tone, and seems almost to meet the circuit of the polar regions; this is the district of Siberian steppes, those

dead and dreary plains of marsh-land, and moss, and frozen mud, whose brief three months of summer yield scarcely sufficient grain to supply the wretched inhabitants with winter-store. All the centre of the great continent, as it enters more fully into our field of vision, is occupied by a far-spreading tract of glittering white, which seems, as it were, to be framed between two long chains of high mountains, and which prolongs itself from the south-west to the north-east, like a silver zone, across all the width of the Asiatic hemisphere. These mountains are the ranges of the Yablonoi, the Altaï, and the Himalaya; and the silver zone is that weary line of solitude and sand which commences with the Great Desert of Gobi, occupies all the central plateau of Upper Asia, extends through Cabool and Persia, and terminates with the arid deserts of Arabia. Even the gigantic deserts of Nubia, Libya, and Sahara, which reach across the whole of Northern Africa, would seem to be but a continuation of the rest.

Thus is the Old World divided into two almost equal parts by a radiant belt of sand, which throws back the splendour of the sun, and shines, like a terrestrial Milky-way, across the surface of our planet.

Just beneath the sandy regions, lies a very noticeable part of the continent of Asia. Bounded on one side by the mountains, and on the other by the sea, it shews a pale-green tint, and comprises the magnificent countries of China, India, Burmah, Mongolia, and Tibet.

Now, these are slowly disappearing, and the stupendous bulk of Africa occupies the centre of the hemisphere. The north pole inclines almost out of sight at the top; the south pole, with half its circle of snows, is visible at the lower extremity of the planet. All around the angle of Southern Africa—terminated by the Cape of Good Hope—leaning far to the right, sweeping round to the left, and extending in the latter direction up the whole length of the globe—literally from pole to pole—lies the great dark ocean again, 'like a green serpent round about the world.'

High above the deserts of Africa, and verging towards the arctic districts, we distinguish a little straggling spot, fantastically broken in form, and divided from the great continent by a band of sea undecided in colour, and varying from gray to green. This strip of water is the Mediterranean; and that little spot, which seems to be remarkable only for its ragged and *bizarre* outline, is our Europe, which, despite its insignificant appearance, is the seat of every art, the centre of all commerce, and the lawgiver of the world.

And here we have arrived at the extreme western limit of the Old World. Day is once more breaking over the sullen landscape in which we are standing; and, as the great moon pales before the rising sun, Europe gradually sinks away from our sight; Africa disappears; the great ocean alone fills all the scene; and just as the shores of America begin to encroach upon the western wastes of the Atlantic, the long-absent vapours re-assemble; the belts of cloud gather together, and form themselves across the disc of the planet; seas and continents, islands and silver deserts, are once more enveloped in the mystic veil, or appear only at intervals, and in so fragmentary a manner as to render all recognition inaccurate; the phenomena of storm and confusion begin afresh, and the world-map is closed for ever from our sight.

We have ended at the point from which we began, and in twelve hours have traversed every portion of the globe. In twelve hours, we have passed through every extreme of climate—have crossed unscathed the hot sands of the tropics—penetrated safely to the untrodden wilds of Central Africa—threaded the tangled jungles of Hindostan—and beheld the whole extent of those polar regions which have cost the lives of too many among the bravest and best of our geographical investigators. Certainly we have seen such

a sight as we never saw before in any twelve hours, consecutive or otherwise.

But it is cold up here. What say you, fellow-traveller, is it not time that we return to the earth?

THE TABLE-GOSSIP OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE present age cannot be called an age of conversationists. There is enough of speaking, it may be, on most subjects; but those who have anything either wise or witty to give us, take to paper and the lecture-rooms. Conversations are distinguished for anything but conversation, and either there are few men capable of talking cleverly at our tables, or such men reserve their clever things for more profitable uses. The time was when people went to dinner-parties simply to hear certain great talkers; now, a free conversational style is rare even in our literature. Books of 'table-talk' may therefore be said to be things of the past, and the recently published *Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers*, the poet, is scarcely an exception; for it has really more to do with men of the past than of the present, and the book is a book of gossip rather than anything else. Our ideas of table-talk, as the term has usually been applied, have been formed upon the recorded sayings of men whose conversation was made up of original and striking thoughts, rather than of anecdotes. Rogers, on the contrary, was a man of reminiscences; and almost all that is good in the 'Recollections' of his talk partakes of the character of gossip, and is, so to speak, given at second-hand. Rogers was not so much a conversationist as a retailer of the good things said by men of livelier wit, and much greater originality, with whom he had been on terms of familiar friendship. Still, his talk is table-talk, in the literal sense of the term; for most of the anecdotes, personal traits, opinions, and *bon mots*, were told or said at his own table either by his guests or to his guests. So many notable persons had sat with him in their day around his 'mahogany-tree,' his repute as a man of taste and good living, not to speak of his literary character, enabled him to associate with society at once so varied and so distinguished, that he had ample opportunities of hearing some of the best talkers in England in their happiest moods; and his recollections of them could not fail to interest those who only knew of them from books, and thought of them as men of a by-gone day. His range of topics was remarkable, for his reminiscences extended to a time far beyond the recollection of most of his later contemporaries; it almost seemed, in short, as if Time, while it swept away all those who had been the friends of his early and middle life, had passed him over, or left him to make us better acquainted with the past. Apart from the reverence which is due to old age, and the weight which we attach to the wisdom which only sometimes belongs to it, there is a peculiar fascination in the conversation, however meagre, of a man who has lived in the world as Rogers did for nearly a hundred years, and can narrate, as having been an eye-witness of them, events which seemed to us so very remote even in our boyhood.

We shall never forget the account given us, some twenty years ago, of the Battle of Prestonpans by an old man who saw it from the outside stair of his father's house, and had to take refuge within doors to escape the bullets that began to whistle about him as the fugitive troops fled from the field. There is something almost approaching to a superstitious interest excited by the *vid-voce* narratives of such persons; and this had a good deal to do with the gossip with which Rogers entertained his later circles of guests. Those who listened to it did not always think, perhaps, of his advanced life, and the changes which a very few years produce; they only thought of the singular circumstance, that a living man, sitting at the

head of the table at which they sat, had seen Garrick play; had gone to Ranelagh in a cocked-hat, with a lady who sat on a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress preventing her from occupying the regular seat; nay, who had even stood and looked up at the head of one of the rebels of the '45 as it withered and blackened on Temple Bar. That Rogers had lived to tell of having done and seen things like these, was sufficient to render his conversation interesting; but his intimate personal knowledge of, association with, and readiness to talk about notable men who had lived two generations before any of those who listened to him, made it still more so. To such listeners, the breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers was something like a magic-mirror, in which the forms of the great ones long departed were reflected; and not only their forms, but their habits and conversation. Living a comfortable and comparatively uneventful life himself, the literary Nestor could not obtrude his own concerns so as to diminish the interest of his recollections of others; and even the former were worth hearing about, suggestive as they were of obsolete usages, and for the sake of a certain relative value.

Extending as it does over nearly a century, Rogers's table-talk embraces, as we have said, a great variety of topics; but as not a few of the stories he told have been told before, and as some of his recollections must be set down as so much garrulous twaddle, an idea of it may be best given by taking it and the subjects to which it relates in the order of time. Although the aged poet's reminiscences do not all belong to the pleasures of memory, several of the personal traits with which he entertained the men of the present generation being given rather at the expense of a respect for those of the past, still much of his gossip does carry us pleasantly back to the old times, and gives us lively illustrations of things gone by. We do not of course allude to his mention of having seen, when a lad, 'a whole cartful of young girls on their way to be executed at Tyburn, for being concerned in the burning of houses during Lord George Gordon's riots.' Such a recollection as this does not do much to enhance our ideas of the wisdom and humanity of our ancestors, and we gladly turn from it to accompany the poet to the sale of Dr Johnson's books, and to meet there a very old man, 'with the flesh of his face looking like parchment,' who was a beau in Pope's days, and who 'had shot snipes in Conduit Street;' that ancient personage being none other than Pope's General Oglethorpe. We narrowly miss knowing something more even of the great doctor himself; for Rogers had so strong a desire to see him, and submit to him some of his juvenile poetry, that, accompanied by his friend Maltby, he proceeded to the lexicographer's house in Bolt Court, and actually had his hand upon the knocker, when his courage failed him. It would have been very agreeable to us to have known how Johnson received the youthful poet, and to have had from the latter some additions, however slight, to the Boswellian gossip. Boswell, on being afterwards told of Rogers's timidity, expressed his regret that it should have prevented the latter from seeing Johnson, who would, he thought, have received him 'with all kindness.' Probably, Rogers thought otherwise; at least, he did not himself entertain a very high opinion of his youthful effusions, for the editor of the *Table-talk* saw him destroy with very little regret the manuscript of an operatic drama which seems to have been written sometime after his hand had been on Johnson's knocker. But although he had not the courage to venture further than the door-step of the house in Bolt Court, Rogers met several persons who had been familiar visitors there. The most memorable day of his life, in his opinion, was that on which he took coffee with Mrs Piozzi, who, as Mrs Thrale, will ever be connected in our minds with some of the most agreeable

recollections of Johnson. This lady was then living at Edinburgh, which Rogers visited in early life, dropping in upon Adam Smith while he was eating strawberries to breakfast; calling upon Robertson the historian; going to hear him and Blair preach; and making the acquaintance of Henry Mackenzie, with whom he afterwards corresponded, but found his letters not at all such as he had expected the author of *Julia de Roubigné* to write. It was about this time, we imagine, that Rogers was within thirty miles of Dumfries, but, greatly to his subsequent regret, did not go to see Robert Burns, who had then, perhaps, paid his final visit to Edinburgh, and was sending George Thomson his immortal songs. Mere chance might have brought him into the society of our great poet. The persons with whom he chiefly associated while in Edinburgh, were those in whose company he would have been most likely to meet Burns, whose *Cotter's Saturday Night* he long afterwards pronounced to be 'the finest pastoral in any language.'

Of other two of Dr Johnson's circle we have a pleasant glimpse. 'I was present,' says the gossiping chronicler, 'when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his last lecture at the Royal Academy. On entering the room, I found that a semicircle of chairs, immediately in front of the pulpit, was reserved for persons of distinction, being labelled "Mr Burke," "Mr Boswell," &c. &c. . . . As Reynolds descended from the rostrum, Burke went up to him, took his hand, and said:

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

We pass from the lecture-room to the senate, and the political circles in which Sheridan, Pitt, and Fox were the more notable figures. Of Sheridan and Fox, we have many pleasing reminiscences. Rogers's political leanings—and they were only slight leanings—led him into the society of the Whigs much more frequently than into that of Pitt and his allies, of whom we have only second-hand stories, some of which are not very probable. He was to the last a good friend and an ardent admirer of Sheridan; considering him 'a great artist,' and, in support of that opinion, quoting certain lines from one of his works, in which few save Rogers, we believe, have ever seen any very high artistic excellence. The quotation is very much in the table-talker's own style, however; and that circumstance may in some measure account for the opinion expressed regarding it.

Of Fox, several fine personal traits are given. We are told how he consoled himself for his heavy losses at play by sitting down quietly to read Greek, when some thought he had gone to commit suicide; and how, on being importuned by one of his bond-creditors, after winning L.8000, he declared that he must first discharge his debts of honour; but the creditor having placed his demand in that category, by destroying the bond, he paid the debt immediately. More pleasing than this freak—for such we take it to have been—are the recollections of Fox's domestic life when living at St Anne's Hill—of how he delighted in rural occupations and rural prospects—how he would break off from a criticism on Homer to look after the pigs—of his good-hearted simplicity in allowing a pickpocket to swindle him out of a guinea on the plea of having been driven into crime by starvation, and to rob him of his watch afterwards—of how Lady Holland announced his death by walking through the room in which friends were assembled 'with an apron thrown over her head'—and how Sir Robert Adair burst into tears when shewn, long afterwards, the room in which he died. From these, and similar slight but pleasing recollections, we obtain an idea of how much Fox was beloved, and, in spite of all his infirmities, how lovable he was.

Rogers's intimacy with Fox, and other Whig

celebrities, cost him more than he calculated on, for Dr Burney tells us that he was blackballed at the club chiefly, if not solely, on account of his political connections. This the doctor seemed to take a good deal to heart, for Rogers was very desirous of being elected, and was generally regarded as a person who would not intentionally have given offence to any one. The poet found ample consolation for his disappointment, however, in the society of men who were either rising or had risen into world-wide fame. We find him meeting with Nelson, of whose kindness of heart he formed a high opinion, and whom he had seen 'spin a tee-totum with his one hand a whole evening for the amusement of some children.' Lady Hamilton, too, he frequently visited; and excited her to such a degree by the interest he seemed to take in a handkerchief which Nelson had worn at Trafalgar, that she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Whether the poet's interest extended to the lady herself in her neglect and poverty, we are not aware; but we are told that 'Lord Stowell never rested till he procured for her a small pension from government.' In still higher society, conventionally speaking, Rogers occasionally mingled. He several times dined at Oatlands with the Duke and Duchess of York; heard from the former an account of how he and his brother, the Prince of Wales, were stopped in the streets of London, and robbed of their purses by footpads; and tells us how, on the duchess whispering into the ear of Monk Lewis something so affecting as to bring tears into his eyes—that gentleman giving as the reason that she had spoken so kindly to him—one of the guests said: 'My dear fellow, pray don't cry: I daresay she didn't mean it.' Of Erskine, we have one pleasantly wicked thing. His lordship had an unfortunate habit of buying stock when it was high, and selling it when it was low; he was, therefore, sometimes scarcely in a position to be just to his creditors, not to speak of being generous to others. Accordingly, when he had to reply to letters soliciting subscriptions, he 'always'—it is said, but we hope not always—wrote as follows:—'Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant.' This reminds us of a deceased peer, who, when accosted in the street by importunate beggars of the more genteel order, wrote the name of one of the most short-tempered of his friends upon a slip of paper, and handed it to the applicant, who, of course, on presenting it made a narrow escape of being kicked down stairs. A story equally good is told by Rogers of another learned lord—Lord Ellenborough—who, on being asked by his lady to allow her to accompany him on the circuit, made a stipulation that none of her handboxes should be put into the carriage. During the first day's journey, however, his lordship's toes came in contact with the forbidden article, and it was speedily thrown out at the carriage-window, the enraged judge calling on the coachman to drive on. The box was left by the way-side; but when his lordship began to prepare himself for going upon the bench, he found that he had deprived himself of an important part of his judicial costume—the obnoxious handbox being his own wig-box with the wig in it.

As we come down to more recent times, we find anecdotes, *bon mots*, and opinions of Sydney Smith, Scott, Moore, and others of the later Holland House celebrities; all of whom were also frequent guests at Rogers's table. The room in which they met is dismantled now, and its artistic treasures will ere long be scattered; but the poet-connoisseur was justly proud of it. In order that his pictures might be well seen, he had candles placed high up all round it; and on Sydney being asked how he liked the plan, the answer was: 'Not at all. Above, there is a blaze of light; and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of

teeth.' Not less characteristic of the witty canon is his reported dream that there were thirty-nine Muses and only nine Articles—a dream which quite confused him; and his reason for believing in the apostolical succession—a certain bishop being so very like Judas.

In books which contain only the fragments of a man's familiar conversations, a mere selection of his opinions, there is always a danger of his views being incompletely stated, if not misconstrued. An opinion given at one time may have been considerably modified or qualified at another; it may even have been in effect retracted, yet the reader is allowed to derive his impression from the opinion as originally given without regard to attendant circumstances. Rogers often had occasion to revise the estimate he had previously formed of some of his contemporaries; but in the *Recollections* of his table-talk, some of these are given so directly, that we are led to believe that he had not seen cause to change them. Thus, there are several of his remarks from which we cannot help concluding that the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* had but a poor opinion of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*. True, he said that 'some of Campbell's lyrics will never die,' and he quoted lines from *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which he considered exquisite; but, he added, that there were passages in that poem 'monstrously incorrect,' and assured his hearers that Wordsworth pronounced others in the *Pleasures of Hope* to be 'sheer nonsense—nothing more than poetical indigestion.' He related that, on one occasion, Professor Wilson contended very stoutly for the grandeur of a certain passage from the *Pleasures of Hope*, but that, on being asked the meaning of it, the professor dashed down the book, and declared he could not tell. Another remark of Rogers's about Campbell must be taken as either very simple or very unfeeling: we incline to give it the latter character. 'Madame de Staël one day said to me: "How sorry I am for Campbell; his poverty so unsettles his mind, that he cannot write." I replied: "Why does he not take the situation of a clerk?—he could then compose verses at his leisure hours."' He adds: 'This answer was considered very cruel.' No doubt, Rogers either meant it to be very cruel or very prudent. Campbell could not afford to take nine years to one poem, as Rogers did, writing no more than four lines in a day; but the rich banker might have had something better to say about the poor poet than that he should become a clerk. In spite of all this, however, it is well we should remember that it was the rich banker who lent Campbell L.500 to purchase a share in the *Metropolitan*.

Of Byron, Rogers at first had no great opinion. He thought *Childe Harold* 'would never please the public;' and when he found that it did, he said the poet's rank and his youth had 'made the world stark mad' about it. Byron he represented in the light of an eccentric, or rather an affected personage; and there is at least one anecdote he told about him which should not have been told, or at least not printed. It was at the house of Rogers that Byron first met Moore, and on that occasion the noble poet would not eat of any of the dishes on the table. 'He never took soup,' fish, mutton, not even wine, he declared; and he accordingly dined upon potatoes and vinegar. This his host believed to be nothing but affectation; for he learned that, after leaving his house, Byron had partaken heartily of a meat supper. That he did so, however, will scarcely be accepted as a proof of his wilfulness at dinner-time. Byron was a great supper-eater. Long before the days when gin-and-water was his hippocrène, he would return home from a late supper, and write sixty or eighty verses of the poem in the composition of which he might happen to be engaged. Rogers complained that neither Byron nor Scott had any feeling for the fine arts; and it is related as an evidence of this, that the former sat down in a corner of the

Pitti Palace, and replied to the raptures of the poet-connoisseur by reciting the well-known recipe for making a cognoscente from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. *Childe Harold*, however, affords sufficient evidence of its author's appreciation of art, or at least his power to describe its most glorious triumphs. There is nothing in Rogers's *Italy*, we think, to compare with the descriptions of the 'god of the unerring bow' and 'the statue that enchants the world.'

We may here introduce a fragment of a conversation which we ourselves had with Rogers, regarding Byron, in 1845. We transcribe it *literatim* from the note-book in which we took it down at the time. Byron had practical benevolence to a remarkable degree in certain peculiar cases. Mr Rogers, calling upon him in his bachelor-days, was answered at the door by a wretched-looking old woman, of extreme ugliness, which struck him so much, that he asked Byron how he kept such a dreadful hag about him. Byron answered that, being prostrated by illness in a house where he lodged, he had been tended with extraordinary kindness and assiduity by this old creature, who was there in the position of an inferior servant. He had consequently taken her into his own service, and resolved never to part with her. Afterwards, when Byron was married, and living in a handsome house, Rogers found the old woman raised to a confidential situation in the establishment, and very smartly dressed. Ultimately, Byron pensioned her. Our remark on the story will, we fear, appear rather ungracious, but the circumstance certainly does strike us as a trait more allied to the egotistic than the generous character.

It is well known that it was Rogers who was mainly instrumental in reconciling Moore and Jeffrey, and in the *Table-talk* the oft-told story of the duel is repeated with no important additions to it. As we approach our own day, we find the interest of the talk begin to flag; and, unless further 'recollections' of it are to be given to the public, we may conclude that in later times it consisted chiefly of those reminiscences of which we have given an outline. There are, it is true, one or two notable things told of the Duke of Wellington; for the gentleman who had in his youth seen Marie-Antoinette dance in the Tuileries, outlived even the 'Iron Duke.' Of Wellington's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave Rogers this instance. He was in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bedtime when the captain of the vessel came to him and said: 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the duke; 'then I shall not take off my boots.' We do not remember to have seen anything equal to this as an illustration of the great soldier's self-possession. Of his opinions, one is worth giving; he said: 'I have found that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manœuvring, are far superior to them in downright hard fighting with the enemy; at Waterloo, the young ensigns and lieutenants who had never before seen a battle, rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket.' The duke, without doubt, knew that this was to be accounted for on the consideration of the excitement produced by the dreadful game of war in the minds of those who had not before looked upon its terrible realities.

Appended to the *Table-talk* of Rogers, a variety of anecdotes are given under the title of *Porsonianæ*. They were communicated to the editor, Mr Dyce, by Mr Maltby, the intimate friend of Rogers and of Porson; but they do little more than present us with a picture of the renowned 'Grecian' as the victim of intemperance. They are, for the most part, of a sadly depreciatory character, and fail to give us such an idea as we should wish to entertain of Porson. Our remarks may, therefore, be fitly closed with a few references to Rogers himself, of whose habits of composition and general disposition a little more may

be said. His first poem was published in 1786; it was written while he was in his teens; and he paid the publisher L.30 to save him from being a loser by it. The illustration of his last work, *Italy*, is said to have cost L.10,000; and a more magnificent book has never perhaps been published. The composition of that poem occupied its author sixteen years; he was engaged on the *Pleasures of Memory* nine years, and on *Human Life* nearly the same length of time. He was a great admirer of Gray, and carried a copy of his works in his pocket until he could repeat them all. Scott's poetry was 'too carelessly written' to suit his taste; and for the sonnets of Shakspeare, he had no admiration whatever. Living the life of a man of affluence, taste, and celebrity, Rogers had ample opportunities of gratifying all his tastes. He was essentially a man of society, and, but for his position, might possibly have been regarded as somewhat of a tuft-hunter. That he was generous, cannot, we believe, be denied; and that he was a little vain, may perhaps be presumed, from the interest with which he heard that the editor of his *Table-talk* had taken notes of what was said by him. Some of the things so noted are neither very witty nor very wise, but all of them, doubtless, had a certain interest for those who heard them. That Rogers was often painfully satirical, is better known than the *Recollections* of his sayings would lead us to suppose; and while he was kind, in many instances, to men who needed kindness and countenance, he was more ready, perhaps, like most men, to worship the risen, than to hail the rising star. An amusing example of this occurred in the case of a now eminent Scottish artist, who, on going to settle in London, called upon Rogers with a letter of introduction, and in the hope of seeing his pictures. The day was wet, and the visitor's boots rather muddy; and accordingly, the poet, after reading the letter, cast a glance at the boots, as the wearer of them stood in the lobby, and requested the visitor to call another day. He never called, however; nor could ever be induced, either by formal or pressing invitations, sent after his name had become well known, to do so.

MILICENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'You cannot mean what you say, Milicent! Many a woman has sacrificed her happiness to her pride; take care, for your own sake, how you add to the number!'

Had there been any vacillation in Milicent Tyrrell's mind, this adjuration would have fixed it. She perceived in it the implied reproach upon the vehemence of her character, which had wounded her so often—which had brought her, in fact, to the alternative against which her lover warned her. It strengthened her, however; it gave fire to the eyes that might have softened, and firmness to the voice that would have trembled. She answered calmly enough:

'I do mean what I say,' she said; 'and I shall not sacrifice my happiness. We should not be happy together: you are hard and cold, and I am passionate and headstrong, as you tell me. Your faults lie deep; they never shew on the surface—they mislead you as to yourself—they make you harsh and unforgiving to me. I could not live with a man that was always watching me to detect and reprove; I should learn to hate my husband in the character of censor and judge. Life would be one fierce quarrel, ever growing fiercer. No, Luke, it is because I would have neither of us miserable that I am resolved to end our engagement.'

She stood erect and resolute: it was impossible to doubt her earnestness. Luke made a few turns in the room; hard and cold as she called him, it was difficult for him to speak as firmly as she had done.

'But you are bound to me,' he said at length, 'by ties that the caprice of a moment cannot break: my ten years' love, your father's wishes; more than all—you constrain me to say it, Milicent—your own confessions and promises must withhold you. Have you not loved me?' he asked passionately; 'or has the past been a part and a lie?'

'If,' she replied scornfully, 'your words were anything to me now, I should resent such language. Have I loved you?—well enough to submit to be pupil, culprit, slave almost! I have learned to dread your presence in the height of any innocent enjoyment, knowing you would see some fault to blame. Hard constructions have been put on all I did and was. You have schooled me in every relation of life, in every petty detail of conduct, as if you had been, in fact, my husband. No husband, in fact, shall so school me: the wife's position is an equal one, and you would degrade it. No!' she cried eagerly; 'I have borne much—I will not marry to such bondage! Often have I said: "If Luke acts thus again, it shall be the last time." The last time is now come; nothing will move me! As for your love, you delude yourself; you love rule and self too well!'

'Stop!' cried Luke, interrupting her, 'for I can bear no more: I should be bent indeed upon my own misery if I urged you further. Strange, that we have thus deceived ourselves—that instead of loving me, such an intense bitterness is burning in your heart! What blind dreamers we are!'

'I, too, have dreamed,' said Milicent; 'you are not alone in your disappointment; but it is all over. Mr Forrester, good-bye.'

Her attitude, as she held out her hand, was as firm and stately as ever, but her averted eyes gleamed with suppressed emotion, and her flushed cheeks were wet with tears. He had meant to take his farewell without another word, but a glance into the proud troubled face of the girl moved him with an irresistible yearning. Was there not enough of noble-heartedness within her, after her faults were weighed, to risk his happiness upon? But what availed such calculation? Did he not love her with soul and strength?—had he hope or care for the future without her?

'Milicent!' he exclaimed with vehement tenderness; but a movement arrested the words. He saw it would be in vain; that she was prepared to reject his prayers as she had done his expostulations. Why should he subject dignity and love to be trampled under foot? 'Milicent,' he repeated more calmly, 'farewell! I shall be able to wish you happiness apart from myself.'

He held her hand for a moment in a passionate grasp. How still and proud she stood! He noticed, in spite of him, every point of her beauty, the very richness of her dress, and the accessories which surrounded her. He knew not the secret agony against which her indomitable spirit upheld her.

'Can she ever have loved me?' was the bitter doubt with which he hurried from her presence. The groom brought round his horse with the same alacrity and respectful cordiality as he had shewn every day almost for years—his had been a long courtship, a Jacob's service—and Forrester spoke to him in the same quiet friendly tone; but he pushed on at full gallop, becoming mad speed, as his thoughts quickened, and the man was out of sight.

The glorious afternoon sunshine flooded the park, and cast the broad tree-shadows unbroken on the grass—the flower-garden was brilliant with a thousand dyes—the ripe harvest-fields and distant river burned in the unmitigated light; the far-off hills, crowned with woods and dark in shadow, shut the noble English landscape in—shut in the lands of which Milicent was heiress. She loved riches and luxury—oh, she had enough to satisfy her and console her, if she needed consolation. He might never find one to fill the

place she had held in his tenacious heart; but she, whose beauty and position opened the highest circles, who loved society, and was worshipped by it—what credulous vanity to suppose some suitor as worthy and more successful than himself would not secure what he had lost! But was it loss? Was not his present misery the shorter, if sharper, pang to a union with a woman so impatient of the lightest control, so cruelly unjust to the deepest and tenderest affection? Reversing the cause, was she not right in her own conclusion? It would not do even in the first moment of wrath. He thought of her scorn for all that was mean and little—her lofty truthfulness—the tender passion of a nature that was capable of all sacrifice for the being loved—the earnestness and fire of her mind, which ever seemed at the high point of vitality, but occasionally attained by others. Misconception, uncongeniality, and wretchedness there might be, but Milicent was still to him the chief good on earth.

He heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned abruptly into an opposite path. He had no wish for companions, least of all for such as Mr Tyrrell and his little daughter Lilly. When secure from observation, he looked back to watch them, and send after them his last farewells.

Mr Tyrrell's fine face looked brighter and more animated even than its wont, as he bent down towards his fairy companion, the fragile child and darling of the house. The little girl's fair curls danced in the wind as she urged her pony to its utmost speed; and her soft laugh rang through the clear air as she gained the race they were running, without a suspicion that her triumph had been an easy one. Forrester knew how Milicent loved her father; how Lilly was cherished with more than a sister's heart. It might be an unworthy emotion, but he thought bitterly that every good gift had been lavished upon her; that her life was so rich, she would scarcely miss one link from the glittering chain; and for the moment, selfish in his great sorrow, he would have had her solitary and miserable as himself.

Before another hour had struck, deep darkness had fallen upon this brilliant lot. The stumble of a horse's hoof revolutionised life for Milicent Tyrrell. Her father drew his last breath in her arms ten minutes after she had been summoned to his side—summoned from one strife and agony of soul to another scarcely keener; and he died intestate.

We must pass over the scenes immediately following: every adverse power seemed at work to exalt the sudden overwhelming misery to desperation. The death of her father to the daughter's heart, in which he had been supreme, would have smothered lesser woes, had not the first news of the accident brought down his elder brother, the heir-at-law, and subjected the proud defiant girl to the bitter humiliation of his mastership. There was no gainsaying his right: the large estates of Roseneath had been left by an eccentric relative to the younger brother, on condition he took his name. They were left entailed upon the male line, but with the momentous saving-clause, permitting the legatee to cut off the entail and will it at his pleasure, if he had no son, and a daughter twenty-one years of age. When Mr Tyrrell died, Milicent wanted a few months of her majority; and her father, having waited for this event to dispose of his property, had not even secured to his children what fortune was under his independent control.

Mr Rivington held no friendly feelings towards his nieces; he had looked upon himself as defrauded during his brother's lifetime, and was disposed to regard his sudden death as a manifest token of the will of Heaven to give him back his rights. He meant to take the orphans to his home, and treat them, he said, as his daughters; and had no more sense of his turpitude in seizing thus their expected inheritance,

than has been shewn since the beginning of time by the lawless possessors of the coveted vineyards.

Fourteen days' intercourse with Milicent made him hate her: he wished to bury his brother with all possible pomp and ceremony; but Milicent, knowing intimately her dead father's wishes on the subject, roused herself from her stupor of anguish to oppose the idea. Mr Tyrrell had often said, as they passed through the village churchyard, that he would rather lie under its willows than in the ancestral vault beneath the chancel; and he owed to his daughter's strength of will and energy of purpose that the wish was gratified. Milicent bore down her uncle's opposition with a resolution so absolute that he was constrained to succumb, and resented the necessity accordingly.

Immediate retaliation was in his power—to contract his business at Roseneath to the shortest possible space of time, and hurry the sisters back with him to their new London home. He would have been better pleased had Milicent expostulated on the subject; but her character upheld her from any complaint or protest against her uncle's tyranny. She perceived at once the feelings and motives which influenced his conduct, and she possessed precisely that strength of mind or refinement of pride which would have enabled her to bear the rack without uttering the groan her torturer listened to hear.

The agony of her father's death, after the first irresistible paroxysms of grief, she consumed in silence; as well as the even sharper pang that her sudden fall from wealth and authority to poverty and dependence would inevitably produce in such a nature. Sharper, not because her love had been weaker than her pride, but it was comparatively easy to bow to the inevitable blow of Heaven, it was martyrdom to submit to what seemed the caprice of circumstance, the power of injustice and legal fraud. During this interval, she had a still greater trial to undergo in the ceaseless efforts of Luke Forrester to obtain an interview with her. The lover she had rejected with such decisive scorn in the recent days of her prosperity, could never receive anything from her now; as for offers of friendship and service, they would be intolerable to a heart passionate and vehement as her own. Since the day they had parted, even in the height of her misery, or rather stimulated thereby, Milicent's love seemed on the increase; adding the master-grief of bitter self-reproach and vain regrets for a future lost for ever. The effect of all this mental strife was such, that, as they reached their journey's end, a fortnight after Mr Tyrrell's death, Mr Rivington, on looking at Milicent, consoled himself with the reflection that his two daughters had nothing to fear from her rival beauty.

Mrs Rivington and her daughters were in a state of great excitement on the evening of the expected arrival of Milicent and Lilly Tyrrell. The latter, being a child, had little to do with the tremor of curiosity and anxiety that agitated them: it was all due to Milicent, the reputed beauty, the impoverished heiress, the rejected bride. Augusta Rivington, as she coquetted with her crape-trimmings and long curls, pleasantly conscious how well her mourning attire became her, was explaining to Maurice Halford, her reserved, dilatory, but assured admirer, how the case stood.

'Poor uncle could have settled everything on Milicent, and she was always brought up to expect it. Poor girl, it must be a dreadful blow to her. I should feel it myself keenly, little as I care for fortune. But then, you know, the property ought to have been ours before, so that we are getting only our rights after all.'

Mr Halford knew all about it, as it was the one subject of talk in their mutual circles, and bowed gravely, in unmistakable acquiescence, as the young lady paused.

'It is shocking to think of!' subjoined Mrs Rivington, stirring into a blaze the before hot fire. 'For just one-and-twenty years my husband has been defrauded by his brother, without the smallest acknowledgment or attempt at compensation; but there is a providence that watches over these things. In spite of their father's robbery, his children shall always find a home with us.'

'And sisters in your fair daughters?' asked Mr Halford, with precisely the same inclination as before. 'Pardon me, Mrs Rivington, but few women would be capable of such magnanimity.'

Augusta looked up a little uneasily; but, assured by her scrutiny, said with a little laugh, in reply to his first remark:

'I hope so; but they say our poor cousin's temper is so difficult, and she has been so flattered and spoiled, that it will not be easy to be very fond of her. She has governed like an autocrat at Roseneath. It is really a terrible reverse.'

'It is quite certain she could not be very amiable,' remarked the elder Miss Rivington, in a slightly undertone, 'or Luke Forrester would never have jilted her!—'

'Hush! my dear,' interposed her mother quickly; 'it is not fair for one lady to tell such tales of another. Nothing blights a young woman's prospects in society like the reputation of having been jilted. The secret is safe with you, I am sure, Mr Halford?'

'Of course, the lady was jilted in the days of her prosperity.'

'I really can't take upon myself to say, but I fear not: Mr Forrester is not even in that case less disinterested than—excuse me—the sex in general. Portionless maidens are little in demand, except in novels.'

'A libel!' whispered Augusta softly. 'Why don't you take up the gauntlet for mankind?' But Mr Halford was in a muse, and did not hear her; indeed, he heard nothing till a sudden movement announced the guests were come; then he roused and looked about him. The room had a very pleasant aspect, with the glow of fire and lamp reflected in every opposing point of glass and gilding, and heightening the warm tints of the pictures on the wall, and the rich flower-painted carpet under foot. It was thick set with all kinds of fantastic couches, if the travellers were weary; and on the table was a dainty repast, ready spread, to tempt and gratify appetite if hungry; and then what intense anxiety in the faces of aunt and cousins—could the welcome be mistaken?

Mrs Rivington and Augusta hurried down stairs to meet the strangers; they were so long in returning, that Eleanor said she would go and see if anything was the matter; and almost involuntarily, moved by an unusual curiosity, Mr Halford followed her.

Milicent stood in the hall, giving, in clear calm tones, some instructions respecting her luggage; the greetings had no doubt been exchanged, for Mr Rivington was bustling up stairs, and his wife and daughter stood a little apart, watching their kinswoman. Her arm pressed closely to her side her little trembling sister; otherwise she would have stood erect, and her face was turned towards the light. Mr Halford was a sensible man, but he had a great weakness for beauty; he was an absent one, too, and stood and gazed at Milicent, ignorant that his mistress's eyes were upon him. Very pale and worn her face looked with recent watching and anguish, and its expression was fixed and cold, but the perfection of feature, the fineness of outline, was unimpaired. There was no extraneous help; her hair, of the beauty of which much had been said, seemed to have been carefully concealed; but the clearly marked line of the brows, the shade of the lashes, hinted at colour and character. These points were patent to all her observers; but only one carried the scrutiny deeper, and detected, in spite of the careful

self-possession, the latent expression of the deep-blue eyes—an occasional scintillation of passion and recklessness that touched him, together with the sudden dilation of the delicate nostril, the quiver of the lines round the flexible mouth.

Mr Rivington stopped short at the head of the stairs. 'Girls, take your cousins up stairs, if they have finished their orders, and help them to make haste down to tea, for we sha'n't stand on the ceremony of waiting. What, Halford, my dear fellow! How do? Always glad to see you. No need to introduce you to Milicent Tyrrell—you know who she is.'

'But I shall feel obliged if you will let Miss Tyrrell know who I am,' said Mr Halford smiling, in order to mollify the roughness of the other's speech.

Mrs Rivington introduced him. Milicent, who had not condescended to notice her uncle's insult, bowed in a stately, unconscious way, and, still holding Lilly's hand, followed Augusta to a bedroom.

There was no fire in the spacious, cheerless apartment; they had had a long journey, and the child was benumbed with cold. Milicent hesitated what to do, and fixed a keen asking gaze on Augusta's face; her cousin had offered her services in a careless way, and they had been declined: she now leaned listlessly over the mantel-piece, but the attitude alone was languid—she was watching every movement of Milicent's with intense interest.

'I cannot—no, I cannot stoop to complain and ask a favour from her,' thought Milicent. 'Lilly, I could better die than beg for you.'

She took off the heavy cloak and bonnet, smoothed the fair head, and then kneeling down before the little one, began to chafe her frozen feet between her hands. On looking up into her face, she perceived Lilly was crying—not in a childish, fretful way; her tears fell quietly, but large and fast. It was the one thing Milicent was not proof against: pride failed her, crushed under the rush of the restrained agonies and emotions of the day. She clasped the child in her arms with a cry of passion that startled Augusta to her very soul; and then throwing herself upon her knees, still folding Lilly in her strait embrace, burst into such an agony of weeping, that at length her cousin was moved.

'Milicent, don't cry like that. You will be very happy with us; we will all be very kind to you.'

Milicent's bonnet had fallen off, and her dark hair in massive curls swept over cheek and throat; the face was raised as in appeal against her fate—how beautiful she was in spite of tears and pallor! Augusta had been bending over her, her hand resting on her shoulder; but she suddenly drew back from the caressing posture. 'Had she been less beautiful, I would have loved her.' A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

'Calm yourself,' she said coldly; 'and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?'

Milicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. 'The last time,' she said, rising and drying her tears, 'that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately.'

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Milicent's late emotion. Mr Rivington looked up from his meal. 'Come, girls,' he said graciously; 'come to the table: I am sure you must be half-starved. And now, one word, Milicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agreed with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman; but in my own, remember I am

master. For the rest, to end the subject for ever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion.'

Milicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during this speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self-complacency, she said quietly:

'I am sorry I cannot be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor.'

Mr Rivington turned pale with hate and anger. A confused murmur of indignation rose from his wife and daughters. The former could not find adequate words for his feelings. A woman's wrath is more facile.

'I suppose, Miss Tyrrell,' said Mrs Rivington with a sneer, 'you and your sister have a choice of asylums, as you risk ours so soon?'

Milicent was rising up. At that moment, she was reckless of her fate: wild thoughts of seeking some refuge from her present degradation, however abject, and labouring at some employment, however menial, that would preserve bare life to both, possessed her mind. She threw a mental glance into the field of strife—the huge city that was roaring outside the windows. It was appalling; still, she was equal to it! A restraining hand pressed her arm; she shook it off impatiently; then her eyes fell on Lilly.

Mr Halford's mind was prompt. He interposed quickly:

'The poor little one yonder gets nothing to eat, and she is too cold and tired to enjoy it if she did. Mine is a warm seat, Miss Lilly, and I have a stalwart knee, if you are not too big to sit upon it.'

It produced its effect; for herself, no hardship but would be preferable to her present position; but it might kill her sister. Milicent sat down in silence. 'God give me strength to bear!' she cried mentally, 'for no slave is bound more surely.'

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

As any question connected with the bread we eat, and the sources of its supply, must in some degree be interesting, we propose giving a brief outline of the recently published statistics of Scottish agriculture. The comprehensive tables lately issued by the Highland and Agricultural Society, come at a time singularly apropos. The want of detailed and authentic information as to our agricultural produce, has long been felt; so much so, that during last autumn, it led to what may almost be termed a bread revolution, as, when the loaf reaches a certain price, people will be curious as to the cause, especially when such an event happens right in the face of what is presumed to be a more than ordinarily abundant harvest. The quantity of grain we grow, and its ever-varying price, is a topic on which the public are always eager for information; and if government would organise an effective annual agricultural census, we venture to predict that no series of statistics would be more eagerly looked for, or more thankfully received—which, indeed, is indicated by the fact, that 'the leading journal' took the pains to send a well-informed writer on the subject from the Land's End to John o' Groats, to get even an idea of the produce of last year's crop.

It is to agriculture that a country is chiefly indebted for the food of its people; and the greatest abundance of articles of luxury cannot prove a compensation for a falling off in the quantity, or a deterioration in the quality of the food-stuffs we cultivate. Thus a prosperous agriculture is one of the surest signs of a flourishing community—the foundation of its wealth. The products of the loom, the juice of the grape, the arts of the painter, the creations of the sculptor, the trade of the printer, and all else that ministers to the comfort, grandeur, luxury, or civilisation of the human race, may be dispensed with: still, man must have his

food. Experience proves, that the periods when the bread and beef of a country are at stake, are those of the greatest dangers to its institutions: chartism becomes 'a food question'; bread-riots engross the attention of the Home Secretary; and 'provision leagues' for 'the sovereign people' rise like an exhalation, designed to resist the combinations of speculators, or to terrify the government. Hunger seldom reasons—it acts; and when a harvest is said to be more productive, and the grain of better quality than usual, the unreasoning mob cannot understand why the price of their loaf should be doubled.

'They manage these things better in France,' is a saying which is as frequently misapplied as otherwise; but in regard to its productive qualities, and accurate statistics of its agricultural produce, that country is much before Britain. Long ere our government knew or could gain an idea of what the result of the crop of 1855 would be, the French were in possession of such data on the subject as served to make them immediately aware of the fact, that this particular harvest was less productive than usual. The moment this important fact was made known, measures were promptly taken by the emperor and his advisers to provide for the deficiency by increasing the supplies—imports of grain being encouraged, all exports prevented. How is this? Why are we behind our allies in so important a matter? In some other respects, we have kept pace with the advancing spirit of the times, and, more particularly, with the increasing demand for statistics. We have, for instance, much regular information from the Board of Trade on kindred subjects: the exports and imports of all kinds of food and produce are made known to us; we know the quantities we receive of Dutch cheese or American flour; we can also tell how many bolls of foreign potatoes or bushels of Hamburg fruit we import yearly. We can tell to a nicety the quantity of barley we make into spirits; the quantity of soap we bestow on our population; the quantity of bricks we make. Seeing that we do all this, may it not be asked why we have never taken an account of the corn we grow?

A matter of such importance ought not to be longer left to guess-work; nor ought we to allow other countries to shoot ahead of us in things which we, as a commercial nation, consider to be particularly our *forte*. France, as we have already stated, has a well-organised arrangement for the collection of agricultural statistics; so has Prussia, and many of the other continental states. Brother Jonathan, in addition to ascertaining the produce of his crops, includes in his inquiry the extent 'of improved and unimproved land, working-oxen, butter, cheese, wool, hay, clover-seed, other grass-seeds, flax-seed, animals slaughtered, honey and bees-wax, besides other articles—such as maple-sugar and molasses, domestic fabrics, population, &c.' Thus the younger country sets an example to its parent—an example, however, which we have been slow to take advantage of. But it is so self-evident, that we should be at least on a par with other countries in this respect, as to require almost no argument or demonstration: the prosperity of a country is so completely bound up with its agricultural progress, that its state is often demonstrable from the yards of its farmers or the condition of its fields.

The progress of our agriculture during recent years has been striking. The farming mind, it has been said, is less impressible, and slower to take in new ideas than the manufacturing mind; but it is now a settled belief, that the British farmer has awakened from his long trance, and is at last thoroughly aroused to the question of the protection and development of his particular interests. With some few exceptions, he is ever ready to seize upon the newest invention in farming-implements: he seeks out the most fertilising

manures, the best methods of draining, and the best arrangement of farm-buildings. He engages the most skilful servants and the most intelligent labourers; and, greatest and best of all improvements, he has chained the steam-horse to the plough and the thrashing-machine. Wherever we find steam introduced, it is a significant mark of progress; and the more we can use it, the better. Steam-horses require no feeds of corn, and therefore leave all the more grain for the food of the people.

The principal features illustrated by the successful collection of agricultural statistics in Scotland for the second time, are—the absurdity of former guesses on the subject, the feasibility of obtaining such returns with ease and accuracy, and a demonstration of the correctness of the first year's collection, already alluded to in our number of 8th September last.

Mr Hall Maxwell's report for 1855 embraces five tables, which contain the number of occupants and the acreage in tillage of agricultural tenements valued at rentals of not less than L.10 or L.20, according to the counties in which they are situated; the amount of stock possessed by these occupants; the gross estimated produce of the principal cereal and root crops; the estimated average produce per acre of the same crops; the estimated averages per acre which have been reported for each district into which counties are subdivided. It would not suit our purpose, or the tastes of our readers, to go minutely into the figures of these elaborate returns; it will suffice to give a brief summary of the principal heads.

Occupants.—Till the present Report was issued, the exact number of agricultural occupants or farmers in Scotland was unsettled. We are now told that the list contains 4340 occupants, rented at and above L.20, in the counties of Argyle, Caithness, Inverness, Orkney and Zetland, Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherland, and in the Island of Arran; and 39,127, rented at L.10 and upwards, in the remaining counties—making a total of 43,467. This does not, of course, include the crofters; but from a separate return of 'small holdings,' published as an addendum to the inquiry of 1854, we find them to be 42,229—namely, 16,144 paying less than L.10 of rent, and 26,085 paying less than L.20 annually. This gives us a grand total of 85,696 farmers, great and small.

The average size of the large holdings can be ascertained easily by dividing the total acreage of a county by the number of its occupants. Thus, Aberdeen contains 479,000 arable acres, which, divided by 7326, the number of farmers, gives an average quantity of land of about 65½ acres to each. Mid-Lothian farms seem to average 114½ acres. The largest holdings seem to be in the counties of Haddington, Berwick, and Roxburgh, which respectively average 220, 192, and 131 acres. The average for the Highland counties gives about 66 acres; while the total average for Scotland is close upon 82 acres.

Acreage.—There are some deviations from 1854 in the taking of the acreage for 1855, 'permanent pasture' and 'sheep-walks' having been omitted. 'In other respects, it is conceived that the returns for the two years generally correspond, if allowance be made for such fluctuations in cropping as are fairly attributable to, and must ever occur in consequence of prices, weather, and other accidental but inevitable influences. The green crops, particularly turnips, shew a large increase, indicating, probably, a greater breadth in preparation for grain; but the extent under cereals is nearly the same, though the distribution of the different crops varies. Wheat has increased by 23,084½ acres; barley has decreased by 21,424½. There is a trifling difference in favour of oats, and against the other crops; but the gross returns for the two years, as regards the acreage under wheat, barley, oats, rye, bere, beans, come within 250½ acres of each other.' The total

number of acres under all kinds of crop, including grass and fallow under rotation, was 3,530,068½ in 1855. While the difference on the acreage has varied considerably, it is interesting to note the fact of the produce of the cereal crops being nearly equal in both years. As bearing a little on the proper question, we may state that the acreage under flax in 1855 was only half what it amounted to in the preceding year.

Average Produce of Crops.—The gross produce of the principal cereal crops for 1855 is as follows:—Wheat, 5,063,074 bushels; barley, 6,092,970; oats, 30,081,351; bere, 556,957; beans and pease, 1,183,647: total, 42,977,999 bushels. The same crops yielded 48,313,735 bushels last year—exclusive of the light grain, which is estimated this year—making a difference of 5,335,736 bushels. The breadth of ground under potatoes is 4000 acres more than last year, which has produced 2000 tons above the estimate of 1855.

Stock.—We may dismiss the stock in a few sentences. The tables this year embrace a greater variety than those of last, and indicate a total of all kinds of 6,981,295; consisting of—horses, 177,229; cows, 298,463; other cattle and calves, 676,353; sheep and lambs, 5,694,900; swine numbered 134,350: and the total stock of 1855 is in excess of 1854 by 937,911 head. 'The gross returns of stock at first sight exhibit a startling excess over those of last year,' but the difference is accounted for by the manner of making the returns.

These are the 'points' of the last published inquiry into the Agricultural Statistics of Scotland, which have, we believe, given complete satisfaction to all who are interested in this important inquiry. As we have no wish to terrify our readers with a greater array of figures than we have already conjured up, we take leave of the subject for the present, in the hope that what has been so well accomplished in Scotland may speedily be extended to England.

ENGLISH OF PARIS.

MR ALBERT SMITH affirms that there is now 'nothing unpleasant between France and England, except the sea.' Very likely; but there are many things odd, and not a few things laughable. The *entente cordiale* is very sincere, but that does not hinder the *entente littéraire* from being very funny. Albion (no more *perfidie*), the islanders (no longer *maudits*), have invaded Paris in swarms, and have thereby caused quite a wonderful scarcity of accommodation in that pleasant capital. Our Gallic hosts, 'as ancient foes turned lovers may befit,' have done their utmost to receive and greet us after what they esteem an appropriate fashion.

Not only do 'pell ell'—pale ale—and 'rosbif bleeding' threaten to supplant *vin ordinaire* and *fricandeau* (much better things, by the way); but a language supposed to be English because it is not French, and which sounds like a far-off echo from the Tower of Babel, like vocables more familiar to the ears of Mr Layard's Nineveh bull, than to those of him whose Christian name is John, may be heard any day energetically vociferated in those parts of Paris where our countrymen most do congregate. On the *cartes* of the restaurants in the Palais Royal, have, on their behoof, been prepared and printed certain remarkable versions of the style and title of the dainties. We are bound to confess that the translations seldom tended much to the enlightenment of our Saxon intellect. For example, wishing to know the exact equivalent of *chicorée au beurre noir*, we found the *plat* thus Englished—'dandelions at black butter,' which somehow did not sound appetising.

Sometimes the ingenious *littérateur* fairly cut the knot, by reproducing the French word garnished with some literal English. Thus, *Aloyau aux pommes braisées*

figured as 'Aloyau at smashed potatoes.' The inimicable *sauce piquante* appeared as mere 'sharp sauce'; while at dessert, *Les quatre mendiants* were introduced with the most literal scrupulousness as 'The four beggars!' What mere homebred student of the vernacular would be likely to recognise such seedy characters as appropriately representing almonds, raisins, figs, and walnuts!

Chinois à l'eau de vie—'A Chinese at brandy,' suggested horrible ideas of mummies, cannibalism, and New-Zealand banquets. Yet even the most voracious aborigine would hardly think of eating a preserved Chinaman at dessert; he would probably make him the *pièce de résistance*; therefore, in my bewilderment, I sought for a *vivâ voce* explanation.

'Garçon!' I cried to the flying attendant in a white apron, whom I had just seen bear at the same time in his arms, and safely deposit before their respective owners, six plates of soup, two *biftecks aux pommes de terre*, one turbot *à la crème*, and one *fricandeau*—'Garçon, qu'est ce que c'est qu'un Chinois?'

'Un Chinois! mais c'est un Chinois!'

Seeing that this definition, à la Linkum Fidelius, failed to enlighten and to satisfy my obtuse intellect, he graciously added: 'Mais attendez, je vais vous faire voir!' And skipping across to that corner of the *salon* where the lady of the counter sat enthroned, surrounded by fragrant fruits of the sunny south, he speedily returned with a pretty little cut glass, containing a preserved orange.

A pleasant life it is—for a short time, be it understood—that breakfasting at a café and dining at a restaurant; where you call for some dish of mysterious cognomen with the feeling of a man putting his mite into a lottery where there are all prizes and no blanks: you know you must get something or other, and you have the chance of its being very good.

I remember one day our whole party were puzzled amongst the varieties of fish in the *carte*, by the announcement of *moules à la marinade*. One gentleman, urged by a laudable spirit of gastronomic inquiry, ordered them as a *plat*.

'Bien, monsieur.' And presently reappeared the waiter, holding a plate piled up with those small blue mussels which may be found in abundance on almost every sea-shore amongst the brown sea-weed and wet shingle. They were simply boiled in the shells; and most uninviting, at least to Saxon eyes, did the little yellow, shrivelled, snail-like testacea appear. They were motioned away, and a substitute in the shape of a 'natural cutlet' suggested; yet the *plat* did not on that account 'waste its sweetness.' The long black moustaches of a neighbouring Frenchman turned lovingly towards it; and to his table it was instantly transferred.

But to turn from restaurants to theatres. One evening I found myself forming part of a large and most attentive audience within the walls of the *Opéra Comique*, one of the prettiest theatres in Paris. It had been recently honoured with a visit from our Queen and Prince Albert, and the drop-scene had been beautifully painted anew in their honour. It was divided into two compartments, representing on the one side the emperor's reception in London, and on the other that of the Queen in Paris. Very rich and tasteful were the decorations, the scenery, and the whole getting-up of the performances, which consisted of two dramas. The first was a slight and thoroughly French piece, of which the story, even with the aid of the *libretto*, was not very clear. M. le Baron, elegantly dressed, strutted about the stage, furiously vociferating at Madame la Baronne; who, in her turn, hurled foul scorn and defiance at a plebeian lover; who, in his turn, was followed and caressed by a pretty *grisette*; who, in her turn, was tried to be kissed by M. le Baron. Everything, however, we may hope, came right in the

end; for in the pretty concluding *tableau*, the lovers, plebeian and aristocratic, appeared ranged in proper corresponding pairs. This being terminated, the *pièce de résistance* of the night commenced, *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'été, Opéra Comique*. This piece, in accordance with the prevailing Anglomania, was designed to illustrate English life and manners during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her majesty being one of the principal *dramatis personæ*. These were as follow:—William Shakspeare; Falstaff, general guardian of the royal park of Richmond; Lord Latimer Jeremy, tavern-keeper; Jarius, forest-guard, a mute personage; Elizabeth; Olivia; Nelly, niece of Jeremy.'

The first scene opens in the tavern of the Siren, on the banks of the Thames at London, where Falstaff is giving a grand banquet in honour of 'the great poet Shakspeare.'

Ere the arrival of this guest, however, 'two masked women precipitate themselves into the tavern.' These are Queen Elizabeth and 'Miss Olivia,' who, having been present incognito at the representation of one of Shakspeare's plays, were frightened on their return by a thunder-storm, and naturally took refuge at the Siren.

'Ah, madame,' is Miss Olivia's exclamation, 'what imprudence!'

'Is it not natural,' replies the queen, 'that this young poet should interest me? I have never seen him; and I am curious to know whether the nobleness of his features corresponds to the elevation of his mind; for he will one day be the first poet of England.'

'But,' objects the maid of honour, 'what morals he has! What scandalous conduct!'

'Ah!' replies Elizabeth, 'why has he not near him a powerful friendship, to snatch him from that abyss in which his lofty intelligence threatens to perish!'

Olivia, however, reminds her majesty of the danger they run from drunken sailors, &c., when Elizabeth, shewing her some pieces of parchment, replies:

'Look, Olivia, these are blank signatures of the high-sheriff, with which my prudence is always furnished; and I need only trace some lines above the signature in order to secure aid and obedience.'

Despite, however, of this laudable precaution, both ladies are considerably taken aback by the entrance of Sir John Falstaff, who begins immediately to make melodious love to them. They all sing a trio together; and then Falstaff informs them that he is very much occupied with the 'organisation of a banquet to fête Shakspeare, who has surnamed me his shadow, the great shadow of the great Shakspeare.'

The ladies then, on Sir John's invitation, consent to repair to his house at Richmond, where he promises soon to rejoin them, and to improvise a little supper; 'for,' he continues, 'in my quality of general hunting-guardian of Richmond, I eat the best deer—the queen does not reckon them—and the finest fruits, leaving the second quality for her majesty.'

'Ah!' remarks Elizabeth, 'the royal residences have need of great reform.'

However, before they can retire, Shakspeare and a crowd of guests rush in, obliging the ladies to take refuge in an inner room. The chorus 'sing the glory of Shakspeare;' and he, turning to the actors and actresses, sings: 'For this evening change thy madness, come, my dear Hamlet; and tasting this malvoisie, drink healths with Macbeth. And you, my sensitive Ophelia, fill up their glasses; thanks to you, let Macbeth forget both his wife and his remorse!'

Jeremy, entering with solemnity, Sir William is served!

Many scenes equally true to English life and character succeed. There is an under love-plot between Miss Olivia and a certain Lord Latimer, who is very naturally jealous at the equivocal situations in which he finds his lady-love. We will translate part of a

dialogue which takes place tête-à-tête between the poet and the queen, when the former is more than half-tipsy. He tries to make her remove her mask, which she refuses to do, telling him, at the same time, that she knows 'all the details of his life.'

'That's more than I do [says Shakspeare]; for I have forgotten many things.'

Elizabeth. Thou art called William Shakspeare. Thy natal town is Strafford, in the county of Warwick.

Shakspeare. Yes; I can remember having in my early childhood tended flocks in vast solitudes, on mountain-sides, in the midst of the silent majesty of nature; alone, at night, beneath the stars of heaven. That was the most dreamy, perhaps the most fertile, and, assuredly, the happiest period of my life!

Eliz. At the age of eighteen, you married a woman of six-and-twenty.

Shak. (sighing). Oh, that detail I can never forget.

Eliz. Two years afterwards, your wife died.

Shak. It is our duty to be grateful for the benefits of the gods.

Eliz. From that time you led a wandering life.

Shak. True.

Eliz. Poor and sick, you repaired to London, where you became a prompter, then an actor, then an author.

Shak. (astonished). Who are you, who thus know my past life?

Eliz. Do you wish that, in two words, I should tell you your present?

Shak. Let us hear.

[*He approaches a sideboard, and fills a goblet.*]

Eliz. William Shakspeare, in proportion as your reputation increases, your character becomes debased; and every day you degrade the genius which God has given you.

And so the dialogue proceeds; the poet drinking at intervals, until the queen says: 'Enough, Shakspeare; enough, I pray of you! Already your eyes are obscured, your steps falter.' The reply to this is an ardent declaration of love; the queen says: 'William! *de grâce!*' and the scene terminates by Falstaff and all his crew rushing in, threatening to throw Jeremy and all his household goods into the Thames, because he refused to give them more wine. The poor landlord compromises the matter by producing some bottles of Madeira. Elizabeth, meantime, has covered Shakspeare—now dead-drunk—with a splendid mantle, singing as she did so:

'Ah, let us hide this great man from injury

Like a mutilated *chef-d'œuvre*.

I shall succeed, I hope, in being his guardian-angel.'

She takes one of the sheriff's papers from her pocket, and retires into an inner room, where Olivia is. This paper she then causes Nelly to place in the bottom of the glass from which Falstaff is about to drink. He reads it with great surprise, and finds it is an order to transport Shakspeare instantly to Richmond. Then Elizabeth appears to him by moonlight, and a strange love-scene ensues; after which, however, the queen assures Miss Olivia, that 'if the woman be not mistress of her feelings, the queen will be mistress of her greatness and her glory!' Afterwards, the poor maid of honour is forced to swear stoutly to the poet, that his having seen the queen was all fancy—a mere midsummer night's dream.

So the various entanglements of the piece go on. Falstaff is threatened with hanging, and escapes through the intervention of Shakspeare, whom the queen at length considerably enlightens on the subject of her own identity, while she assures him that her feelings towards him can be only those of 'a friend, who is at the same time a queen.' The piece concludes with singing, Elizabeth chanting to the lords and courtiers:

'To you, my lords and gentlemen, and to all who desire the glory of our country, I present a noble genius.'

Then to Shakspeare:

'Come, William, let my voice encourage thee;
Come, my poet, to the work!
Cause to revive in thy writings
The kings and warriors of thy country.'

Chorus—Glory to the queen,
Noble sovereign!

Elizabeth to Shakspeare (with enthusiasm):

'God wills it—God ordains it!
Yes, thy splendour shines
On thy native country!
Thy glory, poet,
Is also my conquest,
For it is reflected
On my royal crown!'

And so ends this exquisite delineation of English character. It was not, we believe, the piece performed on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit; and the more's the pity; for would it not have been 'a dainty dish to set before the Queen?'

How is it that our kindly, well-intentioned neighbours know so little about us? It certainly is not for want of constant intercourse; for, as we said before, our countrymen literally swarm in Paris, and announcements tempting to cheap locomotion, couched in that peculiar French-English dialect, may be read at every corner. What John Bull could possibly refuse to bring his whole family to Paris, even including the youngest born, when assured that 'infants on the knee voyage without *rétrogression!*'

'CRYPTOGRAPHS.'

MANY of our readers, who had long gazed in profound mystification at those seemingly mad intermixtures of the alphabetical signs which, appearing occasionally in the second column of the *Times*, purport to be epistolary communications, were surprised to learn from us that the secrets so concealed are in reality not at all inaccessible to ingenuity and perseverance.* The art of secret writing is, in fact, in its infancy, or, rather, it has yet to be discovered; any acute person being able to furnish himself with a key to the existing plans as powerful as that which proved fatal to the mysteries of hieroglyphics.

'The three essential properties of secret writing required by Lord Bacon,' says a correspondent, 'were, 1st, That it may be easy to write and read; 2d, That it be trusty and undecipherable; and, 3d, That it be clear of suspicion,' to the uninitiated. To these may be added, that it be susceptible of great variety. If not easily and distinctly written, and as easily deciphered by those in possession of the key, it will be comparatively useless; for the trouble and uncertainty will prevent its adoption. If it be not wholly undecipherable, except by the initiated, it can never be trusted to in important matters; and it is desirable, as far as possible, to prevent suspicion. To aid in this last requirement, a newspaper would seem to be its best channel. A private letter written in cipher would hardly find its way through the post-offices of Europe, when a newspaper, with the same letter printed, would pass without attracting attention. Variety is also of great importance. All the world might know the principle on which a cipher is constructed, and yet the changes may be so great, as, like those of a Bramah lock, to be almost infinite. No cipher can ever be perfect where the same letter, figure, or character, is always represented in the same manner: some mode must be adopted by which an endless variety may be secured.

With such observations, our correspondent introduces a specimen of cipher of his own invention, and

* See 'Secrets Exposed,' in No. 506 (second series), and 'Cryptographs,' in No. 87 of this *Journal*.

submits it with perfect confidence to the efforts of the ingenious. He puts it forward as in itself an irresolvable enigma to the uninitiated, and as being capable of such variety as will present a constant barrier against curiosity. After an interval for full consideration, he promises us the Key, with a detail of the very simple mode in which it may be applied. The line he gives to be deciphered is—

meljykwllcmnrcauxlsvadlboxpffhomqckkeruiekryvrthrdyalaq
ixokpfgo.

But the difficulty of making the smaller alphabet distinct in writing would seem to recommend capital letters: it will be less liable to mistake.

MELJYKWLLCMNRCAUXLSVADLBOXPFFHOMQCKKERUIEKRYVTRV
HRDAYLAQIXOKPFGO.

We have only to add, that the author has furnished us with his name and address, with references which seem to make his good faith unquestionable.

A N H O N E S T V A L E N T I N E .

(RETURNED FROM THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.)

THANK you for your kindness,
Lady fair and wise.
Love is famed for blindness,
Lovers—hem! for lies.
Courtship's mighty pretty,
Wedlock a grand sight!—
Should I—from the city,
A plain man, ma'am—write,
Ere we spouse-and-wife it,
Just one honest line,
Would you e'er forgive it,
Pretty Valentine?

Honey-moon quite over,
If I less should scan
You with eye of lover
Than of mortal man?
Seeing my fair charmer
Curled up spire on spire
All in paper-armour
By the parlour-fire:
Gown that wants a stitch in,
Hid by apron fine—
Scolding in the kitchen—
Oh, fie! Valentine.

Should I come home surly,
Vexed with Fortune's frown:
Find a hurly-burly,
House turned upside down,
Servants all a-snarl, or
Loitering on the stair,
Breakfast still in parlour,
Dinner—anywhere.
Shall I to my bacon,
Meekly fall and dine?
No, or I'm mistaken
Much—my Valentine.

What if we should quarrel?
Bless you, all folks do!
Will you take the war ill,
Yet half like it too?
When I storm and wrangle,
Obstinate, absurd,
Will you sit and jangle
For the latest word;
Or, while poor Love, crying,
Upon tip-toe stands,
Ready plumed for flying—
Will you laugh, shake hands,
And, the truth beholding,
With a kiss divine
Stop my rough mouth's scolding,
Gentle Valentine?

If, as times grow harder,
We find lack of pelf,
Little in the larder,
Less upon the shelf;
Will you, never tearful,
Make your old gowns do,
Mend my stockings, cheerful,
And pay visits few;
Crave nor gift nor donor,
Old times ne'er regret,
Seek no friend save Honour,
Dread no foe save Debt,
Meet ill-fortune steady
Heart to heart with mine,
Like a gallant lady—
Will you, Valentine?

Then, whatever weather
Come—or shine, or shade,
Let's set out together,
Ne'er a whit afraid.
Age is not alarming;
I shall find, I ween,
You at sixty charming
As at sweet sixteen;
Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,
That our funeral may
Make one date serve both, dear,
As our marriage-day.
Clasp hands! joy or sorrow;
Thou art mine—I thine:
And we'll wed to-morrow,
Dearest Valentine!

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.

Great and wide-spread as is the name of the 'printer-philosopher,' and proud as the people of Philadelphia are of their illustrious townsman, we doubt much if one in a hundred of the present generation of Philadelphia have ever seen his tomb. Thousands pass daily within a few feet of the spot where his ashes and those of his wife repose, without being conscious of the fact, or, if aware of it, unable to obtain a glimpse of the grave. The bones of the lightning-tamer lie within a very short distance of Arch Street, in the north-east corner of Christ Church grave-yard, at Fifth and Arch Streets. As is generally known, the spot is marked by a slab of marble, which is almost level with the earth, and which bears the simple inscription—'BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN.' If the wall at this point was removed, and a neat iron railing was erected in its stead, every passer-by would be afforded gratification now very difficult to obtain. In a Philadelphia newspaper, published in December 1774, we find the following notice of the death of Mrs Franklin:—'On Monday the 19th inst., died, at an advanced age, Mrs Deborah Franklin, wife of Dr Benjamin Franklin; and on the Thursday following, her remains were interred in the Christ Church burying-ground.'—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

MANKIND NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

It is a curious thing that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime, has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. . . . It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow-men. . . . Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise your way; and, even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-man.—*Arthur Helps in Fraser's Magazine, Feb. 1856.*

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SPECULATION.

I.

It was past midnight, and London was in its glory. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians was swollen by the contributions of the theatres, which now gave forth their audiences in dense volumes; and talking, laughing, and sometimes singing, the denizens of the metropolis passed proudly along their illumined streets in all the security of noonday. It was impossible to observe the aspect of the night, for the lamps of the sky—never at any time so bright to that multitude as the gaslights of London—were invisible; and when a sudden shower descended, it took everybody by surprise. Almost immediately the great bulk of the pedestrians vanished, you could not tell how or where, absorbed as it might seem by the ducts at their side; and, in the same mysterious fashion, the vehicles were instantly doubled and trebled in number, and their gliding pace and rattling wheels became a rush and a roar.

In one of the more aristocratic quarters of the town, a lady and gentleman, after endeavouring in vain to find a hackney-carriage, were fain to run up the steps of a house they were passing, and take shelter in the doorway. The gentleman was a man about middle age, well dressed and well mannered; and the lady, who was much younger, had something nearly approaching fashion in her frank, self-possessed London air.

'Well, this is provoking!' said she; 'but I am rightly served for putting on my best bonnet to go to the pit.'

'Hang the bonnet!' replied the gentleman. 'Look how these carriages are rattling past us!—what lucky fellows they contain! Why should you and I be trudging home, after midnight, through the sloppy streets and the plashing rain?'

'Tush, there you are harping on that again! We might have had a cab, if we had thought of it; and we can afford one on the rare occasions when we go to the theatre. And it is not a great many years, you know, since I could say that much; but a man with a gentlemanly employment in a public office, and a snug salary of L.250 a year, has no reason to be dissatisfied.'

'Every man has reason to be dissatisfied when he sees fortune before him, and yet is allowed no opportunity to grasp it. If I had not been such a fool as to allow you to over-persuade me to refuse Jones's offer of a share in his speculation, we might at this moment have been so far on the way to wealth.'

'I would not have interfered, John—I declare I would not, if I had thought you would merely have lost your L.100; but I know you too well, and I suppose you are

not different from other people. If the speculation had failed, you would have tried to bolster it up with more money; you would have got into debt; you would have lost your appetite and spirits; you would have been a miserable man, perhaps for the rest of your life.'

'All that is nonsense—the speculation was perfectly safe.'

'All speculations are safe—till they fail. But what has Jones gained by it?'

'Only a cool hundred: cent. per cent.—that's all.'

'I deny it, John—I see nothing like a cool or a warm hundred about him. His apartments are not half so handsome as ours; I miss in them a hundred things that you and I reckon indispensable for comfort; and instead of being a happier man, he looks every day more anxious and careworn. You may depend upon it, both his hundreds are now in jeopardy, and perhaps something more besides—and speculations don't always succeed.'

'Hush, hush! there is a carriage stopped two doors off. I wonder who it is that is coming out. A man about my own age.'

'And neither better looking nor better dressed,' whispered the wife smiling.

'See, he turns towards us to pay the cab.'

'And gives, I dare be sworn, neither more nor less than the fare.'

'And now he mounts the steps, with his manservant waiting, bareheaded, to receive him; and now he goes in to his home of luxury and splendour, and the door shuts out the vulgar world behind him!'

'Why, John, it is not for nothing you have been to the theatre to-night! What is so interesting to you in that man?'

'Oh, nothing. He merely comes in, in the midst of my reflections, like an impersonation of my thought. I wish I were in that man's position! Here a wilder splash of rain came down; and a person they had seen emerge from a neighbouring area without his hat, sprang up the steps beside them, to keep his bare poll from the blast.'

'Pray, sir,' said the new-comer, 'was it at the second door off the carriage stopped just now?'

'It was.'

'And set down a gentleman?'

'Yes.'

'I thought so. That was my master.'

'Pray, is your master,' asked the lady, smiling archly to her husband, 'a very rich man?'

'A very rich man? Oh, no doubt; everybody thinks so.'

'But have you no evidence of it yourself? Does he

keep a great establishment? Does he give fine entertainments?’

‘Nothing of the sort: he’s a very quiet gentleman, my master is.’

‘Does he spend money on his dinner and wine?’

‘He usually dines at his club—I suppose for about half-a-crown; and, although he has plenty of good wine in his cellars, he never takes more himself than a glass or two of sherry.’

‘Then, how does he shew that he is a man of fortune? Does he game?’

‘Oh, bless you, no—nothing of the kind.’

‘Has he an extravagant wife?’

‘No wife at all.’

‘Then, how does he amuse himself?’

‘He has two or three horses down in the country, and follows the hounds, on some occasions when he happens to have time. But he is much taken up with business: when at home, he does nothing but pore over papers and accounts. And that reminds me that he is at home now. Good-night, ma’am;’ and taking advantage of a pause in the rain, the communicative domestic ran off to his master’s house, and let himself in with the latch-key.

‘Now, you see, John,’ said the young wife, hardly able to smother a laugh—‘now you see what the object of your envy is. Why, you enjoy life more yourself! You entertain some friends; sometimes you are by no means satisfied with a couple of glasses of sherry; you ride after the hounds more than once in the year, without the trouble of keeping horses; you never think of business without the walls of Somerset House; and, besides all that, John, you have the advantage of a little wife to laugh with you when you are merry, comfort or rally you when you are sad, and keep you in order when you are naughty.’

‘That is all very well,’ said the husband, walking thoughtfully along, for it was now fair; ‘but I wish I were in that man’s worldly position!’

II.

The little wife was at home, looking wonderfully well in a low dress, although it had long seen its last party, and fidgeting about the room in expectation of her husband coming in to dinner. It was long past his hour; and as the Somerset House gentlemen usually introduce their official methodism at home, she was more surprised than the occasion would have seemed to require. By and by, she became a little nervous; and as his well-known knock at length shook the door, she thought to herself that the sound was not so authoritative as usual. No wonder; for when he came in, he was pale and haggard-looking, and sat down without tendering a word of explanation, or even seeming to know that he was later than usual. The wife made no remark; but getting a glass of wine from the cupboard, made him drink it, with one of those pretty gestures of command that never fail with right-minded husbands.

‘That has done me good,’ said he; ‘I wanted it, and you couldn’t guess why in a month.’

‘Is it anything about Jones?’

‘Jones? No—what puts that in your head?—it is about somebody you saw more lately than Jones.’

‘I am curious to know who it is, and what it is; but wait till after dinner: you are not looking so well as usual.’

‘Let me tell you now, while dinner is coming up; I shall eat all the better for getting it off my mind. You must know, I have been looking in at a coroner’s inquest.’

‘A coroner’s inquest!—are you sure it is not about Jones?’

‘Don’t be silly, or I won’t say another word. Am I always to have Jones flung at my head in this way?’

‘I am sure I never mentioned his name before, since

the night we were at the theatre. You must have been thinking of him yourself—that’s it.’

‘I tell you, I looked in at a coroner’s inquest; but I kept staring so much at the witness who was giving evidence when I went in, that I lost a good deal of what he said at first. I was sure I knew the man; his face, his gestures, the tone of his voice, all were familiar to me; but I could not call to mind where I had seen or known him. He described the appearance and manner of the gentleman who had died under the circumstances that were to be investigated; and, from what he said, nothing could be more unlikely than that the unfortunate man had died by his own act. What he told, however, of the way of living of the deceased called up a strange suspicion in my mind. I could not learn from those round me, who had come in late like myself, the name of the street talked of; and I waited, with an impatience I can hardly describe, throughout the whole proceedings, till it was painfully clear to everybody present that it was actually one of the most deliberate cases of suicide on record. The jury, however, came to no decision; some other evidence was wanted, and they adjourned to a future day. The moment the court broke up, I flew to look at the dead body.’

‘Well, John,’ cried the wife, ‘you knew the unhappy man? He was one of our acquaintances? Speak!’

‘He was no acquaintance of ours; we never saw him but once in our lives; and yet I am sure you cannot help being shocked when you hear that the corpse I saw lying in the dead-house, stiff and stark, was that of the man we saw alight from a carriage on our way home from the theatre, and in whose worldly position I so earnestly wished myself to be!’ The young wife trembled visibly, and the colour left her cheeks.

‘Well, John,’ said she, ‘and his worldly position—what had that to do with it?’

‘Nothing, of course—nothing that anybody knows. There were surmises in the court, whispers, rumours; but that is always the case. Nothing more is known than that the gentleman left his home late at night—or rather early in the morning—with the implements of destruction in his pocket, and that he was never seen again alive.’

‘But his worldly position?—the business he was constantly brooding over, according to his servant’s account—surely he did not abandon that in its prosperity to rush into an accursed grave?’

‘How can I tell? I know nothing about his business, but that it was great, heavy, and multifarious. That, however, is nothing to the purpose: men commit suicide from other causes than business.’

‘Such was not the case here, John,’ said the little wife decisively. ‘I remember his look, and it had nothing in it of love, hate, jealousy, or revenge. That man had more than L.100 at stake—more than was his own to lose—more than he could lose and live! Was Jones there?’ The husband muttered something terribly like an oath.

‘He was there, but at a distance from me.’

‘How did he look?’

‘Just like everybody else—flushed with excitement.’

‘Did you go together to the dead-house?’

‘No; what business had he in the dead-house? He never saw the man when living, and had no curiosity about him when dead. That was not likely, for he was not fool enough to spend his money in the theatre, and trudge home through the rain and mire; and so, as soon as the court broke up, he set out full speed for home. I saw him at a distance still rushing along, and then he vanished.’

‘I can understand his haste—there was somebody after him.’

‘Somebody after him! What do you mean? Who was after him?’

'The corpse in the dead-house!'

'I declare you will make me angry. Jones is not the fool you take him for: he is a very clever, and a very thriving man. In a few days, he is to get the use of a considerable sum of money, and it will work, I have no doubt, like his first hundred.'

'That is, it will run off to some region of hope, and another considerable sum of money with it.'

'You don't understand business, my dear,' said the husband contemptuously; 'you would have a man sit down all his life with his hands across, without making any attempt to elevate his position.'

'On the contrary, I would have a man make the most strenuous attempts to elevate his position, but not by placing himself in circumstances of constant worry and constant temptation. When you placed a number of pounds in that Hamburg lottery—which you afterwards called the Humbug lottery—I made no opposition, because I saw you were bent upon it—and, in fact, I had a hankering myself after the folly; although I knew very well it was hundreds or thousands to one against us. But what then? The money was spent, and there was an end. I had to do without a new dress for a while, that was the very worst of it; and in the meantime we enjoyed a waking dream now and then, and after it a laugh, about the fairy fortune that was coming to us. That was a mere folly, but a comparatively harmless one, because we knew the cost, and, by a trifling sacrifice, could afford it. But such speculations as Jones's!'

'I tell you Jones will ride in his carriage while we are still tramping through the mire. But enough of this. I cannot get the dead-house and its still tenant out of my head; or that last midnight ramble, alone but for the haunting shadows that pursued, surrounded, and marshalled him the way that he was going; or the white, dead face, with the fixed open eyes that were found looking up to God in the morning. Get me another glass of wine—there's a good girl.'

'No, dear,' said the little wife; 'I will get you a glass of brandy-and-water, and make it, as they say, "screeching hot;" and we will talk no more to-night about the dead man or our friend Jones.'

III.

Some little time after this, the husband and wife were passing the evening sociably together after tea—the gentleman reading aloud, and then joining the lady in a song at the piano. They were very comfortable, and it is to be hoped they knew it. The fire was bright, but not glaring; the curtains were drawn so closely as to keep out even the idea of the dark gusty night; and the little woman was in excellent voice—yet she stopped in the middle of a duet, and said to her husband suddenly:

'Why were you not at the adjourned inquest to-day?'

'Because,' he replied, 'I had heard about nothing else ever since the morning. There are terrible rumours about—of crimes that take away one's breath by their magnitude; and, in short, I was sick of the whole affair, and determined to wait for the morning paper, which will tell us all about it. But hark!—a double knock—I wonder whether it is for us.'

'It is Jones's knock—with a little additional flourish, but I could swear to the substance; and presently the room door opened, and the servant announced 'Mr Jones.'

Jones was a smart fellow, some years younger than our friend; he had a look of business in his face, as if he knew what he was about; but on the present occasion, this seemed to be mantled over with an air of satisfaction, which surprised the lady very much. She had expected to find him pale, haggard, anxious-looking; and the horrid little woman could not help feeling disappointed.

'And so, Mr Jones,' said she, when the greetings were over, and they were all three seated round the fire, 'I am told you have become quite a prosperous man.'

'That is true,' replied he.

'And therefore, no doubt, a tranquil—happy—satisfied—easy-minded man?'

'All true.'

'Then you have, of course, heard of your last venture?'

'Yes; it is all gone, money and gains—every shilling.'

'And the large sum you were to have got the use of,' put in the husband—'all that is settled?'

'Quite settled: I have refused to take it. In short, I am just a hundred pounds worse than I was eight months ago—that is, in money.'

'And in what else are you worse? I hope you have no bills out, or other obligations?'

'No: I alluded to the want of comfort at home, to the want of regular sleep, to the want of quiet thoughts; all these I have been minus for eight months. But the worst time I have had was between the inquests; for the opportunity that was before me of making an attempt to retrieve my loss, and on a scale so large as to offer the chance of enormous gain, was a temptation I could hardly stand, and it shook my mind till it tottered.'

'What had the inquest to do with it?' said the husband, looking down, for he could hardly bear the keen look of Jones's eyes, although he felt impelled to ask the question.

'Come, come,' replied his friend, almost sternly, 'have done with affectation. You know what the inquest had to do with it. The time was when that wretched man was as comfortable as yourself; and he might have remained so if he had only been satisfied with the risk of losses he could bear.'

'If all men were so satisfied,' said the husband doggedly, 'what would become of the commercial greatness of England?'

'The commercial greatness of England would be far more secure than it is, if founded on reality instead of illusion. I tell you there is not a business failure in this country, however inconsiderable, which does not so far affect our prosperity; and it does so, because nearly all business failures, however honest the immediate bankrupts may be, are traceable in their ultimate causes to that want of integrity which speculates at the expense of other people, pocketing the gains, if any, and throwing elsewhere—anywhere—the loss. Overtrading, as that want of integrity is mildly called, accompanies the greatness of England; but it is illogical to suppose that for that reason it is an essential part of it. So far from being so, it would not stand for a moment unless it assumed the character, and received the credit of honesty, thus trading on a lie in more senses than one.'

'Well, Mr Jones,' said the wife, looking very much pleased, 'now do tell us about the inquest.'

'All the rumours are confirmed, and more than confirmed; and by the man's own written confession of a guilt that makes one's brain reel. I foresee, however, that the moral guilt will be measured by the pecuniary amount, and that the pressure of circumstances, which would extenuate the crimes of an ordinary malefactor, will have no effect in lessening the public abhorrence of the *forger of a million*. For my own part, I do not see that the amount has much to do with the question, further than that the mind of the tempted is not so much startled by the idea of a small fraud as of a large one, and, therefore, not so apt to consider seriously the nature of the guilt.'

'That, I think, is very just; but tell us what was the course of the unhappy man, what were the circumstances which led him on to destruction. You must

know, my husband and I are personally interested in the question; for we saw him when alive, and had a great deal of conversation about him, and'—

'And I solemnly wished'—broke in the husband.

'Hush, John, not a word!—for I am anxious to hear Mr Jones.'

'I have little to tell. He was a provincial attorney in Ireland, in very moderate business; but being a man of talent and firmness of character, he was instrumental in establishing a bank in the county, and became a person of some consequence. He at length felt his field to be too small, and in an evil hour came to London, where his connection with the bank introduced him at once to the speculators and capitalists of the City; and this led to large business as a parliamentary agent, and to his becoming chairman of the directors of a great joint-stock bank in London. The road of ambition was now fairly opened. He got into parliament, made himself the leader in the Irish Brigade; then deserted his party, and became a Lord of the Treasury. In the meantime, he was very busy with the Encumbered Estates Bill; and having procured from the commissioners under it almost unlimited authority, he organised an association in England for purchasing, and afterwards selling to enormous advantage, properties sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He now became chairman of the Swedish Railway, arranged a new insurance company, established a newspaper of his own in Dublin, and plunged deep into English, Italian, Spanish, and American railways. This is the rough outline: but when and where the pressure first began; when this originally obscure and moneyless man found that he could not pursue such schemes without funds; and what were the precise circumstances that originated his crimes, and led him on, step by step, to perdition, is not yet known. It is known, however, that he obtained money on the security of forged titles, as from the Encumbered Estates Court. He fabricated shares of the Swedish Railway to the amount of a quarter of a million; and besides the assignments of numerous deeds he held in trust, he forged on private individuals to the amount of at least L.100,000.'

'What a gigantic criminal!' cried the young wife—'can it be that it is the same man we saw paying the coachman a shilling!'

'It appears that for some time he must have contemplated his violent release from the fever of mind in which he had lived so long. But at length the occasion came; the forgery of one of the Encumbered Estates deeds was on the eve of discovery; and the wretched man went forth from his own house in the dead of night, with the instruments of death in his pocket.' A pause here ensued, which was at length broken by the husband.

'All this is very dreadful, Jones,' said he; 'but the case is not different, except as regards magnitude, from numerous other cases of a similar kind. Why should it have greater effect than they?'

'On the same principle that a sleeper is awakened by the crash of thunder, who would not hear a knock at the street-door. This will have an effect which it is impossible to overestimate, because the sleepers it will rouse must be counted by tens and hundreds of thousands. Many a restless night will this news give rise to throughout the length and breadth of the land—many a ghastly look, many a pale and haggard face. In many an imagination, will the midnight course of the suicide be traced in his wanderings over that dark heath; and by many a bedside will stand the Appearance of the lifeless form lying in the dead-house. To-night, I myself should have been visited by these fancies, if I had not taken means to enable me to set them at defiance. I am very, very thankful'—and the speaker's voice trembled. 'I trust that

many thousands more will receive a lesson from the fate of John Sadleir! But I must now go. Good-bye—God bless you!'

Both of them followed him to the door.

'I thank you, Jones, for this visit,' said the husband—'I thank you sincerely.'

'And—I—too!' said the wife. Her voice was broken, and tears were streaming down her cheeks; and when the door shut, the little woman threw herself into her husband's arms and sobbed outright.

THE BRITISH MINES AND MINERS.

ALTHOUGH England has been celebrated from the earliest ages for her mineral wealth, and has of late years been as renowned for her coal and iron as she was in the time of the Phœnicians for her tin, yet until the present year we have not had in our possession any accurate statements of the total produce of the British mines, nor of the number of miners employed in them. As the production of the various metals in this country has only been approximatively known, and variously estimated by different inquirers from time to time, it may not be considered uninteresting to notice briefly the leading points in the volume recently published by the Government School of Mines, which contains the first authentic accounts that have ever been presented to the public.

It is almost unnecessary to state, that the chief mineral productions of this kingdom are those of coal, iron, copper, lead, and tin, besides salt, and many others of minor importance; but, treating the subject in a general way, we must confine our remarks to the first five named.

As we have already stated, the previous returns of the productions of these metals, with the exception of copper and tin, have only been estimated, and it appears, by the returns furnished to the government, very much below their actual amount. In the year 1854, the total production of coal in Great Britain exceeded 64,000,000 tons, or double the amount estimated. In order to form some idea of the extent of this produce, let us compare it with that of the principal coal-producing countries of Europe. That of France is between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons; that of Belgium about the same; and that of Prussia between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 tons; so that Great Britain produces nearly thirteen times that of France and Belgium, and sixteen times that of Prussia.

The area of the coal-districts of Great Britain is estimated at upwards of 4,000,000 acres, and those of France and Belgium at 700,000 and 450,000 acres respectively.

The quantity of pig-iron made in Great Britain in the same year was upwards of 3,000,000 tons, or eight times greater than that of France, and larger in amount than the total productions of France, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Belgium, and Austria. The peculiar manner in which the coal and the iron ores are distributed over the surface of Great Britain, has been highly favourable to the development of coal-mining, as well as to the manufacture of iron, and has doubtless been the chief cause of the present prosperity of the British iron manufactures.

The quantities of copper, tin, and lead, raised in 1854, amounted to 13,000, 64,000, and 5000 tons and upwards respectively. The total value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, at the place of production, in the year 1854, is stated at not less than L.28,500,000 sterling. Thus much, then, we gather of the production of our mines; but it will be necessary to make a few remarks in order to shew more clearly their importance.

It has tritely been said, 'that if, on the one hand, our great mechanical inventions owe so much to the abundance and consequent cheapness of our fuel, it is no less

true that some of these inventions have, on the other hand, materially assisted of late years in bringing about that abundance; for had it not been for the invention of the steam-engine, a large proportion of the coal and other mines now in existence would in great probability never have been opened, or if opened, would have been quickly abandoned, after involving an enormous outlay of capital; so that it may be said, what coal has done for the steam-engine, the steam-engine has done for coal and the other minerals.

In order, however, to appreciate the importance of the mineral resources of this country, it is necessary to take a glance at the condition of those countries in which such wealth is wanting. In Russia, for example—a region for the most part rich in natural productions—the comparative absence of coal and iron no doubt accounts in a great measure for the backwardness of its population in producing the luxuries and even necessaries of life. In consequence of the dearness of iron, it is stated that nine-tenths of the cart and wagon wheels in the agricultural districts are without iron tire; and, with the exception of private carriages, all the axles are of wood; whilst the scarcity of coal necessarily forms a great drawback to the use of steam-machinery.

Perhaps the most startling fact presented to our notice in the volume above referred to, is the smallness of the number of the persons engaged in mining-operations. It would never have been guessed that the total number of persons, males and females, employed in all the British mines—which, it may be mentioned, extend over the greater part of many counties in the north and south of England and Wales, and considerable districts in Scotland—only amounted to 303,000 in 1854. The increase in the total number of persons employed in 1854, over 1841, was 57 per cent. The increase in the principal mines was as follows:—In the coal-mines, 94 per cent.; in the iron, 139 per cent.; in the copper, 37 per cent.; in the tin, 133 per cent.; and in the lead-mines, 90 per cent.

Who can reflect upon England's countless machines and railways and steam-ships, upon her iron bridges and palaces, without being struck with the vast amount of minerals employed in their construction! To attempt to number the uses of the so-called 'base metals,' would indeed be a vain task; for, besides what is exposed to our view, some thousands of tons of iron are annually buried in our streets in the shape of gas and water pipes. The increased excellence of our manufactures has naturally led to a great demand for them abroad; and whilst their cheapness secures them to almost the poorest in the land, their exportation brings us a return of large supplies of the luxuries of life to an extent hitherto unparalleled. But in thus recording the progress of our mines, we must not omit to state that their present prosperity is due, in a very great degree, to the advancement of science, not only as regards mining itself, but as respects the arts in general. The efforts of scientific men, stimulated, no doubt, by the wants of the age, have been the means of raising our manufactures to their present high excellence; and it is to be hoped that they will long continue their exertions, in order that England may successfully maintain the position she now occupies.

Although the total increase is large, yet, when the number of miners is compared with the total population of the country, it will be seen that, so far as affording the means of employment, the mines of Great Britain stand far below many other native industries. It must not be forgotten that the use and recent improvements in the steam-engines employed in mining operations, have tended in great measure to an increase of the production of the mines on the one hand, but at the same time to a proportionate decrease in the number of hands employed on the other. There is another

feature connected with our mines which must not be overlooked, and that is the condition of the persons employed in them, and especially that of the women and children.

We have already stated that 303,000 persons were employed in the mines in the year 1854; of this number, 295,167 were males, and 8810 were females. The increase in the number of males of twenty years of age and upwards in 1854, over 1841, was 49 per cent.; of males under twenty, 79 per cent.; of females twenty years and upwards, 25 per cent.; and of females under twenty, 64 per cent. From these figures, it will be noticed that the number of females has not increased so largely as that of the males. The increase in the males under twenty years of age has no doubt arisen from the prohibition, by act of parliament, since 1843, of working females underground. Formerly, girls were employed as 'trappers;' but this occupation is now exclusively confined to boys, and no child is allowed to be engaged under ten years of age. It is to be hoped that this provision of the legislature has conduced to the welfare of the female population of the mining districts. But the social position of the miner is open to improvement in many respects—more especially in the provision of better dwelling-houses, and in the establishment of schools for the education of his children.

As a class, the miners are but poorly educated; and the early age at which their children are employed at the mines, is a serious obstacle in the way of their instruction. The number of colliery-schools in existence in the year 1851 was only forty-one, with 2013 male, and 1498 female scholars; but the chief drawback to any advancement in the education of children in the mining districts, arises from the non-existence of any desire on the part of their parents to have them instructed. From all accounts, however, of late years, some progress has been made in the establishment of evening-schools: and attention has also been directed to the construction of the miners' dwellings more in accordance with the demands of morality; and we may therefore conclude, that if very much has not yet been done, the position of the mining population of this country has certainly improved as compared with that which they occupied some few years ago.

WAX AND TALLOW.

WHAT a palace of fairyland and realm of pleasure was once that exhibition in dreary, weary Baker Street to me! How gladly, in the blissful age of childhood, would I have exchanged such an ivory ticket for a Jenny Lind concert as lies here, advertised at ten shillings, and not to be got for a pound, for the leaden counter that was the 'Open Sesame' of Madame Tussaud's! Better than all measures of delightful sound—better, a good deal, than all treasures which in books are found, were then the awful silence and dumb intelligence of those waxen wonders. It was the creed of my youth, that at some especial epoch, and at the midnight hour, those inanimate heroes would leap to life, with naked sword and levelled spear; that the kings would enjoy their own again without any constitutional restriction; and that Voltaire and Calvin, Cromwell and Charles I., Lord Eldon and Paganini, would sink all animosities of the past, and take it out for their long years of suffering upon the general public.

To watch Madame St Amaranthe breathe—that 'victim to virtue,' who lies opposite the entrance—was the delight of my infant hours, and the performance appeared to me to surpass the respiratory efforts of nature herself. I distinctly remember, too, as if it were yesterday, entreating the good-natured, bald, old gentleman on the ottoman in that neighbourhood, who takes his snuff so regularly, to explain to me the group

in front of him, and how he only shook his head with a click again and again; also, when I had got to think that everybody on ottomans who did not speak must needs be waxen figures, how I stared a pretty young woman in the face for twenty minutes, and felt about her feet for the number that I could not see. I was sure it should have been 17 or thereabouts, and was much distressed when she called me a rude boy, and walked away.

The room of horrors was then a Blue Beard's chamber, and forbidden to me; like the case of the unfortunate Peri in the poem, 'the crystal bar of Eden moved not,' the turnstile was kept shut for such as I, and through it I used to peep and peer with perspiration and a beating heart. Since I was first permitted to take my fill of such unhealthy food, it has had many a fresh inhabitant, but I always clung to my first favourite—Marat; for certainly, if, as the poet says, 'to dream by night, to think on him by day' is proof of affection, the gentleman in the foot-bath was then my very particular friend. I was terribly alarmed to find that Hare had been permitted to turn king's evidence, and 'was again let loose upon the world,' as the catalogue said. What was the good of first catching your Hare if you meant to let him go again? After these, perhaps—included by a bitter satire in the same charge and category as the murderers—I was most struck by the pallid face of the dead Napoleon: on the self-same couch whereon he died, with the little crown of *immortelles* above it, he really seemed to me to lie sublime. Alas! who cares for the dead Napoleon now? I saw in this same room, the other day, his 'Tooth extracted by Dr O'Meara,' and learned that 'he suffered much;' but it did not interest me. How time does dull the gilding of our idols in some score of years! This General Maclaine, who knows him till we read here that he kept off Soult for months at odds of one to sixty? This Pius IX., who was elected pope, it is written, 'to the great joy of all the Romans,' has now lived over that enthusiasm. I hear folks, opposite the forms of Hamlet and Paul Pry, expressing wonder as to who might Mr Kemble be, or Mr Liston; and the figure in the Greek dress, with the delicate hands and curling hair, how the crowd passes him by in silence—this Byron they are all so sick and tired of; nay, Cæsars of yesterday, whose word might then have stood against the world, how low they lie to-day in the world's eyes! Of Lord John Russell, says the glowing catalogue, 'the popularity attached to his name, and the talent he possesses, are perhaps not to be exceeded!' What a host of opinions have been born since Admiral Napier was translated to this Walhalla with his 'various orders!' What total revolution in men's minds since the golden image of his 'universally lamented and most gracious majesty' George the King was here set up in these robes 'measuring seven yards long!' Can any two men in this crowded 'hall of kings' give me any information whatever about Espartero? No; they don't know, nor who 'the other fellow, Loushkin, is, either.' Lieutenant Perry, even, whom half the young women of England are said to have offered hand and heart and money in the funds to, is getting *passé*, and no longer 'interesting.' Tom Thumb, who has been long since proved to be rather large than otherwise for his age, is here still pedestaled, it is true, but only as a monument to British folly. We care for him no more than for the Earl of Derby, Hudson, Mr G. V. Brooke, or Mehemet Ali—all exploded crackers. Let us crowd to see the fraudulent bankers rather—Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and leave off this stale hero-worshipping. They are placarded in red and white over the rooms, but have not yet their place in the glowing catalogue. Alas! in that most interesting collection of biographies, I do not put the trust, too, I once did. I think it was first shaken when I read that the singular costume of Abd-el-Kader

was 'distinguished for its great simplicity.' My infant mind could not help picturing that hero testing its quiet character in the Strand or Piccadilly. I was charmed, however, to believe that Joan of Arc was never burnt alive, but, on the contrary, was 'married to Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and lived happy ever afterwards.' All ignorant of Mr Carlyle, I accepted humbly that 'rapine (whatever that was) and ambition' had been the motives that led Cromwell on to power. I was pleased to learn that this great Howqua, 'in his identical clothes and ornaments as worn in China,' was 'distinguished for his exceedingly cheerful disposition,' and 'friendliness towards the English.' I thought, in all cases, that 'taken from life' meant murdered, and was horror-struck at the repetition of so shameless a statement. Above all things, I used to wonder whether No. 118, which is a blank, was kept vacant for my own particular image. Should I grow thin and waste away, when they put it before the fire, as I had read was the general effect in tales of witchcraft?

I am grown much too old now to wonder at anything. I have seen too many stuck-up people in real life not worth regarding, to have much care for wax ones. I know such heaps of bald old gentlemen whose heads are regularly turned, that, without catching the click, I can guess at once at the machinery. If any little impertinent boy should dare to meddle with my feet, in hopes to find a number, I should box his ears; if he said it must be somewhere about 46, he thought, I should strangle him. It was not I who broke the three fingers of Commissioner Lin's favourite consort off; the day I was there; but I don't see much harm in it. I daresay the man who did it has put wicks in them—all three—since then, and read the police-reports by waxlight: and a very useful and ingenious contrivance, too.

I was at this exhibition a month or two ago, I confess, but it was because I mistook it for the entrance of the cattle-show. I exchanged the wax for the tallow almost immediately; and having to pay two shillings instead of one, made me savage, perhaps, with both entertainments. I don't complain of the fatness of the beasts, of course, there; but I do enter my protest against the size of some of the men. There were three brothers—the commonest charity to the whole human race suggests their relationship—upon portions of whom, for it could not take them in at once, my eye fastened from the first moment, and remained until it saw them safe in a pen. It was a pen of three short-wooled, cross-bred, wether sheep, 'without restrictions as to feeding,' I read, of which these others had been evidently in quest; for the instant he saw them, one of them cried out: 'Here we are!' And there they were, most unquestionably; and they entered into that pen, and commenced pulling and pinching those obese animals, as if they had been kneading dough, with a sort of stolid joy. They were, if I recognised them rightly, in the printed list of stock, the 'Brothers Plumpwell, Wickem, Herts, age unknown, fed upon oil-cake, locust-beans, pea-meal, linseed, Indian corn, roots, and sugar.' This list, indeed, beat the catalogue up stairs, for wonderful intelligence, all to nothing. Here, for instance, is one of the strangest exposures and shameless confessions with which an illegitimate aristocracy has been ever favoured: 'The Honourable Cavendish Plantagenet, of Nomans Castle, Notts, breeder unknown, supposed about five years six months, and fed on turnips, clover, oatmeal, and mangel-wurzel!'—surely an unfit food for one so young. Again, what can be said in extenuation of writing of a respectable widow and her child in this manner? 'Mrs Henry Wobbles of Wriltham, Shropshire, bred by exhibitors, and fed on linseed-cake, swill, toppings, and barley-meal—had one calf.' This beats Messrs Something and Kidd, who will so style

their mutual relationship, in Oxford Street. I turned in disgust from the letterpress to the live illustrations. Ah, beautiful Devon heifer, how silken soft and delicate-limbed art thou! In herself, with cowslip breath and the large love-lit eyes, must have been like to thee! But how she can go on chewing so philosophically, while all those people are poking their fingers into the hollows of her hips, I can't imagine; she deserves her L.15 prize for patience, if for nothing else.

What a magnificent west Highlander is this! 'Strong as an ox,' I think, must have arisen from one of his own progenitors. What short, curling, Samson-like hair he has; what a terrible neck, whereon never yet yoke was laid; yet, while I look upon him, this leviathan has a nervous attack, and has positively to be led into the open air for recovery, and that with harts-horn, as we might almost say, upon his forehead, and a vinaigrette, or something very like it, stuck over his nose. How clean and tame, like household pets, look these enormous sheep, rubbing themselves against their neat white hurdles, as though they were on their own Cotswold or their Marlborough Downs! And the pigs—well, they look as they had worn wool, too, at one time, but had been most unhesitatingly shaved; and the pink ones, fat as they are, seem horribly cold; and I am glad to leave the pigs, besides, for other reasons. How different to the fellow-citizens whom we are accustomed to meet in other large assemblies, are the great mass of these occupiers of the soil; what sober if not keen intelligence dwells in their healthy faces; what thews and sinews have they, and what loud hearty laughs! Some few of them are in the London mode of some twelve months ago, but most of them exercise the right of private judgment in the choice of their habiliments. This very handsome yeoman with the bow-window, wears positively upon his gray hairs a brigand's hat—a tall felt pyramid, with an enormous brim and a huge buckle in the front, to put, I suppose, an ostrich feather in. Nobody stares at him, or marvels, so far as I can hear; only a curious foreigner, who has come to see John Bull at one of his 'at homes,' follows him about with dark inquiring eyes, half-convinced, and half in doubt, whether it could actually be a Tyrolese. There is no reserve or hauteur about our agricultural brethren; they will, when not engaged in dealing, enter gladly into conversation, and are quite as likely to ask you to dine at the Plough and Harrow with them in Holborn as not: they will also stand upon your toes for minutes without the least apology, although their average weight is over fourteen stone; and when they shake you by the hand, they intend you to feel it. Here, for instance, is my good friend Burke from Wiltshire, who positively wrings my fingers till I rise on tiptoe with the pain, and that with his left hand too, as I find out presently. 'Come along with me to the machinery; come, and see the patent corn-cutter,' said he; and I went up with him to that distinguished chiropedist at once. There was close by a number of aged men with scarlet dresses on, with a name in golden letters round their caps, as though they belonged to a ship; each of these, the name said, was a 'Mary Willdread,' and they were employed at a something between Fieschi's infernal machine and a pianoforte, wherefrom what was put in hay at the top, came out like beans at the bottom. Opposite to this was a gigantic patent Separator—some new remedy for the brutal-husband cases, perhaps—but I could make nothing of it; and next, a tremendous engine on six wheels, which screamed every now and then—and small blame to it—when a door in its inside was opened to shew people how an infinite amount of Swedes were being reduced to pulp.

'It is all very well for you, Mr Burke,' I said, 'who have a model-farm, to venture among these horned things; but they don't know me, and I'd rather step down again.'

'Pooh!' said he; 'no danger—none whatever;' and then, for the first time, I noticed that he had never taken his right hand out of his pocket. 'Ah, that's nothing,' he explained in answer to my inquiry; 'only a couple of fingers sliced a little, a month or two ago, by my steam turnip-chopper.'

After that, I kept my hands in my coat-pockets also till he came down; only, I could not forbear stopping where a fourth brother of the Plumpwells—not a whit less wheezy and explosive looking—was regarding with envious eyes an improved 'Winnowing and Blowing Machine.' He evidently thought—as I had in the case of the 'victim to virtue'—that this might be advantageously adapted to his internal system; and, assuredly large as it was, he seemed to have plenty of room for the contrivance.

MEN OF THE TIME.*

THE attempt to present to the public some account of the more remarkable men who figure on the world's arena is not new; but it has never before been made on so comprehensive a scale as in the work before us. It is an attempt, however, of a nature that cannot be expected to succeed at once; the plan will require to be matured by reflection and experience; and in the new editions promised from time to time, we hope to see numerous amendments. The most obvious of these will be the omission of many names of no note at all, and the insertion in their stead of others well worthy of the distinction. Among the latter we may mention, as examples belonging to one profession, those of Sir James Clark, the queen's physician, and William Ferguson, one of the first surgical operators in England. Such omissions are the more remarkable in a work in which undue space has been allotted comparatively to the profession to which these individuals belong—a remark which may likewise be made of the class of artists. The most important amendment, however, we would propose, is the entire withdrawal of the critical opinions of the editor. Criticism in an 'article' or a 'notice' in a review is perfectly fair, for there the journalist writes a dissertation on the subject, and cites passages from his author in support of his own opinions. This appeal to the reader's judgment cannot be made in a work like this, where the anonymous editor merely gives his own verdict *ex cathedra*: a verdict which the general voice of the public will in many cases overturn in a few years, thus rendering the book so far obsolete. Analyses of important works are of course not only admissible but desirable; and these might be given in such a way as to exhibit the peculiar characteristics for which the writers are remarkable. We have only to add, that if the biographies were submitted for revision, when this might be practicable, to the persons referred to, there would be the less chance of mistake; although, of course, the editor would find it necessary to examine closely the emendations of parties so nearly interested.

In passing through this interesting work, some curious considerations will present themselves to the heedful reader. He will inquire, for instance, into the comparative contributions made respectively to the ranks of the Men of the Time by those different portions of the United Kingdom which still present

* *Men of the Time. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Living Characters. Also, Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Time.* London: Bogue. 1856.

tokens of distinct nationalities. In the part of the book devoted to the male sex, there are—not including foreigners—385 celebrities, or persons assumed to be such; and of that number 259 are English, 89 Scotch, and 37 Irish. Now, taking the population in round numbers, of England at 18,000,000, of Scotland at 3,000,000, and of Ireland at 6,500,000, this will shew a proportion for which some of our readers will hardly be prepared. The Scotch celebrities they will find to be a little more than double the number, according to population, of the English; and the Irish celebrities less than half. In the female sex, the same calculation holds good with regard to Irish women of note, who are less than half the number of English; while Scotch women of note, instead of being double the number, like the men, do not quite come up to the English quota. When the work progresses nearer towards completeness, such calculations will be highly interesting; and perhaps some person, with more time at command than ourselves, may do for the different counties what we have thus attempted for the different nationalities.

Even a very cursory perusal of this volume cannot fail to leave an impression on the observant reader highly favourable to the liberality of an age which furnishes instances so numerous, or rather so innumerable, of men rising not merely to wealth, but to greater or less distinction of other kinds, from the humblest and most unpromising circumstances. To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skipingly on through the alphabet—we find that Andersen, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity-school; and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the very brink of starvation. Béranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* on the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot-boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, president of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a bookbinder. Millard Fillmore, late president of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprenticed to a wool-carder. The present emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal-painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr Lindsay, M.P., the great shipowner, left his home in Ayr with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship-boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minié, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then to a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape-

painter, was a cabin-boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a poor locksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseille. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison-philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron-foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labours.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and downhearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between high and low.

There are several interesting sketches of more or less distinguished females, and we hope to see this department fuller in another edition. We shall now give two or three instances of the enthusiasm of the sex, directed, in each case, to a widely different object. First,

The PRINCESS CHRISTINE BELGIOJOSO.—‘The history of this lady, a native of Lombardy, affords an instance of female heroism and the strange fluctuations of fortune, such as would have merited a prominent place in the annals of a far more romantic age than the one in which we live. Endowed with high rank, large possessions, and no common share, it is said, of wit and beauty, the Princess Belgiojoso was, during the earlier portion of her life, the object of universal homage and admiration. A leader of fashion, and a distinguished patroness of literature and art, authors, artists, and musicians vied with each other in laying the productions of their genius at her feet, and borrowed from her name honour and éclat. But the scene changed, and the lady emerged from a *lionne* into a heroine. Deeply sensible of the wrongs of her country, and sympathising heartily in the efforts of her countrymen to free themselves from the yoke of their oppressors, she raised a troop of 200 horse at her own expense, and at the time when Italy was convulsed by revolution, led them herself against the Austrians. She is reported on this occasion to have displayed a skill and bravery which would have done honour to an experienced soldier. This act of patriotism, however, for a time proved fatal to the worldly fortunes of the princess, as her property was sequestered by Austria, and she herself banished from its dominions. At this juncture, she sought an asylum at a farm in Asia Minor, and, being totally destitute, was compelled to labour with her hands for the supply of each day's necessities. This occurred some six years ago. Since then, she has devoted her attention to literature, and has contributed successfully to some of the leading journals of Paris and New York. The sultan of Turkey subsequently granted some tracts of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for the use of this remarkable woman and the Italian emigrants attached to her fortunes; and finally, by an edict of grace, the court of Austria annulled its former sentence of banishment and sequestration, leaving her free to revisit her country, and to resume the rank from which she had been deposed by her own patriotic zeal and heroism.’

The next specimen is taken from a family of gifted daughters. ‘Miss Elizabeth Blackwell affords the first instance on record, in modern times, of a woman pursuing one of the learned professions with sufficient earnestness to level the countless barriers which defend its dignities from her grasp, and at the same time to reflect back by her acquirements that honour which she derives from her calling. The renown of “the lady-physician” is not confined to America, the land in which the great project of her life was nursed and matured; it has travelled across the Atlantic, and has been discussed amongst us, with admiration often, with sneering contempt sometimes, and with stern disapproval, it may be, now and then. But even those who would desire that women should remain stationary

whilst all around them is progressing in light and knowledge, must yield their respect to the marvellous energy displayed by this pioneer of her sex. A closer acquaintance with her sound and reasonable motives might even carry them further, and gain their sympathy for her purpose. It is not generally known that the subject of this notice is an Englishwoman by birth, having first seen the light at Bristol about the year 1820. Her father emigrated to New York whilst his family of nine children were still young; but misfortunes in business overtook him, and at his death the widow and orphans found themselves in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth was at this time seventeen years old, and the succeeding seven years of her life were devoted to instruction in a school which was established by herself and her two elder sisters. The fruits of their combined exertions sufficed to support and educate the other members of the family, to purchase a comfortable homestead, and to smooth away pecuniary difficulties. It was not until 1843 that Miss Blackwell, after much consideration, finally resolved to undertake the study of medicine. She was influenced in this determination, not by a personal taste for and curiosity about its mysteries, for that she entirely disclaims, but first by a desire to open a new field for the exercise of feminine talent and energy, hitherto restricted within limits wholly inadequate to their requirements; and, secondly, by a conviction, that she herself, and others after her, might minister far more tenderly and suitably than men to the necessities of their own sex during periods of illness and suffering. The first step on her self-appointed course was the acquisition of Greek and Latin; for two years she devoted her leisure hours to this object, and then felt that the time had arrived when she must put her hand to the plough, and make study the business as well as the pleasure of her life. But, although the will was not wanting, the means seemed very difficult of attainment. Fifty medical men, and at least a dozen schools, denied her the advantages she sought; but her firm conviction, "that she had a place in the world which she should find sooner or later," was destined to be realised, and her path, although not smooth, was at least practicable. In 1845, she went to North Carolina, where she read medicine under the direction, successively, of two gentlemen distinguished alike by their professional abilities and their superiority to the narrow prejudices of society. When dismissed by them, she gladly availed herself of the advantage offered by Dr Allen, of Philadelphia, of admission to his private anatomical rooms; for, although she shrank with the natural sensitiveness of a woman from these painful details of her career, she appreciated its responsibilities too well to neglect any part of the preparatory duties it involved. During the time thus occupied, Miss Blackwell continued to give lessons in music and languages, defraying in this way the whole expense of her education, amounting to L.200. It happened, fortunately, that she encountered amongst the institutions of America that small element of liberality which had befriended her with individuals; and during one summer she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she was much encouraged by the kindness of the principal, and profited by the number and variety of the cases brought under her observation. She was also permitted to attend the requisite lectures at Geneva College, New York; and here she graduated in 1849, receiving with her diploma the heterogeneous designation of "Miss Dr Blackwell." It is worthy of remark, that her thesis on the subject of ship-fever was deemed worthy of publication by the faculty. At this point, where most men would have rested from their labours, she started anew, and sought in England a varied field for observation. She experienced a warm reception from many distinguished fellow-workers, and was welcomed at the various

schools and hospitals with unwonted honours. This was, however, by no means the case in Edinburgh, nor to the same extent in Paris, although she resided for some time as a pupil at the excellent Hôpital Maternité, in the Rue du Port Royal, where she concentrated her attention on the diseases of women and children. It was suggested that her attendance at classes might be facilitated if she would adopt masculine attire—a proceeding to which the French were habituated by the example of more than one distinguished individual; but this suggestion was indignantly rejected by Miss Blackwell, whose varied experiences could never tarnish that feminine delicacy which has distinguished and ever will distinguish her. Before we bid adieu to this fine-spirited and adventurous woman, it may not be *mal-à-propos* to mention, that her name has received additional lustre from the poetical talents of her sister, Anna Blackwell, an authoress of considerable promise, whose works have been republished in England; and that another sister, Emily, has since studied medicine, and obtained a diploma.

We must conclude with Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the female animal-painter, who was born at Bordeaux in the year 1822. 'As the avocations of her family necessitated a residence in Paris, the indulgence of her own particular tastes in the choice of subjects for study was somewhat difficult of attainment; and it is a matter of surprise, no less than of congratulation, that the influence of external circumstances did not lead her to swerve from that path of her profession to which a natural instinct alone pointed. It was no unaccustomed thing, we learn, for Rosa Bonheur, when scarcely past the age of childhood, to start early in the morning for the environs of Paris, with her drawing-box at her back, and to return only at nightfall after a long day of hard work and earnest study of rustic scenes and objects. At other times, the pencil would be replaced by a large piece of modelling-clay, and with no rules for her guidance beyond those suggested by her own intelligent mind, she would execute animals in relief with a fidelity which gave evidence of such plastic talent as would have conducted her to excellence in sculpture, had not her ambition sought other laurels. After a time, these rural expeditions were diversified by others less agreeable; to the *abattoirs*, or public slaughter-houses of the capital, which offered models too valuable to be neglected, in spite of feminine taste or timidity. It is said to have been in such a scene that the young artist received her first practical encouragement, in the form of a commission for a design to be carried at the head of the procession of the "Bœuf Gras." At the early age of seventeen, she entered fairly upon her career, by the exhibition of two pictures, *Chèvres et Moutons* and *Deux Lapins*, which went far towards determining her reputation. . . . Up to the present time, she assiduously frequents the horse-market, adopting the masculine garb, which is not ill suited to the decided character of her face, for the purpose of avoiding remark and enjoying greater freedom for observation. The dealers, with whom she is thus frequently brought in contact, imagine her to be a youth ambitious of a knowledge of horses—an idea which is confirmed when, as is often the case, she exchanges the rôle of spectator for that of purchaser, and, mounting the object of her admiration, conducts it in person to its destination, an ante-chamber divided only by a partition from her studio, and fitted up as a stable for the convenience of the various animals domesticated therein. She has recently established a small fold in its immediate vicinity for the accommodation of sheep and goats; and it has been suggested that in due time a choice selection of cows and oxen will probably be added to her existing stock of models. It is undoubtedly owing in a measure to this conscientious examination of the developments of animal life, that we owe such master-pieces of representation as the

Horse-fair, a picture which formed the great attraction of the French Exhibition in London during the season of 1855, and which almost monopolised for a time the attention of artists and connoisseurs.'

MILICENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

WE do not care to go into the details of the warfare that inevitably raged between Milicent and her relations. The oppressed and oppressor cannot strike hands unless the former is worthy of his fate; and no consideration could prevent the proud vehement girl from betraying her feelings at times. For her sister's sake, she controlled such rash speeches as the one which had exasperated her uncle's aversion on the night of her arrival; but her profound scorn for his character and conduct could be read in tones and gestures which she did not try to propitiate. Mr Rivington's hatred for the girl he had injured grew morbid under these provocations; the glance of her eyes, if they happened to fall upon his face—and all the more, it seemed, because of their beauty—excited in him an uneasy emotion of aversion. The tones of her clear rich voice grated on his ear; he followed every lithe and graceful motion with a fascinated repugnance. Almost to the same extent, but from a different cause, Augusta shared her father's feelings. The beauty of her cousin, the charm of her ardent conversation, lightened by the fire of a crude but brilliant genius, when circumstances overcame her haughty reserve—every gift and grace she possessed was a heavy cross under which she groaned daily. To be eclipsed was a new thing to Augusta, whose sister had never contended against her acknowledged inferiority of attraction; but to be eclipsed by Milicent, who rarely deigned to exert herself from her habitual indifference, and shewed such contempt for her own arts of pleasing, was very hard to brook.

'How many admirers were you bent on securing this evening?' the young lady demanded bitterly on one occasion, when Milicent, being excited to talk, had engaged all ears by her grace and enthusiasm.

'None. To try to be admired is one of the humiliations to which nothing can bring me; but I don't deny that I enjoyed myself to-night. I found it pleasant to prove that I had not lost everything with my fortune.'

Mrs Rivington sneered: 'Omnipotent in charms! I like your modesty. It was a pity they have not always been so powerful!'

It was impossible not to detect some insult in the implication. To have let it pass, would have been wisdom and dignity; but it would have been impossible to Milicent. With the keen intuition of her sex, she felt the blow was aimed where it would be sacrilege to let it fall.

'What do you mean?' she demanded, scarcely conscious of the imperiousness of the tone, her whole form dilating, and cheek and eye kindling together.

'Look at the girl!' cried Mrs Rivington, excited in her turn. 'Are we her slaves, that she dares to take such a tone? You seem to defy me, madam, to tell my meaning. I allude to what all the world knows, that you were jilted by Luke Forrester!'

'Because I was no longer an heiress?' The words were spoken very softly. Milicent had covered her flushed face with her hands; the tears were falling unchecked through her fingers.

'Let them think it!' she said to herself. 'To defend his character to these would be to humiliate him.' She was dwelling on the recollection of his worth: it lowered her pride to the dust; it exalted it anew to think he had loved her. Memories of low words, scarcely heard, but never forgotten; kisses

dearer with each reiteration; golden plans frustrated; life's happiness sacrificed to the resentment of an hour—possessed and moved her beyond her control. Even his friendship rejected! 'Offer it to me again, Luke, and I will take it humbly. Come, and teach me what now I ought to do, and I will be led; come to me, and I will confess my faults; come—or, rather, never come back, lest I sob out my love at your feet.'

'If I had lost a lover, I would never cry for him,' said Augusta's voice, breaking up the love-dream.

Milicent raised her tearful face with a proud smile. 'Different principles move us, you know. I seldom shed tears; but there are some taunts a woman cannot bear.'

Augusta's was not a thoroughly bad nature; and if she hated her cousin, and tormented her as only one young woman can torment another, over and above all was the excuse of jealousy.

Mr Halford had never declared himself as a lover otherwise than by attentions sufficient to bind a man of a nice sense of honour; but Augusta had long accounted him as such. It would have been hard to say what had attracted him to her. He was a man of good fortune, much courted in society, and known as one of the most subtle and successful reviewers of the day. He held such a literary reputation very lightly: some men on less would have demanded laurels and a statue. Augusta was very pretty, very amiable, to him; she sang well; and he had a prejudice, he said, against clever women. Moreover, he wanted a wife: that he esteemed her worthy of the honour, his attentions had seemed to prove. He still paid his court to her, but it was in languid form. Even while talking to her—or worse, turning over the leaves of his favourite songs—his eyes were continually engrossed in watching Milicent. It was not absolutely a gracious scrutiny, but it seemed an absorbing one; and Augusta trembled, not only lest the unexceptionable match should escape her—she was an heiress in her turn, and might have looked higher—but lest the man she loved in her degree should disappoint the hopes he had justly excited.

Mr Halford was not a man of punctilious honour: he said to himself, no word pledged him to Augusta; the girl was the veriest butterfly, incapable of love. She was rich now, and could look higher; and, in truth, so attractive a woman as Milicent Tyrrell had never before crossed his path.

He did not see nearly as much of her as he wished. Lilly's health was very delicate; and if the weather was fine, Milicent would be out walking with her in the adjacent park; otherwise, engaged in teaching her—for she had undertaken what education was practicable—in another room. The season was advancing into summer; and both sisters willingly availed themselves of the seclusion of their bedroom—the only privacy secure to them—and here the long evenings were perpetually spent. Milicent left nothing untried to soften to Lilly the change in her lot; she tired her imagination in weaving stories for her amusement, sang in under-tones the songs which had a sting in every note, and talked, to please the tender drooping child, of Roseneath and the agonising past, till her checked passionate heart was ready to burst.

'But I am almost as happy now with you, Milly, as I was then,' the younger would say, pressing against her sister's side, and raising her heavy eyes to the anxious eyes that watched her; 'only I never want to go down stairs.'

What hours Milicent passed when Lilly was asleep, after every point of love, regret, and desire, had been touched to the quick in her childish talk!—how her love grew under the pressure of self-reproach and hopelessness, until the force of the cumulating fervour startled herself! What could she do at such times but recall every trait of noble heart and generous principle,

which had been shewn from the hour when the boy-lover had knelt at her almost childish feet, up to the day of their separation?—what could she do in her present misery but paint the future that might have been in impossible colours, and stretch out her vain hands after the unattainable?

'Does he love me still?' was the question perpetually silenced to return again.

Mr Halford, who watched her whenever he had an opportunity, wondered a little at her ceaseless restlessness. The colour for ever fluctuating on her cheek, the light for ever gleaming in the eyes, shewed a heart never at rest. He had seen her in rare moments of abstraction, with her eyes fixed as if looking beyond present things, with an eager yearning expression, and then soften into tears. It was strange how this moved him: he longed to draw near and speak gently and soothingly to her; he longed to meet that asking look, and see the satisfied glance fall on himself. He had many a time been conscious of an entirely new emotion, when he had marked the tender passion with which she caressed the timid Lilly, or heard it vibrating in the tones of her voice.

'I begin to fear I am in love,' he thought; 'and with a woman with a temper!'

Circumstances precipitated this conviction. One evening, on going to the house, he found Milicent alone in the drawing-room; she was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. He divined there had been strife amongst the women; he knew what would be the chief weapons employed by the one side, and he felt a powerful emotion of indignation.

'Miss Tyrrell, forgive my intrusion,' he said; 'I thought the room was empty.'

Milicent sprang up precipitately, her cheeks burning with shame. 'That you should see me thus!' she began warmly; but her listener was gazing at her with such compassion, that it melted her pride, and she burst again into tears. 'I am overcome with what has just passed,' she resumed, struggling successfully against her tears, and turning a little away: 'it shall be the last dispute we have. If I lived here much longer, God knows what I might become! I can bear no more; I ought to bear no more. You have shewn a friendly feeling towards us, Mr Halford; will you help us to get a living?' She smiled as she spoke, and tried to throw a tone of gaiety into the words, but her earnestness mastered her. 'I am resolved to leave this house,' she pursued, interrupting Mr Halford's disclaimer; 'and equally resolved not to be dependent elsewhere. It is in your power to help me; it is not in your power to dissuade me. I am not out of my senses when I talk of getting a living. An old servant left me an inalienable annuity of twenty pounds; I have good knowledge of music, and can sing well. If I can get daily pupils, we can not only live, but live beyond fear of abject poverty, to which I would not submit my sister. I have a friend, poor, but of unquestioned respectability, who will let me have a room in her house. Some people, whom I knew in my father's lifetime, and who admired my singing, will, I daresay, have no objection to my teaching their children; I shall ask nothing else from them. You have a large circle of friends, will you speak for me? But I forget; you have never heard me sing.'

She was moving towards the piano at once; she had spoken with such breathless eagerness, he had not been able to interrupt her; now he suddenly stretched forth his hand, and intercepted her intention.

'You would stoop to this!' he exclaimed; 'you would teach where you are known! you would play for my approbation! Milicent!'—He broke off abruptly, and took a turn through the room. Milicent gazed at him in surprise.

'If I am proud,' she said coldly, 'it is not the pride

that unfits me to submit to a necessity. Teaching music does not seem to me a degradation. I love music,' she added kindling. 'If I have only pupils enough to provide what my sister needs, I shall be happier than I have been since—since long.'

'It is drudgery of the worst kind; it is slavery of mind and body; it would be death to you!' interjected Mr Halford hurriedly. 'Milicent, you asked my services; mine is the place of suppliant. I scarcely knew I loved you till this moment; I feel it now in every pulse of my being: accept my love; command me as my wife!'

He had begun in doubt, without meaning to go so far; but, as she stood erect, incredulous, beautiful beyond any other woman he knew, his passion had kindled. He spoke at last fervently; he wished he had the power and eloquence of a god to constrain or win her.

'Mr Halford,' said Milicent coldly, 'you are carried away by an impulse of generosity, for which I might thank you, if I could see you in any other light than my cousin's suitor. Let us forget what we have said to one another: I shall be able to carry out my plan alone.'

She turned away as stately and inaccessible as on a former occasion; but there was no undercurrent of feeling now to flush the pale cheek or shine in the averted eyes.

Mr Halford, convinced of her sincerity, felt animated by only one desire—to conquer her indifference. She was more desirable to him than ever. With more *abandon* than he would have conceived possible an hour ago, he renewed protestations and entreaties; he even threw himself at her feet.

'For your own sake, sir, rise!' exclaimed Milicent indignantly; 'and do me the honour to believe what I say. I resent your pertinacity as an insult; have you forgotten your engagement? Hush! I hear voices; for pity's sake, don't subject me to this new contumely!'

It was too late; Augusta and her mother had entered the room. There could be no doubt of the position of the two: Mr Halford was flushed and disconcerted; Milicent looked indignant and distressed. Augusta turned pale as the truth flashed upon her mind, and sat down to conceal her agitation; she had enough of dignity to wish to hide from the man that had betrayed her how deeply she felt the wound. She did not think Milicent had tried to seduce his affection, but she rather hated her the more that her triumph had been so involuntary and unearned for.

Mrs Rivington judged differently: she had not a doubt that the whole affair was the result of the arts of the girl they had fostered; she had complained of her position, had secretly disparaged her cousin; it was a tissue of ingratitude and deceit! Her face flushed; words of vituperation rushed to her lips; but Mr Halford interposed.

'You have surprised me at an unhappy moment, madam,' he said, with heightened colour. 'Your niece is not happy in your home; I was beseeching her to become the mistress of mine, but in vain.'

'Sir!—Mr Halford—such effrontery I never heard—Augusta!' interjected Mrs Rivington; but Mr Halford bowed and was gone, and a moment after Augusta ran out of the room.

Had the intention of leaving her uncle's house not been formed in Milicent's mind, that hour would have matured it. The late cause of dispute had been her refusal to accompany them to Roseneath, whither the family were about to proceed. Apart from the agonising associations and regrets the place would excite, she could not bear to go to Luke Forrester's immediate neighbourhood. She had begged to remain at home under any deprivations; had humbled herself to expostulation; but in vain. Now to the taunts and sneers her reluctance, and at length her refusal, had

excited, was added Mrs Rivington's abuse of her treachery towards Augusta: all that a coarse and vulgar mind could suggest in the first outburst of wrath, was poured forth without restraint. Milicent listened with silent scorn, till some epithet more opprobrious than the rest stung her sensibility to the quick.

'No more, madam; I can bear no more!' she cried in an agony. 'If the alternative were death, I could not pass another night under your roof.'

Milicent did not belie the confidence she had professed to Mr Halford in her capability of earning a livelihood as teacher of music, but brought nobly all her energies of mind and body to the task. Without that gentleman's assistance, she obtained as many pupils as she wished; and as the majority paid her, contrary to custom, not according to her poverty, but her desert, she had no difficulty in discharging all her obligations, and providing for her sister the comforts and luxuries that were indispensable. Hers was not an easy task to fulfil; bred in the refinement of wealth and rank, she felt painfully the entire absence of those accessories of life which custom had made all but essential; and, above all other deprivations, was that of the pure keen air, the open downs, and wide horizons of her native county.

'O for a long, deep breath of that exhilarating air!—a moment's glance over the free, open landscape to the ocean!' was so perpetually the uppermost aspiration of her soul, that it threatened to become a complete *malheur de pays*; and then Milicent's fine sense and fortitude rose to keep the evil in check. Then the physical and mental fatigue of her calling were new things to Milicent, but not of that class which were likely to find her vanquished by them. Her health was good, and she had never been careful of fatigue; moreover, the long walks that were necessary from one house to another, were often the best relief to her restless and vehement mind. The hardest effort of all was to bear with gentleness and patience the dulness or carelessness of her pupils, which was torture to her quick intelligence and sensitive ear. Had there been some tender eye to mark and applaud her efforts over her natural temperament, and some high palpable award to crown her success, Milicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons: in the days of her exultant prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Milicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unsuspected prayer, in the strife of the London streets, she had turned a humbled and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Milicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears fill her eyes.

'Does he love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!' A new sorrow was about to fall on Milicent. Lilly, long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

'I fear she would never have lived to womanhood,' he said; 'though country air, and such indulgences as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life.'

'If Lilly dies,' thought Milicent, 'God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?'

To labour by day and watch by night, was the order

of her life for several weeks, her energetic and passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

'Do not pity me so much,' she said with a smile to the compassionate physician; 'I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lilly will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it.'

One evening, when Milicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr Halford sitting in Lilly's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have presented itself: she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

'Good heavens, Miss Tyrrell, can it be you?' cried Mr Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. 'Milicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?' He spoke with so much emotion, that Milicent was touched.

'My life and I worked admirably together, Mr Halford,' she said smiling, and giving him her hand, 'until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that make me look ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lilly is better,' she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, 'I shall be better too: we pine in sympathy.'

'She will never be better here!' said Mr Halford, with vehemence. 'This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Milicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned everything from your physician; it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Milicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!'

Milicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

'This before the child!' she murmured; 'O cruel!'

'She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honour, Milicent, I tell you Dr Conyers assured me she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?' He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

'You would buy a slave, not win a wife,' said Milicent huskily. 'Mr Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?' She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

'Never—never!' she cried at length; 'anything rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr Halford; my will is fixed. Yes; any misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me? I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband.'

Milicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr Halford, she fell on her knees beside the bed. 'Lilly, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me!'

Mr Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honour; and Milicent's beauty and character, beyond all her opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Milicent's, would have yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted; but one hope sustained her sinking strength—in spite of Dr Conyers's fears and the disadvantages of her position, Lilly was slowly, but certainly improving. When well enough to be

moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought. The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the enclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

'Madam,' she said at length, with a great effort, 'excuse what must seem so strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognised the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr Forrester in the house?' The lady smiled, and looked behind her.

'I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his ambassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?'

'Milicent!' There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

'My love—my wife—am I forgiven?'

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, and had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after-lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.

EYES UPON STALKS.

WHAT is there to be said about so anomalous a family as the crustacea that would repay the trouble of perusal? That there is something to be said is, we fancy, owing to that curious tendency in the human mind to work most perseveringly at the most difficult subjects. At all events, Professor Thomas Bell, the worthy president of the Linnæan Society, in his *History of the British Stalk-eyed Crustacea*, shews how much has been done by himself and others towards a satisfactory knowledge of those queer creatures which, as their name indicates, wear their eyes at the end of a stalk. To come to particulars: they may be described as articulated animals in a double sense, for each joint of the external skeleton has some articulated appendage; they live and move in the water, breathe through a branchial apparatus, and have a nervous system not unlike that of insects. Some kinds, such as crabs and cray-fish, and the like, are clad in armour of great strength and solidity, composed chiefly of carbonate of lime, which they themselves secrete for the purpose, and thus fabricate their own integuments. This armour is in some specimens so beautifully coloured, and diversified with markings so strange and complicated, that the wildest imagination would be unable to conceive them. A few fine illustrative examples are to be seen in the

zoological department of the British Museum. Talk of 'mail and plate,' whether in Sir Samuel Meyrick's collection, or in the armoury at the Tower; what is there in either to compare with that which certain crustaceans fashion for themselves in the depths of the ocean? It is only, however, on the exterior surface that these wonderful colorations appear, the shell being inside nearly a pure white. We shall presently see with what skill and readiness they repair a fracture, or fit themselves with a new suit when the old one becomes too small, and that without calling in the aid of a tailor. Some, such as shrimps and prawns, are less securely protected, their coat being of a horny or parchment-like substance, and these animals are produced in the greatest abundance. What visitor of our sea-shores has not been struck by the sight of the countless swarms of shrimps seen on calm evenings leaping and darting in the shallow water! But, whatever the species, Mr Bell tells us, their bodies are composed of a 'normal number of segments'—namely, twenty-one, of which seven belong to the head, seven to the thorax, and seven to the abdomen; and he adds, 'the typical structure of any group being given, the different habits of its component species or minor groups are provided for, not by the creation of new organs or the destruction of others, but by the modification, in form, structure, or place, of organs typically belonging to the group.' Hence it is that most of the articulations with which crustaceans are provided have a twofold use. Immediately behind the eyes come the antennæ—no true crustacean is without them; but while in some they are feelers only, in others they serve also as oars, or floats, or paddles to swim with, and in others, again, as shovels for burrowing in the sand. The cray-fish, *Gebia stellata*, burrows winding passages under the mud, often a hundred feet or more in length. Next behind the antennæ are the limbs in charge of the commissariat department; they are 'footjaws or pedipalps,' employed in seizing food, conveying it to the mouth, and in moving about from place to place, as inclination or appetite may prompt. They come into play, too, in case of hostilities, as weapons of offence or defence, and wo to the enemy that ventures within reach of them!—the least he can expect is to be killed and eaten. Behind these members are the smaller articulations that assist in locomotion, and do duty in carrying the eggs or the young. The eggs themselves form no inconsiderable burden: the spider-crab, or Corwich, as the Cornish fishermen call it, produces at one laying more than 76,000 eggs; and yet, though encumbered with the bulky load, its ambidextrous habits enable it to take pretty good care of itself, and in a very comprehensive manner.

This double duty, however, is not shared by the eyes; these are only to see with. A strange way of seeing it must be to have one's organ of vision at the end of a stalk, protruding from the head like a horn! Supposing the eye to be a lens, and the stalk a tube—a telescope in miniature—we can then perceive a reason for such an arrangement, in the advantage which crustaceans would possess of seeing friends and enemies afar off, and preparing accordingly—either by locking the gates or unlocking the cupboard. We do not remember to have read that crustaceans have telescopic-eyes, and if the idea be a new one, we make naturalists a present of it unconditionally. Generally speaking, the eyes are similar to those of insects, and no species has yet been discovered without eyes; but it is found that those formed to live where light penetrates but slightly, or not at all, have but the simplest rudiment of an eye. As regards hearing, this faculty is not given to the same extent as that of seeing, being reserved for the 'higher forms,' while the 'lower forms' have to do without it. The hearing organ is nothing more than a minute vesicle filled with water in the basal joint of the second antennæ, with which

the branch of a nerve communicates; and by this simple apparatus the animal receives the impression of sounds. The respiratory organ consists of a number of lamellar branchiæ, closely packed in distinct cavities lying on the upper surface of the thorax, to which water is admitted by one opening in the process of breathing, and expelled by another. The animal has perfect control over the mechanism of these openings, and regulates the passage of water at pleasure; in the natural state, it is seen in ceaseless movement, as the gills of fishes; and if this movement be prevented, asphyxia soon makes an end of the crustacean. A large crab affords an excellent specimen of the breathing apparatus. Wet branchiæ are the condition of existence; and any one may keep lobsters or crabs alive for a considerable time out of water by wetting the branchiæ at frequent intervals. We need hardly say, that land-crabs, and those of the crustacea which breathe in the atmosphere, have a different respiratory apparatus.

From all that precedes, it is clear that crustaceans are extraordinary animals—wonderful even, as we have seen, in the style of their decoration, and still more so when we come to consider them while making, mending, or casting off their coats-of-mail, or reproducing a limb lost in battle, or by any other casualty. Sometimes, indeed, the animal chooses to throw off a limb of its own accord, perhaps from finding it unequal to its work, or ill proportioned, or possibly in mere sport; at all events, a new one is very soon forthcoming. What would not some men give to be able to do the same! But to explain: the crustacean—say, a crab—is covered in all parts of his body or limbs that need protection by a vascular membrane called the *corium*, by means of which it secretes the carbonate of lime, and whatever other earthy matters go to make up its shell. As young animals grow quickly, the young crab after a few months finds he has, in tailors' phrase, a 'tight fit;' whereupon he gets bodily out of his old suit, grows bigger, and in a few days is equipped in a new suit complete in all particulars. This operation he repeats once a year till he has done growing; and then, having covered himself with a stout material for permanent wear, he ends his days like a philosopher, with the chance, should he live to a great age, of his back becoming studded with barnacles. That any animal should thus be able to don and doff its integuments at pleasure, is, as Mr Bell says, 'at first sight, one of the most perplexing and inexplicable of all the phenomena of voluntary action.'

Once a year is often enough for some crustaceans; but the common prawn casts its skin every twelve days during the summer, and every time with an increase in its size. Unlike some animals whom we could name, when crabs and their congeners find themselves too large for their coats, they cease to feed, and creep away into some corner or hollow where they may be undisturbed. Observers who have tracked them to their hiding-places, tell us that at such times a sensible loosening of the shell is apparent. By and by, the animals exhibit signs of great uneasiness and restlessness; they rub their limbs one against the other, and twist each of their twenty-one segments in all possible directions. They turn over on their backs—at least such as can do so—and struggle for a time in that position, and swell themselves up till at last the tough membrane which connects the carapace or upper shell with the abdomen gives way, and a yawning rent appears. Now the animals have to rest awhile, for their efforts have been laborious and exhausting; but renewing the struggle after a time, they detach the upper and lower shell; and though not without apparent pain and difficulty, they draw their legs, arms, antennæ, eyes, and, indeed, all their articulations, out from their hard unyielding covering. Some naturalists, seeing the difference between the size of the claws and the hole

through which they were drawn, assert that the shell is in two pieces, which separate to allow of the passage of the limb, and then close again with such accuracy as to make it impossible to discover the joint. Mr Gosse, however, in one of his sea-side rambles near Ilfracombe, caught a *Maia-Squinado*, a spider-crab, which was in the act of throwing off its shell, and thus afforded him an excellent opportunity for observing the process. All the larger portions having been loosened, he says, 'the first thing that struck me was the pulling of the legs out of their sheaths. The posterior ones were freed first; the anterior pairs were about half out, and the animal pulled first at one, then at another, until they were quite drawn out, as if from boots. The joints, as they came out, were a great deal larger than the cases from which they proceeded. It was evident that in this instance neither were the shells split to afford a lateral passage for the limbs, nor were the limbs reduced to tenuity by emaciation. It seemed to me that the parts, which had an almost jelly-like softness when extended, were compressed as they were drawn through the narrow orifices by the fluids being forced back, these returning through their vessels, and distending the liberated portion of the limb as it was released.' Mr Gosse saw none of the struggling commonly said to accompany the operation; on the contrary, it seemed to him 'to be a very easy and simple matter.' It may not, however, be equally easy to all crustaceans.

When once out, the animal increases so rapidly in size, that even those who have witnessed the throwing off can scarcely believe it to have been so recently the actual tenant of the rejected shell. Lying side by side, the difference is strikingly manifest. The skin is at first soft and membranous, but it gradually hardens, and in a few days the coat-of-mail is as perfect as before. The male of the great crab (*Cancer pagurus*) always pays his visits to the female immediately after exuviation, when she is weak and defenceless. The throwing off of a limb is sometimes a consequence of fright: a violent thunder-storm or firing of cannon will make lobsters 'shoot their claws' in large numbers—a fact well known to the fishermen who catch them. Sometimes the member is parted with to escape from an enemy in whose hands it is left, while the animal takes to flight; or, the lobster having seized the dreaded object in its claws, leaves them fast in deadly gripe, while itself retreating to a place of safety. For some time after the dismemberment, the flesh of the animals is very flaccid and watery. The new limb first appears as a minute speck in the middle of the scar, enclosed in a membrane, by which it is nourished, until pretty well consolidated, when it becomes dependent on the general circulation; but in many instances it remains much smaller than the corresponding limb.

Crab-catching employs numbers of aged persons round our coasts who are not capable of the more laborious duties of fishermen. The crabs are caught in 'pots' made of twigs of the golden willow, these being preferably used on account of their toughness. Imagine a common wire mouse-trap, with the entrance at top, and that will illustrate the mode of construction of a crab-pot. These are baited and sunk in the sea, and left for some hours, their situation being marked by corks floating at the end of a line. The numbers taken are prodigious. In Cornwall, a crab, measuring six inches across the shell, sells for twopence; if eight or ten inches, threepence; and above those dimensions, sixpence. Contrasting these with London prices, an enormous profit appears to be made somewhere.

In the metropolis, and most inland towns of England, lobsters are more in request than crabs, and meet always with a ready sale. A weakness in favour of lobster salad for supper is an especial gastronomical

characteristic of those who dwell in the shadow of St Paul's. In the season, which is reckoned from March to August, not fewer than 150,000 lobsters are sent to the London market from different parts of the coast of England, Scotland, and the Channel Islands; but this great number is small when compared with the supply from Norway, which amounts to 600,000. Here we have 750,000 lobsters devoured in six months in Middlesex and its dependencies; and if we assume that a similar number is consumed in all the rest of the kingdom, the total is prodigious. No wonder that a single female lays eggs by the 50,000!

August is the month when lobsters change their coats, and it is commonly supposed that they are not in good condition till the season again comes round; but with their new coats they get keen appetites, and feed so heartily, that their flesh is as firm and as well flavoured in the winter as in the summer months. Their habits, we are informed, are domestic; they never go very far away from their birthplace; hence the discovery of a lobster-colony is a certain source of profit, yielding an uninterrupted return for years. The inhabitants of the different localities are as easily distinguished one from the other as different breeds of land-animals. An experienced fisherman will pick you out a Norwegian lobster from a Guernsey, and a Cornwall from an Orkney, never mistaking one for the other.

We should as soon expect to meet with sentiment in an oyster as in a lobster, and yet Professor Bell cites a statement on the authority of that careful observer, Mr Peach, which shews that crustaceans, notwithstanding the multitudinousness of their progeny, are not deficient in a certain degree of attachment for them. 'I have heard,' he relates, 'the fishermen of Goran Haven say, that they have seen in the summer, frequently, the old lobsters with their young ones around them; some of the young have been noticed as six inches long. One man saw the old lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fisherman, and herself and young took shelter under the rock. This rattling, no doubt, was to give the alarm.'

To any one sojourning for a few weeks by the sea-side, there could be no more delightful occupation than observation of the habits of crustaceans. The varieties are so numerous, and their metamorphoses so remarkable, that the subject can never fail in interest. Some crabs, when young, are as unlike the full-grown animal as tadpoles are unlike frogs, or caterpillars unlike butterflies. Some are hairy, others tufted; one species has so thick and soft a coat as to be named the *velvet crab*; another, found in the Mediterranean, has not unfrequently a thick mass of sponge growing on its back, and impeding its movements. The *Birgus*, one of the hermit-crabs, will leave the water, and climb to the top of cocoa-nut trees, where it devours the young fruit. Another hermit, the soldier-crab, abundant on our own shores, chooses the shell of a whelk as its habitation, wandering about over the sands until it finds one suitable. A residence must be had at any rate, and the soldier makes no scruple of killing a whelk, if he cannot find an empty shell that satisfies him. The poor, soft-bodied whelk, seized suddenly while stretching out to feed, is speedily devoured to make room for the aggressor. Once in, the soldier clings firmly in the convolutions by means of certain terminal appendages with which he is provided, and apparently without inconvenience, for he runs nimbly about with the shell on his back. If disturbed, he draws himself in snugly with a sudden snap, and closes the entrance so effectually with his legs and pincers, that all attempts to dislodge him are futile.

We may add, by way of conclusion, that the subject admits of being studied in a heraldic point of view, for examples of crustaceans in armorial bearings are

sufficiently numerous. They are introduced in a punning as well as a serious sense. A Scottish family named Crab bear a crab on their coat-armour; and other instances might be given. 'The crab, the emblem of inconstancy,' observes Mr Moule, in his *Heraldry of Fish*, 'appears on a shield of Francis I., one of the finest specimens of art in the collection at Goodrich Court; and, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, the crab was intended as an allusion to the advancing and retrograde movements of the English army at Boulogne, under the celebrated Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in 1523.'

SONGS OF THE ESTHONIANS AND LITHUANIANS.

SINCE the appearance of Longfellow's last poem, a good many learned as well as would-be learned remarks have appeared on the metre of *Hiawatha*. It is not generally known, however, that such rhymeless trochaic metres are common enough in Europe. Esthonia, for instance, the capital of which land is Revel, has many such; in Lithuania, too, and in Servia, this particular form of verse is a general favourite.

In the two songs here subjoined, there is, it will be seen, a great resemblance—and not in the form merely—to the verse of the American poet descriptive of the primitive life of the Red Indian. In the Lithuanian verses, that repetition of one and the same thought, but clothed in other words, through several lines, and which is a particular attribute of the Finnish poetry, will also be found.

THE MISSED ONE.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE ESTHONIANS.

Led away hence by the bridegroom
Is the maid, the dearly loved one;
And in concert all are grieving,
Earth and every moving thing.

Meadows sorrow, stubble mourneth,
Cheerless look the forest borders.
Listen how the foals are neighing!
Listen to the heifers groaning!
How the herds, with ceaseless roaring,
Wait for her, the fondly longed-for—
For the gentle beverage-giver—
For the faithful, sweet food-bringer—
For the constant, prudent watcher!
But, alas! no more she comes here,
Here to execute those duties,
Never wearied, without fault.
E'en before the sun did look up
She was waking, she was cheerful,
Hastened to the fields and stable
To accomplish every charge;
And without the sire suspecting,
And without her mother's knowing,
How she robbed herself of slumber,
She dealt out the hay, the barley,
And she filled the water-bucket:
Nought o'erlooked she, nought forgot she,
So that one thing like the other,
Humble or important did she,
With a willing, quiet hand.
Bridegroom! O thou happy blest one,
What a maiden hast thou taken,
From our village lured away!

A MAIDEN RALLYING HER EFFEMINATE BROTHER, WHO HAS BEEN SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LITHUANIANS.

Sickle, sickle, wicked iron,
Spiteful, false, perfidious iron!
Wo! O wo! how couldst thou feign so?
Wo! O wo! how couldst thou bite so?

Couldst, inhuman, without pity,
Lacerate a tender skin!
Oh, how was the tender chicken,
He, the cherished of the household,
Of such precious blood deprived!
Oh, how was the sap-abounding,
Branch-protected, ruddy berry
Robbed of sap, and made so pale!
But be comforted, my puppet;
Comes the pedler in the village,
I'll disburse a mite—my savings—
I'll disburse a silver penny;
Bring thee, my afflicted darling,
Offer thee, as strengthening potion,
Mead so fragrant in an egg-shell;
Serve thee butter in a nut-shell,
And within another half-one
I will bring thee on a leaflet,
Freshly gathered from a poplar,
One whole pennyweight of brawn.
Does thy dainty mouth not water
After such rare, blissful treat?*

Well, besides, in bed I'll tend him,
And will swathe the little infant,
Who so spitefully was bitten,
From whom so much blood was taken,
Soothingly on yielding pillows:
Let him not from house or chamber,
Long to bravely venture out.
Thus once more the tender chicken
Will regain his former strength;
Thus once more the ruddy berry
Will regain its former sap.

THE SEPTUAGENARIAN RUNAWAY.

THE following is a genuine letter, which we present *verbatim et literatim*. It is from an elderly man, who, on reaching his threescore and ten, despaired of success in this old country; and, on becoming possessed unexpectedly of sufficient means, eloped from his family, and went to Australia. This moral delinquency is related in the letter quite unconsciously, and does not seem to interfere at all either with the fervour of the writer's religious feelings or with his subsequent yearnings after the welfare of his wife and children. We give the document as a curiosity in more ways than one:—

REFRESHMENT TENT CAMELES CREEK
NEAR CASTLEMALN VICTORIA.

DEAR LAADY—I often heard of your Exartions to Bring the poor & Misorable out of Scotland Ireland & England to this Delightfull Contry But I was two old to Apply I therefore prayed to the Lord for Deliverance, I feared to be Cast on the Parochel Bord for Subsistance & My Little femely I have A wife & 8 Children in Ardrossan Ayr Shire Scotland I had Saved A few pounds Last year As Much as would take me to America To My Son But I feared the Extream Coald of their winter & I had Still the wish to be here & in June Las my Son at Sea Sent me home £10—thank the Lord Said I now I have as Much as will pay My pasage to Austrealea so off I Came without telling wife or any other in the place & paid £16—16 to Duncan gibb in the James Mackhondy & when I Landed at the Newyear Men were plenty & Labour Scarce I Left on the 16th Came to Geelong thence to Balarat got no Employ But Much Sinpathy & kindness thence to Dozy hill & to Creswicks Creek on to Caresbrook to Simpsons Station to Bryans Station on to Mickleford where I found A Man & wife belonging to Ardrossan & they have put me into A Refreshment tent & I am Liveing Comfortable & Easy if I Could get My femely out to this Country where Labour is paid & Every one May do well if My femely were here we would Be Able in three years to Bye A Section of Land &

* The Lithuantians consider pork the greatest of all dainties; and relate that the emperor of Russia lives so sumptuously, that not a day passes without this meat being served at his table.

fence it & Stock it with Cows & horses Sheep Pigs & hens & grow Corn wheat petatoes onions Cabbage & Every thing to make us happy & Comfortable in A Delightfull Clamit Dear Leady Surely your zeal for the happyness of Mankind is not Abeated have pity upon An old Man now in his 70th year farr from his famely & knows they are in poverty & Cannot help themselves if therefore it is in your power get them out I will pay any Sume that they might be Called upon to pay when Ever it is required as they will not be Able to pay it unless I Send to them I Sent home A Letter Last week & Enclosed A £5—Note being the first Cluster of grapes from the vally of Eascoll as An Evedenc of the goodness of the Land of Adoption if it is not in your power to obtain their passage Soon Be So kind as to write me Soon And Let me know where & how to Apply to get it brought About with the Least Delay & Least Expence My youngest Doughter is About 7 years old nixt A Boy 9 years old the 3d A Doughter 11 years Nixt A Boy 13 Nixt A Boy 15 years Nixt A Doughter 17 Nixt A Son 19 past Nixt A Son 21 yers & the Mother 40 years if I had all these Lockated on A farm of good Land by the Loaden or Murry I would Consider we were as happy as Adam & Eve in the garden of Edden & have more of the Comforts of Life then they had which May the Lord Grant is My most Earnest prayer and Desire in this world that we might walk with god as Enock for I beelve I Shall Live Many years in this Delightfull Clamit to teach My famely to Love fear & serve the Lord who has Brought is up out of the Land of Egipt & out of the house of Bondag into A Land flowing with goald & plenty of Every Comfort if people were wise & thankfull May the Lord prosper your Endavours for My famely & others who May yet Apply & May gods Blessing & Mine Rest upon you in time And Eternaty is the Sincir prayer of your humble petitioner
JAMES STEWART.

'APPEARANCES.'

It is a commonplace to say that we substitute artificial standards for the natural standards of morality; but it is a commonplace because the mistake is common. We teach the undeveloped Saddleirs that they will be judged according to the money that they are supposed to possess, the position that they are supposed to occupy in society—by the *appearance* of success, and not the good works that they may do. Accordingly, the candidate Saddleirs lay themselves out to *seem* rich even if they are not so—to snatch a high position if they cannot work to it. This tendency is said in every 'age' to be increasing; perhaps because the assertion is true. Undoubtedly, there has been a progress during our own time in the artificial refinements and luxury of society. We no longer have monsters like the despots of imperial Rome, or of the East, who grew depraved in the endeavour to find new forms of luxurious enjoyment and ease. But the whole body of society has grown more discontented with things which are simple and humble. The 'silver fork' is no longer the standard of a 'school,' but is common in households of every grade. The literary man no longer has the privilege of finding his way whither he will in rusty black, as he could from the time of Goldsmith to Charles Lamb; but he must be a man of the world as others are, and sufficiently familiar with the costly furniture of good society not to make mistakes in public, or 'he will not be invited again'—that is, not unless he is a very rich as well as a very literary man. For in all ages there has been a remarkable leniency in scanning the sins of Dives from below. Society will not look too closely to a man's means of rising, so that he rise; if he cannot don its moral costume as well as its material costume, he shall still pass current. Society gets what it demands—it realises appearances, the things upon which it insists; and it cannot complain if appearances are often different from realities.—*Spectator*, March 1, 1856.

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TAKING UP THINGS STRONGLY.

THINGS must be taken up strongly sometimes—that is, when there is a true occasion. The great difficulty is to know when there is true occasion. Very unluckily, the earnestness required on the one hand for taking up things strongly, and the discretion called for on the other to decide when there is true occasion, do not go much together. The consequence is, that we see in this world a good deal of zeal without a proportionate amount of discretion. Perhaps there is not a bit less of discretion attended by a sad lack of zeal; but this is not what we have at present to deal with. That the zeal without discretion is the cause of no small amount of positive mischief, no one can doubt, though it may also be true that the evil is not unmixed. It would obviously be a great matter to us all, if we were furnished with a few simple principles whereby we could test the things that make powerful appeals to us, and be saved from the consequences of indiscreet zeal. Are any such to be had?

I think there are—if we can resolve beforehand in no case to allow reason to fall asleep. It is but too true that we cannot take two steps into the world without being assailed by a score of outcries about the importance of this and that. 'Here is an institution you must stand up for—there is a great principle you ought to be ready to die for! Buckle on your armour—put your shoulder to the wheel—tackle to the good cause! Be true to yourselves, and the day's your own! Now or never!' And vast quantities of stuff to the like effect, vociferated on platforms and exhibited in blue posters. I say, on the other hand, be steady, keep cool, and consider what it is all about, and what it involves. Perhaps it is a very important principle which is concerned; but if there be more important principles still which call for pause, you had better not go further. You may come to find that the principle concerned is an arbitrary, local, and temporary one; while principles, fundamental, universal, and eternal, stand opposed: in that case, 'twere well you let it fume and sputter unnoticed and unassisted.

There are some principles in the framework of human nature and of human society, about which there can be no mistake. Such are the family affections. Such is the great moral law of doing to others as you would have others to do to you. Such is the grand social rule, that all men have certain rights in perfect equality. Such the maxim, that amity and peace are beneficial to men; while all jealous, angry, and hostile feelings are mischievous. We see these things revealed in constant experience, and may be as confident of their truth as if we heard a divine voice proclaiming

them. We see that the world could not exist without them, and therefore may make perfectly sure that it was designed to live with and by them. Well, here is a piece of ground on which we may take our stand.

When we are called upon, then, by any of those fussy, noisy outcries about important principles, which require our active help and partisanship, let us see if they do not ask us to alienate ourselves from the holy temple of family love and duty. Let us inquire if they do not call for the applying of some rule to our neighbour, which we should not like to have applied to ourselves. Let us take care that they do not tend to a direct invasion of the rights of some section of our fellow-citizens, or of some individual neighbours. Let us look well that they do not directly lead to malice, hatred, and uncharitableness among men, or to positive warfare; for if they do, then we may be quite sure that they are wrong and untrue things—well-meant, perhaps, and, it may be, allied to true and good things, but essentially wrong, and therefore to be avoided.

The truth is, that the noisy outcries in question are frequently mere crotchets of the understanding or unworthy passions, putting on the disguise of something wise and good. It is a sad acknowledgment to make, but it is one which candour demands, that there is often little in the patriot but an unsubmitive temper, and in the sectarian orator but self-conceit, love of notoriety, or a desire to make all mankind do penance for his own remorse. Not plumbing their own hearts—perhaps unable to do so—they do not see their own motives, and thus act under a certain kind of sincerity; but the human infirmity is there not the less, a most fallacious guide, while pretending to infallibility. It is the duty of the bystanders to examine carefully before giving in their adherence, lest they only promote a whim or a frenzy of the hour, instead of an eternal and immutable principle.

One does not need to look far, though he needs to look coolly, in order to see that a large proportion of the troubles of society arise from our excessive anxiety to see, not ourselves, but our neighbours, think and act rightly. 'Here am I, so fortunate by my education, my own excellent sense, or the grace of God, as to be quite right about a number of things; but there, over the way, are scores of unfortunate people altogether wrong, and likely to come to some sad ending. I must save them from themselves.' So I go in upon them, tell them they have not the sense of children, ridicule what they revere, and try, by something little short of absolute force, to bring them to my better way of thinking. Now, you may be right in your views, and they wrong; but what then? Are not you arrogating to yourself exclusively right judgment?

Are not you violating some of the dearest rights of humanity? Are not you making yourself a social pest? To communicate even an angel's message by such means were a serious error.

The divine author of human nature has, doubtless for wise purposes, put a self-respect into it, which refuses to be dragooned into anything, good or bad. Know, sapient reformer, to respect this principle in your neighbour, and then you may have some chance. While you do not, the improvement you aim at is impeded, and no good is done, except in so far as your operations are ineffectual or neutralised.

Now, there is not one word here designed to check earnestness regarding things absolutely good. It is not only allowable, but it is a duty, that we seek by all means in our power to quicken the hearts and minds of our fellow-creatures towards the great ties of relation which bind them to their God and each other. It is only where these fundamental Sanctities are interfered with by things which put on their appearance, and are, after all, but devices of the fallible mind and heart of man, that we would call for pause and deliberation. There is, however, one thing which we may all, at any time, take up strongly, and do no harm by it. This is, the course of self-correction and self-improvement. Let us only apply to this with one-half the zeal we are so ready to use in our efforts to put our neighbours to rights, and we shall soon see a different style of world round about us.

A TRIP TO TELL'S LAND.

My friend Bullseye and I had had many little wranglings about this excursion of ours before it was actually put in execution; his opinions upon foreigners and foreign parts were very decided, and not at all favourable, but founded, perhaps, more on a sort of instinct than on actual experience, as he had never been out of Great Britain in his life. His noble nature was local, and little inclined to range; and I think it was with some notion of protecting me from insult and danger, rather than with any idea of enjoying himself much, that he became my travelling companion.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that my wife, Mrs Meekin, gave permission, and even urged me to take the following trip; for which I have rewarded her with five-and-thirty yards of Brussels lace, wound round my person in the dog-days, and presented to her duty-free.

Bullseye and I, who both live in the environs of London, started from the metropolis at eight o'clock one fine June morning for the Rhine and Switzerland. We had a knapsack each, in order to save the expense of luggage—which abroad is very great—and bother about portage; a valuable hint, derived, with many others, from the exhibition at Egyptian Hall. There it was that we first became enamoured of the Gemmi, and cultivated friendship, not unmixed with awe, for the Bernese Oberland. My own effects had been most artistically stowed away by Mrs Meekin—so artistically, indeed, that half of them refused to enter under my management on any terms—and consisted of absolute necessaries, with sticking-plaster and Child's Patent Lights. Bullseye, who is a widower, accepted *Murray* as a creed, of which he was to obey every letter. He took with him, in addition to everything his unassisted genius could suggest, an ink-bottle, a door-fastener, a brandy-flask, a sandwich-case, and an enormous leather money-bag. I cannot sufficiently regret that this *Journal* is not pictorial, so that I might have given a portrait of my friend with his black spectacles and blue veil upon him—antidotes to the sun's reflection from the snow—of which he was good enough to give me a private view as we went down to Dover. A widow lady in the same carriage was driven to the verge of hysterics

at this sight, believing it to be a preparatory step to her assassination. He had also an enormous green umbrella, like a small marquée: 'Very useful, sir, I am told, in the mountain thunder-storms.' His library, which I do not think he would have parted with but with life, consisted of the infallible *Murray*, a book of table-talk, a foreign *Bradshaw*, and a Keller's map. Never surely, as Robinson Crusoe remarked when he first got his stock of provisions snugly packed in that delightful cave of his, was any man so fully provided.

I knew little French, and still less German; not enough to talk metaphysics, or express my views upon the solidarity of the peoples, but sufficient to call easily for bread and milk—which is my favourite food—in both those languages. Poor dear Bullseye was perfectly ignorant of either tongue; he had all his life been accustomed to consider everything foreign as utterly false and useless, and in the same light as Mr Thomas Carlyle would probably regard the new art of Potichomanie. 'If it was necessary,' Bullseye would remark, 'that conversation should be held with aliens, let the beggars learn English.' Not till Fatherland began to fade behind us, and the long low coast to eastward grew distinct to view, did we feel that we were really off and away: the sublime thoughts which would have, doubtless, been then engendered, perished before maturity; and we passed our time in watching the sea-green billows with feelings not to be outpoured in mere words.

At last, and with much difficulty, with four men pulling at the wheel, and the paddles revolving idly in hollow troughs of sea, we clove the level waters of Calais harbour. The panting engine then took longer breaths, the passengers began to hold their heads up in some hope, and the steward to collect shillings with a grin. Had he not been taken at such disadvantage, Bullseye would never have consented to be driven with the herd through the line of soldiers and the heap of *commissionaires* and touts, as he was. Even as he stood, abject, with all the colour washed out of his countenance, and most of his hair bolt upright, in the presence of the *douanier*, he was not without an air of dignity. That official addresses him with intense rapidity in the French language. Bullseye does but shake his head. What the other supposes to be the English tongue is then attempted, with the like result.

'Bullseye,' said I, 'he wants to know how old you are—quick.'

'What the deuce is that to him?' growls my friend.

'Vat dat man say?' demands the official angrily.

'Sept et trente,' I reply, which is quite good enough French for Calais, and at least suffices for the douanier.

We were then handed over to a sub—for there is a sub even in a French *douane*—who examined our knapsacks with much suspicion, in consequence of coming upon the door-fastener, after which a porter carried them for a franc apiece—next door. Here there was a *table-d'hôte* laid out, with small round ratafia-cakes, chocolate-sticks, and huge bottles of vinegar and oil; but afterwards came some potage like water with melted butter in it, and then some rags of meat; and this was observable in all our travels, that although we saw in the flesh what seemed to have been boiled for soups, we never saw the soups that the rags must, at some remote period, have made. The *vin ordinaire* was perhaps intended to give an appetite, as it certainly set the teeth on edge; but we ordered instead of it something I daren't spell, at five francs a bottle, whereupon, as I believe, they brought us the *vin ordinaire* again. It was a dreadful dinner; and Bullseye, through disgust at the plain dishes and fear of eating a frog in the *entrées*, took exclusively to rolls and cognac.

A lively French newsvender was good enough to hang about our carriage until the train started, and made friends with us immensely; he said the alliance

of the English and the French was a fact 'supreme and ravishing;' upon my translating that to Bullseye, he bought a *Débats* and a *Constitutionnel* upon the spot, which, considering that he could not read them, was a generosity; and I really thought that the Frenchman, on his part, would have kissed him upon both cheeks in consequence. Then, with a slow cantering motion, and to the sound of a horn, like hunters from cover to cover, we moved on from station to station. At Lille, where we waited a quarter of an hour, Bullseye needs must get some oranges, 'the only food he could be sure of,' for which he paid 5d. apiece. Thinking he had time to see the town also, he got locked out from the platform; and I rescued him with difficulty from an abstruse altercation with an official with a naked sword. This adventure made him promise not to part from me again, and, in particular, to intrust me with all our financial arrangements whatever. Mouscron and Ghent had each its perils of changing trains; but when we got to Malines at ten o'clock at night, our embarrassments culminated. 'Où est la place pour le convoi à Cologne?' was our solitary and piteous cry; and every bearded official seemed to point in a fresh direction, and answer in a different phrase. At last, we were distinctly told, by a manual operation similar to the ancient telegraph, to cross to the opposite side altogether. There, by a feeble ray of moonlight, we found grass growing over the tramways, some broken steps of stone, and a shattered luggage-van, and stumbling back over a dozen lines of rail from this deserted spot, we just caught our train upon the point of starting. At Verviers, in the dead of night, we were turned out into a mirrored refreshment-room, elaborately carved and gilded; but there was nothing but anise-seed cakes in the way of food. At Aix, our passports were demanded, torn, indeed, from Bullseye, who had an idea that he was not to part with his under any possible circumstances, if he would escape the fate of Baron Trenck and Silvio Pellico. We reached Cologne at five o'clock in the morning—that is to say, in twenty-one hours from London Bridge—with a jolt that shook us from dog-slumber into confused being. The cold air suddenly let in upon my friend, as an official dashed down the window, was not sufficient to produce instant vivacity: he asked poor Bullseye three times 'whether he had anything to declare' (meaning any articles subject to duty), before he could get out of him even so much as 'what?' Even then, in Cimmerian darkness about duties, Bullseye observed that he certainly had a considerable quantity of things to declare, if the gentleman was quite sure he would not be offended to hear them; and indeed, but for a kindly and interpreting Dutchman, we should never have passed the Prussian frontier. As we had only knapsacks, and the rest of the passengers had heavy luggage, I made bold to ask a head functionary in green—with the most ultra-official cast of countenance I ever saw—to look at ours early. He looked fixedly at the outside of our humble parcels as I made my request, marched with a fiend-like malignity to the end of the apartment, scrutinised all things from imperials to reticules with suspicious care till he came to us, and then passed by and reviewed the remainder, so as to leave our knapsacks to the last. That the creature may be known to our compatriots, let me say that he is tall, thin, hatchet-faced, and bilious-coloured; and that he wears a stunted moustache, a green coat, and a little sword.

'This inhabitant of a stolen country, this myrmidon of a drunken king,' as Bullseye observed when we got to our hotel, with his left thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, and his right hand beating the air—did not impress us favourably with the character of the Prussian executive. What a beautiful bedchamber of ours was that at the said inn! with fair white muslin curtains, and crisp-clean counterpanes and sheets;

with small soft velvet couches, tables, and mirrors, and polished oaken floor! Regular full-sized towels there were none—all foreigners using them only at dessert—but little napkins in their place, about the size of note-paper, with little balls of cotton attached to them all round. There was, alas! too, no soap upon the wash-handstand, nor any basins—all foreigners reserving them for their tea-tables—except very small slop-basins; and there was, I mourn to say, a smell through the otherwise cleanly house that beggars description, and beats Bethnal Green.

As for a sketch of Cologne, or of the voyage up the Rhine, are they not written in a hundred chronicles, from that of Hood to this last book of Doyle's, this *Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, which I never can sufficiently admire. Dear Bullseye, from his great size and English habits, reminded me of Robinson not a little. I will only just take the omnibus to the river's brink, the great long machine quite narrowed at the end perspective, and filled with bearded aliens and moon-faced *fraus*. The atmosphere is composed of one part air to three parts fire and smoke, and the air is only cologne, and not fresh air. Bullseye was expressing himself very freely upon this subject, when the wrangle began, as usual, with the 'cad' about the money; when one of the company, quite suffused with hair, and not distinguishable from a bear except upon the forehead, was so kind as to extricate us from our troubles, and address us in the purest English. This gentleman told us his delight in thus disguising himself was to hear what his countrymen would unwittingly say of his appearance; and certainly, in the case of Bullseye, he must have succeeded capitally. It had been arranged that we should walk by the river-bank where it was most beautiful; so we disembarked at Boppard, with the intention of going to Oberwesel. It was the first time I had tried my knapsack, and I thought it seemed to relieve me a good deal—and, indeed, it prevented me from choking—to hold on to the strap under my neck. At last we discovered that the said strap was intended to fasten across our chests instead. Even with that alteration, by the time we had reached one-sixth of a *stunden* (half a mile)—each of which distances were regularly marked along the way, to our intense disgust—Bullseye's breathing began to get positively stertorous, and pains came over our backs, our knees, and our shoulders; by this time, too, both our brandy-flasks were nearly dry, for an intolerable thirst compelled us to drink at every stream, which, when unmix'd with spirit, *Murray* says, is deleterious. We found, however, quite a little man, who, having comprehended our case, took both our knapsacks on his back, and marched away before us, droning a song all the way to St Goar. Then had we leisure to admire the long green terraces of vines, raised one above the other on the low walls of stone, and the care and labour that must have been expended on them, in the turning of the now shallow water-courses, lest, after rain, they should overthrow all in ruin; the picturesque dresses of the women and their scarlet head-pieces; the masses of fine foliage here and there high up upon the hills; and, overtopping all, the frequent strongholds of a race long passed away. At that pleasant inn, the Lily of St Goar, we met a young Englishman who knew rather less French than Bullseye; not any, indeed, save the one word *avocat*, which he had been given to understand meant barrister, and which he wrote after his name in the hotel-books, to express his calling. As for difficulty with money, he said, although he had suffered from it at first, he now found none: by holding out a quantity of it in his hand, and leaving the creditor to select his proper due, he got along famously, without any bill or bother of any sort. For instance, he had received at Cologne heaps of change out of a Napoleon: there it was, if we liked to see it; and, with

that, he shewed us about a hundred coins from as many insignificant states, of the aggregate value of perhaps half-a-crown.

The day after our arrival at Basil, on the frontiers of the land of the free, we started by diligence for the Munsterthal; an insolent conducteur, a thoroughly wet day, and the company, inside, of a little boy, with whom sitting with his back to the horses did not agree, a good deal detracted from our appreciation of this sublime defile; once, and once only, did a burst of admiration proceed from my dear companion: 'We are come to a pretty pass here, upon my soul and honour, Meekin,' he said. Bullseye's bitterness of spirit, indeed, which he had hitherto nursed in silence, for once broke forth: 'I have never had one single good night's rest since I left London, but have been always wakeful from overfatigue, or hauled from my bed in the small hours to undergo more. I have never had anything to eat unalloyed with oil, or chocolate, or cinnamon; nor to drink stronger than tinted vinegar. The *limonade gazeuse* is pleasant, I confess; but think, sir, of a man of my habit of body being limited in my drink to a sort of ginger-beer! I have been herded exclusively with hairy asses for the last six days, for all that I can tell by sight, or sound, or smell. We met one waiter, and only one, in the course of the journey whom I liked, and you dragged me away from the house: yes, one who understood me, and whom I could trust, although I think it likely he was a ticket-of-leave man. I have put up with insult after insult from every official I have yet met with, from the green monster at Cologne to that blue-and-green absurdity who conducted us, and misconducted himself, from Basel to Munster. I think I shall be worried, if this lasts, into biting somebody. Without you, Meekin, dear Meekin, I cannot return. Do, then, but set me once again—I will pay all expenses—on the dear old island, and I will leave it never more.'

I was very much touched by the prostration and simplicity of the lion-hearted, his helplessness was so palpably real; and yet a Rochefoucauld or a Voltaire might perhaps have detected in my heart a sneaking triumph in the consciousness of my superiority: a couple of dozen French and German words had pedestaled me a pyramid's height above poor Bullseye. I comforted my friend with promises, however, that it would soon be over, this tour of pleasure which he had undertaken; and representing the baths of Schintznach and Schaffhausen as the nearest way to his beloved country, conducted him thereby to Zurich.

We had paid a considerable sum at Basel for the insertion of nails in our shoes, for safety in mountain-travelling, but having found those little brass knobs to trip us even upon level ground, when they did not, as the majority did, break short off at once, we had to pay again at Zurich for having them taken out, and new ones substituted. It was better than a pantomime to see dear Bullseye explain to the waiter, through the medium of a pin and the soles of his feet, the thing he wanted done; but at last we attached about ten pounds' weight of iron to our legs, and increased our stature by a good part of a cubit, in a double row of the hugest nails I ever saw. As it was out of the question to squeeze them into our knapsacks, we were obliged to wear them continually, making a tremendous clatter as we moved, and scoring the polished floorings of our rooms after the manner of glaciers. As the hotel *carte* contained some port wine, at ten francs the bottle, Bullseye would stay at Zurich for some days, much wondering at the sleek slow horses, and the ropes and contrivances that attached them so many yards off to what they drew. He saw one day a wagon-load of child's toys get its fore-wheel into an unpaved hole in the main street: forty or fifty Switzers gathered chattering round, looking at it, with a cigar apiece, from every point of view; then they seemed

to take some sort of solemn vow together, for they all shook hands and applied themselves to the consideration of the circumstances; they next took hold of the imprisoned wheel, and pushed at it, using as much breath as could be spared from the cigar; and all the time the driver ceased not to whip with impartiality those eight horses, which extended nearly a furlong in a straight line, and some were round the corner. After about half an hour, somebody bethought him of a lever, and the fore-wheel was set free; whereupon, the draught being still kept exactly in the same direction, the hind-wheel took its place with a crash, and the whole machine was shaken to small bits.

At Ragatz, we met some English engineers engaged on the great railway that is to pass through Coire, and up the valley of the Grisons to Disentis, and then through the mountain-chain, by a tunnel of fifteen miles long, to Olivere, in Italy. They nearly persuaded Bullseye to join their cricket-club, and actually did prevail upon us to take the projected course of their line. The valley of the Grisons is fine, if you have seen little else of Switzerland; but if it were ten times as grand, it would not be worth the pains of visiting. The inhabitants—who speak Romansh, a compound of hideous sounds, and nothing else—subsist upon eggs, cheese, and milk, exclusively, all of which are very bad. At Disentis, their chief town, which is a village as filthy as picturesque, we passed, I cannot say slept, a night. It has an immense convent, and six churches within sight of it, all of them fitted up with the most glittering and showy tinsel that can be bought—for coppers: a few Alpine roses would have been worth all their dirty filigree and tallowy saints. The women—most of whom, too, had goitres—were absolutely revolting to look at; and, indeed, we had seen no pretty girl, as Bullseye declared, since we left Dover; but this, of course, as I observed to Mrs Meekin, was *his* trouble, and had nothing to do with me. The Rhine becomes here but a narrow streamlet, crossed at some height, at frequent intervals, by narrow and loose planks, which were unpleasant enough to ride over. Car-road up the valley, further than Trons, there is none. As we had no means of making our wants known at our wretched inn, we wandered over the filthy kitchen, and laid our hands upon the least disgusting raw materials, which appeared subsequently at table boiled—in lamp-oil. I do not think that even extreme hunger makes nasty food palatable; the sense of taste is then more acute; and, although one may eat, it is impossible to enjoy. There came to be by this time on Bullseye's face a stereotyped expression of despair, far more eloquent than words.

Coming over the Oberalp next day, we fell into seven or eight feet of snow or so, every now and then. Bullseye did so oftener than I, by reason of his blue veil and black spectacles; but I, on the other hand, became half-blind from the sun-glare, and retained on my whole countenance but so much of skin as lies between the hair of the head and the eyebrows. Our two guides just comprehended that we were bound for Andermatt; and we christened the one *Passer la Montagne*, and the other *Bono Cavallo*, because those were the sole words belonging to any recognised language they knew. When, however, we reached our goal, they extracted from us two Napoleons for horse-hire; so, I suppose, they had studied financial matters to the exclusion of literature. Romansh, French, or German-Swiss—I regret to say it of these noble freemen—are indeed all alike a set of unscrupulous robbers. This fact, which we became fully acquainted with, combined with the barrenness of their soil and the ugliness of their women, caused Bullseye to express his wonder, not that the Swiss should have defended the land so stubbornly, but that the Austrians should have ever attacked it; it shewed a pitiful lust for conquest on the part of the invaders.

At Andermatt, we had a bitter disappointment. While we were at our repast, and in contemplation of the five-franc vinegar, we uttered a pious hope that we might one day taste bitter beer again: the charmingly intelligent landlady seemed to understand us, and by the one word 'Allsop,' pronounced interrogatively, moved Bullseye almost to tears of joy. Alas! alas! our fears at the sight of the long-necked graceful bottle were only too well grounded: it was beer, indeed, but beer from Bavaria—as like to Allsop's beer as a horse-chestnut to a chestnut-horse. Where she had picked up that sublime name, to use it so parrot-like and vainly, I cannot conceive. It had been our intention to go from hence over the Furca and Grimsel; but Bullseye so firmly refused to stir a foot uphill, that we were compelled to change our route; so we drove, *en voiture*, with our weary feet—for we had walked perforce more than we had ridden—upon the opposite seats, down the glorious St Gothard Pass, over the Devil's Bridge, and the bridge where Tell was drowned in trying to save a child from the same fate—the fittest death that such a man could die—down to Fluelen on the Lake Lucerne.

Up the Rhigi, to see the sun rise, Bullseye positively refused to go. When I remonstrated with him upon this and on the folly of his buying an *Alpenstock*—for the names of his mountain-ascents to be branded upon it, as the custom is—he rejoined: 'That the names might be branded on it for the same money, whether he went up or not.' He was very happy at the Schweitzer Hof, he said, and was ready to wait any time for me; but I dared not leave him for an hour, knowing that if he met an English family bound homeward, he would accompany them at once, even if he travelled on the foot-board. From Lucerne we rode over the Brunig Pass to Meyringen, where Bullseye purchased quite a little village of carved Swiss cottages. They were beautifully done, with frail-looking ground-flats, big bulging first floors, and all the great stones that should have formed the foundations stuck on the roofs, just like the originals, and almost as large; but they broke to pieces a good deal before they came out of his knapsack. When he got the next day to Interlachen, a pretty village composed of capital hotels, news-rooms, and wood-cutting shops, we were wet through; and having no change of cloth garments, I was obliged to appear at the table-d'hôte of the Belvedere in a little short lace-jacket, of Swiss *broderie*, I had bought at Lucerne for Mrs Meekin. I got my dear friend on the morrow to walk over the Wengern Alp, and dine at the foot of the Jungfrau; but getting frightfully exhausted in the ascent, and having partaken at every *châlet* on the way of strawberries and cream—he was always shilly-shallying at those cottages for something or other—which disagreed with him sadly, he was not pleased. 'The thing'—by which he meant the sublime mountain—'looks very well from below, sir, and suggests coolness; whereas at this laborious elevation it turns out to be of a white heat.' Nor was he much impressed with the ice-avalanches, which were descending with glitter and clatter all around us. He had, indeed, a receipt for ice-avalanches, which I heard him confide to a Manchester gentleman who accompanied us: 'Take a lot of broken glass, sir, and an old leaden water-spout; shake well together, and pour down at intervals, in sight of a parcel of fools.'

It was a pretty descent enough, though, even Bullseye confessed, into the valley of the Grindelwald, through the groups of children, far prettier than they would ever grow up, laden with wild-flowers and the red Alpen roses, among the herds of cows and goats, from which he drank fresh milk; and serenaded by the mountain echoes 'sweet and far,' awakened, at frequent intervals, by the long straight Switzer's horn, or, as in one instance, by the thin clear notes of the

sackbut: in every case, I need not say, there was 'the piper to be paid.' On looking over the names in the hotel visitors' book, we found the titles of a Russian prince, with whom, under the same roof, Bullseye declined to stop another hour; so we went on to Frutigen.

The toil, even from this side of the Gemmi Pass to the summit, is considerable, and Bullseye hired a mule. When he reached the top of the mountain, and craned over the animal's head at the apparently sheer precipice that intervened between us and our goal—the baths of Leuk—I thought he would get off at once; which he did. Having always a tendency to vertigo, he could not even so much as look at the hideous depths beneath, but crawled along the narrow path with his face close to the rocky wall, like a fly.

The baths of Leuk are almost entirely resorted to by French, Germans, and Swiss, and the hotels are therefore not clean. When Bullseye and I had each a bath there, we read a little work upon the matter that interested us more intensely than it pleased. After enumerating all the diseases that were cured by the waters, which seemed to range from leprosy to headache, it went on to state that the sign of a beneficial effect was invariably a dreadful rash, called the *Poussée*. This is the literal translation, which I read to dear Bullseye, in order to make him as anxious as myself:

'La Poussée, that daughter of the baths of Leuk whom we seek, and yet avoid, whom we distrust, and yet so desire, forms the staple of conversation with the bathers; the introduction to friendship, the commencement, perhaps, of love.

"Comment va votre Poussée?"

"Avez-vous la Poussée?"

"Je suis en pleine Poussée."

"Ma Poussée s'est fort bien passée."

These are our stereotyped inquiries. The *Poussée* sometimes appears *even after one immersion*, and disappears commonly in about six weeks.'

Fancy our feelings! Bullseye, indeed, became of such a curious colour upon hearing this, that I thought he had the *Poussée* at once. Certainly I consulted my looking-glass next morning with some apprehension; for I should not have liked to have brought home with me—nor would Mrs Meekin have approved of my bringing her—the daughter of the baths of Leuk.'

Before our departure, we went to see the creatures *poussée-ing* in the baths. There were about forty males and females in one great tank, some of them breakfasting on floating-trays, some of them playing at 'the Ring'—a game like 'Hunt the Slipper'—and others at dominoes and chess; all dressed in a long apparel of dark serge, and most of the women with large hideous turbans on their heads, made of gilt-paper, as is the custom of the females thereabouts. One wretched man, on whom, I suppose, the *Poussée* would not come, was exiled to a corner of the bath, a despised and persecuted being, who seemed to hold on to his little board for the bare life: perhaps, if we could have seen his legs, they were too short, and did not touch the bottom.

The gorge that leads from the baths to Leuk itself is ten miles of the finest scenery in Switzerland. I noticed Bullseye most thoroughly entranced with it, but confining his attention to one particular place. 'Yes,' he broke forth at last; 'by Jove it is! women with breeches on, as sure as I live;' and, indeed, up the road there came some half-dozen of Leuk ladies, with habiliments which are usually confined to the other sex. Steep and difficult ladders are the only communications the villagers of the heights have with those of the valleys here; and it is for convenience in ascent and descent that Bloomerism is thus carried to such unprecedented extent.

Starting too late from Martigny over the Tête Noire

to Chamouni, we were overtaken by the dusk; and the weather also looking dangerous, we put up at the nice little inn on the summit of the pass. It was necessary to start at three the next morning, in order to avoid paying two days' wages for the mule-man. At that hour, accordingly, and in almost pitch-darkness, with a terrible thunder-shower rolling through the glen, I was awakened by the piteous cries of poor Bullseye, who entered my room in a short shirt, accompanied by the most wondrous monster eye ever saw. 'Speak to it—speak to it, Meekin, and make it go away! It has been half-an-hour by my bedside, and now, like some foul witch Sycorax, it follows me about like this!' The figure of his companion was really rather horrible; she was old, and bent, and black, furnished with a tolerable-sized goitre, and, as I think, not right in her mind. The waiter, having been instructed overnight 'to see us out of bed' in the morning, had, like all officials, delegated his duty to our charming friend, and hence the reason of her faithful watch on Bullseye.

We then started through the storm to Chamouni. As we first came in sight of the snowy crown of the 'monarch of mountains,' I turned round to my friend for sympathy; and, lo, he was fast asleep! To me, Mont Blanc was disappointing; and Bullseye, when he departed, went so far as to say that the Mont Blanc of Egyptian Hall was by many degrees superior, and more like what a mountain ought to be, than the great original. From the large and continual influx of English here, the inns are very clean, and very different, in their internal arrangements, from the haunts of other foreigners and natives. 'The Germans,' says my friend, 'don't care about filth; and the French like it.'

A long day's journey brought us to Geneva, where we found an admirable hotel. The town seems made up of jewellers and booksellers, and has a gay and yet a learned look. I left Bullseye in his comfortable quarters, where he declared he had 'at last found human food,' and went myself to Vevey and Lausanne. On my return, a couple of days after, about seven o'clock, I found quite a little crowd assembled in the anteroom of the *salle-à-manger*; they had come to see the Englishman who breakfasted *à la fourchette* in the morning, and dined at all the (three) *table-d'hôtes*. I need not say that this was our dear friend himself; he had never gone further from his inn than the neighbouring bridge, from which the floating-barns of *blanchisseuses* had formed his constant objects of attraction. They beat, by the by, a certain dress-shirt of mine to such ribbons, that I dared not bring it home for Mrs Meekin to see.

Although we took precautions to secure places in the *intérieur* of the diligence to Lyon two days before, our right—as is always the case abroad—was disputed. A mob collected round us to hear the row; and the *conducteur* was, of course, in favour of his usurping compatriots. Bullseye, however, was the embodiment of firmness; and, after a little outbreak in his native tongue, instructed me to tell them 'qu'il ne moverait pas pour cent *conducteurs* ni pour toute la *confédération Suisse*.' I do not remember ever passing a night so wretchedly as that thirteen hours of diligence; worried by the jingle of the bells, startled by the smacking of the whips, hauled out in the dead 'waist and middle of the night' for passports and examination of luggage, and especially woke up at every change of horses. What dreadful sounds those horses uttered!—concerts that might have been conducted by frogs and pigs made up of croakings and sharp grunts. I thought, at first, it was the *conducteur*; but I withdrew that charge: it was the horses; that was, perhaps, why he called them *cochons* (pigs). I scarcely slept a wink, but watched my friend malignantly as he snatched his broken rest. He and a greasy German frau leaned on either side of the slight division of the carriage, and both their heads would now and then slide forward and

strike each other sharply with a dullish sound. At first, this would wake Bullseye with a start and an apology; but afterwards they got used to it, and butted each other without remonstrance.

Ah, how inexpressibly dirty did we feel in that bright summer morning, as we rumbled through the crowded streets of Lyon, and were drawn out at the coach-office! We eight poor wretches crawled into the sunshine from our darksome den like owlets; no parting to our hair, and no meeting to our shirt-buttons, and one gill was sunk under our waistcoat, and the other, damp and limp, hung over our cravat. To judge by appearances, the softer sex were not without their tribulations also. Three hours, then, to wash, and breakfast, and Lyonise, and off by the express to Paris—to Paris, which even Bullseye has a desire to look on, and 'which,' it is said, 'not to have seen is to be blind.'

Our hotel there was in the Rue Rivoli, and our room on the eighth floor. Oh ciel, what a height! but it looked over half the city, and the Tuileries gardens, in particular, lay close beneath us. Bullseye, coming back at even, worn and tired, would positively hire a waiter to drag him to his lair. He attached himself by the short tail of a garçon's jacket, and so was drawn, for half a franc, by slow and solemn steps, up to his Olympian residence. When this did not take place, he would accomplish the ascent himself, and, having invariably forgotten to ask for his key at the porter's, descend again.

Why should I speak of the fair city, that all men know so well by pencil and by pen? Enough, that we saw all Paris, even (though I should not care that it should come to Mrs Meekin) to the Bal Mobile. In about a week, a letter from my dear wife arrived of rather a decided character, and we came away that very evening. As for Bullseye—if he could only have got beef-steaks without French sauce—he was perfectly content; he had learned the sentence, 'Vive l'alliance!' and it was his 'open Sesame' to the heart of every native. Once, only, when he would have gone to the emperor's bedroom, I believe, it failed him with the sentinel. 'On ne passe pas,' said he; and Bullseye, thinking he wanted his *passport*, presented that and his *vive l'alliance* without effect. It was the last remark he uttered in the Channel before he became speechless. Finally, when a French gentleman, by a mistake not easily accounted for, left a curly-brown hat in the cabin, in place of Bullseye's black one, our friend thus surmounted, presented, on his reaching his native land, a very touching type of *vive l'alliance* in his own proper person. I shall never forget his look, however, when he first set foot on shore, and, pointing with his right hand to the sea, and then to the continent beyond, remarked: 'Never again, Meekin—never again!'

DAME NODLEKINS'S WORK-BOX.

OUR relations, the gay, prosperous Passymounts, did not think it worth while to trouble themselves about an old spinster cousin of theirs and ours, generally known as Dame Nodlekina, though her visiting-cards designated their owner as 'Miss Deborah S. M. Nodlekina.' The Passymounts were aware of the fact, that our cousin's comfortable annuity was only a life one; and, therefore, it seemed highly improbable that Dame Nodlekina would have aught to bequeath on her decease, save personalities, which were of small comparative value, as she was a liberal almsgiver, and, in a moderate way, enjoyed every luxury. The garniture of Dame Nodlekina's house, indeed, was faded and antique; the spinet was cracked; the linen was well-darned; the plate scanty, and worn thin with use and furbishing; and the books, torn and dusty, might easily be counted on a couple of shelves. Dame Nodlekina had neither

diamonds nor pearls, nor trinkets of any description; her days were passed in a dreamy state of tranquillity, stitching, stitching, stitching for ever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. *That* wanted no plenshing; *that* was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task. Dame Nodlekens particularly excelled and prided herself on her darning; carpets, house-linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry. Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by Dame Nodlekens; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths, for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats to many other single ladies; she was lost without it; her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning-cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of Dame Nodlekens.

The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and, without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton, and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that Dame Nodlekens first regarded me with favour, in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters, and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make 'both ends meet.' However, it was a wholesome, honest poverty, and we did not envy our gay relations, the Passymounts; though, as we all grew up, it was impossible on straitened means to educate us so completely as our fond father and mother would have aspired to do, had *they* possessed the ample means of these relatives. There were three Misses Passymount, and one Master Passymount: the young ladies cultivated various accomplishments, such as drawing, dancing, playing on the harp and piano, and talking, dressing, and flirting; but as to the one accomplishment—the *one* accomplishment needful for women,' as Dame Nodlekens called it—they, the dashing, rich Misses Passymount, knew nothing of it. Nay, Miss Laura Passymount blushed, and Miss Arabella tittered, when Dame Nodlekens asked them if they could darn a stocking, and even offered to give them a lesson on hearing their disdainful confession of utter ignorance. 'Our stockings do not require darning, cousin Nodlekens,' said Miss Passymount, tossing her head; 'we are not accustomed to the thing at all—we have been differently brought up;' and Miss Passymount looked to my mother and myself—for we were present at this conversation—as much as to say: 'We leave darned stockings and table-cloths to such poor folks as you.'

Dame Nodlekens took no notice of the rebuff, but went on with her work, and continued to scold me at intervals for idleness and skipping stitches; though, on the whole, she was proud of me as her pupil; and, between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings and socks we made whole in the course of the year. We resided near our cousin Deborah, and midway between her house and ours was the fine mansion inhabited by the Passymounts; and many an evening when I was invited to take tea at Dame Nodlekens's, and to bring my work-bag in my hand as a matter of course, and to sit with her for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock, I

confess the sounds of music and the lighted rooms, as I passed by the Passymounts's house, filled my young heart with something like regret—not envy: no, I hope I never indulged *that*. The Passymounts did not ask any of us to their festive gatherings, save at rare intervals; and then we did not often go; for we were proud in our humble way, and had enough to do to procure stuff-frocks for the little ones, without spending money on finery for the Passymounts's parties. But I had danced there once or twice in a white muslin-frock, which my dear mother had ironed with her own hands, and Dame Nodlekens had delightedly darned, when I met with an accident running after the children; and I loved that dear old white muslin-frock ever since, and I have it now laid up in lavender, because I passed such happy bright evenings when I wore it; and I did not feel a bit that I looked shabby, when my partner, Harry Lloyd, picked up a fresh rose I had worn in my hair, and would not restore it to me, saying something very foolish, of course, as young men will do to foolish young girls who like to hear flattery. And when I went by the Passymounts's house, on my way to drink tea with Dame Nodlekens, and to sit poring over needle-work in silence, it was only natural, I think, to look up at their windows with a sigh; for I knew there would be dancing and merry-making within, and Harry Lloyd would be there. People said that Harry Lloyd was courting Arabella Passymount; but I knew that was false; because Harry had wished to marry *me*, and his father would not consent that his son should marry a portionless girl; and my father would not listen to Harry, but went off in such a rage as I never saw him in before, at the bare idea of his daughter entering any family unwished for—as, truth to tell, Harry had been silly enough to press me to marry him, without asking anybody's consent. Old Mr Lloyd and my father were very civil to each other; but when Harry found that I would neither see him in private nor receive any of his letters, he chose to behave himself like an injured person, and as if we had all deeply offended him. Yet I did not believe he was courting Miss Arabella Passymount, though I could fancy Harry dancing and laughing within, as, leaning on my father's arm, we walked homewards down the dark street, across which a ray of light gleamed, streaming from the windows of our rich but unkind relatives.

Harry's mother was a crony of Dame Nodlekens; so she, of course, knew all about the tale of true love never running smooth. But Miss Deborah, like a prudent spinster, made no comment. She had eschewed matrimony herself; but being naturally of a taciturn, uncommunicative temperament, no one knew whether it was from choice or necessity. Her work-box was to Dame Nodlekens as a dear friend; I do not believe she loved any human being so well—her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me as time progressed, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in *her* devotion; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did, and so did Dame Nodlekens; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so *every* evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

At length Harry Lloyd came to say good-bye: he was going abroad at his father's wish. My parents shook hands kindly with him, and he said pleasant, affectionate words to all. But when he came to me—ah!—he did not speak; but I flung myself into my dear mother's arms, and wept, and I heard my father

say: 'God bless you!' and Harry was gone. So I went on darning stockings, and the Passymounts went on dancing, and Dame Nodlekens went on the even tenor of her way; until at length her summons came, and, after several warnings, she shut up her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet. These preparations completed, Dame Nodlekens turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep.

My gentle mother had a heart so tender and benevolent, that although Dame Nodlekens and herself had had so few sympathies in common, she shed tears on hearing the closing scene was over; and I remember her turning to my father with a sigh, and saying: 'Ah! she was a wonderfully industrious woman, and such a help to me in the darning-way. Poor old soul! I doubt not that she has left us all she had to leave; and every little is a windfall, with a large family to provide for.'

But my dear mother for once had miscalculated, for Dame Nodlekens had *not* left us all she had to leave. To the surprise of the Passymounts, no less than to the surprise of ourselves, Miss Deborah's testamentary disposition of her property was as follows:—To Miss Passymount, the cracked spinet was bequeathed, she being 'musical' (so the will was worded); to Miss Laura, the books were left, she being 'literary'; to Miss Arabella, the gimcracks, chimney-ornaments, and paper-screens, and so on, she being a 'lover of art'; to Master Passymount, the only son of this rich aspiring family, Dame Nodlekens left the few ounces of silver denominated her plate, Master John being 'thrifty'; to Mrs Passymount was bequeathed the household linen, and to Mr Passymount the household furniture, because 'they had exhibited so fine a taste in adorning their own fine mansion'; to Ada Benwell—that was myself—the huge old work-box, along with all its contents, was left, 'in token of the high esteem and affection with which she was regarded' by the deceased. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others: 'every ball of darning-cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing,' said Dame Nodlekens; 'for Ada Benwell is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore I particularly commend the balls of darning-cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season.'

'My poor Ada,' sobbed my mother rather pettishly, 'it is rather hard, I must confess, only to have a few balls of darning-cotton, and needles, and tapes; when the Passymounts, who want nothing, and will turn up their noses at such trumpery as Dame Nodlekens could leave them, have all.'

'But, my dear,' interposed my father smiling, 'if it is such trumpery, why covet it for our Ada?'

'It may bring one or two hundred pounds, Joseph,' replied my mother meekly; 'for there's furniture, and plate, and linen, and books, you know. And of course we should have sold everything off, which no doubt the Passymounts will do; and only think of the dame leaving Ada nothing but her work-box.'

'But, mamma,' I ventured to remark, 'we must not forget that poor Miss Deborah placed more value on this work-box than on anything else she possessed in the world. And it is a great proof of her affection for me—and, besides, how very useful it will be—I shall love it, I am sure, quite as much as she did. And here is the key, all sealed up and directed to me.'

'Well, well, my dear child, we must be content, of course. I am sure I do not wish to be grasping or covetous, or to foster such unworthy feelings in any of our dear children,' replied my mother with an air of resignation; 'and I am thankful the poor old lady found comfort in your companionship, Ada, my dear,

which she evidently did; and also that she does you justice, my dear child, by naming you so handsomely. But, deary me! how the Passymounts must laugh at their legacies! Only fancy Miss Passymount, with her brilliant harp and grand piano, turning to Dame Nodlekens's spinet, by way of change, being "musical;" or Miss Laura quitting her silken-bound volumes, lettered in gold, for the torn, dusty, dirty books on the two shelves in the dame's dining-room; and then that riddled old linen for Mrs Passymount—why, *they* haven't a darned duster in the house, I warrant.'

'Never mind, my dear—never mind,' said my father; 'let them laugh—it's better than crying. Dame Nodlekens meant to be just—she was an honest, just-meaning woman—the Passymounts and ourselves are the only relatives she had, and she wished to leave us all alike, if possible, quite irrelevant of our circumstances. And, as Ada remarks, the work-box being left to her, proves the old lady loved her the best.'

'Then she might have shewn it,' murmured my mother, 'by giving the silver, instead of darning-cotton.'

But a mild reproving look from my father made the speaker blush, as she quickly came to his side, kissed him, and left the room. From that day, we never discussed the subject again of Dame Nodlekens's testamentary arrangements; the work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning-cotton rapidly diminished. The Passymounts made much fun, amongst themselves and their neighbours, about the grand legacies which had fallen to their share. Nothing was removed from Dame Nodlekens's house, but a well-attended sale cleared the premises speedily. Mrs Passymount laughingly declared the proceeds had actually bought an India shawl for one of the girls, and a gold bracelet for another; and Master Passymount handed about a small gold snuff-box, 'his share,' he was wont to boast, 'of the old girl's rubbish.' I saw the brokers carrying away the tables and chairs which I knew so well, and which for so very many years had rested securely in Dame Nodlekens's peaceful house. I could not help sighing sadly as one relic after another was rudely flung into the street; and I rejoiced that the dear old work-box at least was safe in my keeping. Painters and paperers were soon busy in the dingy house; a new family became the tenants; and nothing was left to remind us of Dame Nodlekens, save the huge work-box. *That*, however, never was idle; and, as I have said, the balls of darning-cotton grew gradually smaller and smaller; until at length one day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with our needles, she remarked: 'You have followed poor Dame Nodlekens's injunctions, my Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning-cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done.'

As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment, she unfolded it before our astonished gaze: it was a bank-note of L.50!

'Oh, dear, misjudged Dame Nodlekens!' she exclaimed; '*this* is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her—kind, queer old soul!'

We were not long of using up all the other balls of darning-cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

No less than ten L.50 notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower with my needle. No persuasions

could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my 'reward;' nor would he allow me to expend a farthing of it in the way I would best have loved—namely, in educating my little brothers and sisters, and adding to the frugal comforts of our dear home. The story of the treasure found in the work-box soon got noised abroad; and, among other curious visitors, old Mrs Lloyd, Harry's mother, called to satisfy herself as to the truth of the report. She was very pleasant and gossiping; and soon afterwards, a formal but courteous invitation arrived—in which I was particularly included with my father and mother—to a dinner-party at the Lloyds, three weeks from the date of the note being the day specified for the feast. To my surprise, the invitation was quietly accepted by my parents; nor was my surprise much greater, on entering Mr Lloyd's drawing-room, to see Harry there, looking well and supremely happy. A mist gathered over my eyes when Harry's father took my hand, and placed it in his son's. Ah, that was a bright dinner-party for us all! and in three months after, I became Harry's wife. The dear old work-box stands in our house, in a place of honour; and at festive seasons, when happy family reunions take place, never was work-box so much admired and caressed; and my own blooming children, and many nephews and nieces, gather round it, and tell their fairy tales, until I believe they almost expect some day to see a little old fairy in green, representing good old Dame Nodlekens herself, jump out when the lid is opened, with a darning-needle for a wand, and a ball of cotton for a stool.

FOOD OF LONDON.*

This is a curious and interesting subject, handled by a man skilled in turning all sorts of intricacies inside out, and laying bare the heart of their mystery. The food of between two and three million people congregated in a single city! How is it supplied? Whence does it come? By what elaborate official machinery is it regulated, so that this enormous number of human beings may have enough to satisfy their tastes and necessities, and not enough to ruin the caterers by leaving on their hands an unsaleable balance? These are some of the pregnant questions discussed in this volume; but with regard to the last, even Mr Dodd can do little more than smile at the idea of official interference in commercial business. The reason why London suffers from neither famine nor repletion, is simply that government is so kind as to take no concern about the matter, but to allow demand and supply to be adjusted according to the private interests of the buyers and sellers.

The transit of food to London affords an interesting chapter; and the next contains various calculations of the total quantity consumed in the metropolis. The most picturesque of these calculations is one by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who considers that if all the barrels of beer consumed annually in London were piled together, they would make 1000 columns nearly a mile in height; that the oxen, walking ten abreast, would form a procession seventy-two miles long; that the sheep, likewise ten abreast, would form a woolly mass 121 miles long; that the calves would extend in the same way seven and a half miles; and the swine form a grunting army nine miles in length. The birds, game, poultry, and wild-fowl, flying wing to wing and tail to beak, would cover a square of fifty-one acres; the hares and rabbits, 2000 abreast, would

extend a mile; and of the half-quarter loaves, you might build a pyramid 200 square yards at the base, and nearly three times the height of St Paul's.

We have next everything relating to the cereals and the food derived from them; then all sorts of information about cattle and cattle-markets, country meat and cured provisions—that is, provisions generally, for technically the term is limited to cured meat, lard, cheese, and butter. In the chapter on dairy produce, the milk consumed in the United Kingdom, according to one calculator, is 1150 million quarts annually. 'Mr Poole assumes that an average milch-cow yields seven quarts of milk as a daily average, and that the average retail price is 3d. per quart; and from these data a result is arrived at, that the whole supply requires 450,000 milch-cows, and that the retail value amounts to the prodigious sum of L.14,000,000 per annum. But limiting the inquiry to London, the same authority assumes that the carefully reared cows that furnish most of the supply for the metropolis yield nine quarts per daily average; that the number thus employed is 24,000; that the quantity of milk consumed is about 80,000,000 quarts annually; and that the consumers pay not less than L.1,600,000 for it.' The supply of London with milk is in a transition state at present, owing to the interloping railways; but there are still some large dairies at the outskirts conducted on the old plan, which was as follows:—'At three o'clock in the morning, a bevy of milk-women assembled, each with her pail and her stool, to milk the cows, of which 400 or 500, perhaps, would be milked in an hour and a half. The milk was carried away, in tall cans or in milk-pails, to the houses of the small traders who were not so wealthy as to possess cows; and by those dealers it was dispensed to the breakfast consumers. At twelve at noon, another milking took place, and another distribution among the humble dealers. The milkers were employed by the buyers, if they were not the buyers themselves; they brought their own vessels, milked the cows at stated hours, and paid so much per gallon. At one of these dairies, each cow is said to consume per day about a bushel of grains, fifty-six pounds of turnips or of mangel-wurzel, and twelve pounds of hay. At another dairy near Peckham, there are 300 cows, with a farm to supply them with fodder. It was stated a year or two ago, that this dairy contained one cow which had yielded twenty-eight quarts per day for six weeks; and that the average yield of all the cows was as high as fifteen quarts. There is a sort of "quarantine-ground" for newly purchased cows, where they are kept until their condition warrants their introduction to the company of the high-conditioned milkers. Scrupulous cleanliness is everywhere maintained; the men engaged with the cows frequently bathe and change their clothes. The milk, when drawn, is strained, and poured into upright cans; these cans are sealed, put into vans, started off at three o'clock in the morning, and arrive at a dépôt in the city; the seals are removed by a clerk, the milk is poured into other cans; and these cans, being locked by the clerk, are carried off by milkmen, who supply the breakfast-tables of the various customers. All this scruple is manifested in order to insure that which is somewhat rare in the metropolis—pure milk.' It is said that 450 gallons of milk should yield 430 pounds of cheese; and that a cow ought to produce her own weight and value in cheese annually. The quantity of cheese imported into this country was, in 1854, 44,000,000 pounds.

The importance of the London market is oddly evidenced by the fact, that fattening geese for it is a distinct occupation. 'The fatteners pay unremitting attention to the wants of the geese, classing them according to their condition; keeping them always clean; feeding them three times a day, alternating

* *The Food of London: a Sketch of the Chief Varieties, Sources of Supply, Probable Quantities, Modes of Arrival, Processes of Manufacture, Suspected Adulteration, and Machinery of Distribution, of the Food for a Community of Two Millions and a Half.* By George Dodd, author of *British Manufactures, &c.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.

dry with soft food; and supplying them with good water and an exercise-ground. The young geese begin to reach the fatteners about the month of March, from which time they arrive weekly throughout the season. Some of the fatteners have pens capable of containing 4000 or 5000 geese. Young or green geese are brought early and in large numbers to the London market, where they command high prices; they have been fed on oats, oatmeal, pease, and butter-milk or skim-milk; whereas the Michaelmas geese have picked up a portion of their food in the stubble-field and the barn-yard.' One of the fatteners sent to London at Christmas-time, in geese, ducks, and turkeys, a weight of twenty tons. In the two markets of Leadenhall and Newgate Street, about 5,500,000 head of poultry and game are sold annually.

In the fish-chapter, we find that Billingsgate Market supplies the Londoners with 97,520,000 soles in the year. This, apparently, is the favourite of the palate; while plaice—36,600,000—is the favourite of the pocket. Next come mackerel, to the number of 23,620,000; and then whittings, 17,920,000. As for oysters, they amount to 500,000,000, and cost L.125,000. Shrimps are much less expensive, but the number is about the same. Upon the whole, we have from this market what our author calls 'a stupendous total' of 3000 million of fish, weighing 230,000 tons, and valued at about L.2,000,000. This, however, does not include *sprats*, which no calculator has been daring enough to number; and perhaps the reader will find his imagination rather oppressed than otherwise by the description of the sprat-season. 'The sprat-season is one of especial excitement: it is "high change" with the fustian-jackets; for, probably, ninety-nine hundredths of all the sprats are bought by street-dealers. The sprat-vessels draw up as near to Billingsgate quay as is practicable; boards and gangways are laid down, and incessant streams of people flow to and fro; the sprats at a busy time are not brought up to the market, for the buyers go to the vessel, and there make their purchases. It is no exaggeration to say, that 500 of these persons may be seen thus engaged at one time; and the eager earnestness of countenance shews that the transactions are to them matters of commerce, of profit or loss. Baskets of all shapes and sizes, laden with glittering sprats, are brought ashore, sometimes by the itinerant dealers themselves, sometimes by porters, who earn a half-penny or so for their services.'

The magnitude of the business at Covent Garden may be imagined from the fact, that in the pea-season a single salesman will keep sixty women constantly employed in *shelling pease*; and that after the greengrocers, the cooks, and the private families are supplied with the best fruits and vegetables, about 3000 costermongers are in attendance to purchase the remainder. These last, it may be supposed, purchase cheaply enough; while some other customers are not unwilling, at certain times, to give 25s. per pound for grapes, 1s. per ounce for strawberries, 3s. per hundred for French beans, and two guineas per quart for pease. 'No feature connected with a day's business at Covent Garden is more remarkable than the portering, or carrying of the heavily laden baskets: women, as we have said, are the chief porters; and sturdy dames they are, who in power of fist and power of tongue would yield to few lords of the creation. The outlying parts of the market, exterior to the buildings, are those best worth visiting in early morn, when laden wagons, baskets without number, vegetables in incalculable quantity, salesmen, greengrocers, costermongers, and feminine Samsons, completely fill the open spaces, and a busy hum of voices is heard on all sides. Wonderful is it to think of the power of ordinary commerce in this place. Whether there be or be not an extra supply of any one vegetable on any one morning, off

it all goes: the costermongers will buy whatever the greengrocers do not want; inasmuch that the afternoon sees the market-place clear and clean, swept and washed, whether the supply has been large or small. What commissariat department could do the work so well?' The total weight of vegetables sold at the London markets in 1850 is estimated at 3570 tons; and of fruit at 45,030 tons; the aggregate value being about three millions sterling.

At the head of the groceries stands tea, of which the quantity retained for home-consumption in 1852 was 55,000,000 pounds; in 1853, 59,000,000 pounds; and in 1854, 62,000,000 pounds—giving about two pounds per head per annum on the entire population of the country.

Among the curiosities connected with 'the beverages of London,' we are told of a hop-grower in the parish of East Farleigh, in Kent, who possessed L.70,000 worth of hop-poles; and of another who has 500 acres of hops, and who sometimes employs 4000 persons during the picking-season. But our space warns us to forbear. It has been found impossible to calculate the consumption of malt liquor in London; but some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the trade from the fact, that two of the great brewers send out 50,000 gallons per day each. The chapter on wine is equally interesting with that on beer.

The good things of life, some of which we have enumerated, are sold to the Londoners, our author tells us, by 100,000 persons. The most numerous on the list are the publicans; but the eating-houses, dining-rooms, taverns, and chop-houses, where the hungry citizens eat and drink on the premises, are matters of great importance. A butcher in Threadneedle Street 'stated before a committee of the House of Commons a few years ago, that he frequently cuts up a hundred saddles of mutton in a day into chops, to be cooked at the neighbouring chop-houses;' and we well remember ourselves one of these chop-houses, close to the butcher's, where we have seen some of the magnates of the city lay down upon the bar a paper of chops they had just selected and brought in to be cooked. The clubs, considered as dining-rooms, are about as inexpensive as any of the ordinary eating-places. The dinners at the Athenæum in 1832 cost, on an average, 2s. 9½d. each; and in 1839, those of the Junior United Service, 2s. 3d. each. The wine drank averaged about half a pint. Next to the clubs come the *al fresco* treats, more especially on Saturday evenings. 'Not the least remarkable among these Saturday-evening traders are those who deal in little savoury knick-knacks that may serve for a supper, or for a penny-treat to the errand-boy who has just received his weekly wages. At one point is the "baked 'tato" man, with his brightly polished, hot and steaming, tripod or quadrupedal apparatus, redolent of large potatoes and strong butter. Near him is the vendor of hot pies—mutton, eel, veal, beef, kidney, or fruit; all at a penny. A little further on is a table decked out with saucers, containing hot stewed eels, sold in pennyworths, or even still smaller quantities. The periwinkle-man is near at hand, with his half-pint measure of doubtful capacity. The stall of another dealer displays certain meat-like attractions, which prove to be pigs' chaps and pigs' pettitoes; and probably sheep's trotters are there likewise. Baked chestnuts appear to have come somewhat into favour lately in London; and the oven or stove of the vendor of such comestibles may very likely be met with in these street-bazaars. It is just possible that a coffee-room *al fresco* may present itself to notice. Innumerable varieties of confectionary and "sweet stuff" are spread in tempting array before the boys and girls, the chief customers for such things. The ginger-beer man, either with his penny-bottles or his majestic apparatus on wheels, is ready to supply the wants of thirsty souls.'

And so goes on this world of London; and such is the sort of amusement and information presented in the *catalogue raisonné* of its food we have been dipping into here and there.

OLD AND YOUNG RUSSIA.

My home is in the government of Orel, about 300 versts* south-west of Moscow. I have many neighbours around me—that is to say, within a circle of 200 versts, or thereabouts; and we occasionally visit, in a friendly way, at each other's houses. Amongst my neighbours are two nobles, who offer types so characteristic of two very distinct classes in Russia, that I mean to introduce them to my readers, who, probably, may not be unwilling to form their acquaintance.

At about twenty versts from my dwelling resides an ex-officer of the Guards, who is a very fine gentleman. His name is Arcadi Pavlytch Péenotchkine. The mansion in which my friend Péenotchkine resides has been constructed according to the plan of a French architect; his servants are all clad in English† liveries. He gives excellent dinners, and treats his guests with distinguished courtesy; and yet he is by no means popular amongst his neighbours.

Arcadi Pavlytch has received a liberal education; he has served in the army; he has acquired that sort of polish which is imbibed only in the higher circles of society. According to his own account, he watches carefully over the wellbeing of his vassals, whom he professes to treat rather with justice than severity; and when he punishes them, it is to be regarded as 'the best proof of his love.' 'They are creatures,' he is wont to say upon such occasions, 'who must be treated like children; for, in fact, my dear friend, they are but children of a larger growth, and we must ever take this into consideration when we are dealing with them.'

When Arcadi Pavlytch is under the 'sad necessity' of chastising any of his people, he never betrays any feeling of impatience or anger; he does not even frown or raise his voice—such vulgar demonstrations would not accord with his ideas of elegance and refinement—he merely raises his forefinger, and says coldly to the criminal: 'I had requested you, my dear fellow;' or else, 'What have you done, my friend?—just consider a little.' His teeth may be closed a little tighter than usual; a slight contraction may be observed about his mouth; and that is all.

Arcadi Pavlytch's stature is rather below the ordinary height; but his figure is good, his features are finely formed, and his hands white and delicate. He is very vain of these, and bestows a great deal of care upon them. His dress is always after the latest fashion; he speaks soft and low, so that his words seem to escape in a whisper through his fine moustaches. He seasons his conversation with a great many French words; one hears continually, 'Enchanté, charmé, ravi,' &c. He talks of French literature, and buys all the newest works published in that language, although he reads but little, and found it an effort to get through even the *Juif Errant*. He professes himself a disciple of Epicurus, and laughs at all other philosophy, calling it the 'quintessence of German folly.' He says he is passionately fond of music, and often hums an operatic air while he is playing cards, but generally pitches his voice too high.

Arcadi Pavlytch passes his winters at St Petersburg, where he lives in excellent style. A mixture of French and English fashions appears in his household arrangements. So particular is he as to the cleanliness and nicety of his servants, that his coachmen not only clean their harness and dust their *armiaks*, but they push

their refinement so far as to wash their hands and faces daily.

Arcadi Pavlytch is a favourite with the ladies; they say he is so refined and polished a gentleman—his manners are so exquisite, his conversation so superior! For my part, I cannot join in the praises thus bestowed by my fair country-women, and feel a sort of antipathy to this 'refined gentleman,' which makes me avoid his society as much as possible. Once only was I prevailed on to accept an invitation to his house; and, despite the comfort and elegance with which I was surrounded, I felt myself ill at ease beneath his roof. There was a look of downcast gloom about his domestics which chilled my spirit; and on retiring to rest at night, when a well-curled and pomatumed valet, clad in blue livery, with large heraldic buttons, came to take off my boots, I was so painfully struck by the pallor and depression of his aspect, that I would rather have had a servant-boy fresh from the plough to do the same office for me, however awkward or uncouth might have been his mode of service.

I had ordered my horses and *calèche* to be ready for me at an early hour on the following morning; but Arcadi Pavlytch, on hearing of my intention, insisted so strenuously on my remaining to breakfast with him *à l'Anglaise*, that I was obliged to consent. Breakfast was prepared for us in a charming saloon, which was furnished with much taste and elegance. Together with tea and fancy-bread of various sorts, were served cutlets and poached eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, wine, &c. We were waited on by two footmen, who wore white gloves, and who stood silently watching our glance, and supplied with the utmost celerity our slightest wants. We were seated on a Persian divan, whose soft, downy cushions lay piled around us. My host wore an ample *charovar** of silk, a black velvet waistcoat, and a crimson fez, whose long blue tassel hung negligently on one side of his head. His costume was completed by a pair of yellow Chinese slippers. He sipped a cup of tea, looked at his nails, smoked a cigarette, and placed a down cushion beneath his elbow, that he might rest more entirely at his ease. He seemed to be in good-humour with himself and with every one around him. He soon addressed himself to the more solid part of the repast, and made a serious attack upon the cutlets and cheese. He then poured out a glass of red wine; but scarcely had he put it to his lips when a dark frown clouded his countenance, and he laid down the glass untasted upon the table.

'How is this?' inquired he, in a cold, dry tone, of one of the attendants. 'This wine has not been mulled, as I ordered it to be.'

The servant turned pale, and stood silent and motionless before his master.

'Pray, do you hear that I am asking you a question, my dear fellow?' resumed the young nobleman with studied calmness, while his eyes remained fixed with a serpent-like gaze upon the unhappy culprit, who seemed to be fascinated beneath his master's glance, and was evidently unable to articulate a word; his only movement being that of slightly twisting the napkin he held in his hand.

Arcadi Pavlytch bent down his head, and looked from beneath his lids at the trembling attendant. 'Pardon me, my friend,' said he, addressing himself to me with a soft smile, as he laid his hand in an amicable manner upon my knee; and then he bent anew the same silent severe glance upon his servant. 'Well, you may go,' said he at length emphatically to the culprit; and at the same moment touched the handle of a bell, which quickly brought into his presence a dark, square-built man, with low forehead and squinting eyes.

* Three versts are about equal to two English miles.

† This was written in 1853, before the Anglo-French invasion.

* A sort of wide trousers, which are so formed as to reach beneath the foot and enter into the shoe.

'Do your business with Féodore,' said Arcadi Pavlytch, in a cold, composed tone. The dark squat man bowed, and withdrew. Féodore followed with tottering steps; and, as I saw his ghastly look of fear, my heart sank within me.

'These are the *désagrémens* of a country-life,' observed my host to me, in an off-hand, jocose manner. 'These fellows do not know their business, or do not mind it; and so one has the trouble of teaching them.' A sigh seemed to escape his lips when he had ended. One might almost have supposed it to be the sigh of an indulgent master, pained at the necessity of chastising some refractory slave. But I was not deceived. I loathed the being who sat by my side, and felt impatient to depart. In vain did my host urge me to prolong my visit; I was only too happy to find myself once more breathing the free air of heaven, as I drove along with my gun by my side, and my faithful pointer running along close to the wheels of my calèche.

And now I ask permission to introduce you to another of my neighbours—a very estimable man, and one who enjoys a certain share of consideration in many districts of our government. Mardari Apollonytch Stégounoff is of a very different stamp from the young nobleman who has already been presented to you. He is no longer young, and even in his best days had no pretensions to good looks. He is a little, round man, rather puffy, and with scarcely a hair upon his head; has a double chin, small twinkling eyes, and short, thick, soft hands. He is fond of jokes and good living, likes his ease, and follows his own fancies in all things. In summer, as well as in winter, his ordinary costume is a striped dressing-gown, wadded, and lined with silk. He has never served in the army, hates foreign fashions, and boasts of being a plain, practical man, who lives in the same way as his forefathers did before him. There is but one point in common between him and Arcadi Pavlytch—he, too, is a bachelor.

Mardari Apollonytch is the owner of 500 souls; but he bestows very little care either upon his vassals or his estate. About ten years ago, by way of not being too far behind the age, he purchased at Moscow a machine for beating out corn. He brought it home, and locked it up in a stable, where it remains in safety until the present hour. Now and then, on a fine summer's day, he orders his *béégovaiadrochka* to be got ready, and he drives out into the fields to look at his crops and—to pluck harebells. Mardari Apollonytch is a Russian of the old school, and lives according to the fashion of the olden times. His domestic arrangements correspond with these antique predilections. Scarcely has one reached his ante-chamber, when a mingled aroma of kvass, tallow candles, and leather boots is wafted to the olfactory nerves. One of the corners of this apartment is ornamented with a pyramid of papers, mingled with the necessary adjuncts for smoking. In the dining-room are to be found—besides an ordinary table and some chairs—several family-portraits, multitudinous swarms of flies, and a shrill old spinet. In the drawing-room are three divans, three tables, two mirrors, a large pot of geranium, and an old alarm-clock, having an enamelled dial-plate and sculptured bronze hands. His own cabinet contains a bureau laden with papers; a large blue screen, adorned with prints, which have been cut out of books published a century ago; two presses, filled with musty volumes; spiders and cobwebs, with black dust in abundance; and an easy, well-stuffed arm-chair. The only light which shines in on this apartment comes through a Venetian-blind, and through four panes of glass, which have been left in a closed-up window overlooking the garden. All is of a piece with the careless, easy character of him who occupies it.

Mardari Apollonytch keeps a great number of servants, all of them clad according to the ancient Russian fashion—in long blue kaftans; trousers of a nondescript colour, which scarcely reach to the instep; waistcoats of a yellowish hue; and white neckcloths, tied like a rope, round their throats. These worthy people address visitors by the name of Father instead of Sir.

Mardari Stégounoff's estates are managed by a bailiff or burgomaster, chosen from amongst his vassals—a primitive sort of personage, whose long yellow beard reaches nearly to his knees. My friend's domestic economy is confided to an aged woman, whose head-dress is somewhat remarkable, consisting of a large silk handkerchief, gaily painted with coloured figures, and drawn closely round her head—a strange *coiffure*, and a strange wrinkled face beneath it! There are in his stables about thirty horses of different sorts and sizes; amongst them all, one could scarcely find a pair which would match tolerably well together. The calèche he uses when travelling is patched up by his own smiths, carpenters, and painters—a most ponderous equipage, and as outlandish as it is weighty. Monsieur Stégounoff receives his visitors with exclamations of delight, and he entertains them most cordially—too cordially, indeed—for, owing to the potent quality of Russian cookery, his guests very soon become unfit for any other occupation throughout the evening than the favourite game of *Préférence*. As for himself, he does nothing from morning till night; he has of late even given up his habit of reading his *Somnik*,* that last and lowest mental resource of an idle man in our country.

I am sorry to say that we have in our beloved Russia only too many territorial noblemen cut out after the same pattern as my neighbour Mardari Apollonytch; and so, in order that my readers may become more thoroughly acquainted with the genus, I will now describe a visit I recently paid him.

It is summer-time. I arrive at his house at about seven o'clock in the evening: vespers are just over. He has returned home in company with the priest, a timid young man, who has been scarcely a year out of the seminary. I find this ecclesiastic seated on the angle of a chair close to the drawing-room door. Mardari Apollonytch greets me with his accustomed cordiality; for he is really a kind, warm-hearted man, who is unfeignedly glad to see his friends, and who does not attempt to conceal his satisfaction. The priest rises up and gazes at me.

'Pray, stop a moment,' cries out Monsieur Stégounoff to the young man, without letting go my hand; 'you must not go away without drinking a glass of brandy, which I have just ordered for you.'

'I never drink brandy,' replied the young ecclesiastic, colouring up to his eyes.

'Nonsense, nonsense! I know better than all that,' replied Mardari Apollonytch. 'Here, Michka! Eouchka! what are you about? Make haste, and bring some brandy to the worthy father.'

Eouchka, a tall, thin, old man, entered immediately with a large glass of brandy, placed upon a tray, whose design was alike coarse in its subject and glaring in its colours. The priest persisted in his refusal.

'Drink, father—drink without making a fuss about it. We are not used to those sort of contortions in my house,' said the gentleman, in a tone half-vexed, half-kindly to his visitor. The poor young man obeyed. 'That's right. Now, good father, I will not detain you. Farewell.'

The ecclesiastic bowed, and withdrew.

'That is a worthy fellow, I assure you,' observed Mardari Apollonytch to me, as he followed with his eye the young priest who had just left the room. 'I

* The interpreter of dreams: one of the silliest books ever written on the subject.

like him very much, only that he is—rather young, and knows nothing of the world; but that will mend in time. And how goes the world with you, my good neighbour? It is a long time since I have seen you. What a charming evening it is! Shall we go out and enjoy it on the balcony?

The evening was, in truth, a lovely one, and I gladly acceded to the proposal of my host. We soon found ourselves seated at the tea-table, beneath the clear blue canopy of heaven. Our conversation naturally turned upon the country around us. There was not much natural beauty in the scenery, neither had it been improved by the hand of art; but where is the spot in creation which does not smile beneath the glance of the setting sun? One of the least-favoured spots in the landscape soon attracted my attention.

'Tell me,' said I, 'do those cabins which appear in yonder nook, close to the ravine, belong to you?'

'To be sure they do. And what of that?'

'Why, my good friend, I never could have supposed they were yours. How can you, who are a kind-hearted man, reconcile it to your conscience to have such miserable hovels on your estate?—so small and wretched-looking, and without a single tree or even a bush beside them! I do not see a fishpond, or so much as a pool that a duck could swim upon. I heard a fellow-sportsman say the other day that the poor creatures who dwell down there had lately lost even their old hemp-fields, which were their only resource.'

'Ah! I see what you are thinking about; it is the register. And, pray, what business have they with a register of their land? The register is here,' said Mardari Apollonytch, clapping his hand on his forehead. 'For my part,' continued he, 'I augur nothing good from this famous register. And if I did take away their hemp-fields, and refuse to dig ponds for them, it is because— In fact, those are matters which I understand best myself. I am, as you know, a plain sort of man—a man of the olden time. What was done before me, I do it now. None of your new-fangled notions for me. The landlord is landlord; the peasant is peasant—that is all my philosophy.'

To such clear and cogent arguments, it was impossible to offer any reply.

'And then,' resumed he, 'there are some very worthless fellows in yonder nook of which you speak; two families especially, whom my father never could endure. I have never forgotten it; for you may say what you please—the son of a thief is always a thief. Oh, blood is everything!'

A pause ensued in the conversation; and, during the brief silence, there fell upon my ears the sound of quick measured strokes, which seemed to issue from the neighbouring coach-house. Mardari Apollonytch was at that moment raising to his lips a saucerful of tea, and already was he dilating his nostrils—an operation without which no true Russian can thoroughly enjoy the fragrant beverage; but he paused, bent down his ear, sipped a little of the tea, and then laying down the saucer again with a look of perfect *bonhomie*, he began almost unconsciously to imitate the sounds we heard: 'Tchouki—tchouki—tchouki—tchouki!'

'What is all that about?' inquired I with astonishment.

'Oh, it is only a saucy fellow getting a flogging—Vacía, my cupbearer, you know.'

'Is it Vacía, you say?'

'Yes; the man who attended you the last time you were here—a tall rascal, with enormous whiskers, quite a forest of hair. Ah, you remember him now, I see.'

The deepest indignation could scarcely sustain itself in presence of the good-humoured, unconscious glance of Mardari Apollonytch. I abstained from all remark, and yet I suppose my silence seemed to reproach him, or else he observed some displeasure in my

countenance, for he added almost immediately: 'Well, what is the matter, young man? What is all this about? One would suppose I was a rascal, to judge by the way you are eyeing me there. You forget the old proverb: "Who loves well, whips well." That principle is not one of yesterday, my friend.' My host now returned to the enjoyment of his tea. About half an hour after this conversation, I took leave of him, and set out for home. While passing through the village, I observed at a little distance the man with the large whiskers. He was lounging along the street, cracking nuts as he went between his teeth. I stopped my calèche and called Vacía over to me. 'What is the matter, brother, that you have been chastised to-day?'

'And how happens it that you know I was chastised?' inquired Vacía.

'I know it, because your master told me so.'

'What! my master himself?'

'Yes; and why did he order you to be flogged?'

'He had a reason for it, sir—assuredly he had. In our house, nothing is done without a cause—no, no. With us, there is nothing of that sort. Our *bárine* is one of the best and kindest in the whole government, I can tell you.'

After this there was nothing left for me to say. Master and man were both alike satisfied with their blind adherence to the slavish habits of our olden time. 'Come, let us get on,' said I to my coachman, and in another moment we were whirling away from Vacía and his venerated master.

Thought I to myself, as we were driving rapidly along: 'That is Old Russia with a vengeance!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR WHEATSTONE has solved the problem of a method of secret correspondence, easy of application and undiscoverable. He has invented and patented an instrument—the *Cryptograph*—by means of which any two persons may intercommunicate without fear of betrayal. It is so simple, that the writer, as he sits at the table, turns the barrel with a finger of his left hand, while recording the symbols with his right. These he may send to his correspondent, who, provided with a similar instrument, makes the necessary movements, and reads off the dispatch. Or the symbols may be transmitted as a telegraphic message, in full confidence that none but the receiver to whom it is addressed will get at the interpretation. No matter that it be intercepted by any one having a similar instrument: none but the two who have agreed beforehand on the key can find out what is meant. There are two or three forms of the instrument; and one is so contrived as to interpret its own signs at pleasure. We hear that the impossibility of detection by any third or unauthorised person is clearly demonstrable. So unhappy lovers may take heart once more, assured that Mr Wheatstone's cryptograph will enable them to correspond by cipher-advertisements in the *Times* to their hearts' content, and without fear of discovery from even the most lynx-eyed of guardians. The price of the instrument will be sufficiently moderate—in advertiser's phrase—to bring it within the reach of all who may wish to use it.

An 'Abstract of an Investigation into Asphyxia,' just published and presented to the Royal Humane Society by Dr Marshall Hall, opens quite a new view of the way in which suffocation from drowning or other causes should be treated—a way, as experiments shew, likely to become invaluable in the saving of life. He states that asphyxia is not so much caused by deprivation of oxygen, as by the retention of carbonic acid in the blood; and that, as respiration is the only mode by

which this deadly acid can be eliminated, all other means of reanimation are secondary to that which renews the act of breathing. How often does it happen that a drowned person cannot be resuscitated, owing to the failure of the means adopted for inducing respiration! The reason why, as Dr M. Hall shews, is to be found in mistaken treatment. The patient is laid on his back, in which position it is impossible that he should breathe at all, as 'the tongue falls backwards, carries with it the epiglottis, and closes the glottis or entrance into the windpipe and air-passages.' Fluids and mucus also remain lodged in the throat. The remedy is, to reverse the position—prone instead of supine—on the belly instead of on the back. 'In this position'—we quote the doctor's words—'the tongue falls forwards, draws with it the epiglottis, and leaves the glottis open. The tongue may even be drawn forwards. All fluids will flow from the fauces and mouth.' 'In order that the face may not come into contact with the ground, the patient's hands and arms are to be carried upwards, and placed under the forehead.' 'It will now be perceived that the thorax and abdomen will be pressed by a force equal to the weight of the body. This pressure will induce expiration. And, if necessary, additional pressure may be made on the posterior part of the thorax and abdomen. This will induce slight additional expiration.' 'This latter pressure may then be removed. Its removal will be followed by a slight inspiration. The weight of the body is then to be raised from the thorax and abdomen. This may be done in various ways: First, the body may be gently turned on its side by an assistant placing one hand under the shoulder, and the other under the hip of the opposite side. This will remove in *great part* the weight of the body from the thorax and abdomen, and allow all but one side of the thorax to expand. In this manner, a fair degree of inspiration is induced. And thus, without instruments of any kind, and with the hands alone, if not too late, we accomplish that respiration which is the sole effective means of the elimination of the blood-poison.' It appears that a really dead body may be made to breathe by placing it in the prone position; and that turning it on the left side, not beyond the quarter-circle, induces violent inspiration. Pronation and partial rotation are, therefore, the means to be borne in mind. To attempt to restore warmth, especially by the warm-bath, before breathing is restored, is condemned as highly prejudicial. It has been forbidden in France. Dr Hall is well known for his discoveries and researches in the phenomena of the nervous system; and he treats the present question in connection with those phenomena, and publishes the results as the first portion of an investigation of the whole subject.

The Electric Telegraph Company flashed 26,430 messages in the last six months of 1855, and have paid a dividend of 7 per cent., which looks like business. The Queen's speech—701 words—was sent to Amsterdam by Varley's apparatus, and printed, in twenty minutes and a half, the total length of wire and submarine cable being 107 leagues. The clerk was a girl of eighteen, and she transmitted nearly thirty-five words a minute—the quickest dispatch yet recorded of the instrument. Two words had to be corrected by interchange of signals, and all within the time specified. The same telegraph extends to Hamburg, Memel, Berlin, and Dantzic, and messages are printed at pleasure at any of the stations.—The French are about to make trial of Signor Tremeschini's 'telegraphic controller,' which may be either used to print, or with the needles, similarly to Varley's, as it is said to be the cheapest yet invented, and has a contrivance for indicating errors in the dispatches. Bonelli's method of signalling from one train, or between two trains, while in motion, has been tried on the Paris and St Cloud Railway, and successfully. Parties in

the respective trains talked by telegraph with each other while speeding along, or with the office. The communication is kept up by a bar laid midway between the rails.—Faraday has given his lecture at the Royal Institution, still on his favourite subject, magnetism, shewing how crystals behave between the poles of a magnet; how certain substances which point one way in the air, point exactly the reverse way when suspended in a weak solution of iron; and how the phenomena, generally, are affected by heat—a profound subject, scarcely to be popularised. Nothing but the most persevering and careful experimental research, said the lecturer, will lead to satisfactory results.—Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, has likewise lectured at the Royal Institution on that singularly interesting question—the conversion of heat into motive-power, involving the conversion of motive-power into heat. It is one of those subjects of inquiry that fascinate some philosophers, seeing that it appears to occupy ground on either side of the line, where organic and inorganic nature meet. Its investigation is fraught with important consequences.—Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, finds clearer proof than ever that the magnet is affected by weather-changes, independently of what is described as magnetic influence, and that there is a real connection between magnetism and the aurora.

A paper on 'Recent Improvements in Carpet Manufacture, their Use and Abuse,' read before the Society of Arts by Mr Whytock, shews how many important considerations are involved in the production of a 'common thing.' After a sketch of the history of carpets, the author described the processes of weaving and formation of pattern, and shewed that, while possessing all the appliances necessary for excellence, English manufacturers pursue a 'system of deterioration,' mainly through 'circumstances of evil economy;' and he protested against another form of evil—that 'occult science of thieving,' by which an enlightened manufacturer is deprived of the fruits of his ingenuity by poaching traders, who recognise no property in improvements. Herein is true art sacrificed, and worthless textures of base design are poured into the market.

The Society of Arts are about to try to be useful in a new way: by examinations of members of mechanics' institutions, the successful candidates to have a certificate of merit. Among the subjects are, mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, geography, English literature, French, German, &c.; so that mechanics and others may now, if they will, compete for honours. There are three prizes, also, of ten guineas each—one given by Mr Robert Stephenson, for mathematics and mechanics; one by Mr Dilke, for history; and the third by Mr Hooper, for French. Competent examiners are appointed; and the examinations are to commence on the 9th of June.

Here we may glance for a minute at the last Report of the Working-men's College. The number of students is stated as 233, of whom thirty-two comprehended carpenters, cabinet-makers, frame-makers, and gilders; eight, engineers and machinists; and the others, compositors, bookbinders, shoemakers, tailors, clerks, and assistants. The classes most sought after are, French, Latin, algebra, geometry, and English literature. So little demand was there for mechanics, natural philosophy, and physical geography, that they were given up. The institution would be in debt, were it not assisted by the contributions of well-wishers.

The backward state of the agricultural mind is placed in a striking light by what appears in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, concerning the difficulty of collecting agricultural statistics in England. In Ireland, the difficulty is small; while in Scotland, owing to the judicious measures of the Highland and Agricultural Society, the task is easy.

The Scottish farmers long ago recognised the importance and utility of the measures, did their best to forward them, and can always shew how they stand with relation to the great food question. Hence, we read with surprise that in Berkshire—the royal county—seventeen out of thirty-four parishes refused to make any return; and elsewhere others were similarly stupid. One farmer, in a border county of the principality, tore the schedule sent to him into four pieces, and returned it, with the endorsement: 'The idea of such questions! What next?' and signed his name, which we omit. Mr Hoskyns, the writer of the Report, traces the cause to 'a kind of indifference, joined to incredulity as to the advantage to be obtained; a latent dread of publicity, that well-known terror of every trade and "mystery" in by-gone days—the too long fostered tendency to look more to the price to be got per bushel in the market, than the number of bushels per acre in the field.' Are we never to know how much corn we grow; how many tons of potatoes, turnips, and mangel-wurzels we raise? Where is the schoolmaster?

At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Professor J. Phillips drew attention to a comparison he had made of the temperature of the sea on the eastern coast of England and round the coasts of Ireland. This inquiry has a popular interest when considered in relation with the phenomena of our climate. 'The influence,' he says, 'of the Gulf-stream and sea-currents generally on the whole Irish coast, is to raise the temperature of the sea above the average of the latitude. The sea reacting on the air, warms it universally over Ireland, and specially round the coasts. It, moreover, moderates, more remarkably than in England, the fluctuations of summer and winter temperature, the Irish summer being cooler, and the winter warmer than in England.' At the same meeting, a large quantity of very pure sodium was exhibited; also a specimen of *lithium*, the base of the alkali *lithia*, the peculiarity of which is, its being so light that it floats on the naphtha in which the light metals potassium and sodium sink; and a description was given of *glucium*, the metal of the earth of the beryl, very like aluminum in its character, but brighter.

A new process for extracting gold has been tried by the Colonial Gold Company, at their works in the east of London. They melt the quartz containing the gold in furnaces; the precious metal falls to the bottom, and is separated in a mass, and the molten rock, when cast in moulds, is said to be useful for building purposes.

A hydraulic railway has been tried near Turin. The rails are laid by the side of a swift canal in which the paddle-wheel of the locomotive rotates, and so draws the train up an incline. The inventor thinks it would answer for the passage of Mont Cenis.—The Sardinian government talk of piercing a tunnel through Mount St Bernard, to establish a connection with the railways of Switzerland; and the Greeks are actually making a railway from Athens to the Piræus!—Signor Angius, of Turin, has presented a book, *L'Automa Aerio*, to some of our scientific societies, in which he believes he has solved the problem of controlling the movement of balloons. Heated air to be the motive-power: the car of metal, aluminum to be chosen because of its strength and lightness. He looks forward confidently to the time when voyages by air will be as common as by sea. We may add that his work has the sanction of the Sardinian official Gazette.

The last report of the United States Coast Survey contains a description of Mr G. Mathiot's 'self-sustaining voltaic-battery,' which has been employed with highly satisfactory results in operations connected with the survey. The self-sustaining power consists in having 'a quantity of material in store ready for action just when required.' And this is accomplished by attaching a bar of lead to the platinised conducting-

plate, the introduction of mercury, to maintain the amalgam of the zinc-plates, and certain other combinations not easy to describe within the compass of a paragraph; and the battery is placed in a box, as nearly as possible air-tight, to check evaporation. It has the merit of simplicity, and avoiding the delays and inconveniences that sometimes happen with other forms of battery. Mr Mathiot considers that he has materially aided towards the establishment of a sub-atlantic telegraph, as his battery is constructed with such regard to the principles of electro-chemistry that it will continue in action for almost any length of time. 'Supposing,' he says, 'the current to be on about seven hours per day, then one pound of zinc will supply all the electricity used in 1000 days, or say three years of business-days. From this it will appear that my idea of a battery to serve 100 years is, at least, not so extravagant as to be without some show of probability. In May last, I charged six cells, which were put in a box in the upper laboratory, to be used in the experiments on photographic engraving; and this battery has since been in almost daily use for gilding deep-sea thermometers, or other instruments, or else in the experiments. During the six months which have elapsed, it has been used probably 2000 times, its current never failing, always ready on establishing the circuit.'

A fossilised jaw has been discovered in Indiana, which Agassiz describes as of a kind heretofore unknown, of peculiar structure, belonging to an extraordinary family of sharks, allied to the sword-fish. He regards the discovery 'as of as great importance almost, in fossil ichthyology, as was that of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus in fossil erpetology.'—A new species of fossil-footmarks has been found in the Connecticut Valley, made by an animal not less extraordinary than the newly discovered shark. Professor Hitchcock calls it the *Giganbipus caudatus*—the tailed giant biped. The length of the footmark is sixteen inches, and the distance between the steps thirty-nine or forty inches; and the furrow made by the tail is distinct and unbroken.

In 1849, the United States government sent a naval astronomical expedition to Chili. The results have just been published in two quarto volumes, one of which contains an account of the country, its geography, climate, social condition, resources, &c., conveying a large amount of trustworthy information. Those who wish to speculate in the gold and other mineral deposits of Chili, may now ascertain beforehand what they have to expect. Copies of this work have been presented by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington to many of our savans and scientific societies.

There is something suggestive, as regards science and art, as well as social progress, in the published accounts of post-office revenue for 1855: England, L.3,000,000; France, L.1,875,000; United States, L.1,464,425. And not less so in the fact, that in the state of New York alone more than a million dollars have been voted for free education for the present year, a fourth of the sum being for evening-schools—a noteworthy incident in the annals of *voluntary taxation*.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE-LAW CASE.

THE Fugitive Slave-law is producing scenes and *tableaux* in America which will, in a future happier age, become themes for the poet and the painter. A remarkable example occurred lately in Ohio, where a poor fugitive named Margaret Garner killed one of her own infants to prevent its return to slavery, and an abolitionist lady, Lucy Stone Blackwell, sympathised so much with her in prison, as to express a wish that she could be supplied with a knife to despatch the remainder of her family and herself. This having been adverted to somewhat

incorrectly in court by Mr Chambers, counsel for the slave-owner, Miss Blackwell came forward, after the conclusion of formal proceedings, and, from the judge's desk, spoke as follows:—

'I have been informed that Mr Chambers has spoken this morning of my having offered to the poor woman now under examination a knife. I wish to explain in the right place, where the matter has been spoken of, what I said, and the motives that led me to say what I did.

I did not ask of Deputy Marshal Brown the privilege of giving a knife. If Mr Brown were here, he would acknowledge as much. I have been out of town ever since the commencement of this examination, until yesterday, or I should have been here every day, doing what I could to shew my sympathy with my afflicted sister.

As I spoke to her of liberty, her eye beamed with the dull light of despair, the tear of anguish trickled down her cheek; her lip quivered in silent agony as I took her hand and expressed my sympathy. I thought as I looked upon her unexpressed grief, that if ever there was a time when it was a good deed to give a weapon to those who fought the battle of liberty on Bunker's Hill—if those patriots had the right to use the arms supplied to them—she who had said: "Let us go to God rather than go back to slavery," had the same right. Impelled by my feelings, I turned to Mr Brown and expressed my wish that she could have a knife to deliver herself, dreading as she did slavery to such an extent that she had taken the life of her dear child rather than return to it.

Who that knows the depth of a mother's love does not estimate the sacrifice she had made? If she had a right to deliver her child, she had a right to deliver herself. So help me Heaven! I would tear from myself my life with my teeth before I would be a slave!

I asked no privilege of the marshal—I beg my rights of none. I had a right to put a dagger in the woman's hand—the same right that those had who seized their weapons to fight about a paltry tax on tea!

I hoped to see her liberty rendered her—I hope it still. I do not know the commissioner of this court, but I doubt not he is accessible to the cry of the oppressed. He should act true to his conscience, true to right, true to Heaven, and deliver this victim from the hands of oppression.

I make no apology to this court, or to any one, for wishing to give this woman a dagger. I apologise to nobody; I exercised the same right as those who distributed weapons to the combatants on Bunker's Hill.

God gave this woman a love of liberty, and she has a soul worthy of the gift; if she prefers liberty with God to oppression with man; if she desires for her children the guardianship of angels rather than the scorn and lash of slavery, let her have them, and find in immortality a refuge from wrong and insult.

I told him who claims her—I do not say her owner, for God has made no man the owner of another—I told him that this was a historic period; that the deeds now doing would employ the pen of genius, and be handed down to future generations; that his name would be connected with the events now occurring; with execration, if he continued to enslave one capable of such deeds as this woman; but with honour, if he gave her the freedom that was her right.

As I looked into his kindly face, his mildly beaming eye, I thought he had a generous heart; and so it proved. He kindly said, when he had her back in Kentucky under his own care, he would render her liberty. I hope he will fulfil his promise.

I give all notice here, and say it in the hearing of my sisters who are present, that whenever and wherever I have an opportunity of offering opposition to the Fugitive Slave-law, and thwarting its operation, whatever may be the consequence, *I will do it!*

The newspaper reporter states, that Miss Blackwell 'was dressed in a black silk gown, had a brown merino shawl over her shoulders, a bonnet of the same material on her head, and a green veil. She spoke in an easy, assured manner, without excitement or violence, never so much as raising her voice below the low, penetrating tones peculiar to her.'

PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty!
 Mine—all mine, and for love, not duty:
 Love given willingly, full and free,
 Love for love's sake, as I love thee.
 Duty, a servant, keeps the keys,
 But Love, the master, goes in and out
 Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
 Just as he please—just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
 To the silken foot that's scarce beholden;
 Give a warm hand to a friend—a smile,
 Like a generous lady, now and awhile;
 But the sanctuary heart that none dare win,
 Keep holiest of holiest evermore—
 The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
 The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;
 With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
 Unto me and to me alone revealed,
 'A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.'
 Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;
 Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
 Must be mine—mine wholly—for ever mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
 Something all mine on this side heaven;
 Something as much myself to be
 As this my soul which I lift to Thee:
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
 Life of my life—us, whom Thou dost make
 Two to the world, for the world's work's sake,
 But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

GERMAN SILVER.

A correspondent writes to us thus: 'I have perused, with very great satisfaction, your article on "Electro-plating at Home," and I intend shortly to act upon your suggestions, and try my hand at plating some forks, &c. Meanwhile, as I know that very many of the readers of your valuable *Journal* who daily use German-silver utensils, are neither able nor willing to *plate* them, I feel desirous of telling such, that by the simple process of washing their spoons, &c., at once, instead of allowing them to remain soiled and dried, they will be always bright, and clean, and sweet. It is worth while to recollect and practise this; and also to observe, that *hot* water fixes in stains, whilst cold or cool water, and a little soap, prevent them. If, by accident, an article should become tarnished, to rub it, while wet, with a pinch of fine salt, will restore the colour better than any other remedy I have ever known: Finding that my silver was greatly abused by my servants, I put it away, and bought a set of German silver or Albata plate for common use; so that I speak from experience. After several years' wear, they still preserve the *new* look, by no other than the above management.'

SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.

I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. 'I find,' said he, 'that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client: if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important than I had previously lodged there.'—*Buxton*.

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A TALE OF ANDORRA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

THE sun had set behind the hills which overhang the town of Foix, and the murmuring of the Ariège was becoming more and more audible in the growing silence of a September twilight; the tower of Gaston Phœbus and its companions, and the abrupt rock which they crown, stood out in sharp and distinct outline against the clear sky; and lights were already twinkling from the gable casements of the picturesque old houses huddled together below—when one evening, now some years ago, a man, mounted on a handsome mule, entered a by-lane branching off the road from Tarascon, and accosting a solitary loungee who was leaning lazily against a door-post, inquired with a Catalonian accent for the house of M. Pierre Leblanc. There was nothing very striking in the stranger's appearance, nor, though his hat was drawn over his brows, and an ample cloak concealed his figure, had he shewn any such desire to avoid observation as to have awakened the curiosity of those he had encountered on his way.

'Monsieur Pierre Leblanc?' said the idler, without changing his attitude further than to point jerkingly to his own breast with the forefinger of one hand—'that's myself—at your service, señor. Enchanted at making your acquaintance.'

Looking keenly at him for a moment, the other then dismounted, and patting his mule on the neck, said: 'Mina, watch!' on which the animal gave a saucy toss of its head, as if to intimate that it was perfectly aware of its duty, and did not require to be reminded of it. 'I wish to speak to you, and alone,' then said the Spaniard to Leblanc.

'Oh! indeed. Very well. This way then. Will your beast not walk off? No? Well, you should know best. This way;' and as he spoke he preceded the other up a steep staircase to a room where a wood-fire was smouldering on the hearth, and a candle with a long wick was dropping grease upon a table. Then placing two chairs, one on each side of the chimney-piece, with lavish and ostentatious courtesy, he invited his guest to be seated.

'My name is Carlos,' said the stranger as he sat down.

'Only Carlos? Well, the name is perfectly familiar to me,' returned Leblanc, with a slightly sneering grin and a bow.

Without designating himself more particularly, or taking any apparent notice of the insinuated interrogation which these words contained, the Catalonian placed an elbow on the table, rested his chin on his hand, and pushing back his hat a little, cast a quick

glance round the apartment, and then bent a long and scrutinising look on his companion. The room was meanly furnished, but there was an air of tawdry finery about it, and a display of the occupant's taste in a profusion of what were meant as ornaments. Thus, though a bed, a few chairs, the table, and a cabinet, constituted nearly all that was useful in it, the walls were covered with trashy prints; amongst which, representations of favourite dancers in favourite characters were conspicuous. Over the chimney-piece, in what was probably intended to be the place of honour, but placed between hideous likenesses of Fieschi and his mistress, Nina Lassave, was a tolerable engraving, entitled 'The Arrest of Charlotte Corday;' while a large space was devoted to a sort of gallery of wood-cuts, taken from a cheap illustrated edition of some of Alexander Dumas's novels. On the cabinet stood a stucco Magdalene; in one corner was a guitar, and in another some fishing-tackle; on a nail driven into the door hung a tawdry shawl and a parasol that had seen many a sun; a shelf was occupied by some bottles, a few glasses, several blackened pipes, a half-emptied thirty-two sous packet of government tobacco, two or three dirty packs of cards, and a villainous-looking dagger, or rather knife, without a sheath. As for M. Leblanc himself, he was a slightly-made young man, with a sallow complexion, a look as if his eyes were habitually unwilling to meet those of others, and bloodless lips subject every now and then to nervous twitchings, which gave him a very sinister expression.

'Well, Monsieur Carlos,' said he at last, as he evidently winced under the scrutiny of the other, 'pray what is your business with me? I suppose you have some?'

'A sentence of death has been pronounced'—began Carlos slowly.

'Ha! I see you know me,' interrupted Leblanc, with a slight start. 'Well, where is it?'

'In the Valley of Andorra.'

'Ah! up the mountains—in the Pyrenees themselves. On a man or a woman?'

'On a man.'

'Hm—a man,' said the sallow young man, with a look of disappointment: 'never any women come my way—I have no luck; whereas old Levi— But no matter. Well, what are the circumstances? Anything very interesting in the drama? Anything romantic?'

'As to the details,' said Carlos, eyeing his companion with ill-concealed repugnance, 'I have neither time nor inclination to narrate them. Suffice it to say, that a husband has been found guilty of poisoning his wife. Now, perhaps you know that there is no executioner in Andorra.'

'Ha! I begin to understand!' said Leblanc.

'The magistrates of the valley have therefore resolved to apply to the executioner of the adjacent French department.'

'The Ariège, in which I have the honour of holding the office you speak of.'

'And,' continued Carlos, 'you may expect the mayor of Andorra and the French *viguier* within an hour.'

'We shall look upon their visit as truly a high compliment. But, excuse me, Monsieur Carlos, if I ask you again what is the object of yours?'

'You shall hear it, and that in few words, for my time is short: I must not be seen here by those gentlemen.'

'No! Why not? You surprise me! A person of so respectable an appearance, and doubtless of such real respectability, as Monsieur Carlos, afraid to meet the respectable'—

'I did not say afraid, Monsieur Leblanc,' interrupted the other in his turn, his voice slightly raised—'not afraid. The fact is simply this: the condemned man has friends who would save him; they are ready to make every effort. It does not lie within the limits of your duty to go so far as the valley—you cannot be called on to go officially; if you decline, they will shew themselves grateful.'

'Hm—you are very fond of your relative'—

'He is no relative of mine,' interrupted Carlos hastily.

'No? What interests you, then, so particularly in this man's fate? Is he'—

'No matter who he is, or who I am. Time presses. The *viguier* and mayor will offer you so much; refuse, as you are entitled to do, and you shall have double the sum, whatever it is.'

'Hm—well, that is fair enough. But what guarantee? I am too gay a fellow to be rich—and promises, you know'—

'Take this for earnest-money,' said Carlos, placing a canvas-bag upon the table, and pushing it towards his companion.

'Hm—about a hundred and fifty francs, I should say,' muttered Leblanc, as he took the bag and weighed it musingly in his hand. 'Well, I don't care if I do as you wish,' resumed he, after a pause. 'And what afterwards?'

'Double whatever the mayor and *viguier* may offer you, as I have already said.'

'Handsome enough too—hm.'

'You smoke? I promise you such cigars as you never smoked before, and no stint measure of them.'

'Hm—very fair—very fair. Our cigars here are certainly execrable—on this side the frontier, I mean.'

'Those I speak of shall pay no duty, nor the generous rancio either, which I shall take care you receive, nor the old Malmsey. I have many acquaintances in Barcelona. Come, what say you? Is it a bargain?'

'Let it be so,' cried Leblanc, making up his mind. 'It is a bargain: there is my hand on it.'

'Good!' said Carlos, taking the hand of the executioner, though to hide his disgust cost him a mighty effort. 'Good! In a week you shall see me again.'

'Hm—very good. But you may as well leave me your address,' said Leblanc—'your name'—

'What!' cried the other fiercely; 'leave *you* my name and address?' But, mastering his indignation, he added in a low and hurried tone: 'I come from Puigcerda. Any one about the north gate of that town will tell you where to find Carlos the muleteer. Are you satisfied?'

'Why, I suppose I must be,' said Leblanc sulkily.

Carlos rose, threw his ample cloak over his shoulder, and saying simply, 'Then I depend upon you,' cast a stern glance on the Frenchman, and left the room.

'I do not like the look of that fellow,' muttered Leblanc to himself. 'It might be dangerous not to keep faith with him.'

On the fourth morning after his visit to Foix, Carlos, mounted as before on the docile Mina, drew near to the town of Perpignan. Both he and his mule seemed wayworn and tired; nor is this to be wondered at, when it is considered that, since leaving Foix, they had enjoyed scarcely an hour of repose. Crossing the bridges over the Tet, and passing, after due inspection by the officials, the last of the many barriers by which the fortress is protected, the muleteer wound his way, as one who knew it well, among the narrow and dirty streets, where neighbours were conversing and laughing joyously from balconies on opposite sides of the way, which nearly touched each other. He skirted one or two open squares, in which, it being a fête-day, the inhabitants, in all the variety of their holiday suits, were amusing themselves, some in singing the local airs and the *patois* peculiar to Roussillon; others in executing with great activity and glee the extraordinary dances of the country, amongst which, without attempting to describe it, we may mention that known as *Lo Salt*. 'The fools!' muttered Carlos to himself, on whose present feelings the scene jarred painfully, though he was known among his friends as usually a most enthusiastic merry-maker—'the fools! They would dance on their fathers' graves, I believe. But I must collect my thoughts, despite of them. This Levi is a Frenchman, and a Jew to boot. The Virgin defend us from Frenchmen, Jews, and Moors! Yet a Catalan is no fool, but a match, I hope, for any or all of the three. *Mucho sabe el rato pero mas el gato*—the rat is well enough, but the cat is better. They say he is very religious—may Heaven reward him for it! So it is of no use trying to catch and bridle him with wine, cigars, or money, as a temptation. I must act according to circumstances and the temper I find him in. When the sun rises, we are able to judge of the weather, and a horse must be shod according to his hoof. If so very religious he be, I daresay Padre Tomaso of Urgel will be able to procure me a relic or two. May the saints forgive me, however, if I should have to give relics to a Jew, even though he be converted to our holy faith! But now, Mina, my dear, my darling!—this is the way. So—gently. I think I should know the house.'

And it seemed that Carlos did know it. In a filthy lane—in modern times filth and the Hebrews seem always to go together—stood a very old and exteriorly much dilapidated house, at the door of which the muleteer halted; and, leaving Mina with the same cautionary words as at Foix, struck a single blow with a large grinning lion-faced knocker. For some time no attention was paid to the summons; but at last a casement on the floor above was opened cautiously, and a young girl of a deep olive complexion, jet-black hair, and with large lustrous eyes, asked the stranger in a timid voice, which had a melancholy music in it strange to hear, whom he wanted, and what his business was.

'I seek Monsieur Levi, and on a matter connected with his office,' was the answer.

The girl, with a shudder, but without any reply, withdrew. In a few minutes, Carlos heard sundry bolts in the portal shot back, a key turned rustily in the lock, and an old man opened a low and narrow wicket which formed part of the large folding-doors. This man, after a short but keen scrutiny of his visitor, beckoned him to enter, which Carlos did with a deep bow, necessitated as much by the nature of the means of ingress as by his natural courtesy. The other then replaced the means of security, and led the way across a grass-grown court, and up a broad but ruinous outside staircase on the other side of it, into

a corridor panelled with worm-eaten wainscot, at the end of which a door stood ajar. By this they entered a large and lofty chamber, nearly devoid of furniture; a couple of chairs and a table, on which stood a large crucifix beside a weighty folio, being in fact all it contained.

'Be seated, friend, and let me have your name, for I know you not, and tell me what you would with me. My daughter says your business is official,' said the old man briefly, yet with courtesy. His features were of the best type to be found among his people; his long white hair covered his shoulders, and contrasted, in a way that would have pleased the eye of a painter, with the black velvet skull-cap he wore; his beard, too, was long, white, and flowing; a loose gown concealed his figure, which, however, one could easily see was not at all bent with years.

'Monsieur Levi,' said Carlos, 'the matter is this: a foul murder has been committed in the Valley of Andorra—a man has poisoned his wife. He has been sentenced to death, but there is no executioner in the valley. The executioner at Foix has declined to—interfere. In these circumstances, the magistrates of Andorra have resolved to apply to you.'

'Proceed,' said the old man, as the other paused.

'And they are even now on their way hither with that intent.'

'Before I can do anything in the matter,' said Levi, 'they must apply to the prefect of this department for his authority.'

'That they will have done: they did so in the Ariège.'

'Good. Well, if they obtain it, they will find me ready for the duty.'

'Duty!' cried Carlos impetuously; 'how duty? It is no duty of yours; you are not called on to have anything to do with the business.'

'Then whose duty is it?' asked Levi simply.

'I know not; I only know it cannot be yours.'

'Therein you are mistaken,' said the old man mildly. 'It is the duty of every man, each in his own sphere, and so far as in him lies, to aid the law and fulfil its decrees, if he can. I am, as you evidently know, an executioner. If, therefore, my professional services, which are services of a special kind, are called for, it is plainly my duty, however abhorrent it may be to me personally to do such a thing, at once to be ready for the performance of a service which few others could undertake.'

'Or would, if they could, I should hope,' interrupted Carlos indignantly.

'I can, and will,' returned the other, in an unmoved tone; 'and it is because I can, that I will. As I have said, such is my duty. I hold it to be my sacred duty.'

For a minute or two, there was silence. Carlos was collecting his thoughts, and considering how to deal with a man whose ideas ran so counter to his wishes. After this pause, and finding that the muleteer did not speak, Levi continued: 'We do not seem to be of the same way of thinking, friend. That is likely enough. I do not expect that many should think as I do; but your object in coming here—was it to dissuade me from facing this duty? It would seem so. Speak! But, first, let me remind you that you are wholly a stranger to me.'

'My name is Carlos. I am well known in Puigcerda, and in all the country round it; and I am not unknown even on this side the frontier, too. I am a muleteer. I am interested in the condemned man.'

'He is, perhaps, a relative of yours?' said the executioner, as he of Foix had said before him.

'No, no—I am not related to him. He is not even my friend. No! On the contrary, he is my bitterest enemy. Never did two men hate each other more than Guyonemé Sagrita and I do!'

'Strange!' said the old man, manifesting considerable curiosity. 'Why, then, do you'—

'You shall hear,' interrupted Carlos—'you shall hear why I will not have Sagrita die a felon's death—why I will not have it, I say!' and he struck the table passionately.

'I listen,' said Levi calmly, yet not without still shewing marks of interest.

'There is a girl in Puigcerda whom I love. No matter what her name is—it is bad enough to speak of her at all in connection with this matter. Indeed, I wonder how I can bring myself to speak to you of her at all. But I believe I may trust you—you are no gossip, I should think? I may trust you?'

'You may,' said Levi, in his usual cold tone.

'He is her cousin,' continued Carlos, speaking very low, but very distinctly, 'and my rival.'

'Not a favoured one, however, I should suppose?' said Levi.

'No, no, indeed. But if he were to die shamefully on the scaffold, what would be the result to me? Do you think my Juana would bring me disgrace as a dowry? Oh, you do not know her! She would enter a convent—she would be lost to me for ever! Do you understand now?'

'I do. I am sorry for you. But the matter does not depend on me. My duty'—

'Duty again!' cried Carlos. 'You drive me mad with your duty. Why, old man'—

'Is it, then, so clearly your duty, father?' asked a melancholy but very sweet voice. Old Levi started, and saw that, unperceived, his daughter had entered the room. Carlos recognised in her the girl who had spoken to him from the casement.

'Go, child—go! Go, Rachel,' said Levi. 'You do not well to enter unbidden—you do not well to interfere with what concerns you not. Go, my child.'

'I am rebuked, and I obey,' said the girl meekly. 'Yet, father, bethink thee. Remember my dream—that dream I told thee of but yesterday. Is it not fulfilled? Is not this maiden of whom the stranger speaks, the dove thou wast preparing to smite? Art thou one of the children of Issachar for nought?'

The old man seemed somewhat troubled: his daughter continued:

'Thy duty! Dost thou not remember the English traveller who talked with thee on the subject of thy dreadful profession?'

'It is the law; it stands in our law,' said Levi, speaking hurriedly, and in a somewhat faltering tone. 'And not only in our law—I proved it to that Englishman—but in the words of the Most High even to Noah: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." There is scarcely a more ancient commandment.'

'And what said the English stranger?' asked Rachel in a thrilling tone. 'Said he not that, if so the Scripture should be interpreted, thy calling should be greatly held in honour of men. Is it so? Art thou honoured? Is thy Rachel, being thy daughter, honoured amongst the daughters of other men?'

The old man seemed confused, and mumbled something inarticulately.

'And thy other Rachel, my father.'

'Stay, I command you!' cried Levi impetuously. 'Speak not of that angel now.'

'It was her lot—it is mine,' resumed the young girl after a moment. 'But the bride of this stranger, why should she be brought to reproach through thee, father? Why should he and she be brought to sorrow that must last all the days of the years of their pilgrimage?'

The old man rose, and paced the room for some minutes. At last he said: 'It is enough. On what grounds, monsieur, did Leblanc of Foix excuse himself?'

'On the ground that the matter rested with the

Spanish authorities and not with the French. The excuse was admitted; and observe, Monsieur Levi, that in your case it would be even more valid, seeing that Perpignan is much further from Andorra than Foix.'

'And his motive, Monsieur Carlos?' asked the executioner, fixing a penetrating look on the other.

'I promised,' replied the other, in a hesitating tone, 'to make his refusal no loss to him.'

'Ha!' cried Levi fiercely, and as if he were glad to find an excuse for breaking off the interview. 'And me, too, you would bribe—bribe! Hearest thou, Rachel? They would bribe thy father! Begone, monsieur, begone; and insult no more an honest man who will do his duty—who, mark me, will do his duty, cost what it may!'

The moment was an anxious one; Rachel cast down her eyes and was silent; for a moment Carlos thought all was lost, but, regaining his self-possession, he replied firmly to the outbreak: 'No, monsieur—no, indeed; you and Monsieur Leblanc are very different men.'

The old man looked keenly at him, but his expression was a mollified one.

'No two beans are alike,' continued Carlos. 'Leblanc is selfish—I appealed to his selfishness; you are just and humane—I came to appeal to your justice and humanity. Have I failed?'

Another long silence followed. At last, with an evident effort Levi said: 'Stranger, go in peace. For the sake of this child, and for the memory of her mother, it shall be as you wish. Fear not. Farewell! It is the will of Heaven.'

'Farewell!' said Carlos, taking the young girl's hand and raising it respectfully to his lips. In another minute, he was in the saddle, and had turned Mina's head towards the Spanish frontier.

THE DIGNITY-OF-LABOUR QUESTION.

WE hear much from time to time of the dignity of labour. It has long been a favourite theme with more than one class of writers, popular, or seeking to be popular; and it is a capital stock-subject for the perambulating lecturer's platform, and a good card to play when you want to trump your adversary's suit in the game which comes off on the hustings at electioneering times. On such occasions it is that we are reminded how 'labour stands on golden feet'—how the working-man is the real, gigantic, creative force which practically does everything that is done at all—how it is he that transforms the wilderness into a garden—that takes the savage from his holes and dens, changes him into a philosopher and statesman, and sets him in palaces, &c. If there ever was any argument in this sort of rhetoric, which appears to me rather doubtful, the argument has by this time lost its force through sheer iteration, and makes no more impression upon the mind than does the everlasting dashing of the mill-stream upon the organs of the miller. If I, who have been a working man or boy for nearly thirty years of my life, may be allowed to express an opinion, it would be to the effect that this grandiloquent and indirect way of designating him with flattering titles is not the sort of thing to be of much service to the labourer. I don't think that unearned or half-earned laudations lead to endeavour or to the growth of self-respect, and I have observed that wherever these two things are wanting, though labour may stand on golden feet, it is often in want of a decent pair of shoes and stockings to keep them from the mire. How to raise the labourer to the level of his calling—to make him as respectable as is

the work of his hands—to lift him from the slough of ignorance, intemperance, and willing dependence—this is a problem I should like to assist in solving.

I lay pondering this question the other night long after the echoes of the last footfall had died out in the street below; next morning, it still lingered in my thoughts; and when I sat down to the desk in my three-pair back, after breakfast, and began mending my pen, it remained uppermost. So I resolved to devote my scraps of time to saying something about it; and, looking out of the window, over the roofs and among the chimney-stacks, for an idea to start with, my eyes lighted on a spectacle, than which I could have desired nothing more suitable for a text.

My window, which is elevated some thirty feet, overlooks, at a distance of about twenty yards, the flat roofs of a row of two-story houses, perhaps a dozen in number. The roofs are all on one level, and covered with lead, with a low wall or battlement on either side. The leaden roof had got out of repair; and a party of plumbers, four in number, had emerged from a trap-door in the central house, and, armed with a brasier, a melting-pot, a few lumps of lead, a few planks, and sundry soldering-irons, &c., addressed themselves to the performance of the necessary reparations. But how did they set about it? I shall record their proceedings *seriatim*, conceiving that they have something to do with the dignity-of-labour doctrine, and may throw some useful light upon it. First, the brasier was fixed upon the planks, the melting-pot mounted in its place, and a fire lighted under it—a couple of the irons being placed to heat in the fire. While the lead is melting, two of the men walk up and down the roofs, apparently in search of the defective spots to be repaired; and these they mark with chalk. A third turns the cover of the trap-door over, and chalks upon its inside a large square, divided by cross-lines into nine smaller squares. This he places in a convenient spot, against a central stack of chimneys, chalking off a line distant from the board exactly seven paces. The fourth man now produces from his pocket a small bag containing nine drops or dumps of lead of a few ounces each; and the whole four, having tossed up for partners, commenced playing the game of pitch, each throwing the dumps in turn, and scoring what numbers he made on his own side of the chimney. The squares appeared to bear the same numbers as the cups on a bagatelle-board, the centre square counting double. For two hours the game goes on, the only work done being an occasional replenishing of the fire. At eleven o'clock, the balance of the game is struck, and one man goes off with the winnings to purchase beer. During his absence, some small ladles are dipped into the melted metal, and on various parts of the roof, and by the aid of these and the application of the hot iron, a number of shining demonstrations are soon visible. But the messenger is back in a quarter of an hour, bringing a gallon-can with him; and the party spend the next three-quarters in discussing its contents, comfortably seated on the sill of the trap-door. At noon they resume work, and continue it in a leisurely way for nearly an hour, when it is time to go to dinner, and they disappear.

In the afternoon, so soon as the fire is replenished, the nine-square game is resumed, and continued until close upon four o'clock, when suddenly the game-board is turned with its face downwards, three of the men scamper off, each with a ladleful of lead, and the fourth is busy feeding the fire and replenishing the metal-pot. The cause of this sudden fit of industry is soon apparent, for the fireman has hardly pocketed the dumps, when the foreman emerges from the trap-door, and begins a survey of what has been done. He appears to have no suspicion, and retires after giving a few directions. In ten minutes after his departure, all further pretence of work is abandoned for the day

—something less than two hours having been passed in labour.

For three days more, this farce continued, and then the job was supposed to be finished. That everything done might have been done in a single day, and that with ease, I do not hesitate to declare; but this perhaps the dignity of labour would not allow.

Were this exploit of the gambling plumbers a solitary instance in my experience, of the way in which working-men sometimes plunder the paymaster, or defeat his purposes, I would not have set it down here as an evidence against them; but I have in my time seen so much of the working of the same spirit—I have seen such direful mischiefs resulting from it, as well to working-men themselves as to their employers—and I am so well aware of its prevalence at the present moment, and the danger attending it, that I do not feel justified in refraining from any exposure which may draw down upon it the rebuke it merits. Not long ago, a case came to my knowledge in which the foulest wrong and injury were inflicted upon a generous and benevolent man, because he could not be induced to submit to extortion. The case was this: wishing to add a sheet of ornamental water to the garden-grounds of his country-seat, situated on the skirts of a village, he had half an acre of his land dug out to form the pond, and a brick culvert constructed, from a rivulet nearly a mile off, to feed it. The culvert ran under a neighbour's grounds, and beneath his own lawn. He employed the labourers of the village and neighbouring district to do the whole work, and paid them liberally; but he would not allow them to drink as they chose at his expense; and in revenge, while taking his money, they contrived and carried out a plan for ruining his undertaking, and flooding him out of his house. It succeeded so well, that it drove him from the place for ever. He sold his land and residence, and transferred his enterprise to another county. He lost a heavy sum by their treachery, and they lost the advantage of his capital and enterprising spirit, which would in all likelihood have provided employment for them and their children for many years.

A builder of my acquaintance contracted to execute a certain piece of work within a given time. There was no difficulty about it, and not the slightest necessity for hurry. He placed the usual complement of hands upon it, and kept them at work the usual hours. The work proceeded prosperously, and was advancing towards completion, when the men by accident arrived at the knowledge that the employer was bound in a considerable sum to get everything done by a specified time. They immediately relaxed in their exertions, and evinced a determination to defeat his object; he threatened legal punishment, but they knew he was at their mercy, and still dawdled on. It was, at last, only by the bribe of a supper and drink that they could be roused to sufficient energy to make up for lost time, and save him from the ruinous penalty.

Lately, when the newspapers were relieved from the burden of the stamp-duty, a sufficient amount of capital was subscribed by a company of shareholders for starting, with fair prospects of success, a new journal in a provincial town. With the view of getting it out in a workman-like way, a staff of men were sent down from London, having been engaged at the customary scale of wages. Finding, when they got there, that the managers of the affair were not practical printers, they contrived to double their charges by additions for overtime, and for many weeks received nearly double wages. This could not go on long without investigation by a qualified printer. The scrutiny that followed revealed the curious fact, that sufficient sums had been paid for overtime to cover the whole of the work done, and that virtually nothing had been done save in over-hours—so that, if

the accounts were to be credited, the whole staff must have slept but once a week! As a matter of course, the extortion was put an end to—when the same staff did the whole work for the usual wages, though I have not heard that a word has been said by them about refunding.

An editorial friend wrote to me the other day, that having had a difference with his compositors, he had met them candidly, argued the question deliberately, and shewn them, to their apparent conviction, that they were wrong, and that he was right. They had no further plea to advance, and they returned to their work. On publication-night, however, it was found that the machine was out of order—the cylinders screeched and moaned, but would not go round. Post-time came, and not a copy was worked off; and the post for that day was lost. Still the machine would not move; and the 'forms,' as a last resource, were carted to a neighbouring printer, but for whose kindness in lending his machine the paper could not have appeared at all. When the engineer came to examine into the cause of failure, it was proved to be the result of wanton malice, and was finally traced to the very malcontents who had originated the difference which had lately been the subject of debate.

Things quite as bad as this I have seen in my own experience. I might go on, and swell the hateful list of industrial crimes—for they are nothing less—to the end of a much longer chapter than I should be permitted to publish in these columns; but I have said enough on that head, and may be spared the pain of further revelations of the kind. There are things, however, of a less detestable and suicidal description, which, inasmuch as they prevail to a far greater extent, and are more or less tolerated as recognised customs among working-men, call perhaps yet more loudly for animadversion. They may not be crimes, though the honesty of some of them is more than questionable; but they are meannesses, intensely disgusting and annoying to a truly independent spirit, while in practice they are nuisances to those who are compelled to submit to the infliction, and are, some of them, wofully oppressive to individuals out of favour with fortune. First of all, there is the 'footing' nuisance, which is practically a fraud committed upon an unfortunate comrade by those who are better off. Again and again have I seen a poor fellow, after tramping hundreds of miles in search of employment, mulcted of an amount equal to half his week's earnings, to provide his shop-mates with the means of drinking his health, forsooth—as though his health would not profit more by the substitution of decent garments for the rags that cover him, and the purchase of which has to be delayed for a week or two longer, till he recovers from the expense of the footing. The worst of it is, that by the time he has done that, his extra services may be no longer wanted, and he has to foot it fifty miles further, to pay another footing when he again gets work. This system not only defrauds but demoralises the tramp, because it justifies him in levying a contribution wherever he cannot obtain employment, until at length it comes to pass that he travels as much with the intention of raising subscriptions as of working at his trade. Workmen are everywhere loud in their complaints on the score of tramp-levies: if they resolve, as they should do, to stop the supplies thus raised, they must, to strike a just balance, abolish the footings.*

Next, as to the periodical feastings, which generally take place towards the close of summer. Where these are fairly got up, and conducted on a reasonable plan, they constitute pleasant and cheerful reunions, agreeable and advantageous to all parties. If the employer

* In many respectable houses in London, this reform has been effected in whole or in part, the footing being abolished altogether, or the payment of it deferred until the new hand has received six weeks' wages.

chooses to pay any portion of the expense incurred, I see no reason against that; but it is an unjust and disgraceful thing that, in addition to the cash he disburses towards the annual dinner or supper, or country excursion, he should be made to pay indirectly an amount that may happen to be ten times as large. In establishments where material of any kind comes in in the rough and goes out in the finished manufactured state, it is the practice that those who supply the rough material are taxed to pay the expense of recreations for men who are not *their* workmen, but the workmen of their customers. The tax is levied by deputations from the houses they supply; and as an attempt to escape it would damage their connection, it is invariably paid—and as invariably, there can be no doubt, repaid in the charges made for the goods supplied. The practice is disgraceful; and the wonder is, that men in good situations, and earning, as they do, comfortable incomes from year to year, should continue to countenance it.

Another senseless and cruel anomaly is the tyranny of some of the trade-union laws, against which the victims have no appeal. In many trades, the union has decreed, for the protection of the operatives, that a specified amount of wages shall be paid for a specified number of hours per week, and that no man shall work for less. The wages are calculated according to the value of the time of an efficient workman; and for all who come up to that standard, the law may be supposed to work beneficially. But in all trades there are men who are not efficient workmen, and, from natural inaptitude and various other causes, never will be so. Most of them are perfectly conscious of their want of skill, and would be glad to compound for such lower rate of wages as would fairly remunerate their labour. This, however, they are not permitted to do; and their combination law puts them in the condition of a merchant who, having certain goods to sell, is condemned to sell them for more than they are worth, or not to sell them at all. The consequence is, that the inefficient workman, who has the same right to make the most he can of his labour as the best, is virtually shut out of the labour-market, and, except during seasons of extraordinary demand, can rarely find employment; and when he does find it, is sure not to keep it long. I could write down from recollection a score of names of such men, who have been driven from post to pillar for the best part of their lives, and have endured in consequence all manner of misery, who might have obtained permanently comfortable employment, but for the law which forbade them to work for less than the established wages. It is of no use to urge, in reply to this, that such men have their remedy in the opportunity which is open to them of working at piece-work. In many occupations, work cannot be paid by the piece, and in others, where it might be so paid for, the custom of piece-work does not prevail; and again, it will often happen that the piece-work of an untaught or half-taught hand must be valued in the same ratio as his time. The combination law, therefore, does all it can to condemn such a man to idleness, and should be replaced by one that would allow every man, whatever his abilities as a workman, to make the most of them, and to secure half a loaf when he cannot get a whole one.

I shall mention but one offence more, and that is as much a public nuisance as it is an individual meanness: I allude to the practice which working-men, who are sent out by their employers to labour, have of levying drink-mail from the inmates of the houses where they work. Why is it that when the tiler comes to repair my roof, the carpenter's man to mend the floors, the smith to restore the locks, the plumber to make good the frostbitten pipes, the plasterer to whitewash the ceilings, or the painter to give a coat of paint—why is it that I should be expected to

find them all in beer? Am I an enemy to each and all of these professionals, and do they resent my appeal for their services by spoiling my cellar or my purse? If not, on what grounds is the demand made? Is the demand a threat? If I don't furnish the beer or the beer-money, will the roof continue to let in water, the pipes to let it out?—will the whitewash turn out anything but white, and the paint never get dry? Positively, I have a fear that something of the sort will happen, and therefore it is that I hand over the bukshesh, and not because the fellows deserve or ought to have it. I think them little better than knaves, and I know them to be blockheads, for asking it; but I submit to the trumpery extortion, to escape the risk of a serious inconvenience to which it is in their power to subject me.

To all these things, then, and to more of the kind, or analogous to them, of which he has no need that I should inform him, I would draw the workman's attention. What are they all but the means of purchasing contempt at the paltriest price? What becomes of the dignity of labour while these things are tolerated? It is nonsense to talk of dignity to those who want decent self-respect. If the workman is paid for his work, what right has he to exact more?—and why should he descend from the equality upon which he ranks with his employer, so long as he gives value for value, and make a beggar of himself? What right has he to disgrace his whole class by turning pauper, and, as he sometimes does, enforcing his beggar's petition by a threat, implied if not expressed? thus reducing the 'independent labourer' to a level not far above that of—a practitioner who shall be nameless.

Look at this sort of thing, my friends, in its proper light, and learn to loathe it utterly in all its shapes and aspects, multitudinous as they are; and until you can do that, don't dream that *you* are in any way connected with the dignity of labour. Get upon higher ground. In all your doings, do as you would be done by. Render to every man his due, and expect and accept no more for your service than its appointed wage. Your dignity is bound up with your independence, which must begin at this point. If you cannot lay this foundation, you need not expect even to come at the knowledge of what is meant by the dignity of labour.

BURIAL PARAPHERNALIA IN SCOTLAND.

WE still occasionally meet with some relic of the olden time, some lingering memento of the past, referring to customs but little known, if at all, to many of the present generation. However ridiculous some of these may now appear, we are unwilling to treat them with levity, or speak of them with disrespect. There is a sacredness associated with the past, akin to that connected with the memory of the dead, which it is becoming to preserve inviolate, in accordance with the generous sentiment of the Roman adage, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. In the present paper, we shall mention one or two ancient Scottish customs, with regard to the burial of the dead, which have not yet entirely disappeared.

The encoffining, or, as it was called in the vernacular, the *kisting* of the dead, was regarded as of greater consequence, and observed with more solemnity in the olden time than now—religious exercises being considered indispensable. This was the reopening of the fountain of grief; and if it was not the final opportunity for taking farewell, it involved the wrenching of another tie, the complete isolation of the beloved from all that once was dear. Before this, the body might be considered as still holding its place almost in the domestic circle. The death-chamber could be entered, and the death-couch visited at will. It occupied a place belonging likewise to others of the family,

who should recline there on its being vacated by its silent incumbent; and in after-days, they would tell it was there such and such a one breathed his last. The encoffining of the body was, therefore, the second step in its removal from the family group; it was now consigned to its own particular tenement; it was alone—shut in from all the world, to rest in silence and darkness till another change should come. The lid, however, was not screwed down till the morning of the burial; but few were the visits now paid. The coffin was itself doleful and forbidding; yet the mother would softly steal in with a wistful heart, tremblingly lift the lid, remove the face-cloth, and kiss and weep over her unconscious child.

It was customary for the minister or an elder to be present on this solemn occasion, who was conducted into the death-chamber to see the body put into the coffin, and offer up a suitable prayer for the consolation of the bereaved family. This was, doubtless, a very appropriate season for such religious exercise, which must have been an important ministrant to the spiritual comfort of the afflicted mourners. The custom, however, had its origin in an act of parliament. It is always pleasing to find the government of a country attentive not only to the temporal but also the spiritual necessities of its people, and especially sympathising with them in their moments of affliction. It affords, indeed, a great mitigation of our woes when kings are our fathers, and queens our nursing-mothers, making, as it were, our individual cases their own; and, in return for such manifestations of parental feeling, we cannot withhold the gratitude, the loyalty, and the affection which spontaneously arise in our bosoms. But, alas! the act referred to was not passed with the spiritual consolation and the religious exercise in view; it was designed for a far different purpose—namely, for the improvement of the LINEN manufacture within the kingdom. One may smile at the recital of such a cause, and think that so great a zeal for the benefit of the linen-draper and manufacturer but ill accorded with the sanctity of the house of mourning, and was like seeking the living among the dead. But so it was: the deacon, the elder, or the minister, was to intrude his presence, on that most mournful of all occasions, to see that the corpse was shrouded in home-made linen, and not exceeding in value *twenty shillings* per ell.

In the second session of the first parliament of James VII., held at Edinburgh 1686, an act was passed, called the 'Act for burying in Scots Linen,' in which it was ordained, for the encouragement of the linen manufactures within the kingdom, that no person whatsoever, of high or low degree, should be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen or cloth of Hards, made and spun within the kingdom, and without lace or point. There was specially prohibited the use of holland, or other linen cloth made in other kingdoms; and of silk, hair, woollen, gold, or silver, or any other stuff than what was made of Hards, spun and wrought within the kingdom, under the penalty of 300 pounds Scots for a nobleman, and 200 pounds for every other person, for each offence. One-half of this penalty was to go to the informer, and the other half to the poor of the parish where the body should be interred. And, for the better discovery of contraveners, it was ordained that every minister within the kingdom should keep an exact account and register of all persons buried in his parish. A certificate, upon oath, in writing, duly attested by two 'famous' persons, was to be delivered by one of the relatives to the minister within eight days, declaring that the deceased person had been shrouded in the manner prescribed; which certificate was to be recorded without charge. The penalty was to be sued for by the minister before any judge competent; and if he should prove

negligent in pursuing the contraveners within six months after the interment, he himself was liable for the said fine. It was also enacted that no wooden coffin should exceed 100 merks Scots as the maximum rate for persons of the highest quality, and so proportionately for others of lower rank, under the penalty of 200 merks Scots for each offence.

As might have been expected, this act was very unpopular, and was accordingly evaded and infringed in every conceivable way. Those who did make use of plain linen on these occasions, endeavoured to procure it of the finest texture and quality, and consequently paid a considerable price. The encoffining certificates were frequently neglected altogether; others were irregular in their terms, or were not sufficiently attested, and it required but little shrewdness to divine the cause. Within *nine* years, it was found necessary to ratify anew, and approve in parliament this linen act, and to append certain stringent additions and penalties, for the purpose of enforcing its observance. These were: that none should presume to use home-made linen above a certain value—twenty shillings Scots per ell—under the same penalties set down against burying in foreign linen; and that the nearest elder or deacon should be present at the encoffining, to see that the act was not contravened. It was also made statute that no seamstress should make or sew any sort of dead linen contrary to the foresaid act, and its present addition, under the penalty of forty merks for each offence, for the benefit of the poor.

Twenty years sufficed for this fashion of Scots linen-shrouds. Whether the linen-manufacturers had become sufficiently well established, and thought they could maintain their ground without the further patronage and support of the dead; or whether the woollen manufacturers, instigated by the success of their rivals in the linen trade, began a querulous bleating around the throne in the strain of 'fish of one, and flesh of another,' we are not aware; but we find that our sovereign lady Queen Anne, in her first parliament, did, for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture within the kingdom, rescind the linen act of her ancestors, and substitute a woollen one in its stead, under the same severe pains and penalties for its contravention as laid down in the other. Within the last forty years, this act was openly and regularly infringed, and the penalty paid, the first item in the undertaker's bill always being, 'To paying the penalty under the Act for burying in Scots Linen;' but he charged only one-half of the fine, taking credit for the other half, as being the informer against himself.

This will explain the custom which still lingers among certain families, and in some districts, of wrapping the remains of their friends in shrouds entirely of woollen. The act, it will be agreed, is one that, in the present day, would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and we have reason to be grateful for the improved legislation of our own times in this respect—that such sacred and solemn duties are not interfered with, that we are permitted to clothe and bury our dead in whatever manner affection may dictate and our means afford.

The use of the *mortcloth* at burials was also a matter of important consideration; it entitled the gravedigger to a certain fee; and many a weary mile did he travel over mountain and moorland, through rain and snow, in fair weather and foul, with the sable covering under his arm. Afterwards, however, when hearses were introduced, the mortcloth was spread over the coffin only at the church-yard gate, and the sexton's labour was thereby considerably curtailed. His weary travels were dispensed with; and he now stood watching by the grave's mouth, or the kirk gate, the arrival of the solemn cortège. As his services were now less, some thought the fee should be less also; and some

even refused to use the cloth at all. This was occasionally productive of unpleasant scenes, ill becoming the place and the occasion. Not long ago, the remains of a respectable farmer, in the parish of Tarbolton, were to be interred in the family burying-ground, and had arrived at the church-yard gate for the purpose; but, either because the coffin was richly mounted, and the relatives were unwilling that the honour thus conferred upon the deceased should be concealed, or because the mortcloth, from long usage, was become 'a thing of shreds and patches,' the attendants declined its service, and prepared to enter the church-yard without it; which so roused the ire of the grave-digger, that, fixing his foot firmly in the centre of the gateway to oppose them, he exclaimed, with the feeling of insulted office: 'Ye may tak him hame, and bury him like a cow, for without the claith he shall never enter the yaird!' The grave-digger prevailed; the cloth was spread over the coffin, and the interment proceeded.

Those who died by their own hand were not permitted the benefit of this mortcloth, nor were they indeed allowed any of the rites of Christian burial; but, coffinless and unmourned, their remains were conveyed at midnight to the march-boundary of two parishes or shires, and there deposited in neutral ground, with a stake driven through the body, as if fixing it to the earth, and precluding the hope of a resurrection. There, in loneliness and silence, they were left, far from the habitations of men, where no eye should mark the resting-place, and no foot should stumble upon their grave. Their body was considered vile; the earth which wrapped them as stained with pollution; and the coarse framework on which they were dragged along was afterwards burned to ashes. One who had become weary of life, and who had terminated his mortal career by suicide in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, was drawn at midnight upon a sledge for several miles to neutral ground, and there received the melancholy and peculiar rites. Though the interment was made under the deepest darkness of night, yet the circumstance was not concealed. On the following Sunday, bands of profane and reckless men assembled at the mournful spot, dug the body from the grave, and, fixing a rope to the limbs, amused themselves all day by dragging it up and down the hills. When they were exhausted with their inhuman sport, they placed the corpse in a sitting-posture against a stone, and as the glazed eyeballs peered out from beneath their half-opened lids, they put a glass to his mouth, calling him to drink, and not sit squinting there! No treatment was thought too inhuman for a suicide.

A tradesman on the Galloway coast, whose wife had committed self-destruction, anxious to have her remains interred as near the church-yard as possible, since he durst not intrude them within it, deposited them close outside the wall; but next morning, to his horror and astonishment, he found the coffin with its contents placed against the door of his dwelling. He applied to a certain Admiral Stewart in the district for advice in the mournful circumstances, who recommended him to say nothing about it, but to take the coffin down to the sea-shore during the night, and deposit it within flood-mark in the sand, when the next tide would obliterate all traces of the grave before morning. This was accordingly done; and the infuriated populace spent the next day in a vain search for the poor suicide's grave.

In olden times, certain paraphernalia were employed on the occasion of burials which did not meet with approbation on the part of the church. On the death of the Earl of Atholl, in 1579, a rumour being general that it was intended at the burial to use a white cloth above the mortcloth, and also for the mourners to have long gowns with stroups (hoods?), and torches, the General Assembly, held at Edinburgh in July of that

year, directed two of their number to wait on certain lords connected with the family of the deceased, desiring that all such evidences of superstition should be avoided on the occasion. It was admitted, on inquiry, that the gowns were intended to be used, but not the torches; and the Assembly were desired to appoint two of their number to examine the preparations. They did so, and intimated their opinion that the cross and the stroups were superstitions; to which an answer was returned that the mortcloth would be covered with black velvet. The gowns alluded to were made of black cloth, and had red hoods; the torches were of wax, and of very considerable length and weight.

By the will of the Earl of Salisbury, executed April 29, 1397, twenty-four poor people, clothed in black gowns with red hoods, were ordered to attend the funeral, each carrying a lighted torch of eight pounds' weight. These torches were expensive from their size and number, and therefore they were generally provided by the church-wardens, and lent out at so much each. It is not many years since, in some parishes in Ayrshire, funerals were attended by females arrayed in long mantles of black or red cloth, with hoods—doubtless a lingering relic of the gowns and stroups.*

PADDINGTON!—BANK!

I HAVE a little house on Maida Hill, with a little garden in front and rear, and a little boy to answer the front-door bell; I have a little place in the City, with very little business doing in it, but with another little boy to assist me in producing a contrary impression; 'hours of attendance from ten to twelve, and from three to five,' which the boy in the country offers as solemn facts, and the boy in the City in the brazening manner of a bet. I thus manage to get four excursions per diem per 'bus. Our first load are all picked up at their own residences, most of them a little out of breath, and with a good deal of unreduced muffin in their mouths: for some distance along the Edgware Road, they are accustomed to ruminate like cows, and there is one man, an indigo-merchant, who never speaks, by any accident, until he gets exactly opposite Cambridge Street; by that time, conversation is in full flow. We have none of us ever set foot in each other's houses, but have passed nearly twelve hours a week in the same vehicle for years; we never permit any stranger to enter, unless the death of one of us shall have caused a vacancy, and in that case we suck our umbrellas and stare fixedly at the interloper, without addressing him for days; if his demeanour and conduct shall during that time have given us satisfaction, we admit him to our society by tacit consent; if otherwise—that is to say, if he spits on the straw, shuffles with his feet, complains of the draught, or abuses the cad—the latter is directed never to take him up into our omnibus again. Our cad is the very *beau idéal* and *crème de la crème* of cads—of such insinuating and graceful address, he himself boasts, as to seduce even 'gents who is going the other way' to become his passengers. We give him a Christmas-box as regularly as we give the postman; we refer to him upon all matters within his sphere, which is not a small one; and he on his part gives his opinion through the window with respect and diffidence. As there is nobody else to take up inside after a certain point, he generally fills up that orifice

* Hooded gowns of black cloth are invariably used in England by Episcopalian female mourners of the lower class. The gowns of the men are without hoods.—Ed.

with his face, and turns his back upon the thoroughfares and the general public. We have never to mention our destinations, for the machine wheels up to our own doors, and delivers us like glass, with care; and to the very moment, as though we were marked—Perishable. When I go back to Maida Hill for lunch at noon, our omnibus has a very different cargo; it has no regular passenger at all, except myself; but there are generally one or two persons of peculiarly distraught and vacant appearance: they are evidently well-to-do gentlemen by their good-looking unglossy hats and massive silk umbrellas; but their occupation seems to have gone from them. I think they are retired business-men, who, having disposed of their good-wills, seem also to have parted with the ends of their existences. They have been, as amateurs, to revisit the haunts of their former greatness, and they sit and sigh in this romantic conveyance over the days that shall not return again. This, may be, was once their very omnibus, and that the very corner where they sat half a lifetime; but now their places know them no more! Never more shall they rise in the dim November mornings, and take their darkened way to mart or office, or, may be, to that bank wherein no wild-thyme grows, but the steadiest of all thymes, the time that is money. The snug small room in the heart of the hurrying City, the stir of business, and its chance and change, the funds when taken at their flow that lead to fortune, the scrip and share that help to cent. per cent.—all now make mournful music in their hearts, and swell the dirge, 'No more—oh, never more.' They think now the same thought as Shelley did, although they would be surprised to find it out.

The early clients return from the east, too, by this omnibus, with their legal horoscopes just cast. They are picked up out of hidden inns and dusty courts, newly escaped from some enchanter's den. A hungry conveyancer it may have been of dreadful deeds, or proctor of horrid form, or mere attorney of that common-law which is so strange and subtle. The victim is still mumbling to himself some words which sound like an incantation; he has a parchment sticking from his pocket, and ever and anon he takes it out, and strives to understand its vain repetitions and obsolete terms. I don't know whether it be the post obit which his son has been interesting himself about of late, or his own will just made out anew, cutting off his only daughter with a shilling, for cutting off with the music-master without a shilling; but it is certainly some disagreeable. And here is the music-master himself, if I am not mistaken, who has got in at King Street, and is going to give his lesson in Oxford Square. How fondly he eyes his fiddle-case, and yet with a sort of sorrow, as though it were the coffin of his ladye love. I am distressed to hear our *crème de la crème* of cads call him 'Mounseer,' so derisively; and shall be still more irritated to see him presently, when the poor fellow has got down, parodying the action of a violinist, with his fingers upon his nose, at the imminent hazard of falling backwards upon the Edgware Road. An enormously portly gentleman, who must, I think, by the way he walks, be somebody very particular, gets in at Regent Street; he keeps us waiting a full minute, until he sees a favourable time for leaving the kerbstone, and then marches, as if to a solemn tune, across the road. Directly he touches the step, however, and manifests the intention of pursuing that magnificent course to his seat, our cad sings out: 'All right!'—and 'the

Hemperor,' as he afterwards deferentially observed, 'was shot in like coals.'

When I start at two again for the City, I have still fewer companions, and those of quite another kind. A new-married couple, whom I have observed in our omnibus at least half-a-dozen times, embark from Connaught Terrace; and the lady remarks in a loud whisper to the gentleman, that she never travelled in a public conveyance in all her life before, and that she does not think it is so bad after all, for that there seems to be no ruffraff. I cannot help staring at this audacious female a good deal, which puts the man in a bad temper. He observes, after a little time, with meaning, that unless one wishes to be insulted, it is better to take a cab; he regrets that he did not do it, and she regrets that she didn't do it—for they have not had the great who-shall-be-master marriage question on yet—and our cad, as they get out at Tottenham Court Road, regrets also that they did not do it, audibly.

A middle-aged female is here steered in with difficulty from behind; and when she has got her breath again after the ascent—that is to say, in about five minutes—endeavours to catch the conductor with the crook of her—shall I say portable tent? It is exactly like those patent Crimean dwelling-places exposed and ticketed 'For the Guards.' I volunteer my services, to prevent her overbalancing herself, and the following dialogue between her and the official ensues:—

'Well now, what is it?'

'Let me out at Tucker anbibsis.'

Conductor, without direct reply, but holloing over the roof to the driver: 'I say, Bob, here's a mad 'ooman inside; blow'd if there ain't.' Then looking rapidly from his friend to the strange lady, so as to engage the attention of both parties: 'Now, ma'am, where is it, again?'

'Tucker anbibsis, you impudent, bad man.'

'There; you heard her, didn't yer, Bob?' and a peal of laughter above us testifies to Bob's appreciation.

After immense difficulty and the strictest cross-examination, I elicit that she wants to be set down at Tucker and Bibbs's, linen-draper's in Cornhill, and she almost sheds tears at my benevolent interference. 'If I want anything in the midwifery-line,' she says, a post-paid letter to No. 2 Buffer Court will meet with her immediate and particular attention.

Our omnibus is very crowded when it returns from the City in the evening. Besides some of our morning passengers, there is a nursery-maid with a great baby, whom she has found herself unable to carry further: it begins to cry from the instant of its entrance, except during a very short interval in which it is excessively sick. Both are dropped, to our great joy, in Regent Circus, in the centre of ever so many fast Hansom cabs. At Mudie's, we had taken in a studious-looking youth, with a whole pyramid of books under his arm: notwithstanding the noise and the imperfect light, and that baby, he buries himself at once in his darling volumes. What is it to him that the indigo-merchant has got more room than he has any right to; or that the Bank-clerk opposite is resting that wet umbrella upon his boots? He wakes out of his dream at length, because his next neighbour pokes him with his elbow, and cries:

'Look, look, sir!—there he goes across the street: he'll be run over to a certainty, that he will; no, he won't—that's Benson, sir!'

'Tennyson!—impossible!' says the boy, although his face flushes over in a moment.

'Who said Tennyson, sir? I said Benson!' replies the old gentleman angrily. 'He's seventy-five years of age, if he's a day, and is worth half a million, if he's got a penny. Bless my soul and body, think of our having seen Benson!'

And he kept on with that ridiculous *refrain*, until it

attracted the notice of our *crème de la crème* of cads, who is a practical satirist, and screamed after this impulsive person down the New Road: 'Bless my soul and body, think of our having seen Benson!'

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

NEARLY all the continental countries are yearly overrun by swarms of English tourists, who mightily resemble the swallows in their migratory habits—regularly crossing the sea in spring, and recrossing it in autumn. France, Germany, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Italy, and the East, are all as familiar to our roving countrymen as their own island, or more so: the countries of which they know the least are Russia, Spain and Portugal, and Scandinavia. A single glance at Bradshaw's Continental Railway Map reveals the reason why the last-mentioned countries—putting aside political and other considerations—are so little visited by our roving countrymen: in a word, they are comparatively inaccessible as regards means of inland-travel. Hamburg, we know, is yearly visited by crowds of English, who arrive either by sea or land; and there is a very interesting country, the frontier of which literally adjoins Hamburg; but how many of the English visitors to the latter place ever think of penetrating into what is to them the *terra incognita* in question? Not one in a hundred! And yet we may venture to say, that were they to make the experiment, they would be richly rewarded by the novel and very peculiar scenes they would behold. The country we allude to is Holstein, and concerning it, and its sister duchy of Schleswig, we propose to discourse, and shall anticipate some expression of gratitude from our hundred thousand roving brethren, for at least hinting where a 'fresh field and pasture new' is accessible to them. It is true that both Schleswig and Holstein, from the nature of their physical formation, can hardly be traversed in winter or in very wet weather; but the roads have been much improved of late, and whoever is willing to rough it a little—and this will prove quite agreeable, *per se*, by way of change from the enervating ease and luxury of railway-travelling in other countries—may explore every nook and corner at his leisure. So far as regards the southern portion of Holstein, there is no excuse why even a delicate lady-tourist should not get a glimpse of the country, for there is an excellent railway—as we can vouch by personal experience, having travelled on it in a comfortable carriage, at a cost of little more than a half-penny per mile—running between Hamburg and Kiel—a distance of sixty-five English miles—with branches to Glückstadt, Rendsburg, and Neumunster. Sooner or later, we think, the time will come when the duchies will be intersected with railways throughout their length and breadth, for there is no country in the world where iron highways could be constructed at less expenditure, owing to the absence of any natural obstacles in the shape of hills, valleys, rivers, &c., and the only drawback would be their liability to be flooded; but engineering skill might perhaps overcome even this serious danger. Were that the case, incalculable advantages would result to the inhabitants, by enabling them to dispose rapidly of their commercial produce, and by opening up their country to tourists, who would soon learn to resort to it as familiarly as they at present do to the Netherlands.

A few years ago, the names of the duchies were painfully familiar to the reading public, in consequence of their desperate and prolonged rebellion against Denmark Proper—a rebellion promoted and assisted by Germany for obviously selfish ends; but we have nothing to do here with the political and perplexing international questions involved in that quarrel. Schleswig and Holstein together contain about 7000 square miles of surface, and their present population

probably rather exceeds a million souls. The language spoken in Holstein and the southern portion of Schleswig is German, and all the sympathies and tendencies of the people are German also. In Schleswig, the inhabitants are of different races—Saxons, Danes, Frises, and Angles; but the Holsteiners are almost exclusively of German descent. The Frises and Angles generally speak a corrupted dialect, although in one or two localities pure Frisian is said to be yet spoken. The whole of the duchies have at some remote period risen, as it were, from the sea, as though to form, in conjunction with the Danish islands, a barrier between the North Sea and the Baltic; consequently, the land is level, and the only hills of any magnitude are on the east coast of Holstein. The greater portion of Holstein, and the south-eastern portions of Schleswig, may be described as one rich alluvial plain, where for scores of miles at a stretch the traveller passes through corn-fields and blooming meadows, and pastures swarming with sleek cattle. The quantity of beef, pork, and butter exported (*via* Hamburg) from these districts is incredibly great; and the breed of Holstein horses is famed throughout the continent. Generally speaking, the scenery resembles the finest and best cultivated parts of the midland and south-eastern counties of England; but in addition to the quiet beauty of the landscapes, the traveller will find much to interest him on the score of novelty in the manners and customs of the industrious and thriving population—not to speak of those curious old cities and towns, Kiel, Glückstadt, Schleswig, Flensburg, &c., each and all of which are well worthy of a visit. Schleswig, the capital of the duchy, especially, is a remarkable place, consisting chiefly of one street of the enormous length of three miles, inhabited by about 13,000 people. So ancient is it, that a thousand years ago it was a still larger city, and of greater commercial importance than it is at present. Like the other towns on the east or Baltic coast of Schleswig-Holstein, it is situated at the head of a fiord or firth, and the country around it is exceedingly picturesque and fertile, and cultivated to such a degree as to resemble one immense garden.

But it is one particular district of the duchies we wish to coax our roving friends to honour with their presence for once on a while, as there, at least, we can safely promise them something new—something that will impart a fresh sensation, and probably evoke, too, feelings of a different and higher nature than are usually aroused by sight-seeing in beaten tracks. The district to which we refer is that known as the *Marshes*. Permit not the mere name to repel you, for you must not let your fancy jump to the conclusion that these Marshes are like the barren, swampy, doleful spots which bear the same designation in England. From the Elbe to Jütland, or, in other words, all the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein, is flat, treeless land, much of it of comparatively recent formation; and so steadily does sand accumulate on the coast, that all the ports, except Husum, have become choked up and inaccessible to any but the smallest vessels. The Marshes themselves extend from Husum in the south to Tondern in the north, occupying a vast tract of country, throughout which there is not a single village or hamlet. The whole district belongs to the Ditmarschians, or Marshmen—of Friesland descent—who are peasant-proprietors; and their boast is, that from the earliest ages there never was a lord over them, nor a serf among them. All are free and equal; all are hard workers, and partakers, to a certain degree, of the rude substantial comforts of life. But you must not imagine from this that the Marshes are a Utopian community, with all things in common. So far from such being the case, we should suppose that in few countries is property more rigidly held sacred, and individual rights more strictly defined; and as to the Ditmarschians' independence as a class, we shall

find that they owe it as much to the natural peculiarities of their country as to any other cause. All along the coast, the Marshes are protected from the inroads of the sea by lofty dikes, or bulwarks of earth, 20 to 40 feet high, and 50 to 80 feet in thickness, but for which, the entire country would speedily be converted into a watery wilderness. These dikes are maintained at enormous cost, which is defrayed by five separate unions of the peasant-proprietors of the Marshes. The latter, as we have said, do not contain a single hamlet. Every house stands quite alone, and is built upon an artificial clay hillock, called a *warf*; and all around it extend the richest of grazing-lands, meadows, and cornfields, on a dead-level plain, intersected in every direction by ditches to drain off the water. The people pass these ditches by the aid of leaping-poles, in the same manner as the dwellers in the Fens of Lincolnshire passed from field to field, and, in fact, as we believe they yet do in some parts of that remarkable English county. A sort of small deep moat usually encircles the *warf* itself, so that the isolated dwelling is quite like a fortalice of the olden time. So soft and moist is the rich soil, that it is difficult to traverse the country, except when the summer's sun has hardened the roads; but in the rainy season, and in winter, even the natives cannot go any distance except on the tops of the dikes. Most of the *warfts*, or mounds, on which the houses are built, were first raised centuries ago, but have been repaired and enlarged from time to time. Occasionally, they are of very considerable size, their level tops affording ample space for a large farmhouse, barns, outbuildings, and even gardens. These *warfts*, thus crowned with their comfortable and airy houses and homesteads, rise like islands—and such their moats literally render them—amid a sea of luxuriant vegetation, unbroken by any object of size; for there are no *natural* hills or hillocks, no rocks, and neither trees nor bushes grow in the marsh itself, where nothing springs higher than the ears of wheat or the luxuriant stalks of rape-seed.

Few scenes, in any country in the world, can be more striking and impressive to the stranger than that which he beholds on a sunny day from the summit of the dike—the briny German Ocean roaring close up on one side, and on the other, the smiling cultivated plain, nothing dividing these but the earthen bulwark on which he stands. In many places at flood-tide, the sea rises more than twenty feet above the level of the land, which, of course, it would instantly overwhelm were the dike to give way. One traveller, Mr Theodore Mugge, thus strikingly depicts the scene we have alluded to: 'It is when standing on the top of these dikes, along which the road usually runs, and looking down into the marsh, that the peculiar and monotonous character of the country appears most strikingly—as behind the walls of a fortress lies the green fertile level below, intersected by numerous water-ditches, which the inhabitants of the Marshes pass by means of leaping-poles. On the fields between these ditches, wheat, barley, oats, and beans grow thick and high; and the fresh grass is covered with herds of handsome cows and horses, that neigh and low cheerily to you as you pass. The substantial houses peep out from their thickets of bushes and gardens, filled with fine vegetables, and rich crimson stocks and pinks of remarkable beauty. But if you turn away your eyes from this scene of plenty to the opposite side of the dike, the blessing seems changed into a curse. There is the gray rolling desert in everlasting motion, raging round the dwellings of man, as if eager for his destruction; and instead of herds of sleek cows and human habitations surrounded with all the signs of peace and comfort, the white sails of ships, and porpoises and seals, and flocks of screaming curlews, and the ceaseless roar of the waves as they break upon the dike.'

We pause here to mention, that although of late

years no serious calamity has occurred through an irruption of the sea, yet most awful inundations frequently happened in former ages, when the dikes were less capable of resisting gales setting dead on the coast at high tides. History records, that in 1362 a score or two of parishes were destroyed, with all their dwellers; in 1412, above 20,000 people perished from a similar disaster; and in 1421, in a single night 100,000 lives were lost. Again, in 1532, there was another inroad of the sea well-nigh as disastrous; and little more than a generation subsequent to that, the most frightful of all occurred, when, on the whole coast of Friesland, it is calculated that 400,000 people perished. We have already mentioned that the ports have become choked up with sand, which certainly seems *prima-facie* evidence that the sea is now bringing tribute to the land; and yet, were it not for the guardian-dikes, that same sea would quickly usurp the whole of the Marshes; and there is abundant historic evidence to shew that the ocean has for many hundreds of years preyed remorselessly on Friesland, and torn away vast tracts of the country—though, after all, we must admit it was in a manner only regaining what had once been its own undisputed domain. Above all, we must bear in mind, that however terrible an enemy the sea has been to the Frieslanders, and watchfully as they have still to guard against its open assaults, yet it is to the sea they owe that independence of which they are so proud. Intensely imbued, as they always were, with a bitter hatred of aristocratical rule, they successfully resisted for ages every attempt of princes and nobles to reduce them to serfdom. When the American war commenced, Washington is reported to have said to his countrymen that their country would prove the best of engineers in their favour; and the same might be said of the Marshes, for invading forces always found the peasantry with a little fortress on every *warf*, while the thousands of ditches they encountered proved fatal obstructions to heavily armed soldiers, who could not leap them like the active and practised natives. Moreover, if the invaders appeared likely to get the upper hand, the Frieslanders, as a last and certain means of effecting their deliverance, opened the sluices of the dikes, and the sea rushed in, and ruthlessly swept away the mail-clad barons and their hapless retainers, whilst the Marshmen regained their *warfts*, and thence securely witnessed the destruction of their foes—and alas! of their own herds and cornfields also; but the latter loss could be repaired in time, and was as nothing weighed against the preservation of liberty. Even under the rule of Denmark—with which country they have no common tie in the shape of descent, or language, or sympathy, or mutual interest—the Marshmen managed to retain almost as much real freedom as ever, and to preserve their peculiar laws and customs little changed even to this day.

We have several narratives of the life led by the dwellers in the Marshes, but the most graphic is that contained in a charmingly written little book, recently published,* and we shall now borrow from it a passage or two descriptive of the homes on the *warf*. The author—or authoress possibly—describes the visit of a stranger, who crosses the moat by a bridge, and ascends the *warf*, 'on which stood a long low brick-house, built in the form of a crescent, with stable and farm-buildings adjoining it behind. The roof was tiled, the windows had high shutters, and in front was a little garden, filled with beds of the beautiful dark-red carnations of the marsh, and wonderfully large stock-gillyflower, mignonette, and various other flowers and shrubs. The beds were hedged round with boxwood; and before the house were four tolerably large lime-

* *Life in the Marshes of Schleswig-Holstein*. Translated from the German. Edinburgh: Constable. 1854.

trees, whose tops had been swept bare by the breezes from the sea. The garden, with its thick hedge of hawthorn and broom, lay towards the slope of the warft, which was itself planted with garden-vegetables. The stranger is hospitably received by the master of the house, who is thus described: 'Like all the Frieslanders, he had large bones, was of middle stature, thin and sinewy; and his countenance, with its broad high forehead and blue eyes, had an expression of good sense and firmness. Although he was a man well-to-do in the world, he yet wore the common short round jacket, and shirt-collar turned down over a coloured neckerchief.' There was a substantial dinner, the first course consisting of a soup made of meat and fish; the latter being eels, which swarm in the ditches, and afford savoury dishes. 'The soup was followed by an enormous joint of meat, beans, &c., all well prepared; the bread white and good; the dishes of blue stoneware, such as is used in England; the table-linen was nice and clean, and in everything that love of order and cleanliness was manifested for which the Frieslanders, as well as their kinsmen the Dutch, are celebrated. After dinner, the host placed a flask of wine on the table, in honour of his guest, for in that country the duty is not high, and wine is cheap; he called also for a large round cheese.' There are no springs of water in the Marshes, and the people have reservoirs for rain-water; and when that falls short, filter the muddy ditch-water, which even when boiled is foul and salt, and must be medicated with brandy, or infused with tea or coffee. After dinner, the guest was shewn through the house, and here is an account of the novelties he beheld. 'Each spot was beautifully kept, clean, and in good order; the walls were either painted white, or striped with pale yellow; and this is done every year, to prevent the approach of vermin. The wooden roofs were painted over with red or blue oil-paint, and the high bright windows admitted plenty of fresh air; the floors and tables were well swept and shining; the chair-cushions were stuffed with sea-grass, while two engravings in black frames were hung up in the *pesel*—the large room which in summer is used both as the sitting-room and the state and guest apartment—and between them was an old house-clock, which had evidently belonged to the grandfather, if not to the great-grandfather of the family. At the wall stood two beautiful old wardrobes, made of the wood of the walnut-tree, richly ornamented with the most skilful carvings; which proved that here, as far back as two centuries, the art of wood-carving had been known and highly prized; and between these wardrobes, which contained the clothing of the different members of the family, Theobald remarked several great chests, studded over with large brass plates and nails; these contained the family-linen, the great quantities of which astonished the young traveller. It is, however, the pride of the inhabitants of the marsh, and indeed of all the peasants of Schleswig, as well as of Holstein, to possess a large supply of bed and table linen, along with fine furniture; for it is in this way that their wealth and tidiness can be known, and much of it descends as an heir-loom from one generation to another. Every young woman, when she marries, brings one or more of such brass-plated trunks filled with linen and household stuffs into the house of her husband; and the more she brings, the more she is held in honour.' We would add, that similar customs prevail in Denmark Proper, and indeed throughout Scandinavia.

As there are no villages in the Marshes, there are, of course, no village-schools; but the children receive a decent education from itinerant schoolmasters, who go from warft to warft, and stop awhile at each in turn; but in winter, and in wet weather, these perambulations are effectually stopped. The churches are built on the dikes, for there is no other site where they

would be accessible. In that situation, too, their open doors oft receive benighted wanderers, who would otherwise be lost, and perish for lack of shelter; for in stormy weather the mist is blinding, and piercingly cold. The little churches are very strongly built—a necessary precaution in their exceedingly exposed situations. The author we have quoted beautifully and pathetically alludes to them. He says: 'There stands the house of God, close upon the rising billows. The foam often reaches to the golden cross, and more than once I have seen the walls and the foundations tremble beneath the terrific violence of the waves; more than once have the noise of the waters and the howling of the storm been so great, that the kneeling worshippers within could not hear the voice of their preacher. . . . Yes, dear sir, the church here is, for many a fearful and anxious soul, a true comfort from God. When at night they awake in their beds, and hear the howling of the storm, when every rafter trembles, and the roof creaks above their heads, then they hearken anxiously to the roaring of the sea, think of their dikes, and fold their hands in prayer; and when the morning comes, they hasten out, look up here towards the spot where stands the little church, and when their eye catches the gleaming of the golden cross, new hope enters into their hearts.'

In conclusion, all the recent travellers in Schleswig-Holstein whose narratives we have read, agree that the Marshmen are a very thriving set of people, and becoming more prosperous every year. This prosperity would be materially enhanced were good roads by some means formed across the Marshes, and railways introduced into Schleswig, as then they could promptly dispose of the produce of their fields, and would be brought into direct communication with their great market—Hamburg. Their social isolation would also be broken up in a measure, and good, we should hope, would result therefrom, although even now the Frieslanders of the old school bewail the introduction of new-fangled luxuries and fashions among them; yet it is rarely that any farmer is given to extravagant habits, for the prudent and thrifty virtues of the Friesland race are deeply rooted. The land itself of the Marshes is of greater value than any other in the duchies, owing to its astonishing and never-failing fertility. Some districts are solely devoted to pasturage, and others exclusively arable. Most of the cattle are brought here in the shape of vast herds of lean kine from the barren wastes of Jütland, expressly to be fattened for the markets of Hamburg, Kiel, Husum, &c. The native cattle are a peculiar breed, red-coloured, and large-boned—in which respect they resemble their masters—and yield sometimes as much as thirty to forty quarts of milk daily, though not of the best quality for producing butter.

Take them all in all, the Marshes of Schleswig-Holstein are certainly one of the most remarkable of the many isolated tracts of country in Europe, and the dwellers in them are a very interesting though little known people.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. I.—THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

OF all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbour of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so

great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist Buffon had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterwards published in the first volume of the Supplement to his *Natural History*. Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius (πρὸς παραδοξῶν μηχανημάτων), in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described,* Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upwards of eighty pages. In this paper, he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of 200, and even 210 feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of 168 plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest—the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behoved the various disks to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes—the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century.† 'Archimedes,' says the first of these writers, 'having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes.' The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city-walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by 'the meridian of summer and winter;' that it was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers contemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvellous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so

many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

NO. II.—SORCERY AND SCIENCE.

In the year 1758, three old women, condemned to death for sorcery, were brought, by order of the empress-queen, from Croatia to Vienna, to undergo examination. The question was, not whether such a crime existed, for that no one engaged in the trial seems ever to have doubted, but whether it could justly be imputed to the prisoners. Antony von Haen, a distinguished physician, a fellow of many learned societies, an Aulic councillor, and Primarius Professor of Medicine in the University of Vienna, was, with his colleague the Baron von Sweiten, appointed a commissioner to conduct the inquiry. After reading over the depositions produced at the trial with the greatest care, and interrogating the culprits themselves most rigorously, the commissioners came to the conclusion that the three old women were not witches, and prevailed with the empress to set them at liberty. It was this incident chiefly, from the excitement it created, which induced Von Haen to write the extraordinary treatise, whose views and reasonings have, yet more than its rarity, won for it a place amongst the choicest *χρυσήλια* of our public libraries.

Until we saw this work, we were foolish enough to think that a belief in witchcraft was utterly inconsistent with a very moderate amount of scientific knowledge. We knew but little, it must be owned, of the Austrian idiosyncrasy; for it is abundantly clear, from Von Haen's treatise,* that this man—than whom no physician in Germany was, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, held in higher estimation—did not only, in common with his learned colleagues, believe in witchcraft, but regarded it as a disease, a knowledge of whose treatment was of the last importance to the physician, and actually devoted to its study no inconsiderable portion of a long and laborious life. To this conclusion, it is true, we did not come at once; on the contrary, we were at first rather inclined to regard this curious volume as of a piece with Swift's 'modest proposal' to turn the foundlings of Dublin to account as articles of food. But before we had glanced over fifty pages, we were convinced that this view was utterly untenable, and that the author was thoroughly and painfully in earnest.

And upon what authorities, does the reader suppose, did this learned person, so lately as the year 1774, ground his belief in the crime of sorcery? Wholly—if we except the cases of the Egyptian magi, the Witch of Endor, and the demoniac possessions recorded in the New Testament—on the pretended miracles of Apollonius, and sundry equally exceptionable passages from the fathers and canons of the church. On the scriptural illustrations of his argument we are precluded, for obvious reasons, from dwelling; but we may venture to remark, in reference to the cases of demoniac possession, that only a very few of them can possibly be so wrested as to be included in the category of reputed sorcery. At anyrate, they were all of an extraordinary character, and appeared on an extraordinary occasion; so that from them no general

* See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl. sect. v., note p.

† Quoted by Fabricius in his *Biblioth. Græc.*, vol. ii. pp. 551, 552.

* Its full title is: *Antonii de Haen S.C.R.A. Majestati a Conciliis Aulicis et Archiatr. Medicinæ in Alma et Antiquissima Universitate Viennensi Professoris Primarii, plurimumque Eruditorum Societatum Socii, DE MAGIA liber.* Vienna: 1774.

conclusion can be drawn to the ordinary cases of common life.

Of the illustrations which the Viennese professor has culled from profane history, we shall venture to translate but two—one from Apollonius, and one from St Jerome's life of St Hilary the Hermit. And should the reader, after perusing them, hesitate to believe that the Austrian savant could be actually in earnest in offering such evidence in support of such a case, we would assure him, that not only is this the fact, but that the illustrations in question absolutely go further to substantiate his theory than any other two within the compass of his volume.

Our first quotation, then, shall be from Apollonius. This man was a famous theurgist of Asia Minor, whom the enemies of revelation, in the infancy of the church, set up as a rival to Jesus Christ. A narrative of his so-called miracles, which seem to have been wrought chiefly at Ephesus, was given to the world in the second century. It is a mass of the merest rubbish, amongst which, however, it is not difficult to detect at intervals fragments which have been manifestly purloined from Gospel history. It is not from these, however, but from a much more characteristic class of miracles, that we select our illustration. A pestilence broke out at Ephesus, which Apollonius was sent for to allay. He demanded, for a sin-offering, some noted enemy of the gods, and one was speedily found. An aged beggar, who had long infested the streets of Ephesus, was the victim selected. Him, Apollonius ordered to be buried alive, beneath a pile of stones, near the temple of the Tyrian Hercules. In no long time the plague was stayed; but when the delighted populace proceeded, by their deliverer's command, to disinter the victim, a strange metamorphosis had taken place. On the spot where the beggar had been entombed, was stretched the body of a dog! And on this anecdote, whose authenticity he can see no ground for questioning, Von Haen lays a stress only inferior to that which he attaches to an incident in Jerome. A young man of the city of Gaza, in Syria, fell deeply in love with a pious maiden of the neighbourhood. He attacked her in vain with all the artillery of love; so that, in despair, he resolved to repair to Memphis, then the residence of many famous sorcerers, to seek the aid of magic. At Memphis, he sojourned during many months. At length, being fully instructed in the art, he returned to Gaza. Beneath the threshold of the house where the lady lived, he secretly deposited a brazen talisman, overwrought with 'hard words and uncouth figures.' The effect was magical: the lady became furious; she tore her hair, she gnashed her teeth, she repeated incessantly the name of him whom she had driven from her presence. In this state, she was brought before Hilary. Then the demon that possessed her found voice: he was no willing instrument in the conjuration, he assured the holy man; he looked back with regret upon the pleasures he had foregone at Memphis; but until the talisman was destroyed, the spell that bound him could not be broken. But the saint was not to be so deceived. Satan, he said, had been a liar from the beginning, and the accursed thing he would not handle; but in the name of God and the Holy Church, he commanded the demon to release the maiden. And he, having cried with a bitter cry, came out of her; and from that hour the damsel was made whole.

We have dwelt so long on this portion of Von Haen's treatise, that we have not left ourselves room to notice the arguments by which he essays to refute the objections which have been urged against the existence of divination. We pass on to the last, and by far the most curious chapter in the volume, which relates to the method of discovering and treating magical diseases.

To detect the existence of supernatural agency in

disease, much caution, he assures us, is necessary in the physician: the imputation of sorcery should not be readily admitted. No absence of the ordinary symptoms, no uncommon alteration of the course of the distemper, should be sufficient to infer this conclusion; for these may arise from unknown natural causes. What, then, are the marks of certain incantation? Von Haen holds, that if in any uncommon disease there shall be found—in the stuffing of the cushions, or ceiling of the room in which the patient lies, or in the feathers or chaff of his bed, or about the door or under the threshold of his house—any strange characters, images, bones, hair, seeds or roots of plants; and if, upon the removal of these, or upon conveying the patient into another apartment, he shall suddenly recover; or if the patient himself, or his friends, shall call to their aid a wizard, by whom the malady shall be removed; or if insects or animals which do not lodge in the human body; or if stones, metals, glass, knives, plaited hair, or pieces of pitch, be ejected from particular parts of the body, of greater size, and weight, and figure, than could be supposed to make their way through those parts without greater dilaceration of the passages—then, that in all these cases the disease is magical. He then proceeds to inquire whether the physician may presume to remove the instruments of incantation, in order to relieve the patient, without incurring the imputation of impiety by interfering with the implements and furniture of the devil; and after many arguments *pro* and *con*, at last formally concludes, that after approaching them with all due ceremony and respect, and after imploring, with suitable ardour and devotion, the protection of Heaven in such a perilous undertaking, he *may* attempt to intermeddle, and may occasionally expect a favourable issue.

Such are the views, and reasonings, and conclusions, on the subject of sorcery which were entertained by one of the élite of the faculty at Vienna during the latter part of the eighteenth century. This man, be it observed, was not in his dotage; and he nowhere evinces any fear of encountering ridicule on account of his opinions. It is a strange phenomenon.

A N E L E P H A N T - R I D E .

I NEVER had 'an adventure' but once, and now I mean to relate it. It occurred in the year 1825, during the prosecution of the first Burmese war, when I was left on sick-report, much to my disgust, at Rangoon, whilst my regiment was with the grand army in advance, under Sir Archibald Campbell.

Everybody knows now, what nobody knew then, the extreme disadvantage we were under at commencing the war during the most unpropitious season of the year, when the country near Rangoon is almost entirely under water. The flat coast and mangrove-shores become a fertile hotbed for miasma, every green and exuberant pool a hall of revelry for fever and pestilence. But at the time I speak of, in September, the water, or most of it, had disappeared, leaving behind all the quick and luxuriant growth of vegetation that so soon invests the neighbourhood with the beauty derivable from the richest shades of colour on tree, and shrub, and leaf. From the town, with its wooden stockade, for two miles, up to the low range of hills on which glows and glitters the stupendous Shoe Dagon pagoda, the whole way appeared but an extensive series of rich, unwall'd fields, gardens of fruits and vegetables, copses of bananas, and ponds of almost invisible water, over which nature had woven a carpet of deceptive verdure.

Rangoon was no longer the wretched seat of disease, comparative famine, and desolation, which it had been a few months back. The natives had flocked back in

numbers; the houses were rebuilt; the shops began to be refilled by Chinese; whilst the adjoining country was once more peopled, and even the deserted *keowms*, or monasteries, began to resume their look of cheerful habitation; for there is no class of the Burmese more cheerful and courteous than the priests. I was convalescent, and my medical friend—how frequently it happens that the physician really becomes the friend!—approved of my taking a little relaxation by rambles in the country near the stockade, for it still might be unsafe to extend them into the interior. It was decided that we were to go together to witness the funeral obsequies of a *phonqi*, or priest, of great reputed learning, whose death, happening when war was at its hottest, had been looked upon by the Burmese as a public calamity. It is a sight seldom seen by Europeans, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony. The body had, as is usual, undergone the process of embalming, after which it is covered by a layer of melted wax, to prevent injury from atmospheric action. This is, in turn, overlaid with sheets of leaf-gold, and in this state it awaits the final pyrotechnic display which constitutes the funeral.

The day arrived, and with it my friend, who had been fortunate enough to obtain an elephant—one of three whose services for the procession had been granted by the commissariat for the grand ceremony. The ground chosen was within half a mile of the outer stockade, a plain of some extent, slanting down seaward, and overlooked by a dismantled pagoda, better known as the White House picket, having formed a strong fortified position of the enemy until it fell into our hands, when it became one of our outposts. When we reached the scene of display, immense crowds had already assembled, the procession round Rangoon being over, and the final rite about to begin. On an elevated stage of wood and bamboo, gaudily decorated with emblematic devices in gold-leaf, stood the coffin, by no means of a lugubrious appearance, for it was likewise overlaid with gilding. As we approached, somewhat delayed by the unusually restless temper of our elephant, which the *mahout*, or driver, ascribed to discomposure at the sight of so many people, the coffin was being removed from the stage to a very high vehicle or car, on which also a platform was erected. A moving mass of Burmese, bearing flags, banners, images of deities, and mythic blazons, surrounded the car; boys and girls danced and chanted as the coffin was deposited; and as we drew still nearer, we discovered that the strange images which were affixed to the car were stuck over with all manner of pyrotechnics—rockets, &c. A large assemblage of phongis stood by, whilst a few golden *tees*, or umbrellas, declared the presence of influential chiefs. There were not many of the fair sex; but a score or two of elderly women, in yellow raiment, were pointed out as belonging to a sacerdotal sisterhood—Buddhist nuns. Directly behind the coffin was a cannon ready loaded, and levelled with precision; whilst in front, the space was clear of the crowd, to prevent accidents.

Meanwhile, our elephant's fretfulness seemed to increase, nor could all the efforts of the *mahout* control it. In fact, we were afterwards informed that this man was a stranger to the animal, whose accustomed conductor was sick in hospital. At last there was a signal, the blare of a most discordant horn, and then the cannon was fired, the rockets, the fireworks let off, with a roar and a blaze, and a shout of multitudinous voices, that not only shook the whole space, but terrified the already excited elephant into perfect fury. With a velocity that nearly shook me from the pile of cushions and rope-work which fortunately supplied the place of a howdah, the animal dashed forwards right amongst the crowd, piercing the smoke that burst from oil, petroleum, and wood, till, almost

choked by the fumes, he as suddenly turned his back upon the whole, and, trumpeting loudly—surest evidence of elephantine rage—rushed on, I knew not whither. Nevertheless, I had seen the discharge of the cannon; and amidst flames and flashes of fire, that in darkness and at night might have made an impressive spectacle, I witnessed the coffin literally blown up into the skies, whilst the acclamations of the populace sounded like thunder.

When I had self-possession to look at my own situation, I found that, though the *mahout* retained his seat on the neck of the elephant, the hinder half of our cushions had given way, and with them the worthy doctor had disappeared. I had enough to do to hold fast by the ropes; the *mahout* seemed to have resigned every attempt to regulate the creature, and we were advancing at a pace little short of a run up a woody track, that, leading from the stockade, promised to land us in the uninhabited jungle beyond the Shoe Dagon, whose glittering proportions, seen above the trees, loomed mystically on the left. But as we proceeded, the path narrowed, and the trees were of a larger size; and still, from time to time, the elephant, trumpeting, crashed amongst them—here rending away a branch, and there forcing himself through underwood, amidst which I expected every moment to be hurled like a cast-off caparison. We had probably advanced more than a mile at this reckless pace, when, an enormous tree coming in our way, the animal checked his speed for a minute; the next, turning upwards his trunk, and suddenly seizing the *mahout*, as a squirrel seizes a straw, he swung him with a wrench up into the tree, the amazed wretch howling with terror as he found himself fixed among the boughs. I could hardly help laughing, regardless of the fact that the same fate might be allotted to me. But no! the elephant, with a strange sound, that from a mouse would have been a squeak, continued his progress at a slower rate. I then discovered, as I thought, the cause of its anger: that tender part under or beside the ear, to which the *mahout* is wont to apply the goad which acts as spur, was raw and sore, the blood running from it down the poor creature's neck. The *mahout*, a stranger to the animal, in ignorance perhaps of the wound, if he had not indeed made it, had cruelly and unwisely used the goad, thereby irritating his charge to madness.

The poor creature now appeared perfectly tranquil; and presently the soil grew wet and boggy, and he tried cautiously to steer clear of the softest places, browsing the tender branches of some shrubs near us. I was considering the expediency of dismounting, and of endeavouring to find my way to the Shoe Dagon, now invisible, for we were at the bottom of a dell, and, I believed, approaching a creek which I knew ran in the direction we were taking; nor was it long ere the powerful and peculiar smell that saluted us assured me I was right. From it, I was certain that we were close to a little hamlet famous for the produce of that most offensive Burmese condiment, *gnapee* or *balichong*. Some of my readers may not know that this is a sort of paste, forming an essential article of diet at every Burman's meal, where it is consumed with everything: with rice, as if it were jam; with meat, as if it were mustard, only in larger proportions; and with fish, as if it were anchovy-sauce. Let me briefly add, that it is nothing but putrefied fish or prawns, which are in this state dried in an oven, and then pounded in a mortar with garlic, onions, spices, and a little salt; it is then put into a jar, and hot vinegar poured over it. After remaining for some time untouched, to let the acid penetrate and thoroughly saturate the *compote*, the jar is hermetically sealed, and set aside for some weeks—the longer the better. Wonderfully potent is the smell, and I have no doubt the taste is more so, but I wanted courage to give it a trial.

However, the strong effluvia of the gnapee was welcome to me as the 'gardens of Gál in their bloom,' for I knew that I was sure of finding at the creek some friendly ally of Pegu, or perhaps some of the Burmese flocking back to find safety under the conquering English, and who would conduct me to the stockade by a shorter track than any I could discover. But I had yet to wait awhile, for as I was preparing to slip off the elephant's back, the capricious animal trotted quickly on till, reaching an enormous cotton-tree, whose large showy scarlet and white blossoms had attracted him, he again stopped, and began to feed on them. Not long, however. A peculiar noise in the lofty tree beneath which we were placed drew my attention upwards—a crumpling and crushing of foliage, which startled the animal as well as myself. It did not resemble that which is made by a bird or a squirrel, and seemed to seek rather than to fly us. My first impression was that a man was in the branches, for monkeys I had not heard of in Ava. I am short of sight, but as I gazed intently, I became conscious of the proximity of a most unwelcome neighbour. I beheld a monstrous serpent right above me—its tail coiled and knotted about a branch of the tree—its gray, and green, and yellow-spotted skin and fiery eyes staring down into mine, while its huge head wavering to and fro, chilled me with horror; and in another instant the elephant also became cognizant of its presence, for it absolutely shivered as it stood, giving forth a sound so distinctly different from either the trumpeting of anger or the gigantic bass-squeak of satisfaction (so to speak), as proved that the modulations of the creature's voice were so many forms of expression given to it, as speech to man, by that Wisdom which allots to everything that lives its own peculiar language. In another instant, the serpent, releasing hold of the tree, swung itself with unimaginable velocity on the elephant's back, behind me. I felt the horrible reptile, as it weltered on the pack-saddle against which I leaned, and expected every moment to find myself within its coils. But at the touch of the serpent, mindless of marsh or bog, the elephant gave so sudden a spring that, weakened and paralysed by terror, I lost my hold of the fastenings by which I had hitherto kept my position, and before one could count three, found myself lying on a couch of the softest mud in all Burmah. When I was able to look about me, and saw that no hideous length of reptile was near, whilst the elephant's hasty steps as he crushed over the track we had so lately come by, led me to hope he had carried away the unacceptable visitor, I was heartily thankful to have had a landing-place so safe. The mud was not of any depth, and though I carried its colours on every stitch about me, I extricated myself without difficulty, and crawling quite to the other side of the jungle, far from the snake-haunted cotton-tree, sat quietly down, feeling an unusual sickness creep over me: in plain terms, I fainted.

I do not suppose this state of things continued very long; but I have no doubt that my recovery was accelerated by the powerful odour—more conducive to restoration from syncope than burnt feathers—exhaled from the persons of the three natives by whom I found myself supported. They were worthy men of Pegu, concocters of gnapee, of which they carried huge jars for the Rangoon market; and the aroma of which might well have induced a stench-hating Bedouin—had he been within a *fursung* of it—to stuff his nostrils with the cotton of expulsion. Truly, I was thankful to have their ready assistance in my return to the stockade; and, faint and athirst, welcomed with no common relish the ripe bananas and cool water with which they liberally supplied me. At my quarters, I found the worthy doctor preparing to set forth on a search for me; and in great alarm, as shortly before I appeared, the refractory elephant had returned quietly to the

stockade. The doctor, like myself, had fallen without injury; but of the inexperienced mahout we heard nothing; and the elephant made no revelations of the manner by which he got rid of his serpent-rider.

PASSING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLETKE.

Thou passest by the bloomy spaces
Where, bathed in dew, the sumptuous rose
Among her sisters dreams and glows;
By fields where frolic zephyr traces
Light furrows o'er the bending grain,
Thou passest—coming not again.

By whispering wood-walks—copses green—
Those twinkling glooms, so cool and still,
Where blithe birds sing their loves, and fill
The shade with gladness most serene—
And by the brook whose babble greets
Thine ear, thy swift foot silent fleets.

By wrecks of time—by scenes of sorrow—
By pleasure, rapture, and despair—
By all that shapes this life of care—
The bright to-day, the dark to-morrow:
Nor till the grave's green sod is pressed,
Thy hastening, weary foot shall rest.

E. D. C.

THE LANDRAIL.

Did you ever take breakfast with a landrail, or dodge him through the bottoms of the furze? If you ever do, regard him as a morning fantasy or a sprite from cloud-land; the fellow is so incarnate in his deceit, so wily and sprite-like, that, for all we know, he may be the earthborn child of the Old one; he can die at a moment's notice, when you try to chase him down; and you may handle him, tumble him about, and he will lie as still and stark as a hurdle or a boiled salmon; but just put him down, and turn your back, and he will open one eye, and look wistfully into futurity, not forgetting the lee-side of the present; and, finding all clear, will be up on his feet and off into the shelter of the sedges before you can say 'Jack Robinson;' and you may grope there for two or three minutes, and, disappointed, rise from the wet ground just in time to see him skip away on his wings from the low bushes a furlong off, and to find yourself plastered with clay in return for your enthusiasm.—*Hibberd's Brambles and Bay Leaves.*

MONGHIR, THE BIRMINGHAM OF INDIA.

The natives of Monghir excel in the manufacture of guns, pistols, and rifles, many of them marked with the names of Manton, Egg, and other celebrated gunmakers. I have seen one or two of them fired off, and them safely, with light charges. A sporting engineer belonging to our steamer bought a Manton for L.1, 4s., and fired several times successively. These guns are very cleverly made; and a novice could not possibly detect that they had not been manufactured by those whose names they bear. Forks and knives, corkscrews, hammers, and other articles of hardware, of very good description, are also made here. Fans, table-mats, straw hats and bonnets, necklaces and bracelets, made of a wood resembling jet, &c., everything may be purchased very good, and at reasonable cost. In our visit to the bazaars, indeed all over the place, we were beset by beggars, who are excessively numerous, and in the most piteous and abject condition. All the hard work, it seems, is done by the women. I am told that they work much better than the men, and get but badly paid. About twenty brought the fuel required for our steamer, and put it on board, while the men were looking idly on.—*Journal of a Cavalry Officer.*

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THE CASE OF THE RAILWAYS.

It is a fact strange, yet perfectly true, that you may enter Scotland at Berwick, and be transported by a railway, in little more than an hour and a half, to Edinburgh; may then cross a couple of estuaries by splendid, well-appointed steamers, besides a tract of country by a second line of railway, and finally advance by a third railway to Aberdeen—thus traversing the most important parts of our northern country in the most easy and luxurious way, saving a considerable amount of time upon the old modes of travelling, and paying but a trifle compared with what was formerly necessary—all in a manner at the expense of a portion of the community; since the fact is so, that these railways and steamers either make no return whatever, or, at the best, the shadow of a return, to their shareholders. Such we believe to be the case in many other tracts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is also true, that the railways of the empire generally, while everywhere useful to the public, yield but an inadequate return to those who formed them. The entire outlay has been L.286,000,000, and the annual revenue available for the proprietors is such (apart from what are called preference stocks) as to yield little over 3 per cent.

A fine business this for those engaged in it! But the case of the railway proprietors is not alone seen in their meagre or no dividends. The public demands of them an expedition which makes safety, to say the least, critical. Accidents take place, and the unfortunate company, which never perhaps touches a penny of profit, has to make up for all the damage to life and limb which has resulted, besides sustaining endless newspaper abuse for not having everything about them superhumanly infallible. It is altogether a strange affair. 'Use the Railways—Abuse the Companies,' seems to be the maxim on which the public acts. If it were a custom among us to seize a particular class of the community, saddle and bridle them, mount their backs, and compel them to carry us about without the provender usually given to other beasts of burden, and with occasional but liberal administration of stripes and scoldings for real or fancied shortcomings, it would be something like the case of the unfortunate holders of railway property in Britain.

But railway shareholders became so voluntarily, and their intention and hope was to realise large profits. Things have turned out badly for them, by reason of the heedless cupidity which animated them at starting, and which led to so much unprofitable expenditure. The accidents from which they suffer, and for which they are so much vilified, are in a great measure a

consequence of the parsimony which they practise in the management of trains. There is some truth here, but not enough for a justification.

In the first place, it cannot be necessary in this country to apologise for entering upon a speculation, honourable in itself, in the hope of profit. The individual merchant has avowedly no other object; yet, when his calculations are disappointed to his deep injury or ruin, people do not in general feel that mercantile views have deprived him of all title to sympathy. If so with the individual, why not so with the company? As to the frightful competition which caused so much unprofitable expenditure, it is evident to us that the blame lay with a deficiency in our public administration.

It having become evident that the country was to be pervaded by railways, the questions arose, by whom and how? The genius and habits of the people pointed to joint-stock companies, and to such was the business committed. Competition, the predominant idea of all industrial countries like ours, was also to be allowed free scope. The legislature had then to deal with a pell-mell of rival bodies, all eager to engross certain tracts of country, and careless what became of each other. The consequences can only be described as horrible and shameful—a discredit to free institutions in the eyes of all who have them not. Committees of the House of Commons, perhaps composed of men perfectly honourable, but not possessed of supernal wisdom, were called on to judge in the mêlée of stock-jobbers, engineers, contractors, landowners, all bent on proving black white, and white not to be itself. Sometimes the committee-men themselves were personally interested; in which case, of course, the chance of a righteous judgment was considerably lessened. Clever barristers made L.20,000 and even L.30,000 a year by specialties for the confusion of right and wrong. One is said to have in one year pocketed no less than L.38,000. We walked into a committee-room one day, and learned it was the seventy-second day it had sat, the average expense to the proposed company for each day being L.3000. The total expenditure for the act constituting this particular company approached half a million. The entire expenditure of British railways on the score of legislation had, in 1853, reached L.14,000,000. Furnished with licences for self-destruction, companies established main-lines where cheap branches alone were wanted, and dear branches where there ought to have been no railways at all—all in a frenzied eagerness lest others should come in upon the ground. One consequence of the hot haste was, that the prices of land, and expenses for engineering and construction, were frightfully exaggerated.

It seems like a dream; but we have been assured, on excellent authority, that a Highland proprietor, who has a seat in the legislature, had arranged to receive L.30,000, merely to induce him to abstain from opposing a certain non-effected railway, over and above a good price for his land. Equally dream-like, but equally true is it, that L.1000 was paid as a not unreasonable fee to an engineer for taking a superficial survey of a district in which a railway was proposed. As an additional illustration of the exaggerated scale on which everything was done at that time, we are enabled to state, that a branch-railway was proposed over a limited district at an expense of about L.240,000; the same district which has since been served with a single line—amply sufficient for its needs—at L.80,000, on which, after all, but a moderate percentage is to be expected.

Now, it may look like a paradox, but it is quite true that these evils cannot reasonably be attributed to the companies, as companies. As well leave sweetmeats exposed to a pack of children, and blame them for falling upon them. As well blame the assembly in a theatre for rushing out on an alarm of fire, and getting themselves suffocated in the lobbies. The root of the offence lay in our want of a certain needful limit to the principle of competition—a want only now beginning to be perceived. When we praise this principle, we should observe that it is only useful and good where a plurality of adventurers is desirable. When a town requires a water-company or a gas-company, a plurality of adventurers only causes double outlay for pipes and other apparatus, where a single outlay was sufficient. Competition is excluded there, or ought to be, by the very conditions of the case. So with the railways required in a country. They ought to be laid down according to some general plan—only one trunk-line here, only certain branches there; no more iron to be expended or land to be used than is strictly necessary for the general convenience. Had Britain done her duty in the case, according to the behests of an enlightened political economy, there would have been none of that frightful struggle of contrarious interests, none of those extravagances of thoughtless haste, no needless expenditure of money. The real wants of the country would have been supplied at probably little more than a half of the money actually spent. There would have been reasonable profits for the outlay, and the trains would have been conducted with more liberal advantages to the public, and probably with greater safety. Such has been the case in France, where the government planned the railways according to the best conceptions it could form of what was wanted, and also in part formed them, leaving competition to bring forward the company which would complete and work them most advantageously for the public. We have not a frame of government which permits of such things being done with us: we are too fond of individual freedom to admit of such governmental action. Well, the appalling bungle which has attended the forming of our railways, is just one of the expenses we pay for the freedom we delight in. Others may be found everywhere by one who looks. For example, the state of our large towns, where parochial and proprietary difficulties, standing in the way of sanitary or other improvements, are insuperable; or the state of our rural districts in respect of protection to property—the rogues left everywhere to work their will, because the public have a greater dread for a police. If we are right in thus attributing the railway-bungle to our general system, it follows that the railway companies are victims, rather than delinquents; and the public may reasonably be called on to take a lenient view of their policy. What is done, is done; the lost money cannot be restored; uncalled-for competing lines, being in existence, will go on working; impoverished companies

will try to squeeze a profit where they can; and thus railway management is not likely for a time to be what it might and ought to have been. It is a scrape the nation has got itself into through its preference of a certain system, and for the nation to suffer is no more than its due. To try to improve matters by railing at the more immediate and larger sufferers, the shareholders, or those scape-goats of all the other parties, the DIRECTORS, is simply absurd.

And here it is recalled to us, that all those troubles between directorates and shareholders, of which from time to time we hear so much, may be traced to the same system of unrestrained freedom in the formation of railways, which has resulted so unpleasantly for the public. In consequence of the ruinous struggle to which they were committed, directors have often acted amiss, even where they were animated by the best intentions. They have been called on to try to secure a dividend, where additional outlay for plant and the details of management was more pressingly necessary. The difficulties of the case have been immense; and, if there have been instances of selfish mismanagement, as in the imperfection of all human things there might well be, there have also been cases of remarkable sacrifice for the general interest. We could point to one board, of which the members have seriously compromised their personal fortunes for the purpose of obtaining the funds needed to carry on the business of the railway. It appears to us that there has been, in some instances, precisely the same unreasonableness on the part of shareholders to the directors, as from the public generally towards the companies—the less reasonable in this case, in as far as the shareholders have themselves been largely to blame in respect of that of which they complain. When John Smith, by common consent the managing head of his little concern, owing to his spirit of rivalry and fondness for speculation, shews a terribly small balance at the end of the year on the favourable side of profit and loss, his partners never think of calling John a swindler. What they do, if they are persons of common sense, is to look minutely into his proceedings the next year, and interfere when necessary. This railway proprietors never do. They grumble that their dividends are so small, but never think of looking for themselves into the management of the business. They leave everything to the directors; and never think of the possibility of there being anything wrong till alarmed by some imminent danger in which the whole concern is found to be involved.

While the public is suffering, there is much to sustain it under the affliction. Such is the natural buoyancy of all commercial interests in Britain, that even the worst railways may be expected to undergo a constant improvement in profitableness, the natural consequence of which will be an improvement in the management, as a lucrative concern is always the pleasantest to have to deal with. Under increased dividends, things will go sweeter both between the companies and the directors, and between the public and the companies. There is, of course, little reason to expect a general reduction of fares, for we have reserved scarcely a vestige of control over that department. But this hardly presents an immediate subject of regret, seeing that fares are at this moment perhaps rather too low than too high. That they are everywhere below the old charges for travelling, is beyond dispute. Equally true it is that the railways transport goods at much lower rates than any of the former carriers. Coal, for instance, is carried by them at an average of a half-penny per ton per mile; while the old charge by the canals was three-halfpence for the mere water-road, with a charge for carriage besides. An addition of one shilling in the pound on the fares would make a large and sensible improvement in the profits of railways, and would be little felt by the public.

We would have the public, too, to be somewhat more mindful of the benefits they have already derived from railways; it would improve their patience under evils for the time unavoidable. With all their faults, follies, mistakes, sins of omission and commission, these iron roads, which take 20,000 tons of metal and 3,000,000 of trees *per annum* merely to keep them in repair, have immensely subserved the conveniency, and promoted the wealth, of the people of this country. They save the public two-thirds of their time in transit, and two-thirds in fares and tolls; they have given us the penny-post, which could not have existed without them; they have intersected the country with telegraph-wires employing 3000 persons, stretching a distance of 86,000 miles, and flashing a million of messages in the year, many of them to and from places hundreds of miles apart; they have reduced the cost of many articles of general consumption, and rendered others common where nature had seemed to plant an interdict against them. In 1854, it is calculated that 2,000,000 of livestock were brought to the metropolis, and that two-thirds of this enormous number came by railway and steamers. Independently of lessened expense of transit, cattle lose twenty pounds in weight for every hundred miles they are driven, and all this is saved in addition to the difference in the cost of transit. Besides livestock, railways bring to London in the course of the year upwards of 80,000,000 pounds of killed meat, much of which is distributed by the same means throughout neighbouring towns. More than half her supply of fish—230,000 tons in the year—is transported by rail; more than 1000 tons of green food every week, and milk by millions of quarts in the year—the itinerant dealers selling their 'railway milk' more than 25 per cent. under the usual price. In many important inland towns, fresh fish were unknown luxuries before the fiery locomotive came to their aid. Birmingham is a hundred miles distant from salt-water; yet fish may be bought there in the afternoon, taken fresh out of the sea the same day. The carriages of these railways, 150,000 in number, drawn by 5000 engines, travel every year an aggregate distance of 80,000,000 miles. In 1854, they transported 111,000,000 passengers, travelling an average distance of twelve miles each, and in such safety that in the first half of the year but one accident happened to every 7,195,341 passengers. In these journeys, each passenger gains an hour in time, amounting in all to 38,000 years of working-life at eight hours a day. Supposing the day's labour to be worth three shillings, these deplorable railways save the nation L.2,000,000 a year in the item of time alone.

UP A COURT.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt very confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time shewed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labours one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention. 'Come in!' I cried; and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled moleskin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory 'hand.'

'Beg pardon for disturbin' yo', said my visitor; 'but aw coom to see if yo'd do a bit of a job for me?'

'What sort of a job?' I inquired.

'Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, an' we think as we could like to hev his portrait ta'en wi' them coloured chalks, if yo'd be so good as do it. Yo'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than th' usual charge for th' extra trouble as yo'd hev.'

'Oh, I'll do it with pleasure,' said I. 'But when do you wish me to come?'

'Why, now, if yo' con,' said my new patron; 'for yo' seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday-afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now.'

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

'You are employed in a mill, I suppose,' said I, as we walked on.

'Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'.'

'And your little boy—what is the matter with him?'

'Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, an' has a terrible cough, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he connot stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, 'specially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', an' aw buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here's Grime's Court; we mun turn up here, if yo' please'n.'

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the closely packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous heap in the centre of the court; and, amongst these ancient relics, a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

'Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?' said I: 'the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters?—no sewers to receive this filthy water?'

'There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at th' corner, an' then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf, an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court, an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we connot brun 'em.'

'Have you no yard behind your house?' I inquired.

'No; th' cottages as they build'n now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' th' coals under th' stairs. It's terribly thrutchin' wark, they moight think as poor folk needed no breathin'-room.'

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the floors, visible through the open doors, were newly washed and sanded; and women in clean caps and aprons, with faces glowing from a recent scrubbing, were setting the tea-things with a pleasant clatter; whilst their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside enjoying their Saturday-evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with

furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door, were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

'Is that Mr Worthington, father?' said a small weak voice.

'Ay, this is him, Willie,' said my companion, going towards the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached him. The pale face, over which the almost transparent skin seemed tightly drawn, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, 'snoddin' him up a bit'; so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, whilst the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

'There, aw think he'll do now, John—willn't he?' said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

'Thou's made him look gradely weel,' answered John; 'an' so now, Mr Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, whilst my wife an' me goes to th' market.'

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little, wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

'Are you not weary sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?' I inquired.

'Sometimes,' he answered, 'but not often: there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th' old hen, or th' donkey-man as sells blackin'. Once,' continued Willie, growing confidential, 'there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' th' man as was with it saw me through th' window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again sometime.'

'Have you some plants there, Willie?' said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

'Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere, an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here,' added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright-green vegetation. 'Isn't it nice?' said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. 'Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe.'

'Have you read *Robinson Crusoe*, Willie?' I asked.

'Yes, many a time,' he answered. 'Look, I've these books too;' and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow—*Bruce's Travels* and *Typee*. 'An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised.'

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, whilst I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet shewing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing

for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kindness of the parents, interested and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, whilst he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday-afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at sight of my floral prize. Whilst I resumed my task, he busied himself in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

'Aw'm sure yo're nother paid nor haulf-paid wi' what yo' charge'n,' said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; 'but aw'll try to come out o' yer debt sometime, if aw live.'

'An' mony thanks to yo', sir,' said the mother, 'for th' pleasure as yo'n gin to th' child. There's nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he so seldom gets ony.'

'Willie's full o' presents to-day,' said John: 'see thee, lad!' and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

'Look, look, Mr Worthington!' cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure: 'a *Journey Round the World*, and full of pictures—only look!'

'Ay, aw thought that would please thee,' said his gratified father. 'Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr Worthington,' he added, as I was preparing to depart, 'aw've summat to fotch down stairs before yo' go'n: sit yo' down a minute;' and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper, he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiously marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the drawers, was carved with considerable skill.

'Is that your work, John?' exclaimed I, in some surprise.

'Ay,' said John, with a grin. 'Aw see'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t'other things lapped up in a piece o' papper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier; so aw've made this at neets, when aw'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo'll accept on't.'

'That I will,' said I; 'and thank you heartily. But how is this, John?—why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?'

'Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits o' things now and then for th' neighbour's childer; but yo' see aw cannot make th' patterns for 'em, so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, an' then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit: aw'll warrant he'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n: will t'ou not, Willie?'

The boy lay still, with his face turned towards the window, and did not answer.

'Willie! Willie!—why, surely he hasn't fall'n asleep

already,' said his mother, approaching the bed. He had—into the long deep sleep, from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped to his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

'Hush, Martha, woman!' said John at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice; 'hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a', to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he'd gone i' pain. He went when he wur at th' happiest, an' we'll hope he's happier still now.'

'John,' said the mother, looking up, 'let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him; let 'em be buried wi' him.'

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet church-yard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

THE LAST OF THE ARCTIC VOYAGES.

SIR EDWARD BELCHER'S narrative of the last of the arctic voyages, undertaken in search of Sir John Franklin, possesses a real and important value, and ought not, therefore, to be shut up from the mass of the public in the two substantial and expensive volumes 'published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.*' Much of the work has little or no interest for the general reader; but there are various incidents connected with the expedition which may be properly detached and reproduced in a form adapted for popular perusal. Such particulars, or as many of them as can be compressed into a limited article, it is our present object to bring together for the benefit of the readers of this *Journal*.

It may be remembered, that in April 1852, Sir Edward started in command of a squadron of five vessels—the *Assistance*, the *Resolute*, the *North Star*, the *Pioneer*, and the *Intrepid*. The three first were sailing-vessels, and the other two were steamers acting as tenders to the *Resolute* and *Assistance*. They passed Cape Farewell, the southern point of Greenland, on the 1st of May, and proceeded northward up Baffin Bay, skirting the coast of Greenland up to the top of Melville Bay, and thence returning in a south-westerly direction to the entrance of Lancaster Sound. No traces so far had been discovered of Franklin's expedition. Through Lancaster Sound, they proceeded onward into Barrow Strait, and halted at Beechey Island, near the opening of Wellington Channel. Here the *Resolute*, under the command of Captain Kellett, parted company with Sir Edward and the *Assistance*, to proceed westward to Melville Island and the straits and seas adjacent. Sir Edward Belcher, with the *Assistance* and the *Pioneer*, turned northward up Wellington Channel, leaving the *North Star* at Beechey Island, as a stationary depôt and general point of rendezvous for the rest of the expedition. Sir Edward and his companions were now in the arctic wilderness, forcing their way through frozen fields, sawing and blasting the ice as they proceeded, and experiencing the usual arctic perils and disasters. Among the phenomena noticed on the route was the 'red snow' mentioned by Sir John Ross; not a pale or dingy red, but deep crimson, lying in spots on the otherwise

unsullied surface. Sir Edward Belcher conceives that these tinted patches are caused by the birds which congregate in these regions, and feed on small fish of a brilliant scarlet colour. The vessels were not delayed in their progress, except at intervals, where the floe lay across the way, or at points at which previous expeditions had left records. Lest any one should not understand what is meant by a 'floe,' it may be well to give the definition of it presented in these volumes. 'The floe is a homogeneous frozen mass, of possibly miles in extent, averaging from three feet to three feet six inches, or four feet, in thickness; it is tough, elastic, not easily upset, and impermeable to the sea.' On the other hand, what is called the 'pack'—frequently mentioned in these voyages—is 'a collection of bits of floe, or bay-ice, broken into pieces of every size, and in every imaginable idea of confusion, at one place two feet, at another twenty or thirty, and only cemented by casual freezing, tumbling asunder by its own inequality of weight, and rending the heavier from the lighter by any slight access of temperature, or still more vigorously by cracking and letting the warmer sea flow in between the joinings.' The floe is for the most part safe for travelling with sledges, while the pack, both for sledges and shipping, is often extremely dangerous.

Sailing through the spaces which connect Wellington Channel with Queen's Channel, the *Assistance* and the *Pioneer* proceeded northward, till, at the head of the latter channel, they were impeded by a mass of ice many miles in extent, on the western side, which closed all chances of advance in that direction. Here, therefore, in a little harbour on the eastern side, the *Assistance* and her tender were moored for the winter season, not to move again until the spring of 1853. A few days after the ships were thus secured, Sir Edward commenced a sledge-journey over the ice, with twenty companions and three weeks' provisions. As it is with the incidents of the voyage, rather than with its objects, that we are to be here concerned, we will quote the account given of an adventure with the walrus, shortly after starting.

'I succeeded,' says Sir Edward, 'in shooting four walrus, two of which I was enabled to secure, but Dyak fashion—their heads only were at this time taken. During our absence on this journey, one of the beheaded carcasses floated near the ship on the floe-piece where I had left him, and was captured, but not, I believe, without further expenditure of ammunition: of this I have no particular evidence; he had no head to speak for himself, and no such trophy was produced. It is not pleasant to narrate acts which bear the impress of cruelty; and I must confess that, on reflection, the killing of four of these animals, without securing them for use, was unnecessary. The sportsman seldom thinks of this. The death of monkeys or parrots, and turtle, where they could not be consumed, has often brought me to the same reflection. But, without dwelling further on acts or motives, the duty of naturalist compels me to notice the conduct of these warm-blooded animals on being wounded. The father, mother, and cubs were of the party. On the death of the mother, or rather on receiving her wound in the neck, it was painfully interesting to notice the action of her young. One literally clasped her round the neck, and was apparently endeavouring to aid in stanching the blood with its mouth or flipper, when, at a sudden convulsive pang, she struck at her infant with her tusks, and repeating this several times with some severity, prevented its further repetition. The male, with a very white beard (strong horny bristles), came up repeatedly in a most threatening attitude, snorting aloud his vengeance; and well satisfied was I that the floe was my safeguard. Another, finding that she could not longer swim, deliberately hauled herself up on the floe to die.

* *The Last of the Arctic Voyages: being a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. Assistance, under the command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B., in search of Sir John Franklin, during the years 1852-3-4.* 2 vols. Published under the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London: Reeve. 1855.

Now, with all due deference to anatomists, who may afford us full proofs of the capability of these animals to walk like flies on our ceilings, I must protest, from frequent observation, against the use of the flipper of the walrus for this purpose. It does not appear to be of greater aid than that of the seal is to that animal; and, strangely, its nails are placed on the upper side of the flipper, some inches within the margin. That the power of exerting the vacuum exists, I doubt not. But here, within a few feet, deliberately did I watch the progress of the animal in effecting its purpose. In the first place, the tail and fins, exerting their full power in the water, gave such an impetus, that it projected about one-third of the body of the animal on to the floe. It then dug its tusks with such terrific force into the ice that I feared for its brain, and, leech-like, hauled itself forward by the enormous muscular power of the neck, repeating the operation until it was secure. The force with which the tusks were struck into the ice appeared not only sufficient to break them, but the concussion was so heavy that I was surprised that any brain could bear it. Can any one, then, be surprised when they are informed that they "die hard," even when shot through the brain?

The mode of encampment on these arctic voyages not having been explained in any published works, Sir Edward thinks it proper to give a 'rough outline' of the tent, equipment, and other accessories therewith connected. 'The tent is very similar to that of American hunters, with this exception—instead of two forked poles, and one horizontal, resting in the forks, with the sides pegged down, the extremities of these are framed by two boarding-pikes, forming the pitch or sheers at each end, and a horsehair (clothes) line stretched over these forks, and well secured to the sledge at the back, and by a pickaxe in front, keep all steady—so long, at least, as they hold. Instead of pegging, the sides are well banked with snow, which retains the heat, and keeps them pretty secure, if well performed; and if not, the breeze is sure to penetrate and create more rattling than is conducive to comfort or pleasant dreams. Each person is furnished with a blanket-bag, formed of thick druggut or felt, having an outside shell of prepared brown holland, supposed to be impervious to the air. The officer, who should always occupy the post of honour, is located at the extreme end, and that end is always placed towards the wind, in order to prevent its blowing into the mouth of the tent; he is able, therefore, to feel exactly for himself, as well as those around him. Into this chrysalis-bag, by dint of a kind of caterpillar wriggle, each individual contracts himself, endeavouring, by every reasonable mode, to produce a suffocating heat, and using his knapsack, boots, sextant-case, or any other convenient object, for a pillow. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to place any article, to be worn on getting up, sufficiently in contact with the body to preserve its flexibility, or to prevent it becoming frozen. Over the snow is spread an oil-skin canvas and buffalo-robe carpet; and when all are laid out, or have supped, a general coverlet of felt is superadded, which is supposed to confine the accumulation of animal warmth. Cold, it is imagined, does not ascend, nor heat descend; yet it is very distinctly felt in both ways, especially when the warmth produces something very similar to a thaw beneath. But the enemy—not the "sweet little cherub, &c.," but the barber*—is ever aloft, condensing the breath, and dropping down refreshing snow-showers, which makes one very dubious about exposing his head outside his shell, the lap of which he manages to turn down, and complete the envelope. The cookery and other proceedings are mere common-

* 'The barber' is explained in another place as meaning 'the immediate condensation of the vapour arising from water at the point of condensation, and blown upon the beard—or the natural condensation on the beard of the exudation from "the animal."'

place. In these tents, you sleep as soundly as you can fancy under the temperature, unless the whispers of "bear," or the ominous snuffling of that animal, should induce you to ask: "Who is cook?" As this personage, although permitted to sleep at his post, is the sentinel *par excellence*, he, of course, has the place next the door, and, if not very sound asleep, is aroused, and betakes himself to reconnoitre.

In a subsequent part of the narrative, we are told that it is not easy to emerge from the above-described sleeping-bag, 'especially if the alarm of bear, fire, or water should be given, as the aggregate living mass is covered by another heavy blanket, made fast to the tent-poles at the officer's end of the tent, to keep him down until the rest escape.' Barring accidents, however, the tent routine is quite simple. 'At a certain hour, the cook is called: I never knew a cook call himself. Why should they sleep more than any other member, seeing that they have the same time allowed, and change daily? probably the last cook being the very foremost to call his successor to a sense of his duty. Our fires were candles, therefore soon lighted; but the cook had to procure his snow and thaw it before he obtained water. When this could be coaxed to boil, the chocolate was put in, and the word passed—"Cocoa ready." Heads emerged, pannikins produced (tin-pots holding, *just measure*, one pint and more each person), biscuit is served out, and breakfast soon despatched; no waiters to pay, no chambermaids. The luncheon, grog, is mixed with the water from remaining fire (now available), luncheon put into the "scran-bag," and "Down house—break up!" Such, reader, is the delightful process of the polar travelling-gentleman, to be understood in future as "started" = after breakfast, &c.; "pitched" = or erected tents, cooked, and went to sleep.'

On returning from the sledging exploration, which resulted in nothing, so far as regards the object of the search, the officers and crew of the *Assistance*, having little to do until the ice should break up, set about amusing themselves, as far as that was practicable, with theatricals. The first performance was injured by boisterous weather; but the company afterwards, on the shortest day, performed *Hamlet* and the *Scepegrace* with somewhat more success. 'The performance was, as far as we could hear, good; but some doubt as to the scenery—the preponderance of clouds at three feet above the stage, resulting from the condensation of the breath of the audience, rendering the busts of the actors barely visible, and thus, at all events, adding to their confidence, as no blush could be detected. . . . Sir Edward Parry mentions that the zeal of his manager produced representations even when the thermometer fell below zero. In the present instance, the temperature was -34 degrees outside, but the after-deck thermometer is registered as low as -37 degrees.* It was, however, to my feelings, uncomfortably cold, even in her majesty's box. . . . Thus we passed the Rubicon of this much-talked-of polar winter in Northumberland Sound, the evening terminating at a supper given on board the *Pioneer*, where "bright eyes," as well as "brother polars," were not forgotten.'

After the shortest day, Christmas-day soon followed, when the officers and crews of both vessels appear to have made a jovial time of it. Sir Edward Belcher was drawn in a 'state-sledge' from the *Assistance* to the *Pioneer*, to inspect the preparations there making for the Christmas-dinner, and the fancy decorations amidst which it was to be consumed. The usual loyal toasts were drunk, and compliments exchanged; and then the worthy captain returned to preside over the opening festival of the crew of his own ship. Here, as in the companion-vessel, he tells us, he found all

* It will be understood that these signs mean respectively 34 and 37 degrees below freezing-point.

the luxuries of the season, not forgetting the national roast-beef and plum-puddings. 'The arrangements were all perfect, and in good taste; and our trusty crew were prepared to do justice to their fare, and enjoy themselves.' Leaving them, after seeing that everything was in progress as it should be, he adds: 'About six of the officers of both vessels, numbering seventeen, dined with me; and I think, by the very kind forethought of several warm-hearted fair friends, who will possibly remember their good deeds with satisfaction, that my table groaned under as good a spread of the luxuries usually exhibited at this season as it could have done in merry England—not omitting the roast-beef, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and frosted cake of our national predilections. "Poor Polars, how I pitied them!" Yet they seemed to enjoy themselves, and even to think of those poor people in England who might not enjoy themselves with half the genuine feeling. Our Queen and consort, our Duke of Cornwall, our relations and friends there, were not forgotten, not even the banner-cherubs and their mottoes; nor were our companions here, though for a time severed, yet possibly to be for a moment reunited in our spring travels, omitted. [Captain Kellett and his men in the *Resolute* are here referred to]. . . . Many uninterested persons may doubtless be of opinion that these are not matters for the public journal of the commander of such an expedition. I am willing to risk the verdict; it is the true index of the habits and customs of the arctic explorers in 1852-3-4-5-6, &c. Many an anxious eye may be turned to these particular pages, when others of dry matter, or of a controversial complexion, would studiously be avoided. We have but little sun at this season. Let us enjoy all the brightness that warm hearts and innocent amusements can afford, not forgetting those whose feelings are also gratified at learning that in all our enjoyments their presence alone was wanting to complete the cup. Sailors ever had, and will, so long as the good old breed is not extinct, have their feelings deep as the element they swim on, and no disguise.'

But these are but the occasional gaieties which help to relieve the tedium of a polar season: an arctic voyage is for the most part attended with many dangers, immense uncomfatableness, and manifold perplexities. On the reappearance of the sun, on the 18th of February, preparations began to be made for further sledge travelling. Excursions in various directions were undertaken, one of which was conducted by Sir Edward Belcher himself, and, but for his decisive presence of mind, might have been accompanied by fearful consequences. The accident sustained was owing to the defective nature of some of the articles supplied to the Admiralty for arctic service, as will be seen from the following extract:—'On this short excursion, we fortunately discovered the inadequacy of our cooking-lamps either for stearine or spirits of wine. Instead of brazing, they had been simply soldered, and the first time the spirit was used, the supply-tube fell off, the spirit (the entire day's allowance) was lost, and the tent endangered; and yet these things are put into the hands of the proverbially "careless and inexperienced seamen!" What mechanic could dream of burning stearine or alcohol in soldered vessels! Even the nozzles of the tea-kettles were so secured! Doubtless the government paid very handsomely for these inefficient clap-traps, but our blacksmith had enough to do to keep them in repair; indeed, we were lucky to obtain him, for the steam-department did not aid us in such matters, beyond helping the blacksmith in tin-work and at the bellows. These matters, at first sight, do not occur to the uninitiated, but they are pregnant with danger as well as inconvenience. Let us suppose that we had started with spirits only, as intended; but in this case we had

a small supply of stearine. First act: spirit-lamp defective, feeding-pipe falls off (soldered to the side and bottom, instead of top). The alcohol, flowing round and below, took fire, and destroyed the lamp for use. If I had not been present, and made a substitute, all the fuel would have been expended. But let us imagine that the tent did take fire, what would be the condition of the party? First, loss of shelter, and, from the attempt to extinguish the fire, inevitable frostbites; the result, loss of members bitten, or life! But there are other miseries; without fuel, neither water, tea, nor chocolate to drink could have been procured; and thirst at this season, particularly at the commencement, is intensely felt; but had such an accident occurred at the outward limit of a journey, the result is fearful to contemplate! What, then, I may ask, would be the chances in this region for our missing countrymen, if they escaped from their vessels? Fuel, even in savage-life, is requisite.' It may therefore have happened that Franklin and his men have perished through the Admiralty's accepting unfit articles from unprincipled contractors.

Here, again, is an incident, occurring somewhat later, which serves to illustrate the perils attendant on journeying over the ice. It was by a somewhat similar accident that Lieutenant Bellot lost his life. 'About eight a.m. on the 5th of May (1853), we moved forward, and on closing Star Buff, we found the ice becoming very tender. I thought that the off-shore ice would prove firmer: it was so; but I did not go sufficiently far; and in the attempt to make a short-cut, to avoid one of the most apparently dangerous spots, the leading sledge broke in. Here the trusty *Hamilton* [a boat taken with them to cross spaces of open water] did good service; she was soon floating beside the sledge, and safely were the goods transferred. The instruments were safe; and I was on the point, carrying the theodolite-legs in my hand, of seeking a secure spot, when I found myself suddenly immersed in a bath, by no means acceptable; it might have been an intentional interpretation of C. B., but it was beyond a joke. The current beneath the ice ran very strong. I had the chronometer on me, and, unless I was soon rescued, I should be missing under the ice! At present, the legs of the instrument across the hole sustained me just enough out of water to prevent wetting the chronometer. A track-belt thrown to me, and connected with others—for it was dangerous to approach me—soon dragged me out like a walrus, and all was right. The present condition and safety of our wardrobes being a matter of considerable doubt, Mr Grove most kindly clothed my lower extremities until matters were accommodated. Our only loss was ninety-six pounds of bread, and some pretty considerable dampness. The gutta-percha cases for bread proved too brittle, and split; they are certainly not adapted to the rough handling of seamen: no man who cannot understand (and feel for) them should be intrusted with, or can derive advantage from them; they will not stand rough usage. The bread thus damaged was buried, and a cairn erected to mark the spot, so that if distress required us to fall back upon it, we knew where it was deposited. But many of my readers would doubtless like to know how I relished this cold bath. I will describe it in a few words. The unexpected immersion was not pleasant: when in for it, I cared little about it, but the tide and safety of chronometer did not allow me to enjoy it. The cold was not felt, but a glowing sensation prevailed until I recovered my customary dry clothing.'

Here is a bit of natural history. 'We pushed on for Tongue Point, and there pitched. More bears! I was busy on the Point with the instrument, watching for an object, when I noticed a lady and her cub, amusing themselves, as I imagined, at a game of romps, but the old lady was evidently

more excited. Possibly no such opportunity has before been afforded by any naturalist of witnessing quietly the humours or habits of these animals. At first, the motions of the mother appeared to me as ridiculously absurd, or as if she was teaching her cub to perform a summerset, or something nearly approaching it: but the cub evinced no interest, no participation in the sport—indeed, moved off, and lay down, apparently to sleep. The antics, too, of the mother were too distant from the cub to prove instructive. I will endeavour to convey my impression of the exhibition, as viewed through the telescope, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, as well as the object on which she appeared intent. It must first be borne in mind that a bear of such dimensions as that before me would weigh about six and a half or seven hundred-weight. The object apparently in view was to break a hole in the ice. In order to effect this, the claws were first put into requisition, and as nimbly and gracefully as a dog did the huge creature tear up and scatter snow and ice to the winds. Having removed, as she imagined, sufficient, she then appeared to estimate her distance, calculate on her leap, and in the effort came down *perpendicular* on her fore-paws over the spot which she had scratched. Something, she imagined, had been effected. She continued to repeat this scratching and amusing mode of pounding until at length she appeared satisfied, when she assumed an attitude of "dead point," with fore-paw raised, and remained for some time immovable. The question occurred to me: "Is this a mode, by concussion and making a hole, of seducing a seal within gripe?" for I have repeatedly noticed that when we cut for tide-pole, fire-hole, &c., that these inquisitive animals will shew themselves. This however, I leave for others to verify. We now proceed to other business. Punch had rejoined: Mr Loney and one or two of the party, attended by the dogs, endeavoured to get within shot; but Punch, poor fellow, was done up, and could not be brought to the scratch. The cub evidently had sealed orders to open somewhere south-west; she bore up. Mamma steered away south-east, and parted company, apparently after the former bear, possibly her husband, and our party returned to pemmican and sleep. The experience we have had of bears' habits fully warrants the impression that they are afraid of man, dog, or wolf, singly—and would inevitably run from them, if escape was available; but cases may occur where, finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly confronted, they are driven to desperation, and endeavour to shew fight. All animals at bay are dangerous. The polar bear is cunning and inquisitive, and, having discovered your power, very wisely declines the combat.

No traces of Franklin were found in Queen's Channel or its neighbourhood. Sir Edward Belcher is of opinion that he never even passed up Wellington Channel, but supposes his course from Beechey Island to have been probably in the direction of Prince Regent Inlet. This opinion, from the traces found of him subsequently by Dr Rae, would appear to have some foundation, though Sir Edward rather inclines to the belief that the ships were crushed by the ice in Lancaster Sound, as he had observed signs of some catastrophe at Cape Riley, which he thinks were left by one of the divisions of the distressed crews. The whole matter of the fate of the vessels, however, still remains uncertain. All that is known is what everybody may be supposed to have read in the newspapers—namely, that Dr Rae, in the journey which he made for completing the survey of the west coast of Boothia, met with some natives in Pelly Bay, from one of whom he learned that a party of white men had perished for want of food some distance to the westward of that region. The date assigned is the spring of 1850. Sir Edward does not seem satisfied with the account, but thinks there are

grounds for suspecting that the distressed party were tracked by the Esquimaux, and probably killed and plundered. The large list of articles found in their possession, which had evidently belonged to Franklin and his companions, suggests, to say the least of it, some very grave suspicions.

Returning, however, for a moment to the narrative, we may sum up in a few sentences the movements of Sir Edward on retracing his course from the head of Queen's Channel. It was late in July 1853 before the ships could get released, and in proceeding southward they were constantly obstructed by the ice. Notwithstanding, they succeeded in reaching open water early in September, and in the latter part of October gained a position about half-way down Wellington Channel, on the eastern side, where they were shortly frozen in. This second winter proved greatly more severe than the former one, and so obstructed was the channel with fields of floating-ice throughout the ensuing summer, that it became impossible to extricate the ships; and both were eventually obliged to be abandoned. Sir Edward and his crews escaped with boats and sledges across the floe to Beechey Island, where they embarked on board the *North Star*, which was there awaiting their arrival. It was now August 1854, and preparations were made for returning to England. Whether in that single vessel so many persons would have all arrived safely, may be doubted, for the *Resolute* had also been left behind, and the crew had been taken from the *Investigator*, belonging to a previous expedition; but it happened, fortunately, that, when on the point of starting, the *North Star* was met by two vessels, the *Talbot* and the *Phoenix*, which had been sent out in aid by the Admiralty that season. The crews were accordingly distributed; and at length, towards the end of September, the three vessels reached their destined ports in safety.

Sir Edward Belcher, as most of our readers are probably aware, was subsequently called to account by the Admiralty for abandoning his ships; but the investigation resulted in his honourable acquittal. It was acknowledged that he had done the best that was practicable in his circumstances. It is to be borne in mind that he was not sent out to explore the north-west passage, but simply to search for Sir John Franklin. When that search became hopeless, it was plainly his duty to return; and as he was thoroughly persuaded that the vessels left behind could not be rescued without unseasonably prolonging the stay of his crews in those dreary regions, and thereby risking their lives, he chose the humane and prudent part, and obviously deserves the thanks and commendation of his country. 'Is the sacrifice of life,' as he pertinently asks, 'to be weighed against the loss of timber, which, if returned to England, as all previous experience has shewn, is of no further value as a sailing-vessel, but simply to be sold "to break up?"' 'Finally,' he says, 'I do feel infinite gratification that it pleased God to afford me determination to perform my duty in the precise manner I did, under the circumstances and difficulties by which I found myself surrounded.'

The narrative, though necessarily dry in many particulars, is nevertheless more varied and interesting than the generality of arctic voyages, and, as the foregoing extracts testify, is often marked with liveliness and pleasantry. The writer, perhaps, never forgets that he is an arctic commander, and shews a corresponding degree of egotism and professional self-esteem; but this is, in its way, rather piquant than otherwise, and does not detract from the general agreeableness of the work. The new information the work contains is very considerable; and it is beautifully illustrated with tinted lithographs, besides being furnished with a serviceable map. About half the second volume is occupied with an appendix, containing valuable papers on arctic fish, fossils, the remains of an ichthyosaurus,

crustacea, and shells, all by writers of eminent scientific reputation. Taken altogether, it seems to us a well-presented record of adventure and observation, and, as such, may be expected to find a cordial acceptance wherever it may happen to obtain attention.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

ONE sees many disgusting exhibitions in the East, but not one that is more so than the ceremony performed by the Howling Dervishes. To be sure, it is your own fault if you do see it; they themselves—unlike the Turning Dervishes at Pera and elsewhere, who most willingly admit foreigners to their chapel—hate the presence of the 'unclean' like sin; and it is only through the interest of some great individual, and determined perseverance in making your applications, that you are admitted within the hallowed precincts of their convent.

Many and unsuccessful were our own attempts for a sight of the mystery, until we at last succeeded in procuring the gracious notice of the arch-priest at Broussa to our excellent recommendations by letter and personally from two gentlemen of influence, whose acquaintance we had made. To these insignia, we ventured to add our own earnest assurance that we would behave with all due reverence, and preserve a face of becoming length whilst present.

At the door, three youths who had been stationed there by the imam to wait upon us, and prevent the crowd from impeding our view, stooped to take off our slippers. This done, we were ushered upstairs to a small room beside the chapel, through whose latticed windows we were to gaze upon the mystery. The walls of the chapel present a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chambers of the Inquisition. Like the mosques, and other holy places, they are ornamented with written sentences from the Koran. But there is with these dervishes a difference which chills you—the suspended battle-axes, chains, skewers, pincers, spikes, which are used to torture themselves when the religious frenzy becomes too intolerable for the expression of the voice or of motion.

The youths who formed our escort placed us in the best possible position to view the scene, and, then arranging themselves on each side, kept back the throng. Many and bitter were the muffled imprecations upon the *giaours* which arose from those beaten off as they tried hard to force within our charmed circle. Our small apartment filled fast, until, the heat becoming oppressive, our dragoman observed that, if air were not admitted, he was sure we could not stay. Upon this, the youths immediately stopped all further entrance of spectators, and opened a small lattice, through which passed a gentle breeze, imparting a delicious coolness to that part of the room where we were stationed.

A low monotonous chant rose to the lattice; we looked, and saw a train of dervishes slowly entering the chapel, headed by their high-priest. The dervishes prostrated themselves upon the earth, their foreheads in the dust; the priest, stretching forth his open palms to heaven, repeated a long low prayer. A tiger-skin was then spread before the *Mihrab*, and upon this the priest stationed himself. A rich green scarf was offered, with which he begirt himself with much ceremony. Then commenced a low horrid wail, echoed by the whole fraternity, who sat rocking their bodies to and fro till their foreheads almost touched the floor.

By degrees, the frenzy increased; the eyes of the performers began to shine with a terribly unnatural lustre; foam gathered upon the lips, as in epilepsy; the countenance writhed in the most frightful distortions; a perspiration, so profuse that it rolled

down the cheeks in huge drops, rose upon the pale and sickly brow; the 'Al'lâh-hou!' each moment was cried with a redoubled fury, until, with the violence of the shouts, the voice gave way, and the words became mere frantic roarings, as from a cavern of wild beasts.

Suddenly, a sound more distinct and more terrible than the rest arose from the heaving and surging mass. 'Lah il 'lah el il l'Al'lâh!' cried a voice whose tones were like nothing earthly; and the others present caught up and echoed that fearful cry. The next moment, there was a demoniac shriek, and the man who had at first shouted, rolled over upon the floor in a deathlike convulsion. Those next him, with another frightful 'Al'lâh-hou,' turned to his relief. They stretched him up—they chafed his hands—they rubbed and tried to bend his limbs; but he lay inanimate and rigid as a corpse.

With lightning rapidity, the infection of this paroxysm spread; the 'Lah il 'lah el l'Al'lâhs' became more terrible still: the devotees tossed their arms in the air, with the fury of maniacs. An instant more, and another dervish leaped from the floor, as if shot through the heart, and fell in convulsions.

This brought the frenzy to a climax. The imam encouraged the delirium by voice, by howls, by gesture. A young man detached himself from the group. The high-priest took an instrument that looked much like a pair of tongs, with which he pinched his cheeks with all his might; but the dervish made no sign of pain. A little child, a sweet little girl, of about seven years of age, entered the chapel, and calmly laid herself down upon the crimson rug. Assisted by two attendants, who from the first had stationed themselves one on each side of the *Mihrab*, the priest stepped upon her tender little frame, and stood there some moments; she must have suffered much, but when he dismounted, she rose and walked away with an air of extreme satisfaction.

Now commenced another and equally painful portion of the service. The imam regulated the time of the chant, by ever and anon clapping his hands to increase its speed, or commanding by gestures that it must be slower. Wail succeeded to wail, howl to howl, Al'lâh-hou to Al'lâh-hou, till at last the strongest men, unable to bear the violence of the exertion, fell to the ground in convulsions, or sobbed with anguish like infants. On the whole, a more revolting scene than the howling dervishes could not be readily conceived; and dreadful is the distortion of that spirit which can deem such torments are acceptable in the eyes of God.

A few days afterwards, it was my fortune to make a more intimate acquaintance with one of these dervishes; it was in this wise:—The Osmanlis have two diseases which are peculiar to themselves; the one they have named *gellinjik*, the other *yellanjik*. Under the head of *gellinjik*, they describe almost any possible illness of the body. The *yellanjik* is the more simple and more easily cured disease of the two: it signifies only toothache and its concomitant pains in the face. So difficult is the *gellinjik* to cure, that the happy ability has long been vested in a single family, through whom the power passes with each generation; but the *yellanjik* can be cured by those emirs or dervishes who are descended from Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed.

The charm consists in this. It is the fair sex who are usually afflicted with face-ache in Turkey; and, at any rate, these quacks have a particular love for those who are called the 'weaker vessels' of humanity. The lady is affected with nervous pains in the cheek. Faith is imperative, and there is one particular emir upon whom her choice falls. He is sent for; his feet are folded beneath him upon the divan, and his green turban readjusted. The veiled beauty is led by a slave into his august presence, and seated upon a low cushion before him. The emir utters a short prayer, lays his

thumb upon the nose, breathes softly upon the forehead, gently rubs the cheek, and the treatment is complete.

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with yellanjik. Immediately, on her desire being made known, a messenger was despatched for an emir whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Fitnet Hanaum was led into the presence of the emir. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling moustache and his long matted beard, it gave him by no means a prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and after he had operated upon Fitnet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was his nearest way to the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance, slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured: 'Buckshish! Buckshish!'

'Buckshish! Buckshish for what?' I asked.

He made a gesture, intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

'No; I cannot think of giving you buckshish. You are young and strong; you can work at your trade.'

'I do work—hard work.'

'For whom?'

'Al'láh.'

'But your work is profitless to both Him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!' pursued I with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on for the next half-hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

'Just bid him go about his business,' said I to the dragoman.

He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

'If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you,' said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which said that he defied me to get rid of him.

'Very good,' replied I. 'Now mind, if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault.'

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and, by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a smaller battery. He laughed derisively, saying: 'Al'láh el il l'Al'láh!'

'Then here goes!' pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, whilst the attendants crowded round to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like 'Al'láh-hou!' The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, flashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments, feeling satisfied that he had had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose, and, nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There, being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed, his face livid

with passion, to Al'láh that I and my stock might be withered up, root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers! Now he turned his attentions to the women in my family. These he cursed from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and, finally, he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove anything but faithful or fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be to me the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then I have often had a hearty smile at the discomfiture of the yellanjik doctor.

A TALE OF ANDORRA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

On the evening of the third day after he left Perpignan, Carlos and Mina slowly traversed the Isabella Place of Puigcerda, and stopped beneath the balcony of one of the best houses in it: but not without recognition, for on that balcony had been seated a young and an old woman, the former of whom, in spite of the efforts of the other to restrain her, had sprung to her feet the moment the muleteer entered the square, and had continued joyfully waving towards him a rich scarf she wore. She was a beautiful young creature, cast more in the Andalucian than in the Catalan mould—her mother had been a native of Sevilla—and the somewhat fantastic costume of the country rather enhanced than diminished her charms. The outlines of a red skirt and of a black velvet bodice, tightly fitting her figure, shewed the perfect symmetry of her form; the *mocado* or serge *manto*, which covered her head, served as a foil to a pair of most bewitching eyes and a complexion of dazzling clearness; while among the jet-black tresses that flowed over her shoulders, sparkled emeralds and amethysts of such size that they would have distorted the delicate ears to which they were pendants, had not their weight been chiefly borne by silken threads concealed beneath the cap. Vanishing from the balcony when Mina was within a few paces of the house, she appeared at the door before Carlos had well alighted, and welcomed him with every demonstration of joy.

'Welcome, Carlos—welcome,' said she, as she led him into the house, not, however, before she had saluted Mina too, by patting the sleek neck of the animal—a condescension which that sagacious quadruped met by a pert toss of the head, which plainly meant—'No humbug: it is little, comparatively speaking, that you care for me;' to which was added a champing sound, which evidently hinted that a measure of oats would have been much more to the purpose.

'Welcome, my dear friend,' repeated the girl. 'Supper is ready—I prepared it myself. You must be tired and hungry.'

'I have succeeded,' said Carlos, as he took his place opposite to her at table.

'Now the Queen of Heaven be praised! But I knew you would. Then all goes well?'

'*Corriente*—all's right—certainly,' was the reply.

But though the muleteer spoke thus, something still seemed to oppress him; his brow was gloomy, and he spoke but little during the repast. When it was over, he gave an account, though not a full one, of his visit to old Levi, and when that was concluded, he rose and said: 'But I must go. The early morning must find me on my way once more to Andorra.'

'Why so, Carlos?' asked Juana. 'Why so?' she repeated, in a tone that expressed partly surprise and partly anxiety. 'Is not all now arranged?'

'*Quien sabe?*—Who knows?' replied Carlos in the favourite but evasive phrase of the Spaniard. '*No compro nada de gangas*—I count nothing a bargain. We must be sure.'

'Then you will see Sagrita again?' cried Juana hastily, and in a voice that spoke evident apprehension. 'Oh, do not go. Stay with me. I am fearful of some mischance. Some friend of yours will go.'

'It is to avoid the possibility of a mischance that I go—that I go myself,' returned Carlos, a deep shade passing over his countenance. 'I must make sure.'

The sun was gilding the highest mountain-tops next morning when once more Carlos left Puigcerda behind him. This time, however, he was on foot, and his dress was different from that he had worn on his two former journeys. Instead of the broad *sombrero* and the full cloak, he now shewed the peculiar garb of his province: trousers of a dark colour, coming up high on his breast; a short embroidered jacket, with a light *capa* or *gambote* over it; the *gorro* or red Phrygian bonnet, with the peak rolled up and gathered forward over his head.

'Little thinks my poor Juana of what I am about to do because it must be done. Yet she seemed uneasy—said she had forebodings—promised to pass the day in prayer for me on her knees before the shrine of Our Lady of Urgel. Yet it is for her sake. Honour requires it. Let us smoke.' Almost mechanically, for he continued his musings, Carlos rolled himself a cigarette with national skill, and lighted it with his flint and steel.

'Have I made everything safe, after all?' he asked himself. 'Surely that old man at Perpignan may be trusted. And as to that Frenchman of Foix—I promised to see him again in a week, and this is now the seventh day. I did not calculate on having to go to Perpignan. But he will surely give me a short grace. One day, or at most two, will decide the people at Andorra, and he is not likely to come there himself. Oh, Sagrita, Sagrita! what a curse you have been to more than one, Guyonemé Sagrita! But the avenger is at hand, though as yet thou little thinkest how the vengeance will come! Ah, my Juana, as little thinkest thou!'

Leaving Carlos to pursue his way with a heart full alternately of love for the one, and of loathing for the other of the two persons who now alone occupied his thoughts, we now cast a retrospective glance at the circumstances antecedent to the opening of our story, and forming the necessary clue to it.

It was the annual festival of Puigcerda, a famous festival; not a pleasure-hunter for leagues round, who could possibly be present, had failed to attend. The little town had attracted within its walls, still black with the fire of civil war, and scarred by Carlist shot, all that was gay in that district of Catalonia, in Andorra and the Cerdagne. Since early morning, the Isabella Place, and the extensive meadow that stretches along by the canal, had been crowded with the holiday folk. With untiring elasticity, stout lads and handsome girls kept up, round numerous and indefatigable orchestras, their respective local or national dances, such as the Catalonian *pusans de baill*, the classic *contrepas*, or the vigorous *salt*, the mountaineer-jig or *bourré*, or the dizzy *balza*, as the waltz is there called; while the matrons and the elders of the people, seated by long tables, under the shade of fir-branches plaited into rustic bowers, watched and criticised the performers, or passed from hand to hand the *porron*, or flat but long-necked earthenware bottle, from which, holding it up at arms-length, they would pour a small cascade of wine down their throats, without any slip between its mouth and their lip. Traders-errant were invoking purchasers for their ribbons, sweetmeats, and jewels; jugglers were juggling, and quack-doctors vaunting their medicaments; gipsies—but to be short, it was a high holiday, and a Catalonian one.

One of the dances had just been brought to an end, and the musicians, who with flageolet, tambourine, oboe, *borassa*, and bagpipe, allowed but little rest to toes and

heels, had given harmonious prognostics of another, when a confused murmur rose from the crowd, which in that place was almost exclusively of visitors from the little town of Canillo in Andorra. Significant looks were exchanged, and the couples who had been about to take their places retired with some precipitation from the circle—all except one young man and his partner, who, by the withdrawal of their companions, were left in significant and painful isolation. By his vest of blue velvet, his red silk sash, and the fine cotton stockings appearing over his hempen *spartillas*, it was not difficult to recognise in the cavalier an Andorran of the upper class; it was, in fact, Guyonemé Sagrita, and the girl was Juana. For a moment, they remained motionless and undecided, but rapidly collecting himself, for the demonstration regarding them had been too little equivocal to be mistaken, Sagrita bowed to his trembling and agitated partner, and, taking her hand, led her back to the old woman who acted as her duenna, but who was, in fact, her servant; for Juana was an orphan, and had really no nearer relative than Sagrita himself, who, as has been said, was her cousin. 'Nurse! nurse!' (so Juana was wont to call the worthy woman), 'your arm, quick, and let us go home.'

At this moment, Carlos came up, and seemed to gather at a glance how matters stood.

'You here, too!' exclaimed Sagrita, as soon as he saw the other.

Carlos did not reply; he only folded his arms, and covered the other with a cold stern look. But so stern was it, that, after a vain effort to stand his ground, the Andorran quailed, and muttering some inarticulate words, turned and moved off, the little crowd which had now gathered making way for him, as if they shrunk from his touch by an instinctive feeling of abhorrence. Stopping for a moment at a booth, he called for a measure of wine, gulped it down at a single draught, and then, throwing the dealer a *peseta* for payment, took his way with long strides towards his native valley.

Meanwhile, the nurse with great volubility was pouring forth explanations and excuses, partly to Carlos, partly to the bystanders.

'What could we do?' she cried in great excitement. 'What could I do? What could Juana do? I was afraid of that horrid man; so was Juana. So, when he asked her to dance, what could we do? He is her cousin, after all. It was only for a dance—one dance—one single dance. Oh, Carlos! speak! Speak, Carlos! Say, am I to blame? Is Juana to blame?'

'Not much, perhaps—you nurse, I mean; and Juana knows I do not blame her,' said Carlos. 'But enough of this. Come with me. Here are too many friends. Good people, let us pass, I pray.'

'Oh, if Carlos is satisfied'—'Carlos is the best judge'—'Carlos is doubtless right'—said various voices, as the muleteer and the two women retired. And the music striking up again, another dance was formed, and for the moment the incident was forgotten.

But what had caused the temporary interruption of the Puigcerda festivities, and whence arose the feeling so unequivocally manifested towards Sagrita?

Guyonemé Sagrita, an only child, had inherited, in his twenty-second year, a large fortune for an Andorran. Naturally enough, he began to look about for a wife, and, as was perhaps also natural, his choice fell on Juana, his cousin by the mother's side. Little dreaming of a refusal, he soon asked her in marriage of her family. But he was sadly disappointed; for the parents of the girl—without assigning their real reasons, which arose from well-grounded distrust of his character—declined the offer, giving as their excuse her extreme youth. She was then, in fact, but fourteen years of age. Deeply mortified by this refusal—for he saw through the pretence put forward—he immediately offered his hand to one of her companions, a girl in comparatively poor

circumstances, thinking to revenge himself by provoking the envy of his relatives, which, in his self-conceit, for his vanity was unbounded, he doubted not would certainly be raised when they should see the humble girl become the sharer of his wealth. He was accepted in this instance; and retiring with his bride to his property, he forswore, as he thought for ever, the scene of what he considered his humiliation. Two years passed on, anything but happily, for his repulse by Juana's parents still rankled at his heart; and as for his poor wife, a gentle and inoffensive creature, she had to bear the consequences, and suffered much. About the end of that time, some business relating to his cattle obliged him to revisit Puigcerda. There, to his surprise, for he had shunned all communication with her or her family, he found that Juana was still unmarried. On making inquiries, he learned that this was neither from lack of opportunity, as she had received several excellent offers, nor from her being controlled by her father or mother, both of whom had died. He immediately took it into his head—so extreme was his self-complacency—that she had in reality loved him all along, and had resolved, since he had placed himself beyond her reach, to live and die a maid for his dear sake. He was, of course, highly elated at the supposed discovery; and, in the exultation of his imagined triumph, he openly cursed his precipitation in having, by his own inconsiderate and hasty marriage, placed between his cousin and himself the only bar, as he now declared, which existed to their union, and he took care that this confession of his repentance and regret should reach the girl's ears. It was after such avowals that he returned home to Canillo in Andorra; but thence, after passing a few days with his unhappy wife, during which time he shewed himself more discontented and savage than ever, he again descended into Spain, alleging urgent business, and taking the road to Urgel. Two days after, he returned. The next night his wife was taken suddenly ill; and on the morrow, after some hours of great suffering, she died. The corpse was, by his orders, buried the same day, and the funeral ceremony was scarcely over when he again set out from Canillo.

The sudden death of Sagrita's wife deeply impressed the people of the village and its neighbourhood, and she was much regretted by them; for her mild and unassuming disposition had won the heart of all who knew, and, what was the same thing, of all who pitied her. Still, no one suspected or dreamed that a crime had been committed. These simple and innocent people scarcely knew what crime was, for even the most trifling offences are rare in that secluded pastoral and thinly peopled valley.

But when, on their visit to Puigcerda, on the occasion of its festival, which fell only two days after—not all their sorrow for Sagrita's wife, real and unaffected as it was, could keep them away from their annual gathering—they heard of the unguarded declarations and hints that had fallen from their little-loved countryman, suspicion began to arise in the mind of every one, which became stronger and stronger as they gradually confided it to each other, and found that the same dark misgivings had occurred to all. And when that suspicion was confirmed by the appearance of Sagrita, and his leading Juana out to dance—the poor girl, it is but right here to remark, was as yet wholly ignorant not only of the circumstances but of the fact of his wife's death—no doubt any longer existed for them; and thus it was that they recoiled with natural horror from one whom they all now believed to be a murderer.

A very few words more will bring up our retrospect to the point at which we commenced our tale. The Andorrans, on their return from Puigcerda, at once communicated their suspicions to the civil authorities of their valley—namely, the syndic and the two viguiers. These officers immediately instituted an

inquiry, which soon left little doubt of Sagrita's guilt. It was ascertained that the journey he had undertaken just before his wife's death had been to Urgel, and that in that town he had bought a quantity of arsenic from a gipsy-farrier. The body of his wife was exhumed, and a large quantity of arsenic was detected in the remains, through the usual processes, by a French physician who was established at Urgel. A prosecution, conducted after the primitive manner of the valley, was instituted, and the wretched man, who seemed completely prostrated and incapable of making any defence, was found guilty, and condemned to death. On this followed the applications to the respective executioners of the Ariège and the Pyrénées Orientales, which applications, as we have seen, were baffled the one after the other by the intervention of Carlos. His motives for that intervention we have already seen explained to Levi of Perpignan: Sagrita was the cousin of Juana. It only remains to be added, that the girl was actually betrothed to Carlos, though the fact was unknown to her cousin, and that their marriage had been postponed only because of the death of her parents, the one of whom had followed the other to the grave after an interval of but a few months.

We left Carlos on his way to Andorra. But before entering the valley with him, we must say a few words about a district so seldom visited, except by the few inhabitants of the immediately adjacent country, and so little known even by name to the world at large.

Three mountain-glens, the wildest, perhaps, and the most picturesque of the Pyrenees, the basin formed by the union of these glens, together with the widening opening of that basin, which stretches and expands towards Spain, form this little territory, the dimensions of which may be, from north to south, six-and-thirty miles, from east to west, thirty. It contains six communes or parishes, amongst which are those of old Andorra, the chief town, and Canillo, mentioned above; and the population, of about 8000, is distributed amongst above thirty villages or hamlets. It is enclosed on all sides by the Pyrenean spurs, the waters of which are carried off by the Valira, a tributary of the Segre, which, in its turn, flows, at Mequinenza, into the Ebro. Down this water-way is floated much of the wood with which Andorra is covered. Its woods, indeed, constitute a very important part of its resources, much charcoal being consumed at home in its forges, which, as iron is plentiful, are numerous: it is even said that the name of Andorra is derived from the Arabic *darra*, 'a place thick with trees.' The valley of the Valira produces excellent crops of grain; but their flocks and herds form the chief wealth of the inhabitants, and it is from the pastoral life they lead, added to the natural seclusion of the whole locality, that the primitive character of the ancient republic is preserved; for, curious to say, an ancient republic it is—its origin as a separate, if not altogether independent state, dating from the time of Charlemagne, more than a thousand years ago. That monarch, in return for the assistance he received from the Andorrans of the time, when he defeated the Moors in the neighbouring valley—called that of Carol to this day—having conferred on them the privileges which their descendants still enjoy. Their independence, indeed, is not altogether absolute, for in spiritual matters they are subject to the Spanish bishop of Urgel, and in temporal, their two magistrates—called, from time immemorial, their viguiers—are appointed the one by that prelate, the other by the French government; while they also pay to the latter a yearly tribute of some L.40.

Tempting as is the present opportunity to enlarge upon the condition of this interesting little commonwealth, we must not allow ourselves to be drawn further from our proper tale than is necessary to elucidate it; we, therefore, must content ourselves by assuring the lover of scenery at once grand and

beautiful—the sportsman, whether it be with rod or gun—the naturalist, let his preferred department be zoology, botany, or mineralogy—and the student of men and manners who would find something very original and simple—that in the Valley of Andorra they will each and all find abundant opportunity to gratify their respective tastes. And for further information on what seems to us rather an interesting subject, we may refer the reader—as, perhaps, he will have anticipated—to Mr Murray's Handbooks for France and Spain, though in this case both are rather meagre as to details; and to *A Summer in the Pyrenees*, by the late Honourable James Erskine Murray, the only traveller, so far as we know, who has published anything like a satisfactory and full account of Andorra from personal observation.

HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

VISITING the splendid halls of the British Museum, I have often stood before the colossal statues and reliefs of those very Egyptian Pharaohs and Assyrian kings familiar to me from my earliest youth by the history of Joseph and Moses, and Hezekiah and Isaiah; and often have I admired the fragments of Persepolis, the reliefs of Lycia, and the frieze of the Parthenon, which carried me back, not only to the age of Darius and Harpagus and Pericles, but likewise to the happy time when I was first introduced to those august personages at school. At such moments, I could not but envy the bold and fortunate discoverers, Belzoni, Sir Charles Fellows, Botta, and Layard. I imagined the excitement they must have felt when disinterring the monuments of past greatness. Whoever has had the good-fortune of being present at Pompeii at the discovery of a Roman house, and beheld on the walls for the first time, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, those paintings, the last proprietor of which was a contemporary of Christ and the apostles, must certainly number those moments amongst the most interesting epochs of his life. Still, there are but few to whom such a pleasure is allotted, and I do not belong to them. But when I see that a visit to the Etruscan Necropolis, or a saunter through the streets of Pompeii, is impossible for me, I comfort myself with the thought that, after all, I could scarcely make a discovery either in Italy, or Egypt, or Assyria. Wherever I might go, other parties have preceded me; the scholars have published everything worth publishing, and the Cockneys have had the satisfaction of associating the illustrious names of Smith, Taylor, and Evans, with those of King Cheops, Pericles, and Phidias, by scratching them into the granite of the Pyramids and the marble of the Parthenon.

Accustomed to visit sometimes the British Museum, I have often been agreeably surprised by some new additions to the treasures exhibited in the upper rooms, such as were not, to my knowledge, lately acquired by the trustees. One morning, for instance, I found there the celebrated ivory tablet of Count Taverna, representing the body of Christ, raised by two angels, which Count Cicognara, in his *Storia della Scultura*, pronounced to be the finest ivory sculpture of the sixteenth century. Again, some most interesting Byzantine and medieval enamels made their appearance; next, a splendid set of antique glass-cameos were exhibited, which I immediately recognised as the collection of the late Mr Townley, mentioned by the excellent Josiah Wedgwood, 'potter to Her Majesty,' in his description of the Portland Vase; and I felt the truth of the learned potter's remark, that 'those glasses will shew to the astonishment of the intelligent artist what perfection this beautiful and valuable art (of glass-making) had attained by

the ancients, and to what amazing extent it might be carried in this enlightened age of invention, genius, and taste, if it was emancipated from the restraints which a mistaken policy has imposed upon it.* Enjoying these splendid remains of antiquity, especially the beautiful procession of Bacchus and Ariadne, one of the most charming compositions of antiquity, I wished that only Mr Apsley Pellatt were standing by, now that the taxes on glass have been abolished, to take a hint from the Townley pastes as to how much there remains to be achieved until our tumblers and decanters become works of art, instead of works of mere industry.

But the sudden appearance of those precious glass antiques was to me of still higher importance, as it confirmed my suspicion that there are hidden treasures in the Museum, unknown perhaps even to the trustees. I could not forget that the Townley pastes were bought by act of parliament in 1814; and that in the eyes of the Museum authorities they became ripe for exhibition only after having been buried in some dark recess forty years, watched by some antediluvian dragon, lest their beauty might refine the taste of the multitude, or inspire some poor artisan with the ambition of emulating the wonders of republican Greece and imperial Rome. All my endeavours were henceforth directed to the discovery of the spot where the treasures of the Museum lay hidden. Once I succeeded in getting into the subterranean vaults, where, to my great astonishment, I discovered the workshop of the restorer of the Assyrian reliefs, who joined some Ninevite fragments slowly to one another until they took the shape of a battle-scene; and convinced myself that, at the rate the work proceeded, the interesting reliefs may be exhibited about the time when Signor Panizzi brings his catalogue of the library to the letter Z. In the next vault, I found a number of Etruscan stone-coffins, adorned with rude but mythologically interesting reliefs, and was informed that the cellar was destined to be transformed into an elegant Etruscan museum. Proceeding with my subterranean inquiries, I stumbled upon a quantity of plaster-casts, which probably never will be exhibited here, since the collection of the Crystal Palace is far superior to them in arrangement and completeness; and I could not repress the thought that, distributed among the art-schools of England, they might be of greater use than thus packed up in the cellars of the Museum.

Disappointed in my subterranean rambles, and convinced that no discoveries of any moment can be made underground, I directed my attention to the upper story. A mysterious door at the end of the large hall which is half filled with British, northern, and medieval monuments, peculiarly attracted my notice. From time to time, I saw parties of ladies and gentlemen ringing the bell and entering, and remaining inside for a considerable time: I concluded, therefore, that there must be something to be seen. Resolved to fathom the mystery, I likewise rung the bell, which was opened by a doorkeeper, who demanded to know what I wanted. In my confusion, I muttered the name of one of the Museum officials, and was immediately led to him. He received me with the greatest politeness, and without hesitation shewed me into the *sanctissimum*. In the centre of a square room of middling size, and lit by sky-light, I saw the celebrated Portland Vase. This master-piece of antique glass-manufacture, it will be recollected, was shivered to pieces by a fanatical English iconoclast, but restored with admirable skill by Mr Doubleday. It is now removed from the public gaze, and admired only by those whose social or literary position gives them the

* *Description of the Portland Vase, &c.*, by Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S. and A.S., Potter to Her Majesty, and the Dukes of York and Clarence. London: 1790. (Page 30.)

privilege of being admitted to the 'Gold Room,' so called because the glass-cases along the walls contain antique gold ornaments. I admired the light and elegant Etruscan bracelets and wreaths found in the necropolis of Tuscany, and the ornaments of Magna Græcia, nobler in design, and of lighter art. Among them I perceived the archaic gold *patera* of Agrigentum, adorned with sacrificial animals, and the silver mirror-case of Tarentum, with the graceful representation of Venus at her toilet. The heavy Roman rings and trinkets, more valuable for the weight of gold than for artistic merit, answer entirely to the estimation the lords of the ancient world had for solid wealth; for, according to Petronius,* 'a lump of gold is more beautiful than anything Phidias and Apelles—poor crazy Greeks—have produced.' Messrs Brown, Jones, and Robinson are quite of the same opinion, though not at all acquainted with Petronius and his *Satyricon*. The Celtic rings, necklaces, and fragments of armour, all of solid gold, exhibited here in two glass-cases, are not less interesting, since they belong to a time when Ireland was the richer and more cultivated of the sister-islands.

Along the eastern wall, the cases seemed to be in some disorder. Greek and Roman terra-cotta fragments were here exhibited, scarcely worthy of being company with some Ninevite ivories of the highest interest, sent by Mr Loftus from Assyria. The hounds of Sennacherib, from his palace at Nineveh, though only of baked clay, could not fail to attract my attention; nor the terra-cotta tablet from Babylon, presented by Prince Albert, which represents a sportsman and his dogs—a rare specimen of Babylonian art, as it was patronised at the court of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Highly satisfied with the view of these valuable relics, I turned towards the door, when, in another dark corner of the glass-case, I beheld several smaller cases filled with engraved gems. Looking closer, I saw their cases covered with dust, a certain token that they had not been disturbed for many years; and to my great satisfaction, I found it impossible to make out the representations on the gems through the double glass behind which they were placed. What was impossible for me, was of course impossible for others; and thus I had at length reached the goal for which I had yearned so long and so earnestly: there they lay before me, those treasures, the exclusive sight of which was to be the pride of my future years! Without much hesitation, I asked the polite gentleman who had shewn me into the Gold Room permission to examine the rings in question. It was evidently an unusual, and perhaps an impertinent desire. But the gentleman, though somewhat embarrassed, complied, for he was young, and not yet swaddled and mummified in red tape. He opened the case, brought the gems into the Medal Room, and shewing me the rings one by one, seemed to be as much astonished at their beauty, and as unacquainted with them, as I was myself.

Such engraved gems are lasting monuments of the diffusion of taste and the high perfection of art among the ancients. As they are nearly indestructible, their number is really astonishing. Whilst Count Clarac, the accomplished French archaeologist, was not able to trace more than about 3000 antique statues in Europe—of course not including the statuettes under two feet high—there are about 50,000 antique engraved gems in the different public museums and collections of private amateurs. Indeed, there is scarcely anything more lovely than a series of sparkling gems ennobled by the stamp of genius. Accordingly, from the earliest times of antiquity, collections of gems were highly prized. Mithridates, the most celebrated king

of those countries which are now the theatre of war, whose residence was Sinope, and the Crimea the scene of his death, formed a most important collection of engraved precious stones, which, after his defeat, were exhibited at the triumph of Pompeius at Rome, and dedicated by the great conqueror to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Julius Cæsar was, likewise, a connoisseur and collector of gems. He dedicated his collection to the temple of his ancestral patroness, the victorious Venus; for at that time the temples were a kind of museum, and, according to the old custom of Rome and Greece, every work of genius, every important statue, every beautiful picture, was regarded as the common property of all the citizens, as the common glory of the country, not to be hidden in private palaces, but to be displayed before the whole people; therefore all the great monuments of art, the works of Phidias, Praxiteles, Lysippus, or Apelles, and Polygnotus, were exhibited in temples or under porticoes in the market-places—the inscription mentioning the donor's name being the only reward of those who had bought them for the public.

At the time of the invasion of the barbarians, the statues of gold, silver, and brass were broken and melted down; in Christian times, the marble statues were often thrown into the lime-kiln, and converted into cement; but the engraved gems could neither be melted nor turned to any utilitarian purpose. Some of the larger stones were broken by fanaticism; but the great bulk of the smaller ones escaped destruction: they never disappeared entirely from sight; and thus, at the time of the revival of arts and science, eminent men were soon attracted by their beauty. Petrarch collected them; and Lorenzo de Medici, who succeeded in making the acquisition of about thirty master-pieces of glyptic art, had them marked with his initials. After his death, his treasures were dispersed during the Pazzi riots at Florence; most of his gems came into the possession of the Farnese family, and are now exhibited in the palace of the 'Studj' at Naples. It was with pleasure we met with the name of the great medieval patron of art and science on one of the cameos of the British Museum, representing a marching lion cut out of the pink layer of a cornelian onyx. This beautiful cameo is as yet unedited; no author on gems has ever mentioned it among the treasures of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

The delight derived from the contemplation of gems, which served in ancient times as the vehicle for copies of the most celebrated master-works of art, and for multiplying them by impressions, was so universally shared during the last three centuries, that numerous collections were formed, first in Italy, then in all the transalpine countries. Peyrese, the philologist; Lauthier, the apothecary; Rascas de Bagarris; King Henry IV. of France; Louis XIV.; Philippe, Duke of Orleans (the Regent); Mr Crozat, the merchant-prince; Empress Josephine; Madame de Staël; and the Duc de Blacas, minister of Charles X., were the most celebrated collectors of gems in France. Among the English, the Earl of Arundel is mentioned as the first who possessed an important collection of these miniature antiquities, which are said by Goethe to contain the deepest meaning in the narrowest space. Henry, Prince of Wales, purchased the gems that belonged to Abraham Gorlaeus, a Dutch connoisseur; King George III. acquired the 'Dactylitheca Smithiana'—that is to say, one hundred gems belonging to Mr John Smith, English consul at Venice, edited with typographical splendour, but, unhappily, nearly all of them modern copies. The Duke of Devonshire paid enormous sums for master-pieces of glyptic art: the fragment of a cow in amethyst, by the Greek artist Apollonides, cost him 1000 guineas; the celebrated figure of Diomedes, by Dioscorides, set in a ring, something more. The collection of the Duke of Marlborough became

* *Satyricon*, ch. lxxxviii.

celebrated, not only from its own merit, but likewise from the skill of Cipriani and Bartolozzi, who drew and engraved it: a complete copy of the work fetching even now about L.200 under the hammer. Not less beautiful were the collections of the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Beverly, of which some casts are preserved in the British Museum; for towards the close of the last century, a collection of gems was the indispensable appendage of every great house claiming the honour of patronising art. Mr Thomas Jenkins, at that time a celebrated English banker and dealer in antiquities at Rome, when driven by the French from his house in 1790, thought his collection of cameos and intaglios so valuable, that he concealed them immediately about his person. He died at Yarmouth, on landing after a storm at sea, having received considerable hurt from his treasures hidden on his body.

The gems of the British Museum belonged partly to the Townley Collection; some very select ones were presented by Mr Cracherode; but the most beautiful of them come from the bequest of Mr Payne Knight. Though few in number, they are still equal in importance to any collection in Europe. There is, for instance, the portrait of Julius Cæsar in front, cut into the most limpid cornelian, the work of Dioscorides, the artist who, according to Pliny and Suetonius, cut the portrait of Augustus for the imperial seal. The stone belonged for many centuries to the treasures of the cathedral of Figeac in France, and was presented to the minister Colbert by the chapter of the church. It is a masterpiece of art, and probably the most beautiful of all the portraits of the dictator. There is, again, a most lovely group—Psyche caught in a trap among flowers, deeply repenting her imprudence, while Cupid comes compassionately to her rescue. The execution of this group is as beautiful as the conception is charming. It is the work of the Greek artist Pamphilus. On another gem, we see Cupid drawing a crocodile from the water by means of a peculiar kind of hook, which illustrates the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. xxix.—where Pharaoh is called the great crocodile that lies in the midst of his rivers; but God will put *hooks* into his jaws, and bring him up out of the midst of his rivers, &c.

If space permitted, I could describe many more of these beautiful gems; but there is one fragment of a cameo which I cannot leave unmentioned, since it was one of the principal reasons why the passion for engraved gems has altogether died out in England. It is the work of Pistrucchi, the Italian artist, who became celebrated for introducing good taste into the English mint, by sinking the die with the portrait of George IV., with St George and the dragon on the reverse, for the gold coins. The head of Flora, cut by Pistrucchi, is worthy of his renown; it is uncommonly pretty, and though thoroughly modern in conception, still so much superior to the works of the generality of modern engravers, that Payne Knight took it for antique. When it was ascertained, however, that even a connoisseur of Payne Knight's reputation might be taken in, a panic seized the collectors, and nobody trusted his own judgment—the less so, that the modern engravers boasted they had reached the perfection of antique art. Prince Poniatowski, at Florence, who about the same time amused himself by having scenes from Virgil and Homer cut in gems, passing them off for antique, disgusted people still more with collecting, since he encouraged forgery by buying gems to which the names of antique artists had been recently added. Thus, engraved stones, intaglios, and cameos went out of fashion, and even the splendid collection in the British Museum was almost forgotten; and the rather that it is necessary to place the rings against the light in order to enjoy their beauty. Unless, therefore, some contrivance can be found analogous to the way in which the gems are placed at Naples against the windows, in order to shew their transparent brilliancy

and delicate engraving, the contemplation of these treasures must remain the privilege of a few discoverers who, like me, find the key to the hidden treasures.

POEMS BY ISA.*

WE rarely notice poetry; and the reason is, that it would be difficult to know where to begin, and still more so to imagine where the labour would end. The minor poetry of the day is quite oppressive by its quantity, and not the less so that it is highly respectable in its quality. From the inside of the pretty volumes, however, that deck our table every week, an agreeable conclusion, we are happy to say, is inevitable—that the national mind is growing more and more refined and elegant; and from the outside, another scarcely less pleasing, that poverty is ceasing to be the badge of the poetical tribe.

But there is one volume we cannot allow to glide away with the rest, since it contains not merely genuine poetry of the universal class—poetry of the affections—but is interesting from its being the production of leisure hours—hours stolen from sleep after a day spent by its young and simple-minded authoress in the dreary, monotonous, and ill-requited labours of a sempstress. But we are perhaps wrong in saying that hours so spent are stolen from sleep; for in such moments the senses are in a profound slumber, and the mind alone is wakeful, expatiating in dreams that differ from those of sleep only in their method and coherency.

Isa was first discovered (like a wild violet) by the worthy proprietor of the *Scotsman*, and, notwithstanding her mechanical occupation, is received and cherished by families in a more prosperous condition. Being a gentle, modest, simple, genuine Scottish lassie, we will allow her to speak to the hearts of our readers in her native Doric:

THE AE LAMB O' THE FAULD.

In yon rude lanely sheillin',
Near nae ither house nor hauld,
There dwelt a hillside shepherd,
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.
A gray-haired rugged carle was he,
Wi' broo fu' stern an' bauld,
Wha said his sweet wee Janet
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

Oh! blithe an' bonny was the bairn,
A gleesome thing was she,
As wi' her flock she strayed amang
The hills where rises Dee.
Her weel-loe'd mother dee'd when she
Was scarce six simmers auld,
An' left the shepherd lanely
Wi' the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He took her in the simmer where
A bothy he had made,
Whene'er she tired he carried her,
An' wrapped her in his plaid;
An' he sang wild Border ballads,
An' fairy tales he tauld,
While restin' on the hillside
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In winter she would trim the fire
When daylight wore awa',
An' in the window set the lamp
To guide him through the snaw;
Then, laid aside his drippin' plaid,
Her arms wad him enfauld,
When he cam back weat an' weary
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

* *Poems by Isa.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1856.

The mountain blasts are bleak an' chill,
An' she grew thin an' weak ;
There cam a wild licht to her e'e,
A strange red to her cheek ;
And oh ! sae fast she faded, till
Ae winter mornin' cauld,
Dead, on her father's bosom,
Lay the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,
An' saw the wee grave made,
Nane daured to comfort, when away
He tearless turned, an' said :
' There 's nae licht in the sheilin' noo ;
My hearth will aye be cauld ;
I've nocht on earth to care for
Sin' my ae lamb 's i' THE FAULD.'

The above we take to be a master-piece of its kind, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader who has a heart in his bosom. The next specimen is in English, and exhibits Isa in her moralising mood :

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim ;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips, and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out unto the light,
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal,
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life ;
Yet awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

We conclude with the following exquisite picture, for Isa, even in her didactic vein, is essentially picturesque :

THE BLIND BAIRN.

The wee blind beggar bairnie sits
Close to that woman's feet,
An' there he nestles frae the cauld,
An' shelters frae the heat.
I ken nae if he be her ain,
But kindly does she speak,
For blessed God makes woman love
The helpless an' the weak.

I'm wae to see his wistfu' face,
As weary day by day
He cowers sae still an' silent there,
While ither bairnies play.

The sigh that lifts his breastie comes,
Like sad winds frae the sea,
Wi' sic a dreary sough, as wad
Bring tears into yer e'e.

I'm wae to see his high braid broo,
Sae thochtfu' an' sae wan ;
His look o' care, that were mair fit
For a warld-weary man.
Oh ! the dark emptiness within,
Thochts that no rest can know,
An' shapeless forms that vex hin,
Wi' their hurrying to an' fro.

An' now she lifts him in her arms,
His wakin' nicht is past,
An' round his sma' and wasted form
Her tattered shawl is cast.
His face is buried in her neck,
An' close to her he clings,
For faith an' love hae filled his heart,
An' they are blessed things.

She bears him through the bustlin' crowd,
But noo he fears nae harm,
He 'll sleep within her bosom too—
To him it 's saft and warm.
Oh, her ain weary heart wad close
In wretchedness an' sin,
But he keeps in 't an open door,
For God to enter in.

THE SWORD MIMUNG.

This sword was forged by Weland, in a trial of skill with another celebrated weapon-smith, Amilias by name. Weland first made a sword with which he cut a thread of wool lying on the water. But, not content with this, he reformed the blade, which then cut through the whole ball of floating wool. Still dissatisfied, he again passed it through the fire, and at length produced so keen a weapon that it divided a whole bundle of wool floating in water. Amilias, on his part, forged a suit of armour so much to his own satisfaction, that, sitting down on a stool, he bade Weland try his weapon upon him. Weland obeyed, and there being no apparent effect, asked Amilias if he felt any particular sensation. Amilias said he felt as though cold water had passed through his bowels. Weland then bade him shake himself. On doing so, the effect of the blow was apparent : he fell dead in two pieces.—*Hewitt's Ancient Armour.*

CATO.

If Cicero had too little character, Cato had too much. . . . Public virtue is like gold, if it is to be current, it must be alloyed. Cato left the alloy out, and cared little whether his coin circulated or not ; all he knew was, that its purity must never be tampered with, and that whoever would not receive it as he tendered it must be corrupt or criminal. He was a good orator, but his oratory was in vain ; he was always ready with advice, but it was advice incapable of being put in practice ; he was esteemed by all, but with an esteem that bore no fruit. Inflexibly and almost savagely austere, he was one of those men whom posterity place in their Valhallas, but whom nations, unless for example's sake, deny admittance to their councils—the most irreproachable of virtuous men, but the most useless.—*Lamartine's History of Cæsar.*

EQUIVALENT HONOURS.

If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or not.—*La Bruyere.*

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GREAT PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

As a bachelor of fifty, given to solitary speculations upon men and things from the altitude of my two-pair back, and with leisure enough upon my hands to allow me to look at all things considerably and dispassionately, I possess more advantages for observation and reflection than every philosopher can boast of. I am not compelled to come to a conclusion upon every popular topic that turns up, before I have looked at both sides of it. When I find the morning paper, after Betty has aired it and hung it over the back of my chair, hammering away with the vigour of a Cyclops in favour of one particular course of proceeding, or set of men, and browbeating or bullying the other side, I am not under the necessity of letting myself be crammed with wind from the editor's force-pump, and exciting my nervous system in a disagreeable way. I can afford to let the matter rest awhile, and wait till that unprincipled faction has had its say in its turn, in the evening paper, or in to-morrow's; and then, if I choose, I can compare notes, and weigh one side against the other, and draw a conclusion, if it be worth while, which it generally is not.

It is wonderful what advantages I derive by the practice of this compensating system, and what a knowing old person I have the reputation of being, solely from adherence to so simple a plan. The beauty of it lies in the fact, that it enables you to clear off matters as you go, and reduces the amount of important material for judgment to the minimum point. A most surprising number of great public questions have I either settled outright, or shelved for future settlement, in the course of my time. I would name some of them, but that the catalogue might appear invidious, and give offence to many worthy people; and I am unwilling to be the cause of scandal to anybody in the columns of this peace-loving Journal. But—there are public questions of a kind which do not admit of being thus disposed of, for the simple reason that they are addressed point-blank to the reader personally—that there are no two sides about them, and that they call for a definite answer in a manner unmistakably plain and candid. These questions have weighed for a considerable time upon my mind, and I have observed latterly that they are growing more numerous, more pointed, more personal. Their notes of interrogation have stared me in the face at the breakfast-table, in my after-dinner chair, at the tea-table, any time for this twelvemonth; and yet I have never set eyes on a syllable in response. Can it be that they are all addressed to me individually, and

that the propounders are waiting for my answers all this while? If it should be so, how discourteous and unsympathising must I appear in their eyes by this time! Let me hasten to redeem my fault, and let my natural modesty stand in excuse for the slur which my neglect hitherto may have cast upon my character. I will answer your questions, O my persistently inquiring friends! as it becomes me to answer them, and to the best of my humble ability.

The first—because, according to the best of my recollection, it has the claim of longest standing—asks me rather curtly, '*Do you want luxuriant hair and whiskers?*' I might object to this inquiry as a little too personal; but, waiving that, let me say that there was a time when I might have replied more feelingly to the interesting question—when I wanted no luxuriance either of hair or whiskers, but only the sanction of fashion to wear them. In the days of my pilous luxuriance, whiskers were remorselessly mown down as fast as they appeared; and now that all the world is cultivating them, my crop is not worth cultivation. The best I can do is to compromise the matter by a kind of half-shave, and pass muster as well as I may. As to my hair, Time has thinned it somewhat; but they tell me that, phrenologically, I look none the worse for that. So, with many thanks, my good friend, I will decline the luxuriant hair and whiskers.

Somebody has been asking pertinaciously for a long time past, '*Do you bruise your oats yet?*' There is something suggestive and consolatory about the *yet*. At present, I am bound to say, I do *not* bruise my oats; and this is a painful confession, inasmuch as I have no oats to bruise. If I had been more sparing in the quantity which, with such pleasure, I sowed broadcast wherever I went thirty years ago, I might have had some left to bruise at this present moment. As it is, I have no horses to eat oats—*pauper et pedester sum*—I ride on Shank's naggie, or in my 'Favourite' bus, when business calls me abroad. As *yet*, that is. I shall live in hopes, on the suggestion of my inquiring friend; and if he can put me in the way of becoming the proprietor of oats, and the et ceteras implied when 'your oats' are spoken of, I will undertake to bruise them with all my heart, and on his peculiar principle.

Somebody else asks seriously, '*Do you double up your perambulators?*' No, sir; but last Sunday-morning, as I was walking quietly to church, I was doubled up by a perambulator in a most shameful and scandalous manner. Whether the fat matron who propelled the abominable machine was an etymologist, and imagined that her *per-ambulator* was to walk clean through me, I don't know; but she drove the front-wheel right

between my legs, and I woke suddenly out of a reverie to find myself sprawling over a couple of gigantic babies. It was a providence that the twins were fat, fleshy, and soft, and that I escaped with a slight abrasion of the forehead. There used to be a law against driving wheel-carriages upon the trottoirs; I should like to know when it was repealed, or, if it never was repealed, why it is not put in force? Not a day of my life passes now but I am perambulated into the kennel or into an open shop, to avoid being upset. In other respects, I have nothing to do with perambulators, being a bachelor, and having no use for them. Nevertheless, I should have no objection to see them doubled up, once for all, in a way that would not at all gratify the inquirer, I fear.

A curious person asks, 'Where do you purchase fish?' Never going to market myself, I am obliged to ring the bell for my landlady, Mrs Jones, and propound this query to her. She tells me that fish of all sorts, from sprats to salmon, and from dried herring to salt cod, 'travels about the streets of London on men's heads, and calls at everybody's door'—that 'a pair of soles is tenpence; big uns, a shilling, or maybe one and two'—that 'mackerel is vareyus;' and that 'salt cod goes up always about Easter-time along with the Catholics.' Eels, she says, 'is always alive, according to the crier; but they never shews no signs of life till you've skinned 'em.' Her acquaintance with the fish-supply of London extends no further than this; and for any additional information he may want, I must refer the inquirer to the fountain of knowledge at Billingsgate.

An inquisitive philanthropist asks, 'Why wear a coat that does not fit?' With a protest that I am not bound to reply to such a question unless I choose, I beg to submit that there may be many reasons for so doing. A coat that does not fit may be a fitter coat for many purposes than one that does. For lounging, gardening, dozing by the fire, your non-fitting coat is most suitable. Then, who is to decide what constitutes a fit? Is it a coat that cleaves to a man like an outer skin, in the fashion of George IV.'s time, or one that, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hangs about you, as one sees them now? Perhaps a coat may be either of these, and yet fit, or not fit, according as it is well or ill constructed. But, be the coat upon a man's back what it may, it seems to me a breach of manners to ask him why he wears it. What right have you, my friend, to hint so plainly at the *res angustæ domi*, which often compels many a worthy man to wear any coat he can get to shield him from the weather? Why wear a coat that does not fit! 'Why does the miller wear a white hat?'

A querist of the same imperious character blurts out the abrupt question, 'Who's your hatter?' What's that to you, I should like to know? I shan't tell you. The man is an honest tradesman, and makes a decent hat, that I am not ashamed to put my head in, and sells it at a fair price. You have no right to be meddling with his business; and I hold your inquiry to be a piece of impertinence; and I shall not satisfy your curiosity. My hatter pays his way; I shall be glad to hear that you do the same.

A captious personage, whom I suspect to have interested motives, wants to know, 'Why ladies and gentlemen will wear wigs, fronts, or head-dresses which the most cursory glance detects,' when they might wear others that defy detection? The question, I must say, betrays a radical want of sincerity on the part of the questioner. He has evidently no notion that a lady or gentleman wears a wig with any other intention than that of deceiving their 'friends and the public.' The proper use of a wig, he requires to be told, is to keep the head warm, and to supply in an honest way the natural covering of which time or affliction has deprived the head—not to deceive the world.

The man, or woman either, who shaves off a set of gray or carroty locks in favour of a black brutus or auburn curls, for which neither has any need, beyond the gratification of personal vanity—such a man or woman lives all day over head and ears in falsehood, and only dares the truth in the dark, and under a blanket. Take my word for it, Mr Holtzkopf, there are people who wear their wigs with a conscience, and are perfectly well satisfied that their wigs shall be recognised as wigs by all and sundry who may think it worth their while to determine the point. You may think them blockheads for the display of such needless sincerity—it would become you better to reverence them for the possession of virtues more valuable than all the wigs in the world, and to which your question, I am sorry to say, shews you to be an utter stranger.

A question which has been put with considerable pertinacity of late asks, 'Have you tasted our thirty-shilling sherry?' I cannot reply with certainty, but I suspect I have. One day last week, on landing at the Great Northern station, after a couple of days' trip in the country, I met Captain Gollop on the platform, and he lugged me off to take tiffin—the captain has served in India—with him at his lodgings in the New Road. A cold capon and a plate of Norfolk sausages made their appearance in quick time; and the captain drew from the sideboard a black bottle, from which he extracted the cork in his usual dexterous manner, and then decanted the contents, and poured me out a glass. I drank it without misgiving, and though I felt disposed to make a wry face immediately, succeeded, by a hard struggle, in maintaining some degree of composure. Not so the captain. The moment he had tasted the stuff, he grinned as though his great toe were in a vice, and exploded a terrible oath. The offending liquid was immediately ordered out of the room, and its place supplied by a more genial vintage. I am inclined to think the abominable stuff was 'our thirty-shilling sherry,' but cannot be quite certain, and the captain is too sore on the subject to permit my venturing an inquiry.

The next question is the most important one in the whole category, and I can but express my surprise at the deliberate coolness with which the inquirer propounds it in the public prints. He asks me point-blank, and without the slightest tinge of the circumlocution office, 'Do you think of getting married?' Really, this is coming to close quarters indeed. What if I do? Am I obliged to make him my confidant? And if I don't, am I compelled to confess as much? Please to note, that he does not ask me if I *intend* to get married. If he had shaped his question to that effect, I might and would have answered at once, that I have no intentions whatever of that sort; that, having led the life of a bachelor for fifty years, I consider it now too late in the day to submit myself to matrimonial responsibilities; and that all views of that kind I had ever entertained have vanished long ago in the dim distance. But he is not satisfied with knowing what my purposes may be in that respect, but must needs rend the veil from my secret thoughts. Suppose it should be the case, that sometimes, in the dim twilight, when the window-curtains are drawn, and those 'faces in the fire' look out upon my solitude all fresh and glowing, and full of the memories of days for ever gone—suppose it should happen then that my thoughts revert to what might have been, had Julia listened to my suit five-and-twenty years ago, and that padded and long-legged ensign had not struck in and carried her off. What then? Has Mr Blinker any right to participate in these reminiscences? I question it; at anyrate, I am not disposed to make him the partner of my sad speculations, and I won't do it. What if I sometimes ponder less pensively about the Widow Winkin, with her four hundred a year in the three per-cents., which would have made

the decline of life so comfortable, and her interminable tongue and alcoholic temper, which would have made it so miserable? Is Mr Blinker to weigh my conduct in that matter in his balances of prudence, and sum me up, and write me down an ass or a Solon, according to his judgment? I shan't consent to that, if I know it. What my thoughts are in this particular, I shall keep to myself, and therefore decline most energetically to answer this question at all.

To atone for my reticence in regard to the above tender subject, I will answer the next question without the least reservation, verbal or mental. The inquiry is plain, perspicuous, and unsophisticated, and deserves a response in the same spirit. It demands hospitably, 'Do you like a dry, hot, mealy potato?' Candidly, I do; it is the very description of potato I prefer to all others—dry, hot, mealy! the epithets are all savoury and appetising—baked in an oven, and served up in their jackets, with butter, pepper, and salt, what can be nicer than they are for supper—when you have nothing better? When you have something better, of course they occupy a second rank; but place it in what rank you may, a potato that is dry, hot, and mealy asserts its own respectability, and cannot be despised. Yes; the dry, hot, mealy potato for ever!

The last question which I feel called upon to answer at the present time inquires, 'Do you keep livery-servants?' This demand smacks somewhat of the tax-gatherer, and might be supposed to emanate from him, were it not that the questioner makes no mention of 'dogs,' which, I have remarked, are uniformly classed with livery-servants in the tax-gatherer's schedule. As a lodger, who pays rent for furnished apartments with attendance, I might summarily dismiss this question, so far as I am individually concerned, with a negative; but looking to the respectability of the establishment in which I reside, and of Mrs Jones, who is at its head, I am bound to record that a livery is not altogether an unknown luxury at No. 24. The boy 'Bung,' the ever-active Mercury of the house, does wear a livery upon occasion. True, he is generally seen in a state of dishabille, his back minus a coat, his arms bare to the elbows, and his feet in a pair (or two odd ones) of cut-down boots. When wanted, he has to be excavated from the lower labyrinths of the basement floor, where, busy as a bee with boots, blacking, and brick-dust, he passes the mornings of his days. But when the parlour gives a dinner, or the first-floor holds a soirée, if you should happen to be one of the guests, you will see Bung brilliant in a clean face, a milkwhite collar and 'dickey,' neat slippers, and a showy suit of rather faded livery, a little tarnished in the lace and buttons, only a few sizes too big for him, and not very much the worse for wear—by candlelight. I have observed that the livery has changed three times during the five years of my tenancy with Mrs Jones. When Bung was what she calls a 'brat of a boy,' she liveried him in blue and gold, which Mr Solomons brought her in his bag, but which soon went to pieces, and had to be succeeded by a suit of drab and silver. Bung grew out of these, and now disports himself in a man's suit of Oxford gray and frogs, which is very becoming, and sets the seal of gentility upon our establishment. I may add, that whenever Bung waits at table in livery, his services are duly put down in the weekly bill; but I have great doubts, although Mrs Jones thus levies a tax for livery upon her lodgers, whether she pays a farthing herself on that score to the revenue.

I have now answered about a dozen of the most prominent of the great public questions of the day; and here, for the present, I shall conclude my responses. Whatever importance the reader may choose to attach to these questions—for myself, I have my own private opinions concerning them—he will not, he cannot deny that they are, among all the subjects of which the

press treats from time to time, those which it keeps with the most perseverance and persistency before the public eye. Other topics it treats of by fits and starts, and in a more or less abstract manner. The subject of national education is at a premium one day, at a discount the next; political reform comes and goes upon the platform of the broad sheet; the peace agitation is rampant at one season and dormant at another; and so on. But the whiskers, the oats, the perambulators, the wigs, the hot mealy potatoes, &c.—these things keep their ground; their foundations are deeply rooted beyond the mutabilities of the changing years, and bid defiance to the storms of fate. Whether such phenomena be according to the natural course of things, or whether they be the symbols of some profound and unexplained mystery, I leave to be decided by the 'coming man' when he shall have made his appearance.

METEORS IN GENERAL.

THE antique Lithuanian notion concerning meteors was, that they were star-destinies falling to the earth, when the vital threads with which they had been connected were severed. Other ideas regarding them were, however, also entertained, even in early times. The Greeks had many very remarkable fancies concerning them: Diogenes of Apollonia taught, that amongst the visible stars there moved others which were invisible and unnamed, but which occasionally were made luminous for a brief interval, as they were dashed to the ground. Plutarch remarks, in his life of Lysander, that the naturalists of his day believed meteors and shooting-stars to be celestial bodies, once possessing inherent motion and impetus of their own, but subsequently deprived of both, and, in consequence of necessity, precipitated to the earth as a *dernier ressort*, when their other method of supporting themselves failed them. Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ conceived that all the stars in the heavens were mineral masses that had been torn from the earth, and inflamed by the impetuous force of a whirling, fiery ether, and that occasionally some of these burning masses were again returned to the terrestrial surface whence they had been derived, with the extinction of their flames. Theophrastus states, that the originator of this impetuous and ethereal theory also held that there were dark bodies moving about the earth, beneath the moon, and nearer to the former body than the lunar sphere.

While recalling critically what Plutarch and Theophrastus have left on record touching these matters, a very curious reflection arises to the mind, of how singularly near sagacious men often were, in the olden time, to stumbling upon great discoveries, and so recognising very important truths, which, nevertheless, eluded their grasps only by a hair-breadth, to be hidden for centuries, and then to be again caught up from their lurking-places by some slender thread that had been left to serve as a clue to their concealment. Exactly in this way, that old Greek idea of invisible bodies whirling about in space as extinguished, or yet to be lit-up stars, and occasionally revealing themselves as such to human vision for transient intervals, has again been revived in the speculations of modern science. On the first day of the present century, a distinguished astronomer, Professor Piazzi, detected a small opaque mass of material substance revolving as an irregular and pigmy planet about the sun, beyond the orbit of Mars; and since that day, thirty-seven other companion-masses to this one have been discovered, chasing each other through pretty much the same regions of space. The high probability is, that these *planetoid* or planet-like pigmies are all rough fragmentary bodies, and not completed spheres. Some of them are so small that it would take hundreds of them to constitute a moon—one of them appears to

have a surface about the size of France. Many high scientific authorities conceive that these planetoids are really fragments—severed portions of one planetary orb of moderate size which has been shattered by some unknown process of convulsion, and which has thus left its pieces flying about in the realms itself occupied with its travellings before the catastrophe occurred.

These planetoid masses, however, although comparatively small bodies, are yet sufficiently large to be seen sparkling in the sunshine when good telescopes are directed towards them. Keen eyes are now kept constantly on the watch for them, and are continually adding to their numbers year by year. It is known, that besides the thirty-nine already catalogued, there are others that have been seen for a passing instant, and that have then been lost before they could be accurately identified, so that they might be recognised again. But it is also well ascertained, that in addition to these shining planetoids, there are myriads upon myriads of fragmentary masses of very much smaller size whirling about in space, and which, on account of their minute dimensions, would only look like a cloud of dust in the sunshine, if thousands upon thousands of them were crowded together not more than 200 or 300 miles away from the terrestrial surface. These fragments of fragments, however, are planet-like in one particular—they circulate in regular orbits about the sun. They are actually the dark bodies of Anaxagoras: they do not circle, as he imagined, about the earth and beneath the moon; but their paths are so placed, that the majestic earth sometimes, in its yearly progress, suddenly sails in amongst them; and then, often one or more of the small bodies, in acknowledgment of the supremacy of the orb that has thus intruded its presence in their domains, sweep their little forms under the preponderant attraction brought to bear on them, and giving up for evermore their wandering habits and independence, rush down to the terrestrial surface, and attach themselves permanently to it.

When, however, these little occasional tributaries arrive at the earth, they do not coalesce with it quietly and stealthily; on the contrary, they do all in their power to draw attention upon themselves, and to assert their own dignity. They seem to say: 'See what an important contribution we bring to your rolling sphere!' As they pass through the air, on their downward course, they blaze out in flames, becoming for the time burning stars or meteors; they often rush along with a bustling, whizzing sound, and occasionally they mark their arrival with a terrific explosion. They are called 'meteors' because their blazing forms first burst upon human sight from on high. The term is derived from the Greek *meteoros*, 'lofty,' itself taken from two words which signify 'to raise aloft.' Here, then, is another hypothesis of meteor-nature to place beside the one previously alluded to—a cosmical or mundane explanation, to pair off with the mythological one. In this cosmical theory, there are, however, several very important features, and several very interesting bearings, which cannot be dealt with summarily even by a partisan of Lithuania and Jacob Grimm. These, indeed, form so firm a base, and so strong a ground, that the theory itself is now received with especial favour by the most cautious of philosophers, as well as by intelligent people at large.

In the first place, there can be no doubt that meteors do come from regions far beyond the extent of the earth's atmosphere; they have been seen approaching the terrestrial sphere certainly at the height of 120 miles. Some observers say that they have noticed them when 400 miles away; but Olbers, a high authority in such matters, does not deem these observations trustworthy, on account of the difficulty of determining the small parallactic angles concerned in the surveys out of which the calculations are made.

The path, however, along which meteors pass earthwards, is always a very open curve, known to mathematicians under the name of the *parabola*—that is, the 'curve of casting,' or along which bodies that are cast move. The form of this curve implies that the bodies travelling along it must have come from a very remote distance, and have been more and more sharply bent down towards the earth, by the increasing power of its attraction, as they drew nearer. The character of the meteor's path at once tells, when interpreted by mathematical principles, that it has really been a small planet-like, independent mass, coursing along in space, until it accidentally came so near to the earth in its travels, that it was caught and dragged down to the terrestrial surface by its powerful attraction.

But again: if meteors really were of the earth, earthy, and strictly belonging to its sphere, they would of necessity have about the same rate of speed, or translation through space, with this body; they would partake of its inherent momentum. Now, the rate of the earth's movement in space is well known—it is about sixteen geographical miles per second. All the meteors, however, that have been satisfactorily observed, were moving with a speed of between eighteen and thirty-six geographical miles per second. This at once affords proof that they are actually foreign bodies, so far as any relation to the earth's economy is concerned. The speed possessed by the planet Venus on its journey through space is nineteen miles per second, and the speed of Mercury is twenty-six miles per second. This naturally associates meteors, then, with planetary spaces that are generally nearer to the sun than the earth, although their movements may, in extreme cases, be so eccentric that they occasionally get within the reach of its gravitating power.

There is no room left for the entertainment of the question, whether ponderous masses do sometimes get precipitated to the ground when meteors fall? very weighty proofs, indeed, have been afforded of the fact. A friar was killed by a stone cast out of a meteor that visited Crema in 1511; another, a Franciscan monk, was killed in the same way at Milan in 1650; and two Swedish sailors met with a similar fate on shipboard in 1674. A meteoric stone was seen to fall at Agram, in 1751, and was dug from the ground, into which it had burrowed eighteen feet deep. Others have frequently been disinterred from a depth of from six to twelve feet. A stone seven feet across fell upon one occasion at Bahia, in Brazil; and another, seven feet and a half across, at Otumpa. On the year in which Socrates was born, a meteoric stone was cast to the ground in Thrace, which had the bulk of two mill-stones, and formed a complete wagon-load. The meteor of Angers, on the 9th of June 1822, and which left a luminous train and cloud-track behind it in the sky—like the one seen on the 7th of January in the south of England, in the present year—deposited a shower of stones, with loud detonations, sixty-eight miles north of Poitiers. These substantial consequences of meteoric apparitions are designated by a very expressive and appropriate name: they are called *ærolites*—a term compounded of two Greek words, which together signify 'air-stones.'

There is one character which is peculiar in the meteoric stone, and which proves to be of high significance: its substance is composed of various mineral ingredients which are identical with matters of familiar occurrence upon the earth; but amidst these, iron is found in great abundance as it never is found on the earth—that is, in a native or nearly pure metallic and uncombined state. On the terrestrial surface, iron is always mingled with diverse matters, from which it has to be extracted by art, when it is required as a pure metal. The omnipresent and corrosive oxygen of the air alone prevents it from maintaining such condition long: this rusts and eats it away. Oxygen

and iron have so irresistibly strong an attraction or affinity for each other, that they invariably combine when they are left together. Thus, then, the unoxidised and purely metallic condition of iron in the *ærolite* proves that it comes from a situation in which there is no oxygen—that is, from beyond the bounds of the atmosphere; and that it is, therefore, altogether *unterrestrial*, and foreign to the earth's economy, until violently appropriated and made a portion of it by its forced fall. There is thus here an interesting corroboration of the conclusions that have been drawn from other sources. A remarkable combination or alloy of the three elements phosphorus, nickel, and iron, is also found in meteoric stones, which never presents itself in any of the genuine mineral masses of the earth.

The meteoric fragments, however, appear to have atmospheres of a certain kind of their own, although they are devoid of oxygen. In all probability, when on their proper progress out in space, they are enveloped in loose investments of combustible vapours, gathered about the hard and solid core, and occasionally extending into a sort of vapour-sphere from 2000 to 3000 miles wide. These investments of combustible vapours accompany them on their wide sweeping flights; but when they are whirled violently into the oxygen-containing terrestrial atmosphere, they kindle under its blast-like breath, and burst into flame. The flame then leaves its train of smoke-like productions floating in the aerial regions it has rushed through, and shining in the sunlight or twilight, until gradually dispersed by diffusion. Such was the remarkable cloud-like track that formed so interesting a consequence of the meteoric apparition of the 7th of January. It was merely the condensed vapour produced by the burning of the gaseous investment of an *ærolite* flung through the air. The vapour could be distinctly seen, in the first instance, condensing out of the transparent gases that were primarily developed. The heat produced by the flame on the external surfaces of *ærolites*, seems to be altogether so sudden and transient, that it has not time to soften the solid mass contained within. The stones never present any appearances of indentation, as they would if they had been plastic or half-plastic, in consequence of their raised temperature, when they struck the ground; but the heat, nevertheless, must be of a very intense character while it lasts, for the surface of the *ærolite* always has a pitch-black glazed appearance. There is, in fact, a perfectly vitrified or enamelled crust, something less than a tenth of an inch in thickness, covering the inner substance, and separated from it by a clearly marked line. The flame of the meteor is evidently more fierce than that of the hottest porcelain furnace, for this is altogether inefficient for the production of any such perfect process of glazing as the *ærolite* exhibits. Meteoric stones have been found to be very hot when discovered in the ground, and some have retained their high temperature for hours.

If, then, the 'verpeja' hypothesis of the beautiful apparition of the 7th of January be not received, a very satisfactory alternative remains. The falling-star was originally a small fragmentary mass of mineral substance, rushing through space with planetary momentum, and revolving in some very lengthened and eccentric kind of oval about the sun, in accordance with the conditions of universal gravitation; and this mass, having accidentally approached the voluminous earth too nearly, became so powerfully attracted by the terrestrial substance, that it was constrained to withdraw its allegiance from the sun, and to rush to the earth, entering the atmosphere, and becoming luminous at its utmost limits, where it first found oxygen enough to support flame, and then leaving its burnt vapours behind it in the terrestrial air, and precipitating its heated and glazed mineral nucleus somewhere near the coast of France, as an *ærolite*.

Such is the rational hypothesis men of science will hold concerning this meteor; and upon the several grounds which have been specified, it must be admitted that the reason in the hypothesis is very good—better, we fear, than that which is comprised in the pretty myth recorded by Jacob Grimm.

When the Franciscan monk was killed by the meteoric stone at Milan, an Italian philosopher was struck too; but the philosopher was struck only by a less formidable missile—namely, by an idea. His idea was, that *ærolites* are stones cast out from volcanoes in the moon, and projected so far by the violence of the eruption, that they get from the sphere of lunar attraction into that of the earth's. This view seemed so plausible, that it was subsequently adopted by many men of science, to account for the original launching of these fragmentary masses into space. Several skilful mathematicians have at different times concerned themselves with the consideration of this notion. The most expert of these—Olbers and Chladni among the number—have decided against its probability, on the ground that the force required for the production of the effect would need to be so much more vast than any that would be likely to be exerted by such an influence. Dr Peters found that stones are only ejected, when at their greatest speed, with a movement of 3000 feet per second from the crater of the Peak of Tenerife. But the starting velocity of masses erupted from the moon would need to be 110,000 feet per second, to enable them to get across to the earth, and to arrive at it with meteoric speed. It is deemed very improbable that the little moon should have relatively so much more volcanic energy bottled up in its sphere than the earth, to render it capable of such an exertion.

A TALE OF ANDORRA.

IN THREE PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

CARLOS, to whose company we now return, made a hasty breakfast on the brown bread of the country, at Escaldos, the first village in the valley; and on setting out again, found himself in the company of a large number of Andorrans, all bent on the same journey as he, and with the same object; for on that day, the syndic, the viguiers, and the council (an elective body) of Andorra, were to meet for the purpose of deciding the fate of Guyonemé Sagrita. Various were the opinions he heard expressed, as to what that decision would be, but all seemed aware that the two French executioners had refused to act; and every one declared that no one would be found in the valley itself to supply their place. It may seem curious that, in such an emergency, a Spanish executioner should not have been applied to or even thought of; but the fact is, that the Andorrans, though on excellent terms with their southern neighbours—as, indeed, the mixed festival at Puigcerda testified—have a great jealousy of any Spanish interference other than that exercised by the Bishop of Urgel in spiritual matters; and, as if from grateful reminiscences of Charlemagne, are decidedly French in feeling, and look to France alone in all difficulties, civil or political.

Old Andorra, as the capital of the republic, possesses a public building, a kind of *hôtel de ville*; and here, of course, the proceedings of the day were to be carried on. The ground-floor of this edifice was devoted to stabling purposes, for the accommodation of the horses and mules on which the councillors and other officials had ridden to the assize, such things as an inn and its pendicles being altogether unknown in the place. Above, was a large barn-like hall, open to the rafters;

this was the court-house. At one end of it stood four-and-twenty massive oaken chairs, for the members of the council, and on the wall behind these was fixed the armorial shield of Andorra, rudely carved in wood, and blazoning the arms of Béarn, quartered with those of Foix. Before these chairs were placed others for the syndic, the two viguiers, and two members of the council to be chosen as assessors; and in front of these, again, was a table, with a seat on one side, for the clerk of court, and one on the other for the single notary of the valley, the latter functionary acting in criminal cases as *procureur de la république*. Such prosecutions, we may say in passing, are rare, even for small offences; and one for murder, as was that of Sagrita, had not taken place within the memory of living man.

The rest of the hall, as Carlos and his companions entered it, was already nearly filled with Andorrans, all standing—there were no seats for the audience—in gravity and silence, and evidently much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. They were mostly dark, handsome, and muscular fellows—no women, by the custom of the country, can be present in such an assembly—but a few, by their light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, shewed themselves not to be of pure Andorran blood, but probably of that once persecuted, and even yet but barely tolerated race, the Cagots, as to whose origin there is so much dispute, and whose public mingling with their neighbours would formerly not have been allowed.

The clock of the church struck noon, and the bell began to toll: a confused sound of whispering voices rose in the court, hushed again almost immediately as the council and magistrates entered and took their seats. Sagrita was then brought in, attended by a venerable-looking priest, and followed by two Andorrans, armed with fowlingpieces and sabres, but without any uniform. The prisoner was then placed at the bar—in front, that is to say, of the foremost table. The syndic next announced to two of the council that they had been chosen assessors to the court; upon which the parties designated came forward to the chairs meant for them. Some other formalities having then been gone through, all the officials, together with the prisoner and the old priest, retired again; this was to hear the primate curé of Andorra, as the chief ecclesiastical authority in the valley is titled, say mass in an adjoining chapel. As they disappeared, those of the assembly who could find room fell on their knees; others turned their faces to the wall: all were profoundly silent.

After the lapse of half an hour, the officials returned, and took their respective places; and Sagrita was again brought in front of the table, where he was now joined by an Andorran, one of the wealthiest proprietors of the district, who acted as his *rahonador* (literally, spokesman) or counsel, appointed by the court; and then, in the idiom of the country—a mixture of Catalanian and the *patois* of the Ariège—the syndic, speaking sonorously, addressed the prisoner.

'Guyonemé Sagrita,' he said, 'you have been a bad man! Many here know that for a long time your courses have been evil. You know yourself what was the character you bore among your neighbours; you well know that your conduct was such that they shunned you for it. Nevertheless, till lately you were, if I may so speak, only vicious; and however much you had offended Heaven, you had not yet, so far as we know, transgressed the laws of man. But your wickedness was not to stop within the bounds where, from our mere human justice, you would have been secure. You at last committed a crime! And what a crime! The

life which you were bound to watch over and defend at the risk of your own, you took; her whom you had solemnly vowed to love and cherish, you killed: you made yourself a murderer, and it was your wife who was your victim. And this foulest of deeds you did, not in anger, not in the heat of sudden passion, but as deliberately as cruelly. You went a long way hence to procure poison; a smile on your lips, you administered the poison with your own hands. You had been brutal to your unhappy wife, and had almost driven her to leave you; but when you returned with that treacherous smile on your lips, and with honeyed words on your tongue, she was deceived by your smile, and trusted your words, and accepted joyfully your accursed blandishments, and began to hope, poor thing, for better days. And then, from you—from you, she took the food you had poisoned to destroy her.'

The syndic then recapitulated the circumstances of the case, and shewed how not the shadow of a doubt could exist of the prisoner's guilt.

'And on this clear evidence,' he continued, 'you were most justly found guilty; and the punishment which the law appoints for such a crime is death. And therefore, when you were last before us, you were solemnly condemned to die; and die in virtue of that condemnation you should, were it not that'—

Here Sagrita uttered a shrill cry, and fainted. Pale of cheek, but with a bloodshot eye, his teeth set in despair, yet his lips working convulsively, he had been straining every faculty to catch and comprehend the syndic's meaning; and now that, when almost beyond all hope, he gathered that his every chance for his life was not yet past, the reaction overpowered him. Some restoratives, however, being administered to him, he speedily recovered, and the magistrate went on. He described the successive refusals of Leblanc and Levi; he expressed, for himself and for his brethren, the repugnance they felt at renewing the application, or addressing it elsewhere, and he rather uneasily added: 'No one here, I am afraid, will undertake the office?' But as no one spoke, the worthy man felt reassured again—his passing apprehension lest, by any chance, Andorra should number among her sons one who would become an executioner, being now completely removed—and in his impressive and ringing voice continued:

'I thought as much; and expecting this, after hearing divers opinions, thus have we with one voice resolved. The sentence pronounced on you, Guyonemé Sagrita, is one which we find has been pronounced in this valley before. If it is inadequate as a punishment, it at all events rids us of a monster. If we cast you loose again upon the world, it will be as a marked man; but the rest of the life we now spare will perhaps, and I would fain hope it, be passed in penitence and prayer, as far as in you lies, if so it may be that your guilt may be purged from your soul. Guyonemé Sagrita, our unanimous vote is, that you be subjected to the penalty of the *desterro*; that is to say, that after being branded on the shoulder with the letters D. P. S., the initials of *desterro per sempre* [banished for ever], you shall be taken in custody to the frontier of the republic, at any point you may yourself name, and then driven forth with this warning—that if you are again found within our limits, you shall be treated as a wild beast, whom it shall be lawful for any one to kill; nay, whom any one meeting him shall be bound to kill. And so, in the name of justice, and in virtue of my office, I pronounce it shall be.'

As the syndic concluded, Sagrita drew a long breath, and then looked round him with an expression of wild satisfaction: the coward was now assured of his dear life. His *rahonador* rose and bowed, signifying that he had nothing to say.

'The public court is over,' said the syndic; 'let all retire.'

Carlos had already disappeared.

Juana was sitting on her balcony watching for one who still came not; so had she been for very many days, with the exception of the short intervals when sheer exhaustion compelled her to take some repose. Still, Carlos returned not. The news of the judgment in Andorra had reached her; and she had heard that he had been seen present when it was pronounced, but further tidings of her lover she had none. A sallow young man, with a sinister expression of countenance, had called on her several times to inquire if she knew anything of the muleteer, and where he was to be found, and had left her on his last fruitless visit with furious imprecations and threats against 'the cheat who had deceived and robbed him,' as he said. His frantic words and gestures had startled her; but she seemed to become stupefied as her despair grew stronger, and to have room in her mind for but one idea, that she should remain at her post, so as to catch the first appearance of him on his return. But would he ever return now?

Six weeks had passed since his departure, and she was sitting one evening watching, when an old man, with white hair flowing over his shoulders, stopped at her door. He was accompanied by a beautiful girl, whose large, lustrous eyes wandered timidly from object to object, with the expression of one who was unaccustomed to find herself in a strange place and amongst strangers, but who so found herself there and in that place. After an inquiry of one who was passing, as if to assure himself that he had found the house he sought, the old man knocked at the door, and the nurse appearing, he asked for her young mistress.

'Peace be with you, my daughter!' said the stranger as he entered the room, into which Juana came from the balcony when he and his companion were announced. 'You have doubtless been in sad uncertainty and sorrow, but I bring good news.'

'Of my Carlos? speak!' gasped his hostess.

'Of Carlos—of Carlos the muleteer. He has been ill, very ill; but he is now doing well, and will be here before a week is over.'

'Before a week is over! Days still to wait! I will go to him at once. I may surely do so,' she added blushing, and with a little hesitation: 'he is my betrothed husband.'

'I know,' said the old man kindly; 'but you must still have patience. He is well cared for; and your presence might do him harm, for he must be kept quiet yet some two or three days.'

'Who are you to advise me?' cried Juana impetuously and with a tinge of suspicion.

'Dear lady,' said the young girl in a gentle voice, 'we are friends, and have come hither to relieve the anxiety you must have had. We have no motive but that of kindness to one who has surely been suffering great distress—and we may be trusted,' she added somewhat proudly, and even reproachfully.

'I believe it—I believe it,' cried Juana, taking both the hands of the other in her own. 'Forgive me. I spoke folly. I am not ungrateful. But oh, for these long days and weeks, I have in truth suffered much!'

'Be assured that all is well'—began the old man.

'Then why did he not write to me?' interrupted the excited girl, her doubts returning.

'You shall hear, my daughter. Carlos has been wounded.'

'By Guyonemé Sagrita! I know it—I felt it! It was my foreboding when he went. Tell me at once.'

'It is even so. He is wounded in the right arm, and so cannot use his pen.'

'The murderer—the traitor! He who owes his life to my Carlos—who owes his escape from the scaffold!'

A flood of tears here came to the relief of the poor

girl's overwrought feelings; and soothed gradually by the gentle attentions of the old man and his companion, she at last became calm. 'You are very, very kind,' she said at last; 'you bear with my weakness most feelingly. But I am better. Pray, tell me all you know. I have been told of the judgment, and that Carlos left Andorra as it was pronounced. More I know not.'

'Shortly after the disappearance of Carlos,' said the old man, 'there came one hither to inquire of you about him. Do you know who that person was?'

'I remember one who seemed a Frenchman, a fellow of a bad look. Do you mean him?'

'Yes. His name was Leblanc.'

'Not the executioner of Foix?' Carlos told me of such a one with that name,' said Juana, with evident signs of aversion, which did not escape the notice of the other.

'Such he was,' said he, looking hard at her. 'Pray, did Carlos speak to you of any other executioner?' he added after a moment's pause.

'He also spoke of a certain Levi of Perpignan.'

'I am that Levi,' returned Juana's visitor.

'Ah!' cried she, shuddering and shrinking as it were from him. Levi took no notice of the feeling she betrayed, but his daughter grew very pale, and then reddened violently.

'But,' continued Juana, replying to her own involuntary thought, 'Carlos spoke well of you—said you were stern but conscientious—thought only of your duty.'

'Did he so?' exclaimed the old man, exhibiting some emotion.

'Blessings on him for it!' murmured his daughter.

'Carlos,' resumed Levi, recovering his usual calm tone, 'had bribed that Leblanc, as you probably know, and for what: so much he paid him, and more he promised. Disappearing, he did not keep that promise: to this, attribute your visit from Leblanc. He left you in anger, probably?'

'I think he did,' said Juana; 'but I took little heed of him.'

'The wretched creature returned to Foix in a frenzy of disappointment, quarrelled with his mistress, and killed her in his passion. Since you saw him here, he has been tried, convicted, and executed.'

'Ah!' ejaculated Juana, startled at the abrupt disclosure, and unspeakably shocked at thus hearing the horrid fate of one who so short a time before had stood alive beside her in that room. 'May all the saints have mercy on the unhappy man!'

'My services were required.'

Again Juana shuddered involuntarily, and again Levi's daughter grew pale and red by turns.

'It was then I heard that Carlos had disappeared. He had interested me. I made inquiries—searched for days—gained trace of him—followed it—found him I sought.'

'Wounded and suffering,' cried Juana, 'and I not there! Who tended him? Who was with him? Who is with him? Oh, where is he?'

'Patience, my daughter, and you shall hear all. I told you before that my news was good. You know the feeling that Carlos entertained as to Sagrita, your cousin, paying the penalty he had incurred; the mistaken feeling, I may say, for so I think it—or at least thought it,' added Levi, after a moment's hesitation. 'But you probably, nay, I am sure, do not know that Carlos had resolved that your cousin should not be a living shame to his family—to you—if your betrothed could help it. And, with this false principle of honour, he had made up his mind from the first to risk his life against Sagrita's. To make the story short: when the latter was set free on the frontier of Andorra, he was still watched and followed by an avenger of blood, who kept in view till no other human eye was upon them, and then coming up to him, briefly

told him his determination, offered him the choice of two Albacete knives he had till then concealed under his *capa*, and bade him defend himself, saying sternly that both should not leave that place alive.'

Juana breathed hard, and her eyes glistened, as did also those of Levi's daughter; but the old man was not interrupted.

'Sagrira expostulated, implored, even fell on his knees; but finding Carlos inflexible, he at last accepted one of the weapons; and then the moment he had it in his hand, he threw himself on his generous enemy before the latter was on his guard, stabbed him in three places, and took to flight, leaving him for dead. I have little more to add. A shepherd found Carlos stretched on the ground, and insensible. Assistance was procured from other shepherds, and he was conveyed to one of their huts. They tended him as well as they could; but when he came to himself, he was too weak to speak. Then fever set in—in fact, he was delirious when we found him; so that they could gather nothing from him as to who he was, or whence he came, or who had wounded him. But, as I said, he is now out of all danger. I possess some knowledge of medicine, and treated him, I am glad to say, so successfully, that if all goes well, you may depend on having him here within the week, as I promised. He insisted that in the meantime I should come to relieve your anxiety, otherwise I should not have left him. But he is in kind and careful hands: the simple folk he is with watch over him as if he were a brother.'

'Now may all the saints be praised!' said Juana fervently; 'and blessings follow you, worthy man, for all your goodness!' More she would have added, but her strength, which seemed to have supported her only till she had heard the good news, now failed her, and she sank insensible to the ground at Levi's feet. At the summons of the old man, the nurse appeared, and the useless lamentations into which she broke at the sight of her swooning mistress being quickly exchanged by an energetic remonstrance from him into the needful exertions, Juana was conveyed to her chamber and put to bed. Fever succeeded, and raged more or less for days, but the medical knowledge of the old man was again beneficially exerted; nor was the gentle and unceasing care with which his daughter tended the sufferer without the effect it so well deserved. And when at last Carlos returned, joy completed the cure; and then Levi and Rachel took their leave.

'Be happy, my children!' said the old man to the muleteer and his bride. 'Be thankful, Carlos, that you were not permitted to take vengeance into your own hand and to determine yourself the fate of Sagrita. Be thankful, Juana, that your lover has not to answer for the blood of your relative. And so farewell! Rachel and I go to the south—her mother's kindred dwell not far from Sevilla, and expect us gladly. My profession I have renounced, for my stern creed has lately been much mingled with doubt; and, besides, when I think of this dear child, I see my duty otherwise than I did. Farewell!'

And so, not without tears on all sides, Levi and Rachel parted from their Puigcerda friends, and went their way. Of Sagrita, nothing more was heard. The authorities of Andorra had allowed him to retain a sum of money sufficient to support him for some time; and it was supposed that he had made for some seaport, and taken ship to some distant country.

It was a few months after the events I have narrated in these chapters, that I was on my way to the port of Venasque, a well-known pass in the Pyrenees, near the Maladetta, 'the Accursed,' the loftiest mountain in the chain, and one the highest peak of which has never been trodden by human foot. I had for sole companion a Catalonian, a muleteer, who was returning to his own country, and had volunteered to be my guide; and, not

to make any mystery about the man, I may as well say at once that it was Carlos, now quite recovered; and a very fine fellow I found him.

The day was enchanting, the scenery magnificent, and what with enjoying it and taking an occasional, though, I am bound to confess, always unsuccessful shot at an izard, several troops of which animal crossed our path, and frequently tempted us to diverge from it, our progress had been slower than we had intended, and evening began to approach while we were yet far from our destination. In short, we saw that we should have to pass the night on the mountain. Carlos, however, knew of a hut in which the shepherds occasionally took shelter; and with the hope of at least having something of a roof over us, thither we directed our steps. We were not, however, destined to reach it; such a storm came on as is to be met with only amongst such mountains. Stunned by the thunders that exploded every instant, and rattled and reverberated among the gigantic rocks and through the narrow defiles; dazzled by the glare of the incessant lightning, which forked and played on every side round us; and, finally, driven from our path by a sudden gust of wind, and unable to recover the track, blinded as we were by the blast of sleet that drove furiously in our faces, we were glad indeed when, unexpectedly, we came to the entrance of a cave, deep enough for us to place ourselves completely beyond the reach of the elements. It was not untenanted we found, for a party of Spanish *contrabandiers*, overtaken by the tempest like ourselves, had already made their way to it—not like us, by chance, but through the knowledge which men of their pursuits possess of all such harbours for an emergency. Our hosts—for so they might be called—treated us very liberally, offered us a share of what provisions they had, including some very tolerable *aguardiente*, which, in that cold and damp cave, was very acceptable. Then, as we smoked our cigars and cigarettes, came story after story, and occasionally a song; and when at last night had completely closed in, the whole party of us lay down to sleep, wrapped in our cloaks, and making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

The next morning, at sunrise, all were afoot; and we prepared to descend into Spain. Just as we were starting, an exclamation from one of the party drew the attention of all the others. It came from the most remote part of the cave. 'They are bones!' he cried. On examination, a human skeleton and one of a bear were found. Clutched still firmly in the fleshless, but not yet tendonless hand of the former, was a knife. 'I see,' said one of the men; 'this poor fellow has taken refuge here, and been attacked by that monster; and the man and the beast have killed each other.'

The knife passed from hand to hand, till it came to Carlos, who, on examining it, grew deadly pale. 'I know this knife,' he said, after a long pause; 'and I know whose remains these must be.'

The knife was the Albacete blade he had offered to Guyonemé Sagrita, when he challenged him to duel after the expulsion of the latter from Andorra.

The muleteer and the smugglers scraped a shallow grave, and deposited the bones of the identified murderer in it, muttering as they did so a few hasty prayers. Of that identity, a ring, still remaining on one of the fingers, had left no doubt.

And on our way to Puigcerda, Carlos told me the story, the main features of which I have now offered the reader. I only wish I could have given it more nearly in his own picturesque language. And at Puigcerda, he presented me to the beautiful Juana, who supplied some gaps in her husband's narrative.

They caused masses to be said for the soul of Sagrita, and also for that of Leblanc, whose catastrophe Carlos thought he had precipitated by his involuntary failure to keep his promise. I have only to add, that shortly

before my visit, they had received a letter from old Levi, announcing the betrothal of his daughter to one of her own people.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

It is on record that when Captain Morris wanted to write a song against Mr Pitt in the *Yankee dialect*, he could scarcely find a peculiar 'Yankee' word or phrase to suit his purpose. Since that date, the case has greatly altered. Americanisms are now so abundant, and so likely to multiply to an unlimited extent, as to suggest the probability that they may tend to corrupt permanently the English language. A passing glance at the subject may therefore be not unprofitable, and may serve at anyrate to gratify the curiosity of English readers.

We should observe, at starting, that all Americanisms are not necessarily new coinages of speech, nor even corrupted applications of authentic English words; many of them being traceable to provincial usage in the mother-country, and seeming to have gained a settlement in the States along with the original emigrants who took them out as a portion of their stock of vocables. Mr Bristed, an accomplished American, who has lately investigated the subject,* and of whose views and researches we here avail ourselves, remarks that the number and force of producible instances of this kind are greater than is generally supposed.

The difference between the language of the two countries is not so much apparent in their literature as in their familiar and accustomed forms of speech. To illustrate this, Mr Bristed gives an extract from a supposed conversation between two American gentlemen, one of whom joins the other in the country, and relates a series of accidents that happened to him on leaving the city. The incidents are necessarily of the most trivial description, as they are selected to exemplify everyday familiar phrases. 'First of all, our new waiter forgot to go to the *book-store* for your parcel; so that was left behind. I am afraid it will be as long on the road as the last bouquet you sent us, which was quite *wilted* when it arrived. Then, as I was *riding* down quietly in a *hack*, one of the horses, a vicious-looking *sorrel*, tried to run away, and the *hack* did run into a *wagon*, and upset it. When the horse was stopped, he began to kick, and kicked away his *whiffle-tree* and the *dash-board*. I jumped out on the *side-walk*, and fell against a lady who was coming down her *stoop*. Neither of us was hurt, but I tore my *pantaloons* and broke a *suspender*, and the lady's *hat* was crushed. As we were only two *blocks* from the steam-boat, I carried my small amount of *baggage* on board myself; and the first person I saw was X—, whom you admire so much: and he is *clever*, certainly; but I should say, though he is your friend, decidedly *silly*.'

We are assured that every one of the words above italicised, with the possible exceptions of *riding* and *clever*, would be naturally used under the circumstances by an American gentleman; and it is said, justly enough, that some of them would be apt to puzzle an Englishman just arrived in the country. Mr Bristed's strictures, however, on the word 'riding' are curious.

* *The English Language in America*. By Charles Astor Bristed, B.A.—being one of a series of dissertations published under the title of *Cambridge Essays*, contributed by Members of the University. Parkers, London.

It is quite remarkable that so thorough a literary man should be ignorant that such expressions as 'riding in a coach' are to be met with in the best books and the best company in England. 'In spite of the well-known advice to an awkward horseman, to "get inside and pull up the blinds," he would hardly be able to conceive how the narrator could ride in a hack, still less how the hack could upset a wagon, and, not to dwell on other expressions, the last sentence would seem to him to involve a direct contradiction. . . . It may not be wholly uninteresting to run through our list of italics, and note their respective origin. First, then, *waiter* for footman. This usage has an important social signification, as shewing how hotel habits and phrases have predominated in the country, and invaded American private life. *Book-store* is bookseller's shop, *store* being used for shop universally. Sometimes the distinguishing epithets, also, are strangely altered; thus, a linen-draper's shop is termed a *dry goods-store*. The origin of the term is doubtful; perhaps national vanity had something to do with it, the proprietor of the smallest concern wishing to give it the title, if he could no other quality, of a large commercial establishment. *Wilted* for withered, is a provincialism; Halliwell assigns it to Bucks. *Hack*, in America, is always the abbreviation of *hackney-coach*, and driving is usually called *riding*—equestrian exercise being distinguished as *riding on horseback*. These phrases, too, throw a light on national manners, and prove an American preference for carriage over horse exercise. Does the American, then, never use the word *drive*? Yes; but he understands it only of holding the reins himself. Thus: "I rode to town with Smith"—that is, "I went in his vehicle, and he drove me;" "I drove to town with Smith"—that is, "I drove him." A few purists preserve the English distinction of the words. *Sorrel* horse, for chestnut, is a term now fallen into complete disuse in England, yet it has become obsolete only within the last forty years. It was a Suffolk word, and the sign of the *sorrel horse* probably exists to this day in front of some Suffolk ale-houses. . . . The word *wagon*, which the Englishman associates with the idea of one of the heaviest possible vehicles, an American as naturally associates with the idea of one of the lightest possible vehicles. How this very decided change was effected, it is not easy to explain. Perhaps it is a Teutonism (*wagen*, for carriage generally—the "wagon" being, *par excellence*, the vehicle of the country); but the general absence of Teutonisms in America militates against the supposition. *Whiffle-tree*, the invariable American for splinter-bar—at least in the case of the wheel-horses—is the rustic *whipple-tree* very slightly changed. *Dash-board* is merely a corruption of *splash-board*. *Side-walk*, causeway, *trottoir*, is probably a pure American coinage; so is *suspenders* for braces. *Stoop*—the steps of a house—is pure and almost literal Dutch. *Pantaloons* for trousers, and *hat* for bonnet, are obvious Gallicisms (*pantalon* and *chapeau*). Their introduction is easily accounted for by the fact, that many of the fashionable tailors, and most of the fashionable milliners, in the large cities are of French birth or descent. *Block* is primarily the parallelogram of houses bounded by four streets; thence, and more usually, the row of houses in one street between two others. "You must go so many blocks"—that is, so many streets. The English

colloquial phrase, "a block in the street," for a stoppage in the street, is unknown to Americans. Equally unknown is the familiar term *luggage*—the graver word *baggage* being always employed. *Clever* is generally used in the sense of amiable, as it still is by the peasantry in some of the southern counties of England. Some purists maintain the ordinary English meaning of the word, which often leads to ambiguity; so that it is not uncommon to hear the question asked—"You say he is clever: do you mean *English clever* or *American clever*?"

To collect, examine, and explain all the American peculiarities of language, would be a work of much time and trouble, and one demanding no trifling preparation. Mr Bristed, therefore, confines himself to a notice of some of the most salient peculiarities and remarkable words belonging to the principal localities. The singularities, he tells us, of the dialect of the New England States do not consist so much in the introduction of new words, as in the general style of its pronunciation. 'Among its features of this sort may be mentioned a nasal intonation, particularly before the diphthong *ow*, so that *cow* and *now* are sounded *kyow* and *nyow*; a perverse misplacing of final *g* after *n*, almost equal to the Cockney's transposition of initial *h*, making *walkin* of walking, and *captin* of captain [decided Cockneyisms, Mr Bristed]: a shortening of long *o* and *u* in the final syllables; for example—*fortun* and *natur* for fortune and nature; on the other hand, a lengthening of various short syllables, as *nauthin* for nothing, and *genuine* for genuine. Also, a general tendency to throw forward the accent of polysyllables, and sometimes dissyllables; for example—territory, legislative, conquest. This tendency—from which, by the way, the very best classes of New England society are not altogether free—has been noticed as a Scotticism, erroneously, we think, for the Scotch sometimes misplace the accent; they throw it *backward* as often as forward—in magazine, for instance. Some peculiar words, however, are found, as—doing *chores*, for doing miscellaneous jobs of work (a north-country word,* for example—*char-woman*), and many peculiar uses of ordinary words. Thus, by the converse of the rule, "handsome is that handsome does," the New Englanders call an ill-natured person *ugly* or *humly* (homely); and, by a similar transference of physical to mental qualities, they call a clever man *smart*. This last expression has travelled beyond its original locality, and is generally current among the masses all over the Union. *Friends* they use for *relations* [so the Scotch do, Mr Bristed], precisely—and it is worth observing, as an example of the coincidences that will occur in idioms the furthest removed by time and place—as the Greek tragedians used *φίλοις*. The employment of *guess* to express a vast variety of mental processes—to *think*, to *presume*, to *suppose*, to *imagine*, to *believe*, &c., &c.—was one of the earliest peculiarities of speech observed in America, and attributed to all Americans promiscuously. It is a pure New Englandism; and to put it into the mouth of a New Yorker, a Virginian, or a Missourian, is as great a blunder as it would be to represent a Cockney saying *tay* for tea, or a Scotchman *wint* for went.

Passing to the middle states, very few expressions are found to be peculiar to the New Yorkers; at the same time, there are some striking words of Dutch origin, which, being established in use when the city of New York was called New Amsterdam, have thence spread all over the Union, and been generally received. 'The first of these is *stoop*, a genuine Dutch noun, very slightly disguised in its present orthography. *Stoop* in Dutch means the same as *stoup* in English, a

drinking-measure: the real Batavian word represented is *stoep*, from the verb *stoepen*, to sit or *stoop* down. Originally applied to the bench placed, according to old Dutch custom, in front of the house, it came to designate all the steps on the topmost of which a bench was placed, and remained attached to them after the bench itself was swept away by the improvements of modern fashion. The word is used in all classes of society, as naturally as door or window. The next word, *loafer*, is so very common in America, that, although closely approximating to a slang term, it cannot be overlooked here. The expression only found its way into writing about the year 1830, but had been in use long before, especially in the vicinity of the markets. It is equivalent to vagabond intensified; and its personal application is one of the greatest insults that can be offered to an American—something like calling a Frenchman *canaille*. The third word is one used universally throughout the free states at least, and used in sober seriousness, without any slang intention, but confined entirely to the labouring classes. It is *boss*, for head-workman or employer. Servants will also use it in speaking of their master. This is good Dutch, although not immediately recognisable under its present orthography. The original Batavian is *baas*, a master-workman. . . . The New Yorkers have a tendency to make the same promiscuous use of *expect* that the New Englanders do of *guess*.'

In Pennsylvania, some of the largest counties were settled by Germans, whose descendants now amount to nearly a fourth of the population of the state, and who still continue to use their language. It does not appear, however, that the presence of that language has affected the speech of the English settlers; on the contrary, the English has corrupted the German, which has been reduced to a curiously compounded *patois*. The only marked Teutonism current in the country is *hold on* (halt-an) for stop, and this may be only indirectly Teutonic; there being indications of its having been derived *immediately* from a nautical source. Turning to the southern states, the longest settled of which were colonised by English cavaliers, few marked or notorious peculiarities of expression are found to be prevailing. Some of these are, nevertheless, tolerably salient. 'They use *reckon* as the New Englanders do *guess*. They shorten the long sound of *a*—*stars* for stairs, and *bar* for bear—a pronunciation shared to some extent by their fellow-citizens of the Western states, and insert *y* in some cases before *ar*—*gyard* and *gyarden* for guard and garden—a style once fashionable in England, if Sheridan's dictionary is to be trusted. Among the lower classes, one sometimes meets with very queer words, such as *donocks* for stones, where we confess we are altogether at fault.'

On arriving at the 'great West,' the inquirer finds the materials for his investigation very abundant, but most of them encroaching on the 'forbidden ground of slang.' Our authority thinks it may be doubted whether, in this very new country, there is any generally recognised standard of refinement and propriety in language more than in other matters. 'There are districts,' says he, 'where it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that every prominent person has his own private vocabulary. The hunter-legislator, David Crockett, who flourished some twenty years ago, a brave but eccentric personage, was a specimen of this class; the well-known "Go ahead!" was one of his inventions. The infinite variety of Western phraseology embraces every sort of expression, from the clumsiest vulgarity to the most poetic metaphor; from unintelligible jargon to pregnant sententiousness. Sometimes it luxuriates in elongation of words and reduplication of syllables, as if the mother English were not sufficiently strong and expressive—*cantankerous* for rancorous, *salvagerous* for savage. The

* It is also, as Mr Bristed might have added, a word in common use among the charwomen of London.

barbarous cant word *tee-total*, was doubtless thus coined by some Western speaker at a "temperance" meeting. Sometimes, it derives from its associations of forest and prairie life, picturesque and graphic phrases, such as *making tracks*, *drawing a bee-line*, and the primitive salutation "stranger!"—another unintentional Hellenism which carries the hero back to Homer's time. And sometimes again it degenerates into a fondness for words of all-work, that seemingly betoken equal poverty of thought and language. They use or abuse *calculate* as the New Englanders do *guess*. The verb *fix*, which has more than its legitimate share of work all over the Union, they drive unmercifully, and have introduced its participial noun *fixing* to a commanding position in the conversational vocabulary. In some places, *tote* expresses every variety of fetching, lending, or carrying; and *truck* every commodity that can be subjected to the process of *toting*. There is a familiar legend of an English traveller who, on hearing Sambo directed to "tote the gentleman's horse to the barn (stable), and give him some truck," not unnaturally concluded that truck was the Kentuckian for hay or oats. But soon another Sambo was ordered to "tote in some truck for the fire," and appeared with an armful of pine-wood. The traveller, wondering if the horses of the country were *lignivorous*, appealed to the judge or colonel who acted as landlord for information, and was comforted by the satisfactory assurance that "truck meant everything in those parts." It is not certain whether the term *help* for servant, often set down as a general Americanism, but in fact scarcely known in the middle states, is of Western or of New England origin. It is generally used in both sections of the country.

Apart from the consideration of slang which Mr Bristed has avoided as much as possible, there are a few words of American invention which have gained a permanent position in the language. They are, for the most part, words formed to express either old or new ideas with greater clearness or convenience than any words previously existing. *Talented* may be mentioned as one in question, which, though for a while scouted as a vulgarism in certain quarters, somehow holds its ground, and is not likely to be dispossessed of the place which it has taken. *Realised*, again, seems to be another; it is not mentioned by Mr Bristed, but we have the authority of Mr Helps for regarding it as a legitimate Americanism. On the whole, however, the number of words contributed by America, which can be considered as natural and appropriate growths of the language, is very inconsiderable. The English tongue has as yet received, in that quarter of the world, no remarkable development. On the other hand, as regards the present supremacy of the English language in America, there seems every reason to believe that that supremacy will be maintained. The Anglo-Saxon element, in all conceivable respects, is the main element at once of progress and of permanence in the great Western continent. The bulk of the inhabitants are the descendants of Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and in point of influence and enterprise, they are the leading race throughout the Union. With such comparatively trifling modifications as have been indicated, the English language will doubtless continue to be the language of the general American nation. 'And surely,' as Mr Bristed observes, 'this ought to be a source of no small satisfaction to Englishmen. Among the many glories that England has to boast of, it is not, and will not be one of the least that she, more successful in this respect than the other nations of Europe, has transmitted and permanently established beyond the broad ocean liberal institutions, evangelical religion, and a language which, whatever harshness of sound or clumsiness of inflection may disfigure it. . . . has been the vehicle of many of the greatest productions of human reason and human genius; the language of

Milton and Shakspeare, of Macaulay and Tennyson—one and the same with the language of Irving, Bryant, and Longfellow.'

THE FAIR OF NISHNEI-NOVGOROD.

THERE are two Novgorods in Russia—one Novgorod-Veliki, or the Great Novgorod, of which runs the saying,

Who can resist God and Novgorod?

the other, Nishnei—or, as it is spelt in Russian, Nishnyi—Novgorod, that is, the 'Lower Novgorod.' The former, as we all know, lies not very far from the Gulf of Finland; the latter is situated between Moscow and the Siberian frontier, on a fine triangular height at the junction of the rivers Oka and Volga. It is the capital of an important government of the same name; and, from its position, not only admirably adapted to the pursuits of commerce, but so commanding and so central in regard to Asiatic and European Russia, that Peter the Great, as appears from a plan which has been discovered in the imperial archives, at one time intended to make it the seat of the capital of his empire, instead of founding St Petersburg in the marshes of the Neva.

'The city,' according to Cochrane, who visited it more than thirty years ago, 'is large, scattered, and somewhat ill built, but evidently improving. The upper part, in which the governor, chief officers, and military reside, is, of course, the best. Its situation is peculiarly pleasant and airy, though surrounded by the stubborn remains of the old citadel and Tatar wall. The lower town, which may be termed the St Giles's of the city, is occupied principally by persons engaged in merchandise.' The prosperity of Nishnei-Novgorod has, since those days, been yearly on the increase; but it is not of the city we intend to speak, but of the fair, to which it owes its renown.

And where is this fair? We have already passed the city-gates, but no symptom of any such assemblage of men or merchandise has yet revealed itself to our vision. We must turn from the town and its suburbs, for in neither of these is the fair to be held; and leaving the Volga, that most majestic of Russian rivers, proceed to its tributary, the Oka; and there, on a low, almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both rivers, we behold a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe.

A vast town of shops laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, lies before us, now tenanted by more than 100,000 souls, but destined in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the grave; for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and rope with which the idea of a fair is inseparably associated in our own merry England. They are here regular houses, built of the most substantial materials, and are generally one story high, with large shops in front, and sleeping-rooms for the merchant and his servants behind. Sewers, and other means of maintaining cleanliness and health, are provided still more extensively than in the regular towns of Russia.

The business of the fair is of such importance, that the governor of the province, the representative of the emperor himself, takes up his residence in the midst of it during the greater part of the autumn. There is a large handsome palace built for him in the centre of the scene of traffic, which accommodates a train of secretaries and clerks numerous enough to manage the revenues of a kingdom. Strong posts of military are planted all round, to keep down the unruly whenever they shew signs of an inclination to indulge in a little gratuitous rioting; while the Cossack police

continue always on the look-out for thieves, who, notwithstanding their vigilance, still contrive to reap a very tolerable harvest from the unwary in this not very select community.

It is from the heights of the Kremlin, or citadel of Nishnei-Novgorod, that we command the most imposing view of the great fair. Casting a look over the two arms of the Oka, which lies beneath us, to a spot situated at the distance of about a mile from where we stand, our eye can clearly trace the connecting-link of men and carriages, rushing like mighty waters hither and thither along the causeway, and over the long wide bridges of boats from the city to the mart, and from the mart to the city. Just under us, lies a steep and difficult slope, leading to the banks of the river, and lined with a skirting of good and substantial houses. This slanting street, forming thus an inclined plane from the town to the water's edge, is filled with a countless throng from morning till night—carriages, wagons, droskies, and pedestrians uniting to form the only scene—except, perhaps, the Toledo of Naples—that can be at all compared with the crowds of Fleet Street or Cheapside.

On passing the last bridge of boats, we find ourselves on the threshold of the fair. This part is generally crowded with labourers looking out for employment, and Cossacks among them to preserve order. Then come lines of temporary booths, displaying objects of inferior value for the lower classes—such as beads, trinkets, and especially caps. Of these there are a great variety—round turbans from Astrakhan, the best furnished by the lamb of the large-tailed sheep imported from Crim-Tatary; high black Kirghiz bonnets, made of stuff resembling hair; or flat gold-figured cowls from Kasan.

The entrance to the fair is always crowded, but not with the dirty, dingy crowd of a European city. Here is sufficient material for the ethnologist to spend his time and study on for a twelvemonth or more; for if that erudite gentleman only secure a resting-place and shelter under one of the many booths skirting the entrance to the fair—no easy matter where thousands are rushing like bubbles to a whirlpool—he will look upon costumes and faces more varied and grotesque than are elsewhere assembled within so small a compass.

That white-faced, flat-nosed man is a merchant from Archangel, and comes with furs; he is followed, perchance, by a bronzed, long-eared Chinese with tea, who is again followed by a pair of lozenge-eyed Tatars from the Five Mountains; then there pass a group of youths, whose regular features bespeak the high Circassian blood, and contrast most forcibly with the appearance of those Tatar peddlers who hawk about muslins on their arms. Cossacks, freighted with hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in mute astonishment on their brethren, who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba, a river of Asiatic Russia, which, issuing from the Volga, about twelve miles above Tzaritzin, joins it again, like a dutiful offspring, on its passage to the Caspian Sea. Then there saunter past, with long robes and flowing hair, Persians bearing rich perfumes for the boudoirs and toilet-tables of the Russian grandees; while Kujurs from Astrabad—that long, narrow, sandy tongue of land which, on the north-east coast of the Crimea, encloses the western side of the Putrid Sea—and Turkomans from the northern bank of the Gaurgan follow in succession. Interspersed among the crowd, we see Bashkirs from the Ural Mountains, who seem far away in thought among the hives of their native cottages; while the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg, looks as though he would rather be listening to the scream of the eagles in chase, than to the roar of this sea of human tongues.

Glancing in another direction, the spectator beholds a Greek from Moldavia dangling a rosary from his fingers, and treating about it with a Calmuck as wild

and agile as the horses amongst which he was born and bred. By their side stands a Truchman, with his neighbour, a Ghilan of Western Persia; while a Bucharian, garmented in a long coat reaching down nearly to his ankles, and girdled round the waist, is greeting with his usual thoughtless gaiety some Agriskhan acquaintance, sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tatars. Nogais are mingling with Kirghizians; and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with some member of an Asiatic tribe, whose name is as unpronounceable as it is long. Jews from Brody are squaring accounts with Turks from Trebizonde, and costume-painters from Berlin are walking arm-in-arm with actors, who are perhaps going to play in the evening some dark and savage scenes of tragedy or melodrama. In short, here you have, as the showman says, cotton-merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neuchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburg, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw—the whole helping to make up a crowd the most motley and singular ever assembled by the wonder-working genius of commerce. I say of commerce; for, be it remembered, that the crowd thus gathered together, as at a masquerade, has come to no holiday meeting. The ordinarily gaudy look of an English or French fair, which shews the shabbiness of its under-garments, even through the tinsel of outward decoration, is here entirely wanting. This is a place of business; and the Nishnei buyers are no country bumpkins, who, with a few shillings in their pockets, come to gape and stare, and go back again as rich as Moses with his spectacles, but real *bond-fide* merchants and bankers, who frequently invest their whole fortunes in the objects of distant commerce here put into sudden circulation.

As most of the Oriental dealers who frequent the fair belong to tribes in constant intercourse with the Russians of the south, there is not such a diversity of garb as might be expected from the variety of tongues prevalent in this modern Babel. The long kaftan of Russia, as a compromise between the loose folds of the East and the scanty skirts of Europe, is worn by the majority. There are Russians, of course, from every corner of the empire; but the greater, and certainly the most singular part of the crowd consists of dealers from a variety of tribes in Central Asia, who come to Nishnei-Novgorod as the great point of union between Europe and Asia, where the East and the West make mutual interchange of their respective commodities.

Though there is no spot in the world, perhaps, where so many different members of the habitable globe congregate, yet the one interesting addition of *woman* is almost entirely wanting. What life and cameleon-like change of shade and colouring would this scene present, were each Asiatic to bring his dark-eyed, wondering bride along with him! But such a fancy is hopeless, since Oriental jealousy forbids the bare idea of such a journey among the infidel sons of the West.

Take it, however, as it is, the fair of Nishnei-Novgorod still offers such a *tout ensemble* as would require the highest descriptive powers to do it justice. The only thing to which it can be compared in Western Europe, is the great fair of Leipsic; yet how much does that of Nishnei surpass it! At first, perhaps, there is a feeling of disappointment; but let any one who has been at Nishnei think of it twelve months or twelve years after, and say whether it is not a sight that furnishes more to meditate on than any similar scene he has ever witnessed.* Leipsic may have a

* So says Robert Bremner, to whose *Excursions in Russia* we are mainly indebted for the details of the fair of Nishnei-Novgorod.

livelier look, owing to the great intermixture of females in the crowd, and to the fact that all the beauty of a city where beauty is not rare comes to the aid of the trading populace. The German fair gains also from being held in the picturesque, old-fashioned streets of one of the most interesting cities in Europe, which boasts of houses as lofty as those of the Old Town of Edinburgh, and is surrounded on all sides by beautiful walks and scenes of historic and literary interest. Nishnei, on the contrary, is thrust away, almost out of the world, to a spot that nobody ever heard of before—a swampy point, threatened every day in the year by the floodings of two great rivers, with nothing round it but dreary forests and endless plains of water—so vast that the eye wearies of measuring them.

Yet, in spite of all this, the fair of Nishnei is a much more marvellous sight than that of Leipsic. In place of temporary booths, filled with German toys or Tyrolese guitars, are seen substantial, well-stored shops, groaning with articles at once the most costly and the most essential to human existence. Not forgetting that the most important part of the Leipsic business is transacted in the vast magazines with which the best streets are filled, it is yet asserted by competent judges, that, take the contents of every ware-room and every booth, the goods brought to Nishnei in one year would still be found far to surpass those brought to its rival in *two*. Leipsic collects rarely more than 40,000 strangers; while Nishnei, as we learn from good authority, is annually frequented during the two months of the fair by the enormous number of a quarter of a million. Some have even rated the number higher, especially Exelmann, who states it at 600,000; but this is justly rejected as exaggeration. Besides differing from the German fair in its want of the fair sex, Nishnei presents another feature of distinction in the total absence of anything literary from its stores; while the fair of Leipsic is essentially a literary one, or rather *the* literary one of Europe.

But, ere we quit the Russian city of shops, we will just cast a cursory glance over its general features and proportions.

A sad difficulty presents itself at the very outset; for no sooner do we leave the dry bridge, and launch forth into the maze of alleys and streets, than we meet with a most decided obstacle, in the shape of what is incomparably the most abundant of all Russian commodities—*mud*. One might as well try to walk through a street of tar as through the creeping eddies which it here forms, and in which the furrows of the struggling wheels close almost immediately after they have passed. If it were not for this superabundance of dirt, the streets of Nishnei would be as good as any in Europe. They are as regular and as wide as those of the New Town of Edinburgh. Their number, as well as the magnitude of the business transacted in them, may be estimated from the fact that the rents drawn from them during the short term of the fair amount to 450,000 roubles.

To enumerate all the articles for sale here would be impossible. There is literally nothing but books wanting. From cathedral bells to ostrich feathers, every other commodity is supplied in abundance. To facilitate business, a separate quarter is allotted to each of the more important descriptions of goods. One of these quarters contains groceries, of which the value sold is very great; another contains fish and caviar exposed in most fragrant variety. No less than L.60,000 worth of these are sold annually at the fair.

A third quarter is devoted to leather articles—all of them surprisingly cheap. And here Morocco leather particularly abounds, the greater part of which comes from Astrakhan. Soap, too, from the neighbouring province of Kasan, is brought hither in large quantities. Iron from Toulou, a district south of Moscow,

and glittering arms of every description occupy a conspicuous space in the streets.

The cloth-market is also very large and well stocked; but the most curious of all is the tea-division, from the number of Chinese seen in it, and the great amount of business transacted by them. Cotton goods, wines, silks, shawls, fancy articles, furniture, mirrors, and crystals, are scattered about in the greatest profusion; and many a longing eye is turned towards the windows of the jewellers and silversmiths, who are said to do a large business, not only in selling home-made articles, but also in purchasing jewels and precious stones from Asia.

But we must now pass by the shops and their attractive contents; for an interesting sight of another kind demands our attention. Forming a species of outpost to the fair, there is a colony of carpenters and blacksmiths, whose business it is to doctor up broken-down carts and to shoe horses. Their mode of performing the latter operation is more cruel even than that practised in Germany. Outside the farrier's door, strong posts are fixed, with huge straps and pulleys attached to them. The poor horse is wheedled into this treacherous cradle, and, before he knows what is about to befall him, the straps and ropes are crossed under him, a wheel is turned, and in a moment he hangs in the air as helpless as a bale of wool. Other straps are now fastened about his flanks, so that he cannot move a limb; and his assailants, seizing hold of his foot, proceed to shoe him with as little ceremony as if he had neither heels to kick nor teeth to bite with.

The reader who has kindly accompanied us thus far through the fair, will probably have seen enough of it for one day at least. If not, however, and he is fond of such things, he may wind up the evening with the spectacle of *Othello*, performed by a copper-colour looking Russian, who rants at his 'Djesmona,' as he calls her, rolls his eyes, grumbles, and finally rushes on to the termination with appalling haste, by stabbing his gentle mate, who, as she sinks at his feet, breathes nothing in death but 'Otello! Otello!'

OUR COUSIN BEN.

It is an old proverb, and in most cases a true one, that 'the boy is the father of the man.' Yet we may not come hastily to the conclusion, that because a youth sits daily at the foot of his class, is crowned regularly with the fool's cap, and is pronounced by the master to be the dunce of the school, his future life is likely to be characterised by stolidity and indifference. There are some who have attained the first rank among men of science, letters, art, and commerce, who were stigmatised at school as downright boobies. We may, therefore, find other mirrors in which a lad's possible future is reflected, besides the opinion of his teacher, or the position he holds in his class; and there are other channels for the development of industry, ability, and disposition, than those afforded by the surface-drill of many of our elementary schools. Peer into some lumber-room or cellar of your stupid scholar's domicile, and see him constructing, out of waste pieces of wood, whale-bone, and string, ingenious locomotive carts, or aerial machines, or framing a miniature camera-obscura, and it requires but little imagination to picture him as the future engineer or philosopher whose genius will span frightful chasms, or bring unknown worlds to light. Open the slovenly little billet that is passed stealthily upwards from the foot of the class, and which, as it is perused by each scholar in succession, behind the concealing shade of an upraised book, makes his countenance quiver with half-suppressed laughter, and you may find four lines of clever satire,

the point of which is worthy of Butler's pen. Find a boy in his chosen field the playground, and you have perhaps stumbled upon one who, with considerable muscular power and physical energy, is the confidential friend of all the smaller boys in their plans, and their immediate resort in cases of danger or difficulty; who throws spirit into every game, and is full of fun, yet dislikes practical jokes, and will not stand to see any one abused: this kind of booby, you may be sure, will be in after-life a man whom everybody can trust; who will not rob the widow or the orphan to make himself rich, and whose purse will be, as his hands have been in his younger days, ready at the call of the needy. Watch the countenance of some other booby, who gets flogged at least once a day, because he will learn nothing without it, and trace, if you can, a single line or twitch of pain that indicates the least wincing under the chastisement; but notice how his face relaxes when he meets his mother's smile, and how his ready fingers fly to anticipate her wishes; and in manhood you may find him a man of iron will and stubborn resolution, who laughs at difficulties, and stands unmoved the shock of adversity; but whose life translates the motto—*ductus non coactus*.

We have just now a boy in our eye, whose career may serve to illustrate these remarks. Ben was a strange boy, a perfect puzzle to teachers and guardians, and every one who ever attempted to impose restraint on him, except his mother; she, worthy old woman, never thought of wondering at his pranks, he took so after his father, who had always a way of his own. Among his fellows at school, Ben was a lion—not that he excelled at lessons; his knowledge of grammar was barely enough to enable him to decide whether 'that' was a verb or a pronoun; and of geography, to make him confident that Australia was not a state of the Union, and that Paris was not in Central Africa; but in the 'manly exercises' of running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, and such as these, he was beyond competition the champion of the school. A 'bickering' expedition against the rival school of the village was complete if Ben was at its head. No matter what the odds were, with a dauntless 'hurrah,' his party would make their charge, and it never failed.

High, high were their hopes, for their chieftain had said
That whatever men dare they can do.

Ben, from his infancy, had been a sort of amphibious animal; he could handle a boat in masterly style, and swim like a duck. Once, indeed, he had a little more of it than he just liked; when, at a couple of miles from the shore, he accidentally jerked himself out of a skiff, and remained for three long quarters of an hour in the water before he was picked up; but once safely out, what of it! He shook himself like a true water-dog, and with the conviction that he was water-tight yet, remained out of doors till he was dry, lest his mother should get nervous if she saw him as he was. Every vessel that frequented the port, Ben knew by head-mark; while yet in the offing, and ere the customs-officers, with their glasses, could make them out, Ben guessed, 'by the cut of their jib,' what they were; and seldom was he wrong. No sooner was their anchor down, than he was aboard, and after mounting to the mainmast-head, and thrice turning the vane, he set to work, and lent a willing hand in furling the sails, and putting things in trim for discharging: a pipe with the men concluded the business, and Ben came ashore. To engagements like these, school regulations opposed no available barrier; the 'taws' possessed no terrors for Ben. He had reached such an amount of experience under them, that he had begun to philosophise on the subject, and would answer to the sympathising remarks of his friends: 'Why, don't every licking I get only tan my

hands the harder for the next?' So the master began to reckon on Ben's place being vacant whenever a vessel arrived in the harbour; and though he well knew the pernicious habit to be incorrigible, yet, to satisfy his conscience, and maintain the regularity of his discipline, he never failed, on the truant's return, to administer the wonted admonition with the usual proportionate number of stripes. We believe that while this cousin of ours was at school, the master wore out upon an average two pair of taws every year; and we suspect that it was a measure of economy when, towards the close of his attendance, the amount of Ben's usual castigation was reduced by a half.

Now, no one must suppose from all this that Ben was a bad boy; those who said so did not know him. He was the kindest-hearted fellow possible, and none knew that better than we, his little cousins. Not to speak of the apples and cakes we got from him, his bat and ball, as well as his legs and fists, were ever at our service. Wo to the juvenile oppressor who dared to molest us! A single cry of distress brought Ben to our side, when, without the ceremony of a challenge, his double-shotted strokes were sent home with powerful effect, to the utter discomfiture of the tyrant and his tyranny. Of little boys, and the weak in general, Ben was the acknowledged champion—a sort of 'village Hampden,' who thoroughly understood, and rigidly enforced the principles of juvenile civil liberty; nor was the executive power in any degree feeble. Moreover, to his mother, Ben, though occasionally wayward, was a most affectionate son; he would have gone through fire and water rather than cause her a single tear; and the mouth that ventured a word of disrespect in his hearing, was effectually sealed in a moment, and bore the impress of his signet for at least a week.

When Ben's education was finished—that is, when he had sat for a year at the foot of the highest class in the school—it was befitting that some employment should be found for him. Ben's heart was on the sea; but as his mother said she should die of a broken heart if he became a sailor, he, with a big effort, bent to her wishes, and smothered his desires. There was in the neighbouring town an uncle of his who was well to do as a merchant, and to him, in due course, Ben was apprenticed for the dreary term of five years. It was, at all events, a step in advance to be installed in a warehouse, instead of drumming away at school, and Ben began to form golden ideas of making a 'handsome thing of it before his time was out.' A little further along the vista of his imagined future, dim visions floated of his mother ensconced in an easy arm-chair, raised by his effort above the necessity of 'putting her hand to a thing,' and himself a thriving city merchant, who could count his yearly gains by hundreds at least. But Ben could not help these waking-dreams being often melted away in the water—

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,

was the darling hope of his heart, and even the idea of his mother's tears could not quite quench it.

To business he went; and three weary years sped their course, and found Ben still behind the counter, but thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing. The ruling passion of his soul had become apparent also to his employer, who found him perpetually scooping out or rigging up miniature frigates or other craft, for which a suitable sphere of action was readily obtained in the cistern, or, failing that, in the street gutter. His uncle became satisfied, too, that no amount of 'blowing up' would ever avail to mend the matter. 'It's no use,' as Ben said, 'trying to turn a fellow's will upside down; as well try to make him walk on his head;' and so Ben found out one day, vastly to his delight, that his uncle had at length advised his mother to try to make up her mind to allow her son to follow his

inclination, and make a sailor of him. Poor woman! it went sorely against the grain to think of parting with her boy; but what could she do? and so the necessity of the case wrung an unwilling consent from her lips. Preparations were soon made; and a berth being obtained on board the good ship *Charlotte*, from Liverpool for Valparaiso, Ben bade his mother a kindly farewell, brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his jacket, and went regularly before the mast.

The first night out of port promised to be squally, and the vessel was not many hours at sea before orders were given to shorten sail. But where were the hands? Ah, Bacchus had fought that day and prevailed, and his victims were prostrate in their berths at his feet. The few men who were on deck being quite insufficient for the duty, the master, without further ado, armed himself with an iron belaying-pin, and, proceeding below, laid about him on each side with hearty goodwill, till, with many a groan and bellow, the bruised sleepers were herded to their task. Ben beheld in silent awe this first specimen of ship-discipline. The wagging of the dominie's taws was the mere shaking of a straw-wisp beside this wholesale infliction of the cudgel, and for a moment his heart sank at the prospect of his one day getting a taste of the same sauce. Swollen heads and limping steps proved next day that the effects of the captain's drill were not transient; and for a week at least there was no possibility of forgetting it. But time at length rubbed down the sharp corners that stuck so fast in memory; and gin being really a pretty harmless thing when stowed away among ship's stores, and not likely to do much mischief except when burning people's brains, things went on smoothly after a while. But the calm was deceitful. 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,' and our cousin, though not of kindred blood, was of like spirit with those who checked the Persian flood at Thermopylæ, and hurled it back at Marathon. Assuredly, the captain met with his match when he entered the lists with Ben. Leaning over the vessel's side one day, performing some operation which the skipper was superintending, our hero accidentally brought his hand into rather close contiguity with the ruby nose of his master; to repay which, the latter laid the full weight of his fist upon Ben's ear. A sharp reply was made, which raised the fury of the captain beyond all bounds. He kicked the 'young dog' to the other side of the ship, and was proceeding to follow it up with something still more to the purpose, when Ben, snatching up a large double block, hurled it unceremoniously at the head of his tormentor. It only took his hat with it into the sea; but his face grew redder and his fury hotter, and,

Like mountain-cat that guards its young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.

Ha! Ben was too nimble for him. The enraged captain had not taken two steps, when his quarry was up the shrouds, and safely lodged in the maintop, where he assumed an attitude of defiance, and stoutly declared that he would knock the first man down that approached him. The captain in vain attempted by imprecations, threats, and cajolery to draw him from his refuge; and, as a last resource, presented a loaded pistol at his head, and swore he would shoot him if he did not come down. Ben's courage for a moment nearly failed him; but, reckoning that the captain was not likely to risk his own neck for the sake of reducing an apprentice to submission, he maintained his defiant air. 'It's no use. Fire away, sir—I'll die sooner than come down!' The skipper was at his wits' end. Finding his threat fail, he again assumed a conciliatory tone; and Ben, perceiving his advantage, demanded a promise that he should be allowed to go to his work free of scath if he came down. This

the foiled captain reluctantly gave; and the young victor resumed his place before the mast, many grades higher in the estimation of his comrades, as well as in his own, but a marked man in the eyes of his vengeful master, who hoped yet to wreak his wrath upon him.

The volcano was not to be exhausted by one eruption, and a second soon broke forth. The second-mate, a young athletic man of colour, took it upon him to call Master Ben a dog; whereupon our doughty cousin, then at the age of seventeen, smarting under the insult, attacked him tooth and nail, and succeeded in knocking him down. The first-mate—with whom, by the way, Ben was a great favourite, but who, from his position, felt impelled to maintain the authority of his injured compeer—hastened to the rescue, armed with a rope's-end, and before him Ben thought fit to make good his retreat. As ill-luck would have it, the captain, at this inauspicious moment, made his appearance on deck, and, understanding how matters stood, at once relieved the mate of the duty he had assumed, by undertaking himself the vindication of offended dignity. Ben's retreat to the rigging had been cut off by the mate; and, seeing his chance of resistance to be but small, he mounted on the cat-head, and vowed to the captain, as he advanced to seize him, that the moment he reached the foremast he would throw himself into the sea, and swim for one of her majesty's frigates, then lying in the Bay of Callao, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and having lodged a formal complaint of bad treatment, would volunteer to serve the Queen. The captain did not pause; the foremast was reached; and, with a shout of defiance, Ben leaped among the waves, and disappeared. In a minute, he was again on the surface, and striking out powerfully for the frigate. In vain the master hallooed after him to return: he was deaf to all persuasion; till at length the captain, not relishing the idea of an investigation before the consul at Callao, which might prove prejudicial to his interests at home, sent a boat after the adventurer, with the requisite pledge that all would be overlooked. He returned, then, to the ship a second time the victor, having earned a place in the captain's estimation, not from respect, but from fear. His troubles henceforth were few. On the homeward voyage, his persecutor died, and, the mate having assumed the command, Ben led an easier life for the rest of it.

The arrival in dear old England—the visit to his native village—the meeting with his mother, who never was done wondering at the growth and beauty of her boy—we must leave the reader to imagine. And then came the second sad parting, and Ben's heart beat high when he knew that his ship was to make her next voyage to golden Australia. Its temptations proved strong, and the crew to a man deserted to dig gold, leaving only the apprentices on board, while every effort to induce their return proved useless. Ben was now nearly nineteen, and his time being almost out, his friend the master promoted him to act as second-mate in the homeward voyage with his new crew. His conduct in this post told greatly in his favour with the owners; and on his return to England, Ben having passed the requisite examination, was installed as first-mate in another vessel. Another voyage of two years accomplished, and another examination passed, Ben became qualified to take the command of any foreign-going craft; and now this intractable cousin of ours is master of as fine a merchant-ship as ever doubled the Cape, and, moreover, he is fit for his post, and no tyrant. The good old schoolmaster is proud now to let people know who had the training of him; and there is not a girl in the village who would not reckon it a compliment to be thought his sweetheart. But, in confidence, there is a pretty white cottage not far from the shore, towards which Ben's heart vibrates, even when at the antipodes, as surely as the needle towards the pole: and if everything goes right, as we hope it may, the

lily that blooms beneath that humble roof will some day soon stand before the altar, and, placing her hand in a sailor's grasp, become Mrs Ben —.

DEATH-WARRANTS.

The frequent repetition of the word 'death-warrant' in accounts of the last moments of criminals under sentence of death, has fostered the belief in this legal formality; whereas, says Lex, in the *Times*, January 6, 1856, 'except in the case of a peer of the realm, there is no such thing as a death-warrant ever signed by the crown, or by any one or more officers of the crown; the only authority for the execution of a criminal convicted of a capital crime being the verbal sentence pronounced upon him in open court, which sentence the sheriff is bound to take cognizance of, and execute without any further authority. It is true that a written calendar of the offences and punishments of the prisoner is made out and signed by the judge, of which a copy is delivered to the sheriff; but this is only a memorandum, and not an official document; and it is optional with the judge to sign it or not.'—*Timbs's Things Not Generally Known.*

BREVITY OF ANCIENT SCOTCH LAWS.

Judging from our statute-book, our ancestors must have been men of few words—men fond of deeds rather than words. It is refreshing, after reading some of our complex and lengthened modern acts of parliament, to turn to a Scotch act of parliament of the reign of James I., which briefly and pithily enacts that 'nae man should enter any place where there is hay with a candle, unless it be in a lantern.' The whole of the Scotch acts of parliament passed in the reign of James I., extending over thirteen parliaments, and amounting to 133 in number, are comprehended in forty-six pages of a small duodecimo volume, and that volume contains the whole Scotch acts of parliament from 1426 to 1621, being nearly 200 years. The annual Mutiny Act of Queen Victoria, for the regulation of the army, is many times more bulky than the acts of the whole thirteen parliaments of her first royal ancestor in the Stuart line.—*Sheriff Barclay on History from the Statute-book.*

SCIENCE VERSUS CRIME.

A Berlin correspondent sends over rather a good illustration of the advantage of science when crime has to be detected. The contents of a barrel of coin had been stolen in one of the Prussian railways, and the barrel itself filled up with sand, and sent on to its destination. Professor Ehrenberg was consulted, and he sent for samples of sand from all the stations along the different lines of railways that the specie had passed, and, by means of his microscope, identified the station from which the interpolated sand must have been taken. The station once selected, it was easy, out of the small number of *employés*, to fix on the offender.—*London Correspondent, Inverness Courier.*

A KNOWING HORSE.

One day last week he was driven a few miles out of town, and on his return, sometime in the afternoon, was fed with meal and cut-feed as usual, but for his supper he had nothing but dry hay, which did not agree very well with his sense of right, after travelling twenty miles with a load through snow-drifts. However, he kept his thoughts to himself till we were all out of the way for the night; then, sundering his rope in some way, he passed through the cow-stable, crossed the barn-floor and the carriage-room to the granary, at the further end of the barn, some forty feet, where he had often seen us get the meal for him. He there found two bags of meal, standing by the bin, tied up tight; but the top one being too heavy for his purpose, he threw it aside; and after examining the other bag, which weighed between fifty and sixty pounds, he took it in his teeth, and carried it about twenty feet, to a clean spot on the barn-floor. Finding it difficult to untie it, he cut a hole in the side, and shook out about a peck of meal, and ate what he wished; and seeing the cow—the only companion

he has these long winter-nights—looking with a longing eye at his pile of meal, he took up the bag again, and carried it about ten feet further to her manger, and shook out some more meal for her. They were found in the morning feasting together.—*Amherst (U.S.) Express.*

FAITHFULNESS.

Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted.

Psalms.

THINK you, had we two lost fealty, something would not as I sit

With this book upon my lap here, come and overshadow it? Hide with spectral mists the pages, under each familiar leaf Lurk, and clutch my hand that turns it with the icy clutch of grief?

Think you, that were we divided—not by distance, word, or thought—

Things the world counts separation, but we smile at, better taught!—

That I should not feel the dropping of each link you did untwine,

Clear as if you sat before me with your true eyes fixed on mine?

That I should not, did you crumble, as the other women do, To the dust of mummied idols, know it without sight of you—

By a shadow darkening daylight through the false blue skies of spring,

By foul fears from household corners crawling over everything?

If that awful gulf were opening which makes two, however near,

Parted, more than we were parted, dwelt we in each hemisphere,

Could I sit thus, smiling quiet o'er this book beside my hand, And while earth was cloven beneath me, feel no shock, nor understand?

No—you cannot, cannot loose me! No, my faith builds safe on yours, Rock-like; let the winds and waves come; its foundation still endures:

By a man's might—'See, I hold thee; mine thou art, and mine must be.'

By a woman's patience—'Sooner doubt I my own soul than thee.'

So, Heaven mend us! we'll together once again take counsel sweet,

Though this hand of mine drops empty, that blank wall my blank eyes meet:

Life may flow on; men may alter—ay, forsooth, and women too!—

ONE is Truth; and as He liveth, I believe in truth—and you.

SOLID SWISS PARQUETERIE.

The solid Swiss parqueterie, which is gradually becoming known in England, promises to supply a want. It is made solid throughout, and every portion of the ornamental woods forming the patterns is grooved and tongued together, and jointed with marine glue. It can thus be fixed immediately upon the joists when applied for flooring, rendering under-flooring unnecessary. This parqueterie has also the advantage of being much lower in price than the ordinary veneered work which has hitherto been in use. Being manufactured by machinery and in large quantities, a great reduction in its cost has been obtained, and it can be supplied in London at prices commencing from 1s. per foot super. It is now being laid at the house of the Turkish ambassador. It seems only right that we should make it known to our readers.—*The Builder.*

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WOMEN'S WORK.

WHILE all call out, 'Labour is honourable—let the ladies have their share of it, and it will be, in all respects, for their good,' no one can profess to see very clearly how the present limited range of gainful occupations for ladies is to be extended. Private teaching, as we know, engages many; the fine arts and literature keep a few busy; but there remains a vast proportion of the well-educated women of the middle classes who, while far from being assured against ultimate want by the circumstances of their parents or other relatives, are yet allowed to live in comparative idleness, with the only too good excuse that it is next to an impossibility to obtain employment which will not be held as degrading them and damage certain prospects on which they reasonably set considerable store. This is everywhere admitted to be a serious evil; and we constantly hear it declaimed against as resting on an absurdity. What, we are asked, is there degrading in work? There is, we believe, nothing degrading in work; but, nevertheless, people continue to estimate each other by the nature and circumstances of their respective employments, preach to the contrary as we may. The fact is, it is not in the work itself, but in the conditions of the work, that men see grounds for such estimates. Where women, in the labours or callings they undertake, are obliged to give up privacy, it is felt that the delicacy so highly appreciated in the female character is likely to suffer. A lower rating, with all that it implies, is inevitable.

Within the last few years, it has been seen that there are many arts of an elegant kind which women might pursue, to the securing of their independence, and the saving of themselves from the usual evils of idleness, were it not that these arts in general require to be prosecuted under factory or workshop arrangements. It was a sort of problem—Can ladies work under such circumstances without any injury to their dignity? Well, a pretty fair experiment has been tried, and, as far as yet appears, no one has been at all the worse of it, but, on the contrary, a moral elevation has clearly resulted. We proceed to details.

It is now so long ago as July 1851 that we made some mention of a business-undertaking commenced with the view of giving employment to women of education. It adopted the motto, 'To work is to worship' (*laborare est orare*), thus repudiating the idea that manual work—for it is that which is referred to in the commands and promises of Scripture—is mean or ignoble, and claiming for it a voluntary and religious character. The Ladies' Guild, as it is called, is a true

manufacturing company, by which the different processes of the business are carried on by groups of ladies established in different rooms.

The first thing we have to remark as regards this business is, that it was with no distaste, no reluctance, these ladies came to what it might be thought they regarded as a task. On the contrary, it was found from the first that the most lively interest was felt by the workers in the work, which they seemed to love for itself. As this work combined manual with artistic skill, and, moreover, as the manufacture was not perfected, there was in it full scope for ingenuity and taste. New plans of manipulation were invented, and tried by the ladies, frequently at their own cost. Some accidental expression would now and then betray how lively was their interest. One, for instance, said she dreamed of her work; another, that she saw it with her eyes shut. When a lady returned after absence, the work executed in the interval, or any new design brought forward, was always eagerly inspected, criticised, and admired by her, and as eagerly displayed and discussed by her companions. One effect of this zeal was to introduce a spirit of rivalry among the Rooms, each room considering its own process the most important, and looking down with corresponding hauteur upon the others. But this little *esprit de corps* was modified by the gentleness of cultivated females, and altogether vanished on the least occasion demanding sympathy or help. Sometimes a favourite worker transferring her services to another room, corrupted the loyalty of her late companions, and carried away their sympathy to that rival room. One instance of this may be worth mentioning. Two friends had long been companions in the painting-room, when one was removed to superintend a room in which poor children were employed in making toys.* Upon this, the artist became jealous of the toy-room, and frequently expressed her dissatisfaction. Meanwhile, the young lady of the toy-room had become deeply interested in her task, and the disparaging remarks of her friend pained her. 'I wish you would sympathise with me in my work,' said she one day gently. The artist pondered over these words; and, two or three days afterwards, she gave proof that she desired not only to sympathise but to help, by volunteering to teach drawing gratuitously, one evening in the week, to the poor children in whom her friend took so lively a concern. Thus were the two friends reunited in mutual affection and mutual work.

* This interesting department of the Ladies' Guild is described in No. 113 of this Journal.

But the spirit of love and help seems really to have animated the whole Guild. In a case of illness, every one expressed sympathy, recommended, and frequently bought remedies, lent books to the absent invalid, and made little plans for her relief; not seldom was pecuniary aid forthcoming, and that, out of slender purses, must have filled the eyes as well as cheered the heart of the recipient. Even the ballast-heavers and the engineers shared in these poor ladies' generosity; and an old servant of one of them having received some hurt, the whole made a penny-subscription for her. No one was ashamed of the smallness of her donation—and that, perhaps, was one of the greatest of its merits. On another occasion, one of the workers related that a little boy who was deformed, the son of a professional man deceased, was about to be sent by his widowed mother, who could no longer support him, to an hospital. Upon this, all the ladies sent something or other to the unknown child; some trifle—no trifle in the sight of God!—one knitting a ball to amuse him, another contributing a picture-book, and so on. In a word, no long interval ever elapsed without furnishing similar tokens of the kindly hearts and generous hands of the Guild.

There appears to be something magical in the influence of fellowship in work. Even the most reserved and exclusive acknowledged that they could not work with another lady without coming at last to like her. These ladies all had their own homes, only assembling in the Guild to work, except in the case of a few who resided in the house, and who, without a single cloud or one unkind word, passed several years together. There was a bright cordiality among them all, shewn by warm expressions of interest and sympathy, and in the thousand nameless trifles in which refinement and affection express the feelings. How kindly and enthusiastically did they welcome one who had been absent! and how loaded were the hands of the returned absentee with something brought from the country, expressly for her companions!—chickweed for the bird of one, ferns for the fern-case of another; and so on. Presents of fruit and flowers passed from one to another every day; and there was always a free circulation of books. It was, in fact, quite dangerous to express a wish for anything of trifling value—some one was almost sure to buy and present it. Nor was the companionship restricted to the work-room. Two or three ladies would sometimes work over-time, so as to get a free afternoon, when they would go into the country together—very likely drinking tea at some old woman's cottage, and returning all the better for the glimpse of nature they had snatched, and the breath of summer they had inhaled. They used also to go to lectures together. In this case, the subject of the lecture became next day that of the conversation of the work-room. Their conversation, in general, fell on interesting subjects, the favourite topics being politics, religion, art, news, the country and its scenery, poverty and wages, &c. A very favourite subject was the derivation and definition of words. Sometimes, in the studio or work-room, one read an improving book aloud; then the ladies would join their voices in a chorus, taking different parts. Indeed, a merrier company 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' the writer has never chanced to see. There was generally some joke in hand. In the winter, they often assembled in the evening at the Guild to hear reading, whilst the majority worked or drew. Sometimes they drank tea together there, and afterwards sung and danced most joyously. They have also more than once acted Miss Bremer's *Bondmaid* with touching effect; and they set on foot evening-classes for French and vocal music. All this, however, is the testimony of a surprised, affected, and delighted witness; let us now permit these ladies to speak for themselves. The following is a letter from one of them, addressed to a lady who had

requested her to state her impressions on the subject of the Guild:—

'The things that have struck me most in the Guild are the great happiness and interest of manual work; and this is the feeling that pervaded all who were employed. They became so attached to the work that they could not bear to leave it. I myself know this from experience: at the time I was so unhappy last summer, I always felt cheerful in the morning, and as long as my employment lasted; but the moment I had put away my work and my tools, there came a sort of reaction, and I was depressed.

The next thing I have noticed, is the beautiful feeling among the workers to one another: however a fresh member might be disliked, or rather excluded from favour at first, she could not work a week or two in the same room with her companions without gradually becoming liked. It is quite certain that the mere fact of working with any one makes you like them. Then the great sympathy in one another's concerns; the unaffected admiration, so entirely devoid of jealousy, that was felt for a clever worker; and the kind helpfulness of the clever ones! I have known K— F—, after working from nine in the morning till half-past six with scarcely any intermission, stay half an hour later to help me with a difficult and disagreeable part of my task in preparing work for next day: and the same kind spirit pervaded everything. It seemed to me as if the Guild were a kind of central world, a kind of focus in which all our interests centered, uniting the variety of a little world with all the security and loving spirit of a home. The members seemed like one family. The fellowship in work seemed to have a refining and ennobling influence on us all: by ennobling, I mean it seemed to widen our minds, which were no longer shut up in their own little narrow world. All kinds of subjects were discussed among us, but I think social subjects principally. And then the benevolent schemes that were discussed, and the conversations we had about the condition of workwomen and servants! The third thing I observed, was the great confidence reposed in the management; the recognition by all of the thoroughly unselfish object of the Guild, and the noble self-sacrifice shewn by the director in working it out.

I must not forget to mention the nice social amusements, the reading aloud, the parties, the excursions, and the earnest feeling we had about our classes for French and vocal music.'

To the foregoing sketch there remains one trait to add—namely, the extremely beautiful manner in which dismissals were received. These dismissals gave no other feeling than regret, for all knew that they were forced upon the managers by the exigencies of the business. 'I have been so happy here!' they said in parting; and the good faith with which the exclamation was uttered, received proof from their taking every opportunity of revisiting the institution and their old companions, and by the joy with which they re-entered the work-room when circumstances permitted them to be re-engaged.

All this may seem to partake too much of the romantic, and the moral result to be greater than should be attributed to mere fellowship even in work of a refined and elegant description. And this is perhaps to a certain extent true; for to understand the Guild, we must bear in mind that it had the advantage of starting from a generous point. The capital for this enterprise was furnished by a gentleman who devoted thus much of his private fortune to the attempt to establish a new employment for educated women, upon the principle of their sharing the profits, himself receiving only a small percentage on the capital, without which the establishment would have been in reality a charity. Unfortunately, the manufactures undertaken depended on a patent process

not then perfected; and in bringing this to completeness a large sum was sunk. There have been as yet, therefore, no profits on the business to divide; and the ladies have received merely weekly remuneration as workers. But the manufacture being of great beauty, it is hoped—as the period of experiment is over, the work perfected, and the workers skilled—that it may yet turn out well even in a pecuniary point of view. The chief article manufactured is painted glass, rendered solid, and then used as panels for the patent toys and a variety of small articles—such as work-boxes, &c. The glass is likewise made by another patent process to imitate inlaid and plain marbles, when it is applicable to all the usual purposes of marble.

As month after month rolled by, bringing its weary recurrence of hopes disappointed, experiments unsuccessful, expected markets receding, and as the money, hundred after hundred, was produced by a single generous hand, only to be absorbed and sunk, the struggle assumed a heroic character—patience and munificence on one side calling forth devotion and self-sacrifice on the other; and the high, unselfish aim of the founder of this society refining and ennobling its members. They entered the establishment desiring naturally as high wages as they could obtain; and they ended by trying how little they could make suffice for their wants. They entered anxious to get over their task as easily as possible; they ended by being the severest judges on themselves. They entered wishing to work as few hours as possible; they ended by very greatly overtasking themselves, in some cases to the damage of their health, for they would not be hindered. And all this could be nothing else than the effect of the spirit of the institution; for the prospect of profit to themselves was so remote, it never entered their heads as a motive to exertion.

It will be observed, however, that although the peculiar circumstances attending the establishment of the Guild may account for the *devotedness* of its interesting members, it can account for nothing more. Deprive the story we have related of this feeling and its incentive, and there still remains something nearly akin to proof of the wholesomeness, to the educated female mind, of manufactory-work requiring taste and skill. This fellowship in art seems to call forth a thousand beautiful things in the character of the workers, which otherwise might have lain dormant; it makes them more womanly, more refined, more intellectual; and, instead of vulgarising, it raises them to a higher eminence than before in the social scale.

A TITLED FAMILY.

The farèd title running 'fore the king.
King Henry V.

A CERTAIN rat-catcher, saith a respectable anecdote of the last century, finding his talents unappreciated and trade wofully dull, took it into his head to assume the title of 'Rat-catcher in Ordinary to his Majesty.' The effect was magical. Universal patronage rewarded the man who caught court-rats, and his very ferrets became sacred in the eyes of the multitude.

Now, I do not hesitate to confess a profound reverence for the hero of this story. He was a philosopher, a satirist, 'a fellow of infinite jest.' How exact was his appreciation of human nature, and tintured with how fine an irony the course he pursued towards society! 'Everything is in a name,' thought our rat-catcher; 'and a rose differently christened would be quite another thing.'

By no class has this truth been more fully admitted than by literary men, and to none, perhaps, are the results more important. It is the one point on which authors and booksellers are agreed. A book provided with a 'taking' name comes into the world like a prince in a play, with his title sounding before him,

and his pages at his heels. There may not be an idea in it; it is probably made up of folly, immorality, and conceit; but its fortune is assured beforehand, and it will be successful before it is found out. The title is the passport of every error.

To provide a title, therefore, is the hardest task authorship is heir to: it has exhausted the wit, patience, and ingenuity of all ages, and is as difficult as the search after the philosopher's stone. For my own part, I acknowledge that I have gone through heavy trials in the cause, and have more than once been reduced to the lowest depths of feeble-mindedness in consequence. Leigh Hunt speaks feelingly on this subject. 'A single appellation,' he says, 'is bound to comprise as many public interests as the Christian name of a French or German prince. It is to be modest; it is to be expressive; it is to have something in it equally intelligible to the man of plain understanding, and surprising for the man of imagination—in a word, it is to be impossible.' Not impossible, as his own graceful works and well-chosen titles shew; not impossible, when we remember all the wit and wisdom so abundantly lavished on this narrow field of literature.

Mine is a motley collection: it occupies three sides of my study, and presents all the republican appearance of a library gathered here and there from book-stall and auction. Such as it is, it will afford ample scope for philosophising. Suppose, then, we travel leisurely from shelf to shelf, now lingering fondly over a little knot of black-letter pamphlets—now dismissing a party-coloured regiment of shilling volumes—now reviewing a portly phalanx of good old-fashioned octavos bound in shining calf—and now dwelling with respectful attention on that smaller bookcase glittering with gold and morocco, and standing apart from the rest, like a clique of fashionable exclusives. Agreed.

First of all, has it not occurred to you that authors contrive to pique our curiosity very cleverly by a titular appeal to the weakest points of our nature? Take, for instance, all the books which attack us on the side of avarice, and which may perhaps be classed together under the head of the title auriferous. Here we have *The Golden Legend*, *The Ladder of Gold*, *The Curse of Gold*, *The Gold-headed Cane*, *The Golden Epistles of Guevara*, *Gold and the Gospel*, *The Golden Apples*; and a host of others, amongst which *A Man Made of Money*, *The Pleasant Art of Money-catching*, and such quaint alchemical titles as *The Golden Ass Well-managed*, and *A Brief of the Golden Calf*, are not the least curious.

Again, we find ourselves baited with the title gastronomical. The title gastronomical is of recent growth and extensive popularity. It enjoys the advantage of interesting all classes and ages: it tempts the child, and it stimulates the languid imagination of the matured bon-vivant. What school-boy could resist a volume that presented itself under the seductive title of *Pippins and Pies*? What club-man would deny his one-and-sixpence to *The Art of Dining*? Fancy a delicious half-hour over *Cakes and Ale* on a dusty summer's day, or an afternoon meditation upon *Wine and Walnuts*! To say nothing of *Claret and Olives* from the Rhone to the Garonne, *A Jar of Honey* from Mount Hybla, *Three Courses* and a *Dessert*, *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, *Salad for the Solitary*, *Fruits of the Valley*, *Bells and Pomegranates*, and that capital book of Dr Doran's, punningly entitled *Table Traits*, and *Something on Them*. *A Basket of Crumbs* is not quite so tempting; but an agreeable flavour of spice and variety pervades a collection of humorous poems called *The Oxford Sausage*. Some very old books on religious subjects may possibly have been the pioneers of gastronomic literature. *A Basket of Fruits*, Brought forth by the Sun, and Presented to the Saints of the Most High, is odd, but not deficient in poetry.

Infinitely more odd and elaborate is the name of a Puritan work, professing to consist of Some Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation. In these titles, it would seem that wines and fruits obtain the general preference, that pastry may be introduced with advantage, and that meats are as rigidly excluded as from our dinner-tables on Good Friday. By the way, might not Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, Howitt's British Preserves, and a pamphlet entitled The Ports of England, be reasonably classed under the same head as the foregoing?

A Paper of Tobacco, Curtis's Lotus-eating, and The Memoirs of an Opium-eater, lay claim to the patronage of those who love narcotics and 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' So much for the title gastronomical. We are but mortal after all, and it should not surprise us when clever people find us out and 'draw a profit from all things.'

Very graceful and charming are the titles of some modern fictions, works of science, history, and juvenile literature. Winged Thoughts, and The Poets of the Woods, tell of the traits and laws of bird-life. Patchwork, Prismatic, Seaweeds, Sand and Canvas, Flies in Amber, Ultramarine, Lilliesleaf, March Winds and April Showers, Clouds and Sunbeams, Fern-leaves, May-flowers, Purple Tints of Paris, The Stones of Venice, Hearts in Mortmain, The Rose and the Ring, The Pathway of the Fawn, A Kiss for a Blow, Faces in the Fire, The Chimes, Stories from a Screen, and a Trap to catch a Sunbeam, are taken at random from the current literature of the day in all its branches. Others are simply suggestive, attracting us by their very vagueness; as Highways and Byeways, After Dark, Now and Then, There and Back Again, Within and Without. Side by side with these may be ranked the antithetical title, which at the present moment enjoys considerable favour, and may fairly be represented by North and South, Night and Morning, May and December, High and Low, Trial and Triumph, and many more too numerous for mention.

Next comes the alliterative title, an unfortunate member of the family, which has been so pumped, plagiarised, and tortured, that I only wonder by what marvellous principle of vitality it continues to drag on a monotonous existence. For many years the exclusive property of the novelist, it has fallen a prey of late to the malice of the Cockney tourist; and on Mr Thackeray's conscience be it that he first led the way, in his Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo. Since then, the name of these volumes is legion. Mayfair to Marathon, and Piccadilly to Pera, are among the most inoffensive, because the most honest, of his imitators. Athens and Attica, Dates and Distances, The City of the Crescent, Rocks and Rivers, A Trip to the Trenches, Travels in Turkey, A Visit to Victoria, The Tagus and the Tiber, and a host of others 'german to the matter,' start into one's mind with distracting facility; backed by endless reinforcements of such familiar fictions, old and modern, as Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility, Love versus Law, The Wide, Wide World, Lionel Lincoln, Tales of a Traveller, Sidonia the Sorceress, Peveril of the Peak, The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, The Boatman of the Bosphorus, &c.

Punning titles are good. Men and Habits is a volume on dress; Charles Auchester, the life of a musician; Table Traits, and Something on Them, has been named before; and Knights and their Days speaks for itself so plainly as to need no commentary.

Some titles are practical jokes, in their way, and trifle cruelly with our finest feelings; such are Hutton's Recreations in Mathematics, and Mr Justice Williams's Literary Trifles—chiefly in Greek. Chiefly in Greek! Who ever heard before of a literary trifle

in Greek? We should as soon look for a Punster's Manual in Chinese! Others, again, deal lightly with the heaviest subjects, and disfigure the solemn beauty of science with the cap and bells of the jester; for instance, a fellow of the Geological Society puts forward a work styled A Portrait of Geology; and a treatise on fossil formations is called King Coal's Levee, or Geological Etiquette.

Another mannerism peculiar to our lady-novelists deserves passing notice, and is constructed on a trick of rhythm which possesses at least the advantage of brevity, and ends a title with a sort of decisive single knock. It might be called the monosyllabic-surname title. It began with Jane Eyre; and a very few specimens will serve to shew the servility with which a great success is run to death. Laura Gay, Lady Bird, Rachel Gray, Grace Lee, Daisy Burns, Reginald Lyle, Walter Hurst, Percy Blake, and plenty more of the same race may be cited.

There are books which recommend themselves to our notice by the mere oddity of their nomenclature, and which naturally range themselves under the head of the title whimsical. But how vast a field is now opened before us!—a field so extensive, that we can do little more than glance towards it, and distinguish a few landmarks here and there. The title whimsical stands forth as the rallying-point of literature old and new, grave and gay, lively and severe. To attempt anything like order were indeed hopeless, so we must even take them as they stand upon the shelves; they will prove the 'more remarkable for single oppositions.' The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary comes somewhat appropriately beside Bigg's Vanity of the Crafts of Physicke, Petrarch's Physicke against Fortune, A Baulme for Bleeding England, and a forefather of Joe Miller called Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy. Boone's Marriage Looking-glass, a Manual for the Married, and a Beacon for the Single, serves as a respectable pendant to Chevreau's Mirror of Fortune, or the True Characters of Fate and Destiny, the Fall of Empires, Cities, Great Men, Kings, Virtuuous and Handsome Ladies. Solitude Sweetened, The Gun of Penitence, Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit, The Bank of Faith, The Marrow of Sacred Divinity, and Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire, are chiefly the productions of Puritanic theology. Others are more elaborately allegorical, such as Clavis Bibliorum, or the Key of the Bible, unlocking the Richest Treasury of the Scriptures; Sparkles of Glory, or Some Beams of the Morning Star; The Progress of Piety, whose Jesses lead into the Harbour of Heavenly Heart-ease; and Nimshi, the Adventures of a Man to Obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, to Gauge the Vast Ages of Planetary Concretion, and to Open Bab Allah, the Gate of God. Fletcher's Purple Island is a poem on man; The Mirror for Magistrates is a history of romantic poetry during the Elizabethan era. An Essay on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting; The Celestial Telegraph, or Secrets of the Life to Come; Stephenson's Crazy Tales; Nasology, or Hints towards the Classification of Noses; Memoirs of an Old Wig; and the Anatomy of Drunkenness, tell their own purport. A Bundle of Crowquills, A Fagot of French Sticks, Olla Podrida, Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, Stokers and Pokers, Letters left at the Pastry-cook's, Hurrygraphs, The Sweepings of my Study, The Shoe and the Canoe, A Brage-beaker with the Swedes, Mosses from an Old Manse, Betty Morrison's Pocket-book, and A Shillingsworth of Nonsense, are chiefly tales, essays, and sketches of foreign travel.

Then, for such as delight in every 'horrible conceit of death and night,' there is grim pasturage in abundance—Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites, Demonology and Witchcraft, Tales of the Dead, Church-yard Gleanings, the Ghost Seer, the Funeral Handkerchief,

News from the Invisible World, The World of Spirits, Dreincourt on Death, Chapters on Church-yards, and others equally agreeable. A Pleasant Treatise of Witches provokes curiosity; but The History of the Devil, The Praise of Hell, and A Sure Guide to Hell, by Beelzebub, can scarcely be expected to command either an extensive sale or an enthusiastic reception.

This, after all, is but a glimpse into book-land—an outline of the pedigree of our Titled Family—a pen-and-ink sketch of that vast genealogical-tree which, like the Scandinavian Yggdrasill, supports the world in its branches, and hath its root in eternity; whose topmost boughs reach upward into heaven; and whose leaves are written over with all the learning, folly, and poetry of the human mind. But my modest shelves afford no more; and my little paper has perhaps already exceeded the limits of your patience. Say not with Hamlet, I beseech you, that 'it hath no profit in it but the name.'

THE CITY OF THE INCAS.

ON the eastern side of the vast range of the Andes, far from the communicable sea-shore, lies Cuzco, the centre of the ancient Inca-Indian traditions. Few European travellers have visited it. The brilliant pens of Robertson and Prescott, it is true, have familiarised most of our readers historically with the cruel events connected with the city and the country during its conquest by the Spaniards; but of its monuments and its people, we have scarcely any descriptions taken on the spot by eye-witnesses. Many have written on the subject of the shipwrecked Aztec empires, treading the worn paths round the mounds of Cholula, or through the ruins of Tlascalala, but the cyclopean remains of old Peruvian civilisation were left almost without personal investigation till the present day.

Mr Markham, a gentleman of great enterprise, and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, felt that what was really known respecting the history of this remarkable people was little in comparison with what might be learned by an intelligent traveller undertaking a journey over the perilous passes of the Andes, and visiting in person the ruined temples and palaces of the Inca kings. Accordingly, from a pure thirst for information, and a desire to investigate the annals and traditions relative to this extraordinary race, he left England in August 1852, crossed the Isthmus of Panama in October following, and, after a few days' steaming along the coast, arrived at Lima, the capital of the old Spanish power, and now the seat of an independent republican government.

From this point, his journey properly began. It is not our purpose to give a description of this most beautiful region, luxuriating in every variety of climate and scenery; abounding in mines of silver, gold, copper, lead, tin, coal, and mercury; rich in herds of cattle and flocks of alpacas and vicuñas, which yield an inexhaustible supply of hides and fleeces of silky texture. Our intention being to shew what new light he has thrown upon the ancient capital of the Incas, we prepare at once to accompany our traveller along the sea-coast until he diverges to cross the Cordilleras and penetrate into the *punas* or table-lands of the interior.*

From Lima to the seaport of Pisco is a journey of

120 miles, over a succession of sandy deserts at the foot of the mountains, studded with, or rather separated by isolated fertile valleys. Our traveller seems to have preferred undergoing the labour and fatigue of a land-journey to a passage by sea, though the latter would have been effected with much less difficulty and expense. Doubtless, he wished to study the character of the rocky plains he had to traverse, and observe the manners and customs of the Indian peasantry who inhabited them and their oases. In some of the towns, the wealthier portion of the inhabitants—Spaniards of Peruvian birth—possessed spacious houses, forming a grand square or *plaza* in the centre; but the poorer classes—principally negroes and half-castes—lived in streets composed of dwellings of very simple construction, being merely canes stuck in the ground, with cross-pieces at intervals of ten feet high, plastered with a thick mud or loam, white-washed, and then roofed over. All the houses were low, in consequence of the numerous earthquakes to which the coast is subject, and which render houses of a solid construction extremely dangerous. Some of the villages consisted of only a poor collection of huts, surrounding a generally elegant church. The Valley of Mala is described as being exquisitely beautiful, and covered with plantations of cotton, oranges, vines, bananas, and fields of maize and barley. Occasionally—as at Canete—there is attached to each house a fruit and flower garden, ornamented with groves of the lofty and graceful *palta* or alligator-pear, orange, lemon, and citron trees, and the delicious *granadilla* or fruit of the passion-flower, which hangs over the boughs in rich profusion. Through each of these gardens runs a clear cool stream from the mountains, the play of whose waters gives an inexpressible charm of melody and freshness to the soft blue skies of a Peruvian evening after the sultry suffocation of the noon.

From Pisco, striking into the interior, Mr Markham arrived at Ica, at the foot of the Cordilleras, where he completed his arrangements previous to ascending the mountains. His first care was to provide himself with wine, chocolate, almonds, raisins, dulces, biscuits, and spirits for fuel; his second, to find a steady and trustworthy guide. He seems to have had no difficulty in this, a friend recommending to him a respectable muleteer employed in the trade of carrying *pisco* from the vineyards of Ica into the sierra or hilly districts. The wine and the spirits were conveyed on mules, in vessels made of goat-skin stripped off, according to the barbarous practice of the country, from the unfortunate animal whilst alive, under the impression that the skins thus procured are more durable.

When a full stock of provisions had been laid in, the ascent began. At first, the road lay through pastures on which fed groups of cattle, horses, and mules; then through an uninhabited defile, bordered by lofty stone-terraces—the hanging-gardens of the ancient Peruvians—strewn with a gorgeous tapestry of heliotropes, verbena and scarlet salvia; now it wound along the crest of a hill, or entered some green and fertile ravine, overspread with fields of potato and lucerne, till at length it reached the alpine village of Tambillo, the first resting-place for the night of our traveller and his guide. Early the next morning, he was on his way, for the summit of the pass had to be gained before evening. He traversed spacious *pampas* covered with grass, and gradually rising one above the other. Down and across them torrents dashed in every direction. In these elevated wildernesses, if these high table-lands, green with vegetation, may be so called, the graceful vicuña roamed about in unrestrained liberty—the chamois of the Western world. As night approached, the scene became wilder and wilder. The *punas* or level spots, jammed in, as it were, between lofty cliffs, and covered with snow, succeeded rapidly

* *Cuzco: a Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru and Lima: a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of Modern Peru.* By Clement R. Markham, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

each other. Rivers of water, swelled by a thousand falls, that broke up the plain at every step, burst down deep gorges, some towards the Atlantic, some towards the Pacific.

At length the goal of that day's labour was reached—not a cottage or a hut, but a cave, or rather overhanging boulder, projecting from the face of a perpendicular cliff, in a narrow ravine darkened by frowning masses of black rock capped with snow. When it was entered, the interior was discovered to be full of water, with drops dripping from the roof. The ground outside was covered with a long grass, wet with thawing snow. The night was dark, and, to add to the discomfort, no fire was to be obtained, the spirits refusing to ignite in that high region. A cold repast of almonds and raisins was therefore the only meal our traveller could procure that night; as for a bed or stone to lie down upon, there was none to be found that was not covered with the long wet grass, and half-frozen, half-melting snow. Accordingly, as his only resource, Mr Markham patiently leant his head against the neck of his mule, and in this standing posture strove to obtain a short repose; but to no purpose. As the night wore on, the wind rose, the snow fell thickly, the darkness deepened. The morning approached, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst forth, kindling the craggy peaks with flames of fire, or rattling among them from pinnacle to pinnacle above, or booming in the valleys below. The appearance of the sun, however, dispelled the gloom, and as it continued to rise, the storm wore away.

The highest point Mr Markham had to mount was gained. The descent on the eastern side of the Cordilleras now commenced, and this was even more perilous than the ascent. Precipices, 500 feet perpendicular, had to be skirted, where the pathway was as slippery as glass, and so narrow, that, while one foot grated against the rocks, the other hung over some fearful abyss. Sometimes the track—for road it could scarcely be called—ascended a stone-staircase, each step of which was seven or eight feet high, with thin narrow ledges, only sufficient for the sagacious mule to put the tips of her hoofs in. Sometimes the masses of projecting rock approached each other so closely, that only ten or twelve feet separated them, and then a few rough poles thrown across from side to side formed a perilous bridge, which had to be traversed; while a cataract, some 500 or 600 feet beneath, thundered and foamed over a bed of fallen and broken boulders. Descending further, vegetation again appeared; flowers of most exquisite colour lined the rough sides of the paths, and deep green patches of potatoes occasionally checkered a more open space of table-land. Towards evening, our traveller entered a plain busy with rural life, and rested there for the night. As he left it in the morning, he passed by long files of Indian girls with their arms twined around each other's waists, tending their flocks and herds at pasture.

The first town of any importance on the road was Ayacucho, situated at the foot of a precipitous mountain, from the crest of which it looked like a flooring of red tiles, interspersed among a forest of fruit-trees. In the centre stood the plaza or great square, containing on one side the cathedral, cabildo or court-house, and the university. The other sides were formed of stately mansions, adorned with stone columns supporting semicircular arches, and surrounded on the ground-floor by long and shady colonnades. These were private residences. In this area the market was held, and on such occasions it presented an animated and picturesque appearance. Indian girls clad in graceful dresses of the most brilliant colours—the peculiar costume of the country from a time long antecedent to the days of Pizarro—seated themselves beneath huge parasols of matted grass. Before them, they

exposed piles of merchandise, consisting of fruits, vegetables, cloths, and wearing-apparel; whilst the citizens and peasants passed to and fro, examining the goods and making their purchases. Ayacucho boasts a brave race of patriots. In the plain on which it is situated was fought, in 1824, the battle between the soldiers of the revolution and the forces of Spain which decided the independence of Peru. The road between Ayacucho and Cuzco was similar to that already traversed, except that vegetation attested the greater temperature of the climate. We will not, however, detail the mountainous ravines, down which waterfalls and cataracts thundered; the beautiful plains, dotted with Indian villages and farmyards; the fearful abysses, spanned only by a slender bridge of ropes, that Mr Markham had to traverse. It is sufficient to know that at length he reached his destination.

When Manco Capac founded the empire of the Incas or Children of the Sun, in the eleventh century, the boundaries of his dominions scarcely exceeded eighty miles square. Lofty mountains, burying their giant summits in the region of perpetual snow, rose in every direction. On their lower sunny slopes nestled many a cool and fertile valley, and many an open patch of table-land; whilst still higher, on the grassy ledges of the rocks, thousands of silky vicuñas and alpacas grazed undisturbed. Eastward stretched the *montana* or forest-districts, abounding in the finest trees and the richest products of the richest zone, and watered by the noblest rivers of the world. At the four extremities of his empire, facing the north, the south, the east, and the west, Manco Capac erected a palace, and defended it with a fortress, the bulwarks of his empire. In the centre of his possessions he fixed his permanent abode, and built around it the city of Cuzco. This was the capital; and at this seat of government ruled, for four centuries, that noble race of Inca princes who extended the boundaries of the kingdom till they reached from the equator to Chili, and from the Amazon to the Pacific, and filled it with that high and magnificent civilisation, the remains of which still exist in the stupendous monuments of the country, and the legends and songs of the peasantry.

Cuzco is placed high above the level of the sea, and is 2000 feet loftier than the Great St Bernard. In any part of Europe or North America, hills at this great elevation would be perpetually covered with a mantle of snow, desolate and uninhabitable. The proximity of Cuzco to the equator, however, tempers the cold of that great altitude, whilst the altitude tempers the heats of the tropics; so that the inhabitants enjoy the softness and beauty of an Italian spring. The city itself, though long the seat of the Spanish rule, preserves many of its original characteristics. The houses are built of stone, with the lower story constructed of the solid and imposing masonry of the time of the Incas. The streets run at right angles, and present long vistas of massive buildings, rendered interesting by their air of antiquity. On the north side, the Sacshuaman Hill, divided from the mountain behind by a deep ravine, rises, like a gigantic staircase, abruptly over the city. Here stood the palace of the first Inca, and here now stand its magnificent ruins. On a terrace, faced with stones of every conceivable size and shape, fitting exactly one into the other, is a wall with eight recesses, a foot deep. In the centre of the lower wall, a mermaid or siren, now much defaced by time, is carved in relief on a square slab. In one of these recesses, a steep stone-staircase leads up to a second terrace. Here are ruins of a similar description—parts of a very extensive building or buildings. They consist of a thick stone-wall, sixteen paces long, and ten feet and a half high, containing a door and a window. The masonry is

admirable. The stones are cut in parallelograms of equal heights, but varying in length, with the corners so sharp and fine, as to appear only recently cut, and without any kind of cement, so exactly fitting in, that the blade of a knife could not be introduced between them. The door-posts, of corresponding height, support a stone-lintel, nearly eight feet in length, while another stone, six feet long, forms the step. The foundations of buildings may still be traced nearly thirty paces eastward, and behind these rise three terraces, built in the rough style of masonry used in the first wall.

In the thirteenth century, the great warrior, Inca Viracocha (the Foam of the Sea), erected a stronger and more formidable fortress at the eastern end of the Sacshuaman Hill, and immediately above the palace of Manco Capac. There are three stone-faced terraces, rising one above the other. The first, fourteen feet high, extends in a semicircular form round the hill; and between the first and second is a space some twelve feet wide. Above these, many carefully hewn stones lie scattered on the ground, supporting three crosses. In its days of glory, this citadel contained three towers, connected by subterranean passages, now blocked up or destroyed. On the south side, the position is so strong and impregnable that there was no necessity for interfering with nature's own handiwork; and on the north side, a steep ravine protects this fortress, except for a few paces, where a single stone-breastwork—still in a good state of preservation—has been thrown up; but from this point to the western extremity of the table-land, a distance of 400 paces, the ground is open, and undefended by any natural bulwarks. From this point, then, the Incas constructed a cyclopean line of fortification—a work, observes Mr Markham, which fills the mind with astonishment at the grandeur of the conception, and the perfect manner of its execution. It consists of three walls: the first averaging a height of eighteen feet; the second, of sixteen; and the third, of fourteen—the first terrace being ten paces broad, and the second eight. The walls are built with salient and retiring angles, twenty-one in number, and corresponding with each other in each wall, so that no one point could be attacked without being commanded by the others. The position is entered by three doorways, so narrow, that they only admit one to pass at a time. But the most marvellous part of this fortification is the huge masses of rock of which it is constructed, some of them being sixteen feet in height, and several varying from ten to twelve. These are also made to fit exactly one into the other, and form a piece of masonry almost unparalleled in solidity, beauty, and the peculiarity of its construction, in any other part of the world.

About two miles from Lima-Tambo, on the western frontier of the empire of Manco Capac, are the ruins of another ancient palace of similar construction. They are situated on, or rather consist of a lofty terrace faced with stone, commanding a fine view of the plain and valley beneath. Two walls alone remain: they are of limestone, with the blocks of various shapes and sizes, delicately manipulated, as in the Sacshuaman palace. But the most curious and surprising specimen of ancient Peruvian architecture is the remains of the fortress of Ollantay, a little to the north of Cuzco, in the Valley of Vilcamaya. A ravine descends from the bleak pampas of the Cordilleras to the valley, and at the point of junction rise two lofty masses of rock. On the eminence on the western side is a small plateau, strewn with the abandoned material for building. Six huge slabs of granite, each twelve feet high, and, like the rest we have described, cut with perfect exactitude, stand upright, joined together by smaller pieces fitted between them. Near them, other blocks have already been arranged, so as to form the commencement of a wall, but all of them of amazing

magnitude, and admirably dovetailed together. Behind this wall, and further up the steep sides of the mountain, numerous buildings, constructed of small stones, plastered over with yellow mud, still exist. These have gable-ends and apertures for doors and windows, and, westward, a flanking wall rises from the level of the plain nearly to the summit of the hill, thus defending the fortress on this side. On the eastern side succeeds a tier of terraces, the highest of which is approached by a handsome doorway with an enormous granite lintel. The wall of this terrace is built of polygonally shaped stones, fitted like the others, and containing several recesses. When the inner sides are tapped with the finger, a ringing metallic sound, it is said, similar to that produced by the rising sun on the statue of Memnon, is heard. In front of these works, a flight of well-constructed terraces, sixteen feet deep, and faced with masonry, leads down into the plain.

Nor are we less struck when we contemplate the skill and power exhibited in these remains by the vast magnitude of the blocks made use of, than by the distance from which they were brought. The nearest quarry, it is ascertained, from which the stones could possibly be obtained, is nearly five miles off, and on the other side of a river—a deep and impetuous stream. From this quarry, high up the face of the mountain, they were conveyed down to the brink of the river, across it, and then along its banks to the foot of the fortress. On the road, two immense blocks still lie, which never reached their destination. One is nine feet eight inches long, seven feet eight inches broad, and four feet two inches deep; the other is twenty feet four inches in length, fifteen feet two inches in breadth, and three feet six inches in depth. It is difficult to determine, at this distance of time, the tools by which the Indians polished, or the machinery by which they moved these masses of stone. The blocks having grooves three or four inches deep cut round them, it seems a fair deduction that they were dragged by ropes, probably on rollers; and it has been suggested that the fine smooth surface was given to them by rubbing other stones with a powder upon them, and by means of an herb containing silica. Such, observes Mr Markham, is the present state of these wonderful ruins—giant efforts of a race of men whom no difficulties could daunt, and whose half-achieved ambition it seems to have been to turn the Andes themselves into terraced pleasure-gardens and eyrie-like fortresses.

Let us add, that the sketches of society and other lighter portions of the volume will be found highly agreeable by the general reader, while the historical disquisitions will please in no ordinary degree the man of learning and the antiquary.

THE MODERN ST CATHERINE:

A ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

VENTURE with me, gentle reader, into a portion of the great metropolis; permit me to lead you through the haunts of the aliens in Leicester Square, past the Panopticon and Mr Wyld's, 'the gorgeous palace and the great globe itself,' into a little street which thence communicates with the Strand. It has not the air of hereditary grandeur and past magnificence; no torch-extinguishers project before doors at which sedan and coach were wont in olden times to take up and set down; no high black windows scowl there in deserted state, through which the light once flashed from chandelier and mirror in the nights of ombre, basset, and quadrille; nor is it aristocratic now. Its principal productions, as we may see and smell quite easily, are onions, republican serials, red-herrings, old books, and old clothes; yet it is in this place the first scene

of our romance is laid, and your first introduction to St Catherine must needs take place. And why should it not be so? The drama of real life can be acted without the theatrical vestments, and, alas! too often without any vestments at all; and for a saintly heroine, where better shall we look for her now-a-days than by the poor man's side? I make no apology, then, for introducing you to Blank Street, and especially to the book-stall on the left-hand side.

It was ten years ago when I first stayed my footsteps at that dingy shop; its contents consisted chiefly of odd back numbers of obscure periodicals, bound up together with the same misplaced economy that actuates him who amalgamates his 'A B Cs' and 'Bradshaws'; the paintings also with which the interior was hung were mostly hideous daubs. I was soon satisfied, and upon the point of passing on, when, as I turned my head to go, a picture upon the open door, which had hitherto been out of my vision, concentrated at once my whole attention upon it in joy and admiration. I myself have little or no artistic taste; one or two water-colour paintings of scenes that are dear to me, adorn my little room, for the sake of their associations rather than their merits; along with some engravings of Turner's Italian works, to remind me, in the noisome city, of summer and blue skies. My few artist-friends, indeed, make merry at my utter inability to pick out the gems of an exhibition, except for the crowd surrounding them; but I was certain and positive of the worth and beauty of the jewel in this dunghill. It was the full-length portrait of a woman a little past the prime of life, not beautiful, though full of grace; with a pitying fondness in her hazel eyes, and an assuring smile upon her lips, which seemed to breathe consolation and offer succour from the dirty and cobwebbed canvas. It was clearly no work of the old masters, nor any imitation of them; but the blacks had blown down upon it in its exposed situation, and the rain had attempted to 'clean' it in its off-hand and academical style, and every dirty arm that entered the shop must needs have given it a 'colouring' and 'tone' for months, so that it looked almost as well as Rembrandt's own. With a flushed cheek and anxious voice most unbecoming in a purchaser, I asked its price. 'Twenty-five pounds' was the gruff reply, given like a piece of government intelligence, over which he, the official, had no sort of control. The animal knew I was hooked, and jerked me quite remorselessly at once, instead of playing with me off and on. The money was as far above what I was justified in spending as beneath what I felt to be the true value of the picture. It hangs opposite to me as I write this, and, poor as I am, I have refused 200 guineas for it. To all my questions as to how, when, and where he had purchased it, the dealer refused to give any sort of answer. The picture was there, he said, to be bought or 'let alone'—a very vulgar expression—as I thought proper; and the most I could extract from him, was not to sell it within four-and-twenty hours.

Putting by the business I had in hand, I betook myself to an accomplished friend, a painter by nature as well as by profession, and returned with him to the shop. At first sight, he thought it wonderful that such a portrait could have hung there for a day without a purchaser; but when we took it down to examine it more closely, he found a world of faults: one hand was pointed skywards, and the other closed round some

object which we could not for the dirt decipher; the elbow was too foreshortened, and the fingers out of joint, he said; the drapery, with most of the accessories, which were few enough, was yet unfinished, and the clouds were certainly what he denominated 'spongy.' The face was, however, without a flaw, and it seemed to me as if that wonderful effort had taken the painter's whole attention, and exhausted all his skill. The frame was ugly, and sufficiently unsuitable. When I had paid the money, however, my friend offered me L.35 for the purchase, to the intense disgust of the dealer; and I drove off with my prize homeward, exulting in its possession, and with not a little of the satisfaction, so pardonable in a Briton, of having made an excellent bargain.

I spent two days in the careful and judicious cleansing of my prize: every hour I gave to that employment drawing me closely to the exquisite face, begat a warmer interest in the painter, and in her he had portrayed. In the left-hand corner of the picture, and at the back of it, there was written the word 'CATHERINE,' and '1845' for date. It took me time and pains to get that much intelligence, for letters and figures had been carefully painted over—and that was all. But three months previously, then, in all probability, the author of this work was living.

With my curiosity more sharpened than ever, I returned to the dusky shop and the uncommunicative salesman. A little golden argument persuaded him to give me the address, in Seven Dials, of a certain little Jew, who was a broker and a bailiff, and kept a shop that had all its goods turned out upon the pavement, as if he had been serving an 'execution' on himself for practice. He swore, objectionably, that he knew nothing of any 'Catherine, 1845.' A female figure, such as I had described, but with no name, he had indeed disposed of lately, to my friend of Leicester Square—who did not make so bad a thing out of me after all—for six-and-thirty shillings, without frame. He thought it not a bad stroke of business. It was part of the effects of a poor painter lately deceased, and had been disposed of with other almost worthless property of his. Now, here was a noble scheme of mine knocked on the head at once! I had intended to have been the patron of an unknown but mighty genius. I had pictured myself as the tree to which his delicate and sensitive nature, like a parasitic plant, should cling; and to which, after venturing its tender limbs on this side and on that, and meeting everywhere with rude repulse, they should return for new strength and consolation. I—who could feel the power though I had it not myself, the cherisher of the sacred flame, although myself unconsecrate—had intended to have placed the laurel-crown upon his head who lacked one subject, and to have proclaimed him sovereign whom not one voice acknowledged. Alas! I came too late; but not to hear his history, and the history of my picture.

The Jew said there were yet other paintings, but not worth any man's removal: I might see them in the lodgings where the dead man had dwelt. With my heart beating high at the thought of rescuing the works of some new Velasquez from desecration, I accompanied the broker to a neighbouring court, and up three pair of stairs to a small garret. There was a sky-light in it certainly, but it did not look like the painting-room of a great artist of the modern time.

The woman of the house, a loud expectant person, was loquacious enough concerning her late lodger.

'A young man he was, or leastways not an old man; maybe thirty, but he looked forty; always a painting, painting, and drawing, and humming to himself, like; had no name except Mr Richard, as ever she heard on; nobody had ever asked about him; and 'twas twelve months, come Christmas, since he'd lived there. Didn't think he had any friends but her son Jackey; didn't know what he died of; didn't know anything, except that she was owed a matter of six-and-forty shillings by him, and that she was a poor lone widow, and couldn't afford to lose it.'

Her 'son Jackey,' a rather pretty curly-headed boy of eight or ten, was examined and deposed:

'Knew Mr Richard very well indeed; didn't know his surname; didn't know what "surname" was, himself; liked to see him paint, which he did beautiful, very much; was very sorry he was dead, because he had promised to paint a picture for him, Jackey, which he began, but being dead, of course could do no more to it.' Picture produced, wherein the same masterly hand was recognised here and there only; not a good likeness, but the details admirably and carefully worked up. 'Was quite certain Mr Richard had never spoken of anybody by name, except of his, Jackey's, mother—perfectly certain. Now the gentleman mentioned it, remembers that Mr Richard did say over and over again, and many times, "Catherine! Catherine!" Used to speak to a picture of a woman in that manner which was sold at the sale. He used to do summut or other to that picture every day; particularly remembers fetching him it as Mr Richard lay a-bed dying, that he might write summut at the back of it.'

At this point, Jackey's narrative dissolves in tears—whether at the instigation of his mother, who perceives 'the stranger gentleman is a friend of the dead gentleman, and is come to see her righted,' or on his own account, I cannot tell. There are a good many unframed pictures about the room, small, but unfinished; a pretty country scene or two, evidently from nature, and a few portraits, apparently from memory; but nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with the 'Catherine.' A rather large historical picture, just sketched in, the intention good and evident, but the figures indifferently drawn, it seemed scarcely possible could have been the work of the same hand; little sketches—all clever—principally of the humorous sort, were scattered here and there. The whole convinced me that their author was one who had not given up existence without much struggling; had tried every branch of his profession to gain a livelihood, and that sufficiently well to have succeeded almost in any one of them. That *almost* had ruined him. There was talent, genius, even perfection in many things; but there was listlessness, *ennui*, and despair in every one. But the 'Catherine?' That was no 'clever' performance, no 'excellent attempt,' no 'prentice work of any kind; and how he could have painted that was an enigma I was determined to solve. Woman re-examined, deposed—that there were bundles and bundles of letters burnt by Jackey, at Mr Richard's desire, as he lay a-dying. A few, not burnt, that she had opened, in hopes to find his friends, in order that she might recover her rent and other matters, had the names at the end of each cut off or carefully erased. I could have them all for a shilling. So I invest that capital, and promise to call again about the pictures; and rewarding her for her information, and the Jew for his assistance, I return home with my second purchase.

I had no doubt, in my own mind, of the propriety of examining these letters: it was, I persuaded myself, with the intention of discovering the friends of this poor artist, and of rendering up to them the effects

which would have a value, in their eyes, greater than in those of a stranger, for it could not be but such a man as he must have had friends at one time, if not sympathisers. Besides this, I confess my desire to discover the original of my 'Catherine' passed all bounds.

A small packet of letters it was, that had either been transmitted by hand, or from which the directions and post-marks had been carefully erased—some of them apparently of recent date; but most of them, to judge by the worn-out edges of their foldings and their faded characters, written years ago. They were in no order whatever, and had been taken haphazard, as the woman said, from a heap of others. Here is one yellow with age, and scarcely to be deciphered, the oldest surely of all: the handwriting is a woman's; but not resembling the poet's description—

As when a field of corn bows all its ears before the roaring East;

but decided and distinct in every letter:

'DEAREST RICHARD—I am sorry to find you so cast down by your father's resolve: I do not think it less mistaken than you do, but it must be obeyed. Set yourself steadily to work at this distasteful matter; do your very best, at whatever cost. Depression and irksomeness you must expect; disappointment and disgust, indeed, you are like enough to feel; but you know one who sorrows yet more deeply, through whose heart affliction must strike first ere it reaches yours; and the blow should be surely broken, and the pain abated thereby. I do not write to reproach you as forgetting this, but that you should open still more your great heart to me, and suffer me to bear a portion of its every burden. No, Richard, you are right indeed, that money is not a worthy end of life. You may have advanced a great way, and climbed a noble height, without increasing your income by a shilling, without elevating your "position" by a hairbreadth. Do not, however, arraign your father for his opinions; your path, for a certain distance at least, is whither he points out for you. I know how your eyes are fixed upon the prospects it leads away from—what haunts of pleasantness, what vales, and streams, and mountain-tops it shuns; how hard and stony is the way itself; but genius, true genius, should be born thrall, Richard, and vassal still to duty. For a twelvemonth, then, go a-huckstering with all your might; after that, it will be time enough to throw yourself upon your father's good sense, as well as natural kindness. With regard to the entire abandonment of *our profession*, I must decline to play the stern Mentor at all; it is not right that such a noble gift as yours should be thrown away. Practice is a necessity with art. It has no abeyance, but only retrogression or improvement. Do not, however, let it interrupt your practical duties, nor let your—master? (what is the superintendent, manager, head and front of this place you are going to, called?)—yes, nor let your old master—Titian, Correggio, or Michael Angelo, let us suppose—have occasion to report you given to pictures, when your whole soul should be absorbed in *prints*. I have left off my sermon, you see, with a most undeniable pun; but, under the mask of Mr Merriman, you cannot tell what a sad countenance I have concealed. Be sure, dearest boy, I know the struggle that must needs be going on, the pride that has to be broken, the vision to be dispelled, and the happy summer-hours to be fruitlessly consumed.

I think the view of the Near Lake admirable. How kind of you to imagine the boat-house where I had always wished to have it, among the willows under the chalk-cliff! You have heard, I suppose, your cousin has got Lymeton: he will be almost as rich as you will be. I hope your good people don't abuse me—before *you*, at least. They must do me much

wrong yet before I forget past kindnesses; nay, was it not through them, indeed, that I first knew you, my Apelles, my Zeuxis, my Paul Veronese!—Ever, dearest Richard, most devotedly yours'—

A loving letter, indeed, was this, and yet not the letter of a lover—about such a simple matter as the choice of a profession, as it seems, and to one upon the threshold of the great world merely, with youth, and health, and riches (in prospective, at least) upon his side. No very tragic business—a lady playing at Mentor with a youth who fancies he can paint, and believes himself to be a genius.

This runs in the same hand, but to another and sadder measure. Years must have intervened between these two, but the beginning is here, as always, 'Dearest Richard.'

'DEAREST RICHARD—How could you have taken this sad step without my knowledge? I do not ask to be consulted, to be thought worthy of directing you; but surely, dearest, you might have hinted—you know how slight a hint would have sufficed—something hinted at this total change in your fortunes. So you have left your home, cast off or casting off—it matters little now—your worldly but loving father. I fear it was done suddenly, rashly, most undutifully; but it is done. My dear boy, L.400 will go but a very, very little way towards your maintenance, without considering the cost of pursuing your profession; and as you say, so I fear it is, there is no hope nor possibility of more. Good Heaven! from the delicacy and splendour in which you have been brought up, this will be a bitter change; but since the die is cast, now is the time for us to put in practice those fine precepts of frugality, of honour, of independence we have so often spoken of. I have been amassing—not saving, dearest Richard, but simply setting aside of my superfluity—yellow gold, like a female Cæsus, for these five years. I have positively no use for it—in this house, I have all I want; and "shopping," you know, was never one of my woman's weaknesses: there is, therefore, L.200 or so, which you have only to ask for. Say "how you will have it," as the banking-people do, and it shall be sent to you. With regard to your excursion, I have the highest hopes of it. Early and late, rain or shine, under every possible variety of feature, study the Great Mother. I don't recommend Wales, simply because I know you would come here, if I did; and I would not see you, dearest Richard, for worlds. Your hair and eyes alone, quite unaided by your dreadful sentiments and rather vagabondish occupation, would frighten these prim people into—sending for the constable. They would not keep me another hour in the family, "it's so very genteel," as the song says; and, O Zeuxis, you know it would never do for us *both* to be seeking our fortunes at the same identical time. No; try the English lakes; and for a burn—a "beck" in these parts, by the by—there is none equal to that midway upon the west side of Thirlmere. It is not frequented, and scarcely even known indeed, and comprehends every description of stream-scenery. There are cheap and cleanly lodgings thereabout, and even a room that may be made to be a painting-room. I do not recommend historical efforts; the expense, too, is now become a matter of paramount importance. Did I not weep with you upon the rejection of "The Wilderness!" I have read that these things must happen, and always have happened, to the greatest men; but it seems a cruel business. If we could but have taken "the committee" to the very spot—the glorious, untrodden solitude, where nothing but your pleasant accents "sang to the stillness"—the very wood of Arden, where we read the ancient play so fitly—surely they must have hung your picture in the best place of the middle room, a bower of bliss for Londoners to long for in the leafy June. But I daresay they would have

picnicked—this committee—after all, there, and eaten ham-sandwiches and drank stout. *They hang your picture? No—as you say—hang them!* My dear, dear Richard, we are both well-nigh friendless; but I, who have been so long used to fight my way, and put my feelings out of sight, am no worse off than I have often been: for you is my great anxiety, for you my only sorrow. I pray fervently that you may accomplish your noble aspirations; you are right in thinking your calling a divine one. Your works have ever been a comfort to my heart, drawing tears to refresh it from the pleasant springs of memory. Do not, do not, dearest boy, take this rejection so ill; do not even despise the advice of "the white-waistcoated." He meant it kindly, and at least knows what takes with sight-seers. Write to me. Leave no stone unturned in order to be reconciled to your father; sacrifice pride, inclination—affection for me even, dearest, or rather the expression of it—give up all save truth and the mission which I doubt of even less than you.—Ever thine'—

A very long interval, by both external and inward evidence, must have now intervened; a strange resolution to be wondered at, if not to be blamed, is here adopted. I myself have by this time arrived at the belief that 'Catherine' can do nothing wrong.

'MY DEAREST, DEAREST BOY—I shall give up my situation at once. I have—I think I told you—been sick and tired of this sort of life this long while; now, whatever you think about it, I do not consider myself either too old or too ugly to marry, and marry I shall, and that speedily. We women are, as you know, fickle to a proverb; and I begin to think better and more kindly of Sir Gilbert than formerly. I flatter myself I have long ago dispelled your suspicions about the worthy knight, and that this will come as a surprise to you. Hunger! Good God! that my Richard should have been brought to this! Threatened by rude uncivil hands, too! I swear to you, my woman's teeth set hard when I read your letter.

I thought I saw again that noble brow first raised from your favourite occupation to greet me as I came amongst your stately people, a dependent and without a friend: the stern, hard father still so proud of you, the dotting mother, the fawning friends, the obsequious servants. I saw the park, the lakes, and even the little pony which the heir—my starving Richard—which the heir delighted in; your kind sweet sympathy, your anger with the insolent and cruel, your scorn of meanness and duplicity; the opening mind so naturally rich, so stored with wit, and poetry, and romance, so ignorant, my child, of sordid things! More than a mother did I love you, yet as a mother only. They thought I wanted to be mistress of your land. I do not vex the dead with vain reproach—I do not blame the living for their lies; for all they thought and spoke of me, they have my pity only; but for the wrong they did to thee, to thee, Richard, the curse clings to them from a heart that never cursed before. Your cousin will not give up an acre of your land. Ask him not; suffer no humiliation, no refusal, from such as he. I know him well; and had I told you what I knew of him, and what he dared to speak of in my ear, he would not now have breath to name himself by your father's name, nor life to spend in the enjoyment of your heritage.

How long a space, how dreadful a step, between your two last letters! Was it kind, Richard, to keep me in suspense so long, at last put an end to by the realisation of my worst of fears! I enclose a mere trifle; I have no power to anticipate my pay-day, or it should be more. How blessed, how glad I feel that it will soon be in my power to set you out of reach of these hideous wants, to emulate in some little measure the numberless and graceful kindnesses I have received

so long from you. You need not mention *him* when you write, dearest. There are some subjects I cannot rightly and with propriety discuss even with your own dear self. Write very, very soon.—Your anxious and devoted'—

The preceding must have been instantly answered: the following letter is almost of the same date, but written very rapidly, and ill punctuated:

'DEAREST RICHARD—Do not write to me such things as these unless you want to kill me: I do not sacrifice myself, I do not perjure myself, I do not commit evil that good may come: indeed he is not as you describe him Richard; it is the worst picture you ever painted: if Sir Gilbert had been a ghoul and an ogre instead of only a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant, you could not have used worse expressions; oh, Richard, Richard, how can you have the heart to write of "sin" and "shame" to me! I shall be a faithful and dutiful wife: I have told him how I feel towards you—as much at least as he could understand of it—and he is not angry, only I daresay thinks us very foolish: do not talk about "his dirty money;" do not hurt my feelings; whether adopted or natural they are now mine, and you must think well of him henceforth as the husband of her who loves you best on earth. I return to your last letter, but one, for your very sorrows are less dreadful than your anger; the picture of the "Island" sold for a sovereign! It is enough to make one distrust almost, a Providence: how touching too that story of the portrait! My poor dear Richard, with the fat rich people, trying to catch his worshipful's expression: what an awfully bad business you must have made of it I can well imagine: you did not spare him a pimple nor give him a hair too much, I'll answer for it: were it not for the pity of it I could laugh at you, my Zeuxis; *I do not think however you could ever paint a good portrait; you never seemed to me to have your heart in work of that kind and without that little can be done: I saw your little story in the magazine, standing out from among the fables and compilations like a fair statue amidst third-rate casts: I recognised the place and characters be sure, and your own dear self in every line of it. I hope that employment may be a crutch to you, but most of all that you may not need to use it: I look to see you standing yet erect above the crowd in a day when, whether R.A. follow your name or not, it shall be of little matter. Do not write before you hear from your ever-loving'—*

He never wrote—he never heard: that was his last letter. A love beyond all love would have ministered unto him, but he starved himself in his pride. Think of his wretched Catherine, miserable bride, and of her vain appeals and fruitless search for the self-willed, stubborn boy; and yet he must have had much to love in him, and on his part, too, must have deeply loved again. Love, 'more ideal artist he than all,' and love only, as it seems to me, could have given to the 'Catherine' its perfected grace. Through

These dead leaves that keep their green,
These noble letters of the dead,

all Richard's works are interesting and dear to me. His picture of the 'Near Lake,' spoken of in the first letter, has a fine Elizabethan house in the background; so I sent to all the London estate-agents, in hopes of discovering its whereabouts, from which I could of course have got the rest. It certainly is from nature; and if equal to his representation of the 'Beck'—a most spirited rendering of the Thirlmere stream, known well to me—a very truthful painting. I have put many advertisements in the papers, containing all she needed, if once the eye of love should light on them; I have also, with small success, made acquaintance with half the Sir Gilberts in the land, in hopes

of finding where this jewel hides; I have done all I could do, without disagreeable publicity; and at last I publish the whole story thus. The sad recital, thus, sweet Catherine, may haply reach you at last. Patient, pitiful woman! I fear this hair is gray, and these eyes dim by this time, that glow so gloriously forth from thy Richard's canvas!

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is not till some time after arriving in Constantinople that the traveller can thoroughly enjoy his stay there. There is so much to be seen, and everything is so novel and strange—such a continued noise and bustle, such a multiplicity of races from all quarters gathered together, with their various costumes and dialects, that for a while he is completely bewildered. But by and by, when the eye gets accustomed to the apparent confusion, and can distinguish and examine each object separately, it becomes no small amusement to watch the passers-by, and remark the characteristics of each nation; how the Turk moves on with his calm, grave face—the Persian merchant, with sheepskin cap—the Armenian, with heavy step—the busy Greek—the Jew-porter, with fallow skin, shabby beard, and torn and dirty *benieh*—and, lastly, the Frank, in round hat and varnished boots.

The beautiful situation of Constantinople is not more proverbial than the filthiness of its streets. There is a story told of an Englishman, who had heard an exaggerated report of the ill odour of the city, leaving Southampton in his yacht for the purpose of visiting it. After a voyage of two months, he arrived at Seraglio Point; and there, putting up his telescope, lay-to for an hour and examined the magnificent prospect: he then gave orders to weigh anchor and return by the Dardanelles.

But, reader, do not you follow his example. It is true, Constantinople does not possess either the cleanliness or the comfort of our European towns; but, take my word for it, these dirty, uneven streets, turning and twisting in every direction, expanding and contracting as they go, sometimes leading off into blind alleys—one of them silent and deserted as the walks of a necropolis, with its long whitewashed walls, spotted here and there with windows barred on the outside; and its neighbour perhaps so crowded with passengers, that you must elbow your way through them, with their pastry-cooks' and confectioners' stalls emitting fat odours enough to sicken you—the absence of any kind of vehicle upon the carriage-way, but instead, mules and asses dragging along immense beams, to the great endangerment of the pedestrians' limbs, and the porters coming down the road ejaculating their terrible cry of 'Guarda!'—their walls, charred by recent conflagration—their sinks of filth in winter, and burning dust in summer-time—their legion of dogs, stretching themselves out in the sun like so many lazzaroni—even the dirt that obstructs a free passage through them: all these things, added to the diversity of dress and language, are, in their way, not without a certain romance, and of a kind not the less attractive that it will soon be done away with. As civilisation spreads, so the picturesque dwindles. The sharks of the Bosphorus have given place to the steam-boat; the turban, to the fez. 'I'll wager you,' said an Armenian to me lately, 'that before two years are over, the Turks will be wearing hats, and drinking wine with us during the Ramadan.' If that day ever arrives, then farewell to old Turkey.

And even the dogs are beginning to disappear—portentous omen! They have been driven away before the advance of the Europeans, and have nearly all immigrated to the remotest of the Turkish quarters. Here they found kind hands to give them their daily food, to nurse their females in their accouchements, and

to guard their young from the inclemencies of winter; and even persons who, carrying their solicitude for their canine protégés to the borders of the grave, leave them legacies in their wills. But, notwithstanding this, the Osmanli reckon the dog, like the pig, an unclean animal, which to touch is to be defiled; and therefore he never admits him within the sacred precincts of his home, although he still considers himself the natural protector of all such of the species as find refuge in his quarter. Benevolence is placed by the Prophet as the chief of all the virtues, and his followers exercise it even towards the lower animals.

One day I walked, side by side with a Turk, down the long street that leads from the bazaar to Yeni-Djaoni (the new mosque), when we came upon a troop of dogs, which were lying all along by the wall so as to interrupt our passage. My unknown companion immediately left the footway, and proceeded along the road, rather than disturb their *kief*; and seeing that I imitated his example, he turned to me and said with emotion: 'Thou hast the heart of a Mussulman; may thy end be happy!'

Another time I saw two Osmanlis talking gravely together not far from a butcher's stall. One of them I knew from his turban to be a mollah belonging to the highest class of magistrates; and the other appeared from his retinue to be a no less distinguished person. The butcher, meanwhile, was busy throwing out the refuse of his stall to a dog which was reposing in a gutter hard by. The clatter the bones made in falling awakened the lazy animal, which stretched out his paw languidly to draw them towards him; but, finding that he was unable to reach them in this manner, gluttony gave way to indolence, and he curled himself round again to sleep. Upon seeing this, the mollah, who had been watching the whole proceeding while apparently listening to his friend's discourse, left him abruptly, pushed the bones with his foot within reach of the dog's jaws, and then returned and calmly resumed the conversation.

While we lived in the neighbourhood of Pera and Tophané, great numbers of dogs thronged the streets, where they also resided; and those of Tophané especially, unaccustomed to the appearance of a European, never failed to bark after us as we passed the mosque in the evening on our way home. But to say merely that they barked after us, conveys very little idea of the disturbance. If only one dog gave the signal, a simultaneous howl, issuing from the throats of the whole band, was caught up by the canine inhabitants of the neighbouring *mahalles*, and prolonged, in dismal tones, growing fainter and fainter, to the most distant quarters. But their especial antipathy was manifested towards the English, in whom they seemed to smell an enemy instinctively; and, truth to tell, the sons of Albion, by their frequent assassinations, bore no trifling part in the effort to clear the streets of Pera of these dirty though inoffensive animals. I knew an English captain who went every evening for a game at whist to a house in one of these streets, and he made it a rule never to return to his ship, which he usually did at about one or two o'clock in the morning, without having knocked one of them on the head with an iron-shod club he carried by way of a walking-stick; and if any night he unfortunately lost at play, then two or three paid the penalty. 'That's always one less,' he used to say on each occasion. In a short time, not a dog was to be seen in the long street that leads from Pera to Tophané, and he had then to change his route in order to keep up his practice. But the alarm spread to every quarter; and one day when he went into a little narrow street of Galata, attracted by the yells of the enemy, four individuals threw themselves upon him, deprived him of his club, and sent him away well mangled.

At the present day, you will scarcely find a single

dog in the quarters inhabited by the Europeans; want and the inclemency of the season have finished the work of extermination. The few that remain in Pera and Galata are civilised; they will not bark after a Frank, and make no distinction between a Christian and a Mussulman: these are the dogs of the new reform.

But still there exists a small number of refractory dogs, which protest by a voluntary exile against the innovation of new theories: these individuals cherish all the old prejudices against the *giaours*. Like the Celts who retired into the depths of Armorica to escape submitting to Roman domination, so they fly to the solitary quarters of Stamboul and Eyoub, to mourn, in company with their friends the dervishes, over the decline of Islamism and the triumph of the infidels. Wo to the Frank who rashly ventures alone into the streets of this vicinity, peopled with myriads of dogs; the mere sight of his European hat and coat rouses them to fury!

These have also retained all the ancient customs of the race. They live in separate bands, keeping up a friendly intercourse, with the condition of not invading their respective territories; and this condition is insisted on, because each band is fed by the inhabitants of the place where it is settled, and therefore every intruder is looked upon in the light of another claimant upon the public bounty to the prejudice of the community. The rule is never broken, therefore, except in extraordinary cases. One day I witnessed a remarkable scene from my window, the relation of which will not only give a curious trait of canine manners, but also tells very favourably for their natural intelligence and goodness of heart. There was a large open space before my window, laid bare by the hand of an incendiary, and into this space there bounded one morning two dogs, giving chase to another which was wounded. Half-a-dozen dogs which were lying among the rubbish sprang up upon witnessing this invasion of their frontiers, and threw themselves upon the enemy, which, after a furious conflict, they put to flight; the wounded dog, meanwhile, shrinking into a corner, and tremblingly waiting his fate. The victors drew round him, and each smelt him in turn, and then they withdrew together, and appeared to be holding a council. One of them then left the others, and went up to the stranger, to which he put some questions, and being apparently satisfied with his answers, led him away to headquarters, where he was regaled with a bone. On the evening of the same day, he was enrolled as a member of the society.*

THE HAUNTED MAN.

IN the year 185-, when Saldanha, naturally of a fierce and haughty temperament, and goaded into open rebellion against Donna Maria, by what he conceived to be the unconstitutional behaviour of the Comte de Thomar, was spreading insurrection at the head of both regular troops and lawless freebooters through more than one province of Portugal, Mr S—, an English wine-merchant of large property, was residing in his trim country-house, nearly midway between Santarem and Lisbon, to rest awhile from the fatigues of an annual onslaught upon his account-books. At that period, the capital, though far from being in the hands of the rebels, was, nevertheless, deemed very insecure, especially by merchants and others, whose places of business were therein. Predatory troopers crept stealthily about among the orange-groves and cork-woods which skirted the beautiful city; and the sleek burgher who quitted it for the country without some ten or a dozen stout fellows at his back, would have been

* This article is translated from a literary notice in the *Athenæum Français*; but we have mislaid the number, and cannot refer to the work.

at once set down as lineal inheritor of the pluck, if not of the Cid, at least of Gonsalvo de Cordova. Under these circumstances, it is not at all surprising that Mr S—— should have preferred keeping what sums of money he had immediate occasion for at his villa rather than in Lisbon; trusting to the unoffending seclusion in which he lived, and to his high character as a merchant of integrity and good sense, who never troubled himself about politics, for an exemption from those visits from the Portuguese 'moss-troopers' so reasonably dreaded by the neighbourhood.

Having occasion one morning to send down to the capital between L.700 and L.800, for immediate remittance to a house abroad, he despatched an old English servant with it, himself unarmed, in order to avoid suspicion, but attended at a respectful distance by several others well equipped, and used to such hard service—one in particular being a muscular old Spaniard, who had served with distinction in the ranks of the Carlists.

They had made nearly half the journey in perfect safety—the bearer of the valuable burden ambling quietly on in advance, and the rest at such a distance, that, without seeming to belong to him, they might ride to his assistance as soon as they saw him exposed to any danger—and had arrived at the commencement of a tortuous declivity, whose windings between the rocks on either side could not but occasionally hide the former from the view of the latter. It was during one of these intervals of separation, which was necessarily longer than the rest, that our escort in the rear was suddenly startled by the sharp, clear crack of a rifle through the morning air. Spurring furiously forward, they at length came upon their quondam comrade, prostrate in the dust, with a bullet through his brain, whilst his mule, of course *minus* the all-important valise, stood quietly cropping the scant herbage that struggled through the crevices by the roadside. Quick as lightning, one of the servants dismounted and raised the head of the corpse, in vain endeavouring to trace signs of animation, whilst old Gomez flew down the pass at the head of the others; but, alert as they were, they emerged from it only in time to see dashing into a thicket far off the dark figure of one of those ruthless marauders, supposed—not without reason—to be in league with the revolutionary juntas. We need hardly add, that all pursuit, though promptly made, was perfectly fruitless; and the disappointed retainers, baffled at every turn, disconsolately withdrew, towards evening, to lay before Mr S—— the recital of the morning's discomfiture.

Now, Mr S——, being a sober, sensible Englishman, on receiving this intelligence, did not stamp, or swear, or tear his hair, or indulge in any of those practical eccentricities which are ordinarily ascribed, under the circumstances, to orthodox Lusitanian hidalgos, but, finding that his servants had really done everything in their power, refrained from blaming them at all, and turned into that glorious grumbling state of sulkeness so generally incidental to bears with sore heads and Britons with grievances. He inwardly registered a solemn vow that he would next day lay a formal complaint before the authorities at Lisbon, mechanically went through the process of dining, kicked his dog, scalded himself with hot coffee, smoked a cigar, and went to bed. Arrived duly at Lisbon, he found things in so precarious a state, that many of the tribunals had actually suspended their functions; and, after trying for many days in vain to get a hearing from some one connected with the government, left Lisbon in intense disgust by the steamer for London.

Now the usual quarters of Mr S——, when in town, were the T—— Hotel, not a hundred miles from Covent Garden; and thither, accordingly, he repaired as fast as a Hansom cab-horse, with a strong propensity for jibbing, could convey him. Determined to

throw off in England, at least, the mortification which his late loss had very naturally occasioned to him, he plunged at once into so fearful a series of balls, parties, concerts, and theatres, that his tablets for engagements forgot they had once been white. Soon after his arrival, he went out one morning about the hour when visits begin to wax fashionable, to call on an old friend in B—— Square. Just as he was turning into that region of dowager-duchesses, blighted Whig statesmen, and foreign ambassadors, which lies westward of the neutral ground of Hyde Park, a gentleman walked past him, giving a rapid glance at him as he went by; and on his turning up the steps of his friend's house to ring the bell, the same countenance veered round for a second inspection. After a long chat with his friend, in which he failed not, as the reader may well imagine, to dwell dismally upon his losses in Portugal, he sauntered out for a turn round the Park, when, on reaching the corner of the square, he, for the third time, encountered the inquisitive gentleman before mentioned. 'Confound it!' said Mr S—— to himself; 'the fellow seems wonderfully struck with my appearance; perhaps he thinks I'm Lord John Russell, or Baron Brunow, or some other distinguished nob. I'm sure I couldn't be more stared at, if I had squared the circle or discovered the philosopher's stone!' This inquisitive gentleman, however, was unexceptionable in his own appearance. He was a very gentlemanly-looking man, attired in neat morning-dress: he had a pair of well-brushed sandy whiskers, expressive gray eyes, with a slight nervous twitch, upon closer inspection, of the muscles in the face, light hair, a fine intelligent forehead, and a faultless mouth and nose: altogether, he was the very model of propriety, and had doubtless quite forgotten himself when he stared at poor Mr S——.

Be it known here, to all whom it may concern, that at the T—— Hotel there is every evening, at six of the o'clock, a very comfortable table-d'hôte, whereat some twenty or thirty individuals, regardless of dyspepsia and delirium tremens, eat and drink a great deal more than is good for themselves, or necessary for the support of the establishment. We do not intend to include in this category Mr S——, who was really a very abstemious man; but Mr S——, notwithstanding, did, on the evening of the — of October 185—, find himself at one of these réunions. Just about the time when the liquids were beginning to circulate around the table, he was disturbed in an animated conversation with the gentleman on his right about the corn-laws, by the blandest of all possible appeals for the mustard-pot by the gentleman on his left; and on turning to hand it to him, he once more recognised our friend with the sandy whiskers. He certainly thought this very strange; but thinking that after all it might be a mere coincidence, he entered into a slight conversation with him, and was ultimately very much pleased with having been seated next to so agreeable a companion. Time passed on, and he had almost forgotten the sandy whiskers.

'Do, for goodness' sake, look sharp, S——, and come down,' cried Captain M'M——, as he walked into Mr S——'s room at the T—— one morning. 'I've been waiting in that antediluvian coffee-room for nearly an hour; and you know I've many places to call at before lunch.' So down came Mr S——, and out went the two friends on a regular round. In passing by Wilkinson's in Pall Mall, Captain M'M—— recollected that he had a new sword to purchase; so they turned into the shop, and were soon busily engaged in handling and discussing the relative merits of sundry delicate pieces of workmanship, specially fabricated for the protection and destruction of human life. Scarcely had the captain decided, and they were still leaning over the show-room table, when a step was heard ascending the

stairs, and in walked—doubtless to purchase a sword, for he had brought one up from the shop below—the gentleman with the sandy whiskers.

Poor Mr S— glared round with a look in which surprise struggled hard with disgust for pre-eminence: but this was not all—the climax was yet to come. A few evenings after, he went to dine with an old friend whom he had known at Lisbon, and there met several others, both Portuguese and English, who had a connection with his business and that of his friend abroad, when, on entering the drawing-room, he found, carelessly leaning against the mantel-piece, and familiarly chatting with the host, the man with the sandy whiskers.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear; and so Mr S—, possessing these component parts, could stand it no longer, and resolved on the first opportunity to question closely his mysterious and unpleasantly ubiquitous friend. It was observed by all who noticed him, that, instead of being jovial and talkative, as was his wont, he remained silent and moody throughout the whole evening. When the party broke up, he remained until he saw Rufus leave the room, and then suddenly quitted it after him. In a moment after, they were standing together on the pavement. Mr S— was the first to speak. 'By what right, sir, pray, do you dog my footsteps in this manner? I insist upon knowing immediately.'

The person interrogated smiled gently for an instant, and then replied: 'Excuse me, sir, if I have in anywise given you offence in the execution of what was to me an imperative duty. What I have already seen, has so fully convinced me of the falsity of the charge made against you, that further silence and mystery on the subject are unnecessary; and I shall only be too glad to be released from all attendance upon you for the future.'

He then proceeded to inform Mr S— that he had—by order of Lord P—, who at that time held the seals of the Foreign Office—diligently watched him day and night for a fortnight, as he was supposed to have come over to this country for the purpose of forwarding arms and ammunition to the insurgents in Portugal; and believed to have already supplied them with upwards of L.700 in hard cash. In one second, the idea flashed across Mr S—'s mind that the Portuguese government had recaptured his bills and notes from the insurgents, and thus imagined him to be aiding and abetting its foes. Forthwith, the morning after, he proceeded to the Foreign Office, and, after a long interview with Viscount P—, the whole matter was cleared up. From what then transpired, Mr S— gathered the following facts: the murderer of his servant, more honest than the rest of his tribe, at once made over the contents of the valise to the revolutionary committee then sitting in the neighbourhood; these gentry had devoted the money to the purchase of various warlike stores for their troops, and it was in the course of this transaction that the Portuguese government had seized the papers, though unable to punish the rebels, who had made use of them. The Portuguese minister for foreign affairs immediately communicated with the ambassador at the court of St James's, and, after pointing out, as indeed he believed, that Mr S— had already assisted the insurgents with money, requested that such steps might be taken as would prevent that gentleman from any such practical exhibition of sympathy for the future. Lord P—, at the instigation of the Portuguese ambassador, at once put a well-known detective on the track of poor Mr S—; and how admirably he performed his duty, the reader already knows. The hero of this adventure—who is well known in the wine-trade, and by whom the above circumstances were detailed to the writer—has been often in Portugal since that time; but we are happy to

be able to state, that it has never again been necessary, on his return to London, for the British government to look after him as a seditious and restless firebrand; in short, that he has never since been professionally followed by the gentleman with the sandy whiskers.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, a specimen of the *Towel-gourd* was presented which had been imported from the West Indies for the purpose of paper-making. The fibre of this remarkable plant is described as a beautiful net-work; and it has been used, when bleached, for basket-work, reticules, picture-frames, and other ornamental articles. Specimens of products from Natal were also exhibited—a species of berry (*Atumber*), the outer covering of which contains a powerful tannin, and is used in the manufacture of ink, while the kernel yields oil; a plant which among the natives is held to be a specific against the effects of sun-stroke; and another called the Toothache-plant (*Tambesi*), said to be known on the frontiers of Cape Colony. The sender of this last, remarks: 'I am assured by those who have used it, that a piece of the root rubbed upon the gums will loosen any tooth, so that the vilest may be removed.' A small parcel of insect wax was also exhibited, the properties of which appear to be remarkably enduring. The Caffres use it when fashioning their hair into a coronet, and the form is retained for a long time without renewal of the wax. Science will soon determine whether in these things we may not have the small beginnings of valuable imports.

Mr Darwin, the eminent naturalist, is continuing his experiments on the vitality of seeds, with a view to arrive at data as to the distribution of plants. Among the points involved in this interesting inquiry are—the length of time in which a seed will live in the intestines of a bird or other animal, and the circumstances under which it may be dropped in a distant place, and germinate: also, how long will seeds retain their vitality when floating in the currents of the sea? The last question is now under investigation with seeds collected on the coast of Norway and at the Azores, whither they had been drifted by the Gulf-stream. Another branch of the inquiry relates to the distribution of species of fish. Naturalists want to know, for instance, whether the eggs of salmon will retain their vitality sufficiently long to produce fish when carried through varying temperatures to places wide apart. In one way the question has been answered in the affirmative by the piscicultural experiments to which we have more than once called attention. Dr Davy has now solved it in another way. He took impregnated ova of the char from a stream falling into Windermere, and subjected them to temperatures varying from 70 degrees to 98 degrees. The result shewed, that the older the eggs, the better they resisted the heat: the youngest died in the first experiments. Another mode was sending ova packed in wet wool, enclosed in a tin box, from Ambleside to Penzance and back again—more than a thousand miles—and with like results. And such being the case with the very delicate char, there is good reason to believe of the more hardy salmon species, 'that the strength of vitality of the impregnated ovum, or its power of resisting agencies unfavourable to its life,

gradually increases with age and the progress of fetal development.'

We mentioned some time ago, that the sudden disturbances of the magnet witnessed at magnetical observatories in different parts of the world, caused by what are called *magnetic storms*, had been found subject to periodical laws. They occur in periods of a solar day, a solar year, and ten solar years; and in reference to the last, a connection has been traced between the storms and the revolution of the spots on the sun. Colonel Sabine now shews the same thing to be true of the magnetic inclination and total intensity, as well as of the declination; whereby former conclusions are confirmed, and the science of magnetism is so far advanced.

The extension of the Ordnance Survey to Scotland has led to further researches into that very difficult question—the mean density of the earth. Lieutenant-colonel James, superintendent of the survey, from observations made on Arthur's Seat, gets 5.14 as the mean density; the astronomer-royal, as we shewed a few months since, arguing from his pendulum experiments made in a coal-pit near Shields, sets it down as 6.566. The difference is considerable, and it can be rectified only by further observations. About forty years ago, Dr Macculloch selected the Stack Mountain in Sutherlandshire, as the one in all Scotland best suited, from its form and homogeneous structure, for the investigation; and Colonel James says, in a paper read before the Royal Society, that he 'purposes early in the spring to have the Stack Mountain surveyed and contoured, and to have observations taken for determining the attraction of its mass.' He says, moreover, that 'all the computations connected with the primary triangulation—that is, of the Ordnance Survey—the measurement of arcs of meridians, and the determination of the figure and dimensions of the earth, are now completed, and that the account of all the operations and calculations which have been undertaken and executed is now in the press, and will shortly be in the hands of the public.' This may appear to be very dry science, but those who are at all aware of the nature of the work here announced as completed, and of the importance to astronomy of the determination of the earth's density, will not be indifferent to the means by which it is promoted.

Dr Guy has read a paper before the Statistical Society 'On the Benefits Conferred by Hospitals on the Working-classes and the Poor,' in which he shews that thousands, who are by no means poor and destitute, avail themselves of the charity. Taking the returns of King's College Hospital for fifteen years, he demonstrates that the great increase in the number of patients cannot 'be accounted for on any other supposition than that the whole body of working-men, their wives and families, or at least a very considerable proportion of them, frequent our hospitals and dispensaries even when not driven to do so by want of employment, or previous exhaustion of their resources.' Of sixty-seven men in work whom the doctor questioned, none earned less than 20s. a week; thirty-nine earned 25s. and upwards; and thirty earned 30s. a week and upwards. Hence the charities are taken advantage of by those who are not properly objects of charity; often for very trifling ailments, and without first consulting any medical man. This seems to be unfair towards the subscribers; and Dr Guy, while waiting for 'a change in the opinions or habits of the working-class,' recommends a way by which that class may be made to contribute towards the support of the hospitals from which they get 'the best advice,' namely, 'by levying a small payment for medicines.' He would charge the out-patients, at their second visit, 'one shilling for the medicine required during an entire illness,' the really poor to be excepted; and he believes from experience

that the working-class will be ready to adopt it. That such a measure should be necessary, is a proof, if another be wanted, of what has often been insisted on, that to multiply charitable institutions is to weaken or suppress the spirit of self-reliance among a large portion of the community.

Glycerine, long neglected and despised, is now becoming appreciated for its valuable properties—valuable in surgery, medicine, and the arts. Mr Wilson mentioned it in his account of Price's Patent Candle Manufactory, to a meeting of the Society of Arts some weeks ago; and chemical journals contain repeated notices of it by able experimental chemists. Glycerine, as many readers are aware, is a liquid obtained in considerable quantities in the manufacture of soap, candles, and of stearic acid; and not long ago the mother-waters in which it was contained were always thrown away. Now, it is found to be one of the most efficacious agents for softening the skin and healing wounds—it preserves burns and wounds from the action of the air, and keeps the margin of the scar in a state of suppleness; it prevents the drying of cataplasms; it is a valuable ingredient in pomatum, cerate, and soap, and gives perfumes a highly cosmetic property; it is useful in lotions, baths, and injections; alimentary or other substances coated with it retain their freshness for a long time, and it improves salted meats; and in weaving and facing woven goods, it is said to excel any kind of mucilage or paste hitherto employed. We think it likely that the meat and vegetables mentioned in a recent *Month* as having been exhibited in the Paris Exposition, were prepared with glycerine. Moreover, experiment shews that glycerine may be advantageously used in medicine: some practitioners have administered it internally, when other saccharine matters could not be retained; and, as it dissolves readily a great number of medicaments, its general employment would appear to be but a question of time. Already veterinary surgeons have availed themselves of it, and with the happiest results.

Pure glycerine should have no appreciable odour, and if not quite colourless, no other tinge than that of very pale amber, and the flavour of honey-sirup. Its consistence is that of ordinary sirup, and it requires to be kept in well-stoppered bottles. M. Cap, in a paper read before the Society of Pharmacy of Paris, states that he can now produce pure glycerine in any quantity, and at one-third the price it sells for in London. The greater cost of the article in England he attributes to imperfection in the method of its production.

M. Duroy has invented what he calls the *Anasthesimeter*, an instrument to be used in the application of chloroform. It is ingeniously contrived, and promises to be eminently useful for its special purpose. To give a notion of the construction within reasonable limits is scarcely possible. It may, however, be described as a circular stand of wood bearing a close cylindrical vase, into which descends a tapering stem from a bottle-like reservoir fixed above it. This reservoir is graduated with a scale, each division corresponding to one gramme of chloroform; so that the quantity of chloroform poured in can be accurately measured. Then, by turning a tap, according to the indications of another scale, the chloroform descends through the tapering stem at the rate of four, ten, twenty-five or more drops a minute, into the vase beneath, from whence it is breathed, mingled with air, by a flexible tube leading to the patient's mouth. Thus, the quantity to be inspired can be determined beforehand according to the nature of the case; can be increased or decreased at pleasure; and so danger is avoided, and the most weighty objections to the use of chloroform are overcome. And as it is more important, during the administration of chloroform, to note the respiration than the pulse—seeing that in animals killed by this

agent, the respiratory movements cease before those of the heart—M. Duroy's instrument affords the necessary facilities, as the valves indicate the rate of breathing.

Professor E. W. Davy of Dublin, by a series of careful experiments, finds, contrary to the popular notion, that peat is very much better than peat-charcoal for agricultural purposes. The texture of peat is such that it renders heavy land permeable to the air. Peat absorbs carbonic acid and ammonia, particularly the latter, in a 'most eminent degree,' and the importance of these two gases to vegetation is well known. By the use of peat, says the professor, and we are glad to assist in making his conclusions known, 'the ammonia is retained more or less completely in the manure to exercise its fertilising action on vegetation, whereas the peat-charcoal suffers it to be in greater part dissipated and lost.'

The after-Easter lectures at the Royal Institution have begun—a course by Mr Huxley on Physiology and Comparative Anatomy; by Mr Malone on Photography; by Dr Tyndall on Light; and by Dr Hofmann on the Non-metallic Elements. The Civil Engineers have had a paper by Mr Hall, of the United States, 'On the Causes of Explosions of Steam-boilers,' in which, taking up the truism that prevention is better than cure, he describes his 'blow-off;' that is, for the rapid discharge of the water whenever it sinks dangerously low. It is when the water is low that explosions are most to be feared, and if it can be made to blow itself off at the critical moment, there will be no steam to do mischief. In the discussion which followed, mention was made of the excellence of the Cornish system, into which the bursting of boilers never enters.

The Society of Arts are holding their exhibition of inventions, and it is well worth a visit. Among the numerous collection is the Moderator Patent Furnace, which 'unites in one single action all the desiderata which the most competent writers on smoke-prevention have indicated as requisite to success.' There are various valves and other safety-apparatus for steam-boilers—improved locomotives, pumps, locks, ships' compasses, boats, tents, and many things besides. Glass tiles and glass sash-bars. New omnibuses, one of which allows to each passenger a comfortable seat, where he may be at his ease, safe from pickpockets. There is the globotype-telegraph, delivering its messages by means of small coloured balls which run down inclined planes to a shelf, where they stand in a row to be read off. The process goes on at both ends of the line at the same time, without needles, or registering-pencils, or complication; and until the balls are disturbed, there the message remains to be referred to, if needful.

The Photographic Society are congratulating themselves on the commencement of the third volume of their *Journal*—on Mr Lefevre's twelve views of Sebastopol, and Mr Price's 'monster camera to take pictures thirty-six inches square.' Crimean subjects will now lose somewhat of their interest.

The Rev. O. Fisher, in a paper read to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on the earthquake in Switzerland in July last, describes the different effects, shews how the shocks were less felt *on* than *through* the mountains, or in the valleys. And seeing that the country is full of 'faults,' and of comparatively recent elevation, he thinks the cause is to be found in contractions of the strata, or want of support from below, or the 'shock may have arisen from a shifting of the beds on the line of ancient disturbance.'

The Postmaster-general tells us in his report for 1855, that the number of letters sent last year was 456,000,000! There is a diminution of one-fourth in the number of newspapers since the repeal of the stamp-duty; and an increase of books—of these

1,400,000 were posted. We are to have an hourly distribution in London; and, to facilitate delivery, all the streets in a district of the same name are—excepting, of course, one—to have new names. This change will be a real benefit—a tribute to common sense as well as social and commercial intercourse. If, in addition, it were decreed that one line of street should have but one name, the benefit would be complete.

As we have not been able to ignore the subject of war, so must we now remember that peace is come again. It will be a blessing according as we use it. Our social scientific progress, which hostilities did not stop, will perhaps take a new start, and it will be interesting to notice what new activities may spring into existence now that strife is laid. Mr Layard's two prize-questions, proposed by him on his re-election as lord-rector of Aberdeen, just hit the time. One is, 'On the Influence of Liberty and Commerce on Literature and the Arts, as illustrated by the Greek and Italian Republics'—the prize to be a set of Mr Layard's own works:—the other, 'Whether are Despotism or Free Governments more likely to pursue an Aggressive Policy towards other States?'—the prize, a set of Mr Hallam's works. There are, doubtless, students in the northern university able to give a satisfactory answer.

Science is flourishing in Canada. The Canadian Institute now numbers 400 members, and has a library of 800 volumes, and is building a spacious hall at Toronto for its permanent home, of which the governor-general laid the foundation-stone last November. The *Journal* of the Institute is to be greatly improved, and published once in two months.—The Academy of Sciences at Paris have paid a compliment to Russia by electing Admiral von Wrangell to the place left vacant among their corresponding members by the decease of Sir Edward Parry. The admiral is known for his scientific attainments, and his adventurous journeys to the Asiatic shores of the Polar Sea.—The Academy of St Petersburg have recommended the establishment of an astronomical and meteorological observatory at Nicolaieff; and a college for the young men of Tauris is talked of at Odessa. So we have already instalments of peace.

DAY-DREAMS.

I know 'tis but a dream!
 As visions of the captive's cell that mock
 The unquiet sleeper with the shadowy forms
 Of things most dear to liberty: the cheek
 Of fettered hunter fanning with the pure
 Fresh breeze of his own native hills, where now
 The chase is up, and with his gallant hound
 Away he springs, once more the fleet and free:
 Now the deep music of the mighty surge
 Waking, to glad the seaman's ear: again
 Lifting the warrior's banner to the winds,
 While the shrill clarion and eager neigh
 Of battle-steed give back the tented field:—
 Till the frail barrier that parts the worlds
 Of shadows and of truth, the struggling soul
 In its imaginary joy o'erwrought
 Bursts—the bright vision flies—the dungeon-walls
 Close dimly round, and all is night again!
 Such are earth's day-dreams: each illusion wild
 We cling to *here* must meet its waking rude;
 Yet of such darkening cometh light, and truth.

J. H.

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THE GIPSIES OF THE DANUBE.

As the wild-cat, the otter, and the wolf gradually disappear before the advance of civilisation, the wild races of mankind are in like manner and degree gradually coming to an end, and from the same causes. The waste lands get enclosed, the woods are cut down, the police becomes yearly more efficient, and the Pariahs vanish with their means of subsistence. In England, there are at most 1500 gipsies; in France, they are hardly to be found at all; in Spain, the last census puts them at 30,000, nearly all dwellers in cities and followers of sedentary trades. Before the end of the present century, they will probably be extinct over Western Europe. This points to the defect of Mr Borrow's book. Complete so far as it goes, it deals only with the gitanos of Spain, where, as their numbers decrease, they gradually assimilate themselves with the Christians around. To see them in their true character and original habits, they must be met with in the forests and steppes of Hungary and Southern Russia. There they are numbered by tens and hundreds of thousands; they form a considerable constituent part of the population, and lead, unchecked, the same nomade life as their ancestors when they first entered Europe four centuries and a half ago.

The number of the Hungarian gipsies, according to the census of Maria Theresa, is 53,000; in Transylvania, they are reckoned about 17,000; in Wallachia and Moldavia, ten years ago, there were 37,000 families, which, at five to a family, would give 185,000 souls; so that in the Principalities every eighteenth person is a gipsy. In Southern Russia, their number is probably nearly as great; but no accurate computation can be made, as they lead an entirely wandering life, in summer grazing their cattle on the plains, and in winter encamping in the depths of the forests. Of the gipsies of Hungary and the Principalities, about one-fourth have partially settled down in the towns and villages, and live, like their Western brethren, by telling fortunes, cheating and pilfering, and ostensibly as buyers and sellers of horses and mules, menders of kettles, and street-musicians. In the last capacity alone, they touch on any of the higher attributes of humanity. Music is their gift, as with the other wandering race, the Jews; and among the songless Hungarians, every musician is a gipsy.

The first Eastern gipsies I met were at Brünn, in Moravia. It was fair-time, and the courtyard of the hotel was crowded with carts, goods, horses, and cattle, while their owners were dozing in the shade under a range of shedding that ran round three-fourths of the

yard. On a heap of straw in the middle, in the full heat of the blazing sun, lay four gipsies asleep. They were all four tall, powerful men, with coal-black hair as coarse as rope, streaming over faces of African blackness; and as they lay relaxed in sleep, their figures seemed gigantic. Their dress, so to call it, was a collection of the vilest rags, strapped round the waist with a rough Turkish shawl, and each had a large double-edged knife at his belt. Their instruments lay beside them, for they were musicians; and when the cool of the evening came on, they began to play. Two had violins, one a trumpet, and the fourth the Hungarian cymbal, which is something like a guitar, played, not by hand, but with two small sticks covered with skin. Their music and mode of playing were as wild as themselves. They played only the old Hungarian tunes, those singular melancholy airs, in which the genius of the race and country is reflected, but with a passion and a pathos that passes into the souls of the listeners. Afterwards, at Pesth, these bands we found at every dance and concert of the middle and lower classes. Their music is always the same, and, to a stranger, grows at last somewhat monotonous; but the natives seemed never tired of listening to it. With them, it is a point of honour to uphold the old national tunes; and while the gipsies generally are looked upon as hardly possessing souls, the gipsy musician, if possessed of talent, soon rises into consideration, and is often to be met with in respectable society, and even possessed of considerable property.

But the number of those who thus resort to the cities for employment, and may be regarded as partially reclaimed, forms a very inconsiderable fraction of the great body of the gipsy clans who wander over the almost uninhabited country to the east of the Theiss. There a born *zigeuner* hardly ever enters a house, and never owns one. The great uncultivated plains of the Banat and Wallachia are their favourite haunts, where there is unlimited pasture for their beasts, and the law is seldom at hand to enter into troublesome inquiries. There they troop in bands of from 20 to 200, and sometimes more, stopping for weeks in one spot if the grass is good and game plentiful, and anon travelling by forced marches to an entirely different part of the country. A gipsy-camp on the march is always a picturesque object. In the immeasurable plains of the Banat, where the earth lies spread out like a sea, without hill, house, or tree to break the desert expanse, one of these moving villages is a sight one does not easily forget. First come the cattle and sheep; for where pasture costs nothing, the *zigeuners* always manage to possess some stock more or less—

bought, jobbed, or stolen from their needy neighbours. Wiry boys drive them—black-haired and black-eyed, with infinite villainies present and to come stamped on their young and as yet handsome faces. Then comes the body of the cavalcade; brawny, vigorous women riding on asses, their gaunt children slung before them; carts piled with goods and plunder, and the aged and infirm of both sexes; men on foot driving the asses and baggage-animals; and a rear-guard of the strongest on bony steeds, with muskets and swords slung around them. The traveller finds himself in the midst of the troop with mingled wonder and apprehension; and, in truth, his chance of getting through in safety is very problematical. If the road is at all frequented, and his appearance not indicative of much wealth, he may probably pass without any greater loss than a florin to some dark-eyed prophetic of Egypt. If otherwise, it needs only a stab and a blow; the body is speedily interred, and nothing more is heard or asked of the missing man. In winter-time, when the pasturage disappears, and subsistence becomes more difficult, the zigeuners draw nearer to the settled parts of the country. When a rabble rout like this settles itself down near a village of the Wallachians or Saxons, everything eatable and movable is sure very soon to disappear. Like all gipsies of whatever country, the zigeuners are inveterate horse-stealers; and the chief collisions between them and the people arise from their depredations on the herds. To creep in at night among a drove of horses without disturbing the watch, select the best, and carry him safely off, is the greatest feat of a zigeuner, and at once gives him a patent of nobility. When the horse is secured, the first care is to clip and trim it, so that its own owner cannot recognise it. The animal, thus disguised, is passed from band to band, till it is finally sold hundreds of miles away. But it is only with the quiet orderly Saxons of Transylvania, or the peaceable, timid Romanni—to use the general name of the Wallachian race wherever situated—that they venture on these high-handed thefts. With the Magyars and Szeklers they rarely meddle; for these are nearly as lawless as themselves, with ten times more of the fighting spirit; and the so-called Egyptians know full well that if the Magyar shepherd found his herds diminished, and suspected by whom, he would not scruple to revenge himself by shooting or spearing the first zigeuner that came in his way. The Servians, too, who always go armed, and know how to use their arms, escape free; but the Romanni are a constant prey. During the late fearful civil war, when village stood against village, and in Transylvania alone 1100 towns and hamlets were burned to the ground, the gipsy bands hung like vultures on the skirts of each force, and glutted themselves with the plunder of both alike.

The difference of feeling of the several races towards them is vividly expressed in the collections of popular tales that have been recently made all over Eastern Europe. In those of the Magyars and Servians, the zigeuners are rarely mentioned, or only with contempt. In fact, the proud Hungarians regard them as something too low even for oppression. Whatever outrages individuals might commit, as a body they escaped, from the feeling of their utter worthlessness. Before the recent reforms, the only two classes in Hungary that were not taxed were the nobles and the gipsies—the first as being above the law, and the second below it. On the other hand, if an injury was committed

on a gipsy, he had no redress, being in fact an outlaw. So in Turkey, a gipsy postilion or courier is often shot through the head or flogged to death upon any cause or no cause, without the murder being noticed, for 'he is only a zigeuner.' It is curious to see how differently they are depicted in the Wallachian legends, collected by Schott. The gipsy there is always present as the evil spirit and marplot of the tale. If the princess meets her lover by moonlight, it is always the gipsy wife who runs to tell the emperor of the fact, and when the emperor accordingly rushes forth with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand to arrest the luckless couple, it is the gipsy, again, who is ready to turn the fair one into a cow, a bird, or a fish, as his majesty may prefer. The male gipsy, again, it is who plays the Iago of the drama, and carries on a complication of crimes without a scruple of conscience or the fear of anything human or divine. The race, in fact, seems to be almost the only one which is utterly without religious impressions, valuing only what directly ministers to appetite, and looking upon death as an eternal sleep. And yet they are very particular as to how they are buried, and for this purpose are careful to have their children baptised; and sometimes, when they have the opportunity, will repeat the ceremony a dozen times, to get additional presents out of the sponsors. But on all ordinary occasions they are utter heathens, and if distress drives them to a prayer, the feeling passes with the occasion.

'A zigeuner,' says one of the stories, 'was once driving his horse and cart loaded with all his family and goods, axle-deep in mud, down a narrow lane. Slowly and painfully went the wheels round—slower and slower still—and at last they came to a dead-lock. The horse pulled and pulled, the man flogged and flogged, and swore and swore, as only a Jew or a gipsy can flog and swear. It was of no use: the cart was immovable. One last tremendous cut of the whip; but the poor animal only fell forward on its knees and nose.

It was, perhaps, the fall of his beast that made the zigeuner for once look upwards, and turn in his distress to the holy ones, but the Virgin above all. Though he had never prayed before, he now made a shift to pray; that is, he used all the words he had picked up here and there from Christian men, with a stray imprecation or two intermixed; but that was from habit. "Help! blessed Lady—help! and I will give to thy altar a waxen taper as thick as my body." Whether the Virgin heard him or not, the horse had by this time had a little space to breathe, and when the whip again descended, the cart moved on a few steps. The heathen fancied himself already out of the predicament, when it stuck fast once more. He took again to his prayers; but as half the way was over, and wax expensive, he vowed this time a taper only as thick as his arm. He had no time for amen, but took to his whip more vigorously than ever; and the cart, step by step, at last had a prospect of being eventually clear of the mire. To make all sure, the zigeuner repeated his vow; but the good road was now so near, that he limited it to a taper as thick as his finger. The next minute, he was out on the road; and a few minutes more brought him to a chapel of the Virgin. As he passed the door, he took off his cap and drove on, saying to himself: "The good lady has something else to do than to be looking after a poor devil like me!"

Rascals as the zigeuners are, and living in the greatest misery and filth—in fact, the dirtier their huts, the better they like them—they are still a very handsome race, the women especially. The burning sun scorches their faces more, and they are therefore much darker in Hungary than in England; but the free life they lead gives them an unconstrained and independent bearing, which the constable, the stocks, and the

prison have long taken from their island brethren. These bold, brown, beautiful women only make one astonished to think how such eyes, teeth, and figures can exist in the stifling atmosphere of their tents. But beautiful they are, and their beauty has sometimes led to unions which have almost always resulted in misfortune.

Stefan B—, a young and very rich proprietor of the Banat, having lost his way in the chase, had to pass the night in a gipsy-tent. A young and beautiful girl was there, with the deep dark eyes and seductive smile of her race, and her parents had the true gipsy guile to fan the growing passion of their guest. He was wealthy, passionate, an orphan, and uncontrolled; and within a week the gipsy was his wife, and in a few days more installed in full possession of his beautiful chateau on the banks of the Temes.

Within ten days, in fact, the gitana had reached a fabulous fortune. From the smoke-dried tent of her father, she was transported, as if by magic, into a noble domain, surrounded with luxuries, with trains of servants, and a husband devoted to her wishes. Notwithstanding, she was miserable. The fixed and quiet life, the very comforts she enjoyed, seemed to press and weigh her down. When her husband questioned her as to the cause of her wan and altered appearance, she looked on the country, and tried to smile, but the smile was full of bitterness. Her only comfort seemed to be to sit gazing for hours upon the distant wastes she had so often traversed, barefooted and rejoicing, in the days of her poverty. She was seated thus one day, when her ear, ever on the watch, caught the sound of a gipsy band. Through the trees, she could see the passing forms of the men and women, the donkeys and loaded carts, and then a joyous voice struck up the favourite gipsy-song.

The wind is roaring through the wood,
The moon is mounting higher,
The gipsy halts to cook his food,
And lights his forest fire.

Free is the salmon in the sea,
The wild stag on the hill;
The eagle in the sky is free,
The gipsy freer still—
Hurrah!

The gipsy freer still!

Young girl, wilt in my castle rest?
I'll give thee rings of gold,
In robes of silk thou shalt be dressed,
Thy hair with ducats rolled.

The vulture scarce for golden cage
His nest on high will quit;
The wild horse, free from youth to age,
Will spurn at golden bit.

So free to rest or free to roam,
Or by the wood-fire laid,
The sky her roof, the world her home,
Will live the gipsy maid—
Hurrah!

Will live the gipsy maid!

At the last note, the listener suddenly sprang through the open casement, and vanished among the trees. When her husband came in, no one had seen her or could give any tidings of her. For two days, he sought her in vain; night closed upon the third, when the light of a distant fire shewed a gipsy encampment, and his heart told him he was near the object of his search. Stealing through the bushes, he approached unperceived within a few feet of a pair who were seated talking by the fire. It was the singer and his wife, who was telling him of the weary hours in the splendid misery of her chateau.

Stefan B— returned broken-hearted to his house,

which he soon after quitted for ever. The next year, the Hungarian revolution broke out, and he found what he sought, an early death before Temesvar.

THE ROCKS AT LOW-WATER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It was a fine day in September, when a party of people, all arrayed in the most rough and shabby habiliments, and all splashed and bedabbled with sand and water half-way to the knees, entered the deep shadow of the beautiful avenues of ancient elms which adorn the grounds of Tor Abbey, and cast themselves down in happy *abandon*, some on the turf, others on the branch of a fallen tree, and began to inspect the contents of sundry baskets and glass-jars they carried. The party consisted of a gentleman, two ladies—of whom I was one—and two little girls of eleven and twelve years old. There was a maid-servant with us; and we were followed by a man with a huge hammer and chisel in his hand, and a basket full of pieces of rock and masses of sea-weed, fresh from the briny tide, on his arm. Each of our party carried a stout walking-stick, with a crook at the end, and each was almost overlaid with collected spoils; one bearing a glass-jar full of water, with a whole flock of merry shrimps and prawns dashing about in it; another, a large Indian ginger-jar, converted into a water-proof basket by means of a tackling of cords round it; and a third with a dripping muslin-net, by means of which the shrimps and little fish had been captured. There is no denying that the whole party were somewhat weary, as well as pretty well travel-stained; but all were full of excitement and mirth, and in full enjoyment of the rest the shade afforded them.

We had not been long thus seated before voices were heard approaching, and from the direction of the Rock-walk—a beautiful pathway that leads from the town of Torquay to the village of Tor, passing along the side of the Waldon Hill, and through the aforesaid Tor Abbey grounds—we descried a second party, whose appearance, as they drew near, formed so comical a contrast to our own, that, as we rose to greet them—for they were friends—all laughed aloud, and each group stood contemplating the other in amused surprise. Two ladies and a little girl, all dressed in the most elegant style of fashion, with Parisian bonnets and mantles, with veils, and flounces, and delicate light boots, stood before us. They were accompanied by a gentleman who was 'the very ape of form,' the quintessence of the essence of dress and fashion.

'Where have you been, Mrs Delville?' asked the foremost of the fashionable group.

'You may well ask,' replied the gentleman of the bedabbled party, answering for his wife. 'We have been down *there*'—indicating a point of rock far out in the sea—'where you never were, I'll answer for it,' said he laughing. 'It was full moon yesterday, and the best spring-tides of the year; and two hours ago, all that lies between the beach and that rock which is now under water was passable on foot, and presented such a scene of beauty as you can scarcely imagine. We hardly knew how to come away; but "time and tide," you know, "wait for no man;" and the *time* was come for the *tide* to reclaim its own ground, and we were obliged to decamp. However, we have foraged pretty well; and to-morrow we hope to return to the charge, and make another raid on the property of Mr Neptune, who will be obliged for a time to abandon the edges of his territory to us.'

'And now, in return, let us ask where you have been?' said I.

'Oh, don't ask, Miss Oliphant,' laughed Mr Delville; 'I can tell you as well as they can. First they went with missy to her dancing-lesson, and then to a few

shops, and by that time it was a reasonable hour for making two or three visits; and after that they lounged into the library, and looked over the periodicals, and selected a novel to carry them over the latter part of the day; and then they visited the pastry-cook's, to refresh themselves after all these labours, and recruit their strength for that of walking home. Now, ladies, own the truth. Am I very far from it?'—

'Well,' replied Miss Colquhon laughing, 'not very. But what *can* we do? I am weary to death of the life we lead! This is the hottest, dullest, most dusty place I ever was in in my life. Mamma says we *must* go out, and there is nowhere to go but that weary strand. I wish there was'—

'Go with us to-morrow,' said Mr Delville; 'we mean to spend the whole morning on the rocks. We shall have a rowing-boat to take us from cove to cove, and so make the best we can of the last day of the low tides. Come—will you join us?'—

'O do, *do* Miss Colquhon, and let Emily come too,' exclaimed little Amy; 'only, you know, you must not go in these dresses,' added the child—a suggestion which was greeted with a shout of laughter as the two parties compared costumes.

'No, no: they know that, Amy,' said her father. 'All things should be suitable to the place and time. The Misses Colquhon are very suitably dressed for the strand and the dancing-school; but they are too sensible to go to the rocks in that gear. Now, young ladies, let me tell you what to do,' added he. 'Wear good thick shoes, or, better still, low light India-rubber overshoes; common stockings—woollen are best, when it is not too hot—for you cannot help getting dabbled with stooping over the tide-pools, and traversing forests of sea-weed still wet from the waves, which have been dancing over them within the hour; a broad-brimmed brown hat, that will shade your face, and not be the worse for a dash of sea-water; and a light jacket, or some such close-fitting garment as will not trammel you—and you are all right. We shall take some plain food with us, and dine in some shady nook—not an elegant collation, mind, for the more unencumbered we can be, the better; and we take so many little matters—such as shrimping-nets, collecting-jars, baskets, &c.—that in the way of food we can only just take what is sufficient for our sustenance; so, if you cannot eat as well as dress in rustic style, do not come with us.'

'Oh, but we *can*, Mr Delville,' replied all the young ladies. 'We have so often wished that we could find out something we could do out-of-doors,' added the eldest. 'It is very kind of you to admit us to your party. But do you walk?'—

'Why, we do, in general,' was the reply; 'but as, this time, we shall want a boat in attendance, we may as well let it take us at the quay.'

'Capital! delightful!' was echoed from mouth to mouth; and, all preliminaries being settled, we parted company at the end of the avenue.

'Now, what is all this about spring-tides and low-water?' I hear some of my readers ask; 'and what can the full moon have to do with a party formed for mid-day?' And so, as I believe that few, even of those who live by the sea-shore, have any very clear idea of much that it is desirable should be known on the subject of the tides, and the times of high and low water, it may not be amiss to give a little simple information as to facts which may be of use to those who are in the habit of an occasional excursion to the sea-side, and desire to make acquaintance with the treasures, animal and vegetable, which are to be found on its shores.

Without entering too deeply into the causes which produce the fluxes and refluxes of the tides, and all their variations—a subject far too much complicated for our pages—we will endeavour to state, as simply as possible, the results of these causes, and the facts

connected with the ebb and flow of the waters, which are observable to all who look for them.

We have all heard of spring-tides and neap-tides. The former of these occur at the periods of new and full moon, when both the sun and the moon act in the same way, and coincide in their attraction; the latter, at the intermediate periods, when the moon is in the middle of its orbit. A tide requires six hours to make it ebb or flow; consequently there are in every twenty-four hours two periods of high, and two of low water; but every tide is about twenty-six or twenty-seven minutes later in its action than the last, so that if it is high-water at twelve one day, it is about three-quarters of an hour later the next; and so on, increasing about three-quarters of an hour on the two tides which occur in the twenty-four hours.

At spring-tides—which, taking place at the new and full moon, of course recur once every fortnight—the ocean-waves retreat at low-water to a much lower mark, and rise at high-water to a much higher level, than at any other period during the fortnight; and these increased tides prevail for three successive days at each season of full or new moon. On these occasions, the fall and rise of the waters is much more rapid than at any other, because a much greater amount of ground than ordinary has to be traversed by the tide in its six hours; and those who frequent the shore should be well on the watch, lest the waters overtake them, and cut off their return to land.

Of course, the time of the day when the water is at the highest or its lowest level at spring-tides depends on the part of the coast on which you are. On that of South Devon, the extreme low-water occurs at twelve o'clock, and the highest flood-tide at six, morning and evening. Then is the time for him whose mind is interested by the wondrous creations, animate and inanimate, the sea offers to his notice. At spring-tides, rocks far out in the sea, that are at other times covered by the waves, become dry land; and the exquisite zoophytes, mollusks, annelids, &c., as well as rare algae, that are then placed within your reach, are worthy of your fullest attention; for many interesting kinds exist only where they are constantly under water, and, of course, those rocks which are uncovered but a few minutes at a time, and that only at two periods of the month, are most likely to furnish such specimens. In March and September—the equinoctial periods—the spring-tides cover and uncover even more ground than at other times, and, consequently, then present the finest opportunities for the zoophytologist or marine-botanist to carry out his researches.

It was a bright and glorious morning on which we and our young friends met on the pier-head, all accoutered in our rough sea-garb. It is true that one of our ladies, having no suitable dress, had selected from her wardrobe one that was ready to be laid aside as too shabby to be worn; and a very comical selection it was. It consisted of a delicate lavender, or it might almost have been called sky-blue silk, trimmed to the waist with pinked flounces. The rest of her attire, consisting of a black frieze-jacket and brown mushroom hat, stood in strange contrast with this *quasi* elegant skirt; and much we were indebted to her for wearing it, for it formed an unceasing subject for fun and comment as the day passed on, and her cerulean garb began, from the contact with sand and water, to assume a most terrestrial hue; but the lady stood the railery with unmitigated good-humour, and, in fact, was herself the main prosecutor of the merry laugh which from time to time rose as she got more and more dabbled.

And now we were all seated in the boat, with a couple of rowers, and our party all disposed of according to the boatmen's orders; for on board a rowing-boat there must be no slipping from place to place, or playing antics: the boat must be properly trimmed—

that is, balanced—and every one must keep his or her place; and if they choose to dabble in the water, or fish, they must do it quietly, and without any erratic movements, on peril of an upset.

There was a good deal of stir on the water; the waves were brisk, and as clear as crystal, and earth, sea, and sky seemed to combine to perfect our pleasure. The beautiful shore, rich in its summer glory, was not so far from us but that we could descry each separate tree; and the masses of wild-flowers on Waldon Hill were distinctly visible as our boat sprang over the waves in its way to Livermead, where was to be our first landing.

'Look! look!' exclaimed one of the girls. 'Oh! what are those, Mr Delville—those things in the water?' and a general shout of admiration arose, as, looking over the side of the boat, we discerned a shoal of what appeared to be little air-balloons, or something very like them. The whole water round the boat was covered with these things; some from three to four inches in diameter, others not half an inch. They were like half-disks, of a semi-pellucid substance, and opal hue; in the centre of the top of each was a rich lilac cross, composed of four loops meeting in the centre, exquisite in delicacy of colour, and clearly distinguishable as the creature rose to the surface of the water, or gently dived beneath it. Round the margin of the disk were fringes of exceedingly fine and flexible feelers, and the movement of the animals appeared to be regulated by the alternate contraction and dilation of this margin. In an instant, Mr Delville had produced a glass-bell, plunged it into the water, and brought up a fine specimen in the most perfect preservation. 'They are so fragile and tender,' said he, as he held the vessel up so as to get the animal in a direct line with the sun's beams, 'that I always catch them in that manner; for if they are captured by the hand, or even with a muslin-net, it is ten to one that they get more or less injured. By this means, you see, we secure our prey without its coming in contact with anything but the very water which surrounded it when outside. Now, ladies, look at that, and tell me if you ever saw, or could have conceived, such mechanism or such beauty? If you or I had set about forming a thing to endure a lifelong tossing in the ocean, we should not have tried anything so frail; yet, see how well it is adapted for its position!—look at the exquisite movements of the creature, how it yields to the motion of the water!'

'But what is it, papa?' asked little Amy; 'and why is it that we have not seen any of these before? Were they eating the sea-weed that was floating on the top? for it was only when there was so much sea-weed floating that we saw them; and as soon as we had passed that place, they were gone!'

'The reason of that, dear, was, that the weed had smoothed the surface of that part of the sea, and these creatures—*Medusæ*, as they are properly called, or jelly-fish, commonly—are never seen except in a calm still sea. When it is rough, they keep below the surface, where the water is undisturbed. Now, all you ladies, come and spend the evening with us,' continued Mr Delville, 'and we will have another look at the beauty; and I think I can shew you some matters concerning it that will interest you all.'

'Ah! do,' joined in Mrs Delville. 'You will have time to go home and get off your wet things, and then come up, and we will have what we call a *meat-tea*—the best meal in the world after an excursion and a hasty dinner.'

And now we approach the rocks. Reader, if you never happened to be in a boat amidst low sunken rocks, well clothed with the larger sea-weeds, on a shore where the water is very clear, let me advise you to go as soon as you can; and as you approach them, gaze down on the scene spread below you. It is only

at the extreme low-tides that this submarine scenery is so very lovely, as it is only then that the regions of the large and varied-coloured weeds are disclosed to the eye. Look down over the side of your boat into the deep clear water, and you will see a sight that will well repay you for your trouble in going. If you are a poet, it will give you a new view of a part of creation well worthy of a poetic tribute. There, fluctuating with the play of the waters, float huge fronds, many feet in length, and proportionate in width, some deepest olive, others of rich purple, others, again, of every tint of brown and red; whilst some amongst them, either from the effect of light, or from a coating of minute zoophytes which cover their surface with their delicate extended tentacles, look as white as snow. There they lie, mingling their noble stems and fronds together; some flat and smooth; others, the long oar-weeds (*Laminaria saccharina*), with their puckered margins, like frills, all waving in the water, rising and falling in endless motion; but motion so graceful, so dignified, as to give one the highest impression of the stability with which they are moored to their rocky beds, and of the firmness of texture and flexibility of structure which characterise algæ of these genera. But there is not only vegetable life to be detected: between the weeds swim various small fish; and in and out amongst the weed and rock crawl dozens of the large orange star-fish (*Cribella*); and there are hermit-crabs in their borrowed houses, and bright-coloured sea-anemones, with their disks of a thousand hues spread wide to entrap some of the small crabs or mollusks which move about near all, giving life and variety to the beautiful submarine scenery. But now our keel grates on the bottom of the little basin between the rocks into which our boatman has steered us; and, springing to land, he helps first one, and then another, over the ledge of slippery sea-weed that forms our landing-place; and then giving over his boat to the care of the lad, with hammer and chisel in hand, he prepares to take his part in the day's exploits.

And now the importance of the walking-sticks is manifested. 'Miss Oliphant!' shouts Mr Delville, 'just come here;' and picking my way over rocky points, and through tangled weed, round pools of water, and over clefts in the rock, through which run little trickling streams rushing back to the sea which has left them behind, as children who have stayed to pick berries skirmish after the nurse who has left them in the rear, I make my way across to an angle almost in the sea, where stands my friend. 'Look there,' said he; and my first impulse was to shout to all the rest as he had shouted to me, for the scene was most beautiful; and soon the whole party was assembled round one of the loveliest tide-pools I ever saw.

'What are tide-pools?' How often have I been asked that question! Every one who thinks for a moment on the subject, must know that where there are protuberances, there must also be depressions; and, also, that some kinds of rock being more friable than others, the softer portions of the stone will, in the course of time, be fretted away by the ceaseless working of the waters, and leave hollows more or less deep in their surfaces. These hollows, when below the usual highwater-mark, are covered periodically by the sea, and of course, when the tide is withdrawn, retain the portion of water that lies below the general level, and are, consequently, always full; and, unless when a storm has disturbed the deep, the water in them is exquisitely clear and pellucid. In these little lagoons harbour all kinds of shore-animals, sheltered by the overarching fronds of weed, which, from being at all times under water, are often of kinds not usually found so far up towards land. I will transcribe Mr Gosse's pretty description of one of these rock-pools on this coast. 'It is a deep, oval, cup-like cavity, about a yard wide in the longest diameter, and

of the same depth, hewn out, as it were, from the solid limestone, with as clean a surface as if a stone-mason had been working there. It is always, of course, full of water, and, except when a heavy sea is rolling in, of brilliant clearness. All round the margin are growing tufts of the common coralline, forming a whitish bushy fringe reaching from the edge to about six inches down. A few plants of the bladder fucus are scattered around; and the arching fronds of the sweet *laminaria*, that I before spoke of, hang down nearly to the bottom, closely resembling, except in their deep-brown hue, the hartstongue fern that so profusely adorns the sides of our green lanes. Below the coralline level are a few small red sea-weeds, as *Rhodomenia palmata*; and the dark purple *Chondrus crispus*, growing in fine tufts, reflecting a rich steel-blue iridescence. But all the lower parts of the sides and bottom are almost quite free from sea-weeds, with the exception of a small *ulva* or two, and a few incrusting patches of the coralline-base, not yet shot up into branches, but resembling smooth pink lichens. The smooth surface of the rock in these lower parts is quite clear, so that there is nothing to intercept the sight of the *actinæ* (sea-anemones) that project from the hollows, and spread out their broad circular disks like flat blossoms adhering to the face of the interior. There is something exceedingly charming in such a natural vivarium as this. When I go down on my knees on the rocky margin, and bring my face nearly close to the water, the whole interior is distinctly visible. The various forms and beautiful tints of the sea-weeds, especially the purple flush of the *chondrus*, are well worthy of admiration; and I can see the little shrimps, and other crustacea, busily swimming from weed to weed, or pursuing their instinctive operations among the fronds and branches—an ample forest to them. Tiny fishes of the blenny genus are also hiding under the shadow of the tufts, and occasionally darting out with quivering tail; and one or two brittle-stars are deliberately crawling about by means of their long and flexible arms, in a manner that seems a ludicrous caricature of a man climbing up by his hands and feet, only you must suppose an additional arm growing from the top of his head.

This is a most just portraiture of one of those rock-pools which are formed by the attrition of the waters in the solid rock. Those which are mere hollows and irregularities, lying between the rocks, are a little different, their sides being more shelving, and the lagoons in many cases from twenty to thirty feet across, and not so deep in proportion. It was to one of these that Mr Delville called us, and the sight it presented to us was wonderfully beautiful. Immense forests of those large brown slippery weeds, whose leather-like fronds are here and there tossed on shore after a storm, stood erect, down the sides of a gully, about half full of the clearest water, and stretched out quite into the sea, covering acres of rock partly above and partly below the extreme low-water-mark. This gully, thus gallantly fringed, was densely clothed all down its sides and over its wide bottom by weeds of every hue. Truly I may say, every hue. There was one (*Cystoseira erecoides*) which seemed to be itself tinted with every colour of the rainbow; and as we moved from spot to spot, these hues shifted from lilac to pea-green, and blue, and brown, and yellowish green, just according as the beams of the sun striking on them through the clear water lit them up. It was a thick fleshy plant that exhibited this brilliant effect. Of course we were all eager to get it, and noble branches were dragged up by means of our hooked sticks; but, alas! the moment they were withdrawn from the water, their glorious hues were all fled, and we found nothing but a dim bunch of lifeless-looking green-brown weed remained. 'Never mind,' said Mr Delville; 'put it into this glass-jar of water.' This was done; and on the instant the

clear water closed over it, back came all its gorgeous tints, as full and bright as ever. 'There, Amy, put it with the other things: we shall have some amusement from that by and by,' said he. 'Now, girls, where will you find sapphires like those which cluster there?' continued he, pointing to a bunch of dark weed which looked as if hung, like the trees in Aladin's garden, with sapphire gems.

'Oh, what are these, Mr Delville?' asked Miss Colquhon. 'Are they living creatures? Do get us some.'

'They are not, indeed, dear Miss Colquhon. It is only an effect of light on the leaf of the weed. This is the *Chondrus crispus* of which Gosse speaks; but it is not so evanescent in effect as that on the other weed; for see,' said he, as he leaned over the brink of the pool, and, baring his arm, drew a fine bunch of the glittering gems from the water, 'our sapphires still remain nearly as bright as ever, now that we have gathered them, and will retain their beautiful metallic lustre almost till the weed decays, if you keep it in water.'

And now, having collected quantities of specimens for after-examination, and finding that the tide was beginning to creep towards us, we left this beautiful spot, and, all separating into little groups, began closely to inspect the pools and rocks; some turning over the stones, to see whether any creatures had taken shelter beneath them; others busy knocking off pieces of the rock, with their growth of corallines, in hope of finding some of the more delicate zoophytes amongst them, when at leisure to examine them; until, on Mr Delville's calling to gather the party together with the view of proceeding in the boat to the next cove, three of us, of whom I was one, discovered that we were insulated! We were so placed that the boat could not come to our assistance, for we had got out to the end of a low reef of rocks where the water was too shallow to allow of its approach; and by the time it had attained sufficient depth for it to reach us, we should have been waist-deep at least in water! We were so far from the rest of the party that our position was not apparent to them, and there was nothing for it but to deliberately walk through the fast increasing water, sometimes wading nearly knee-deep, for a space of about thirty yards or more. We were not in the least danger, but a little alarmed lest we should be so, and not much pleased at being thoroughly wet-footed until such time as walking about had dried our shoes and stockings. However, salt-water seldom or never gives cold, and we were none the worse, though subject to no small degree of raillery on our *absorption*, especially the sky-blue lady, who was one of the three poor half-drowned wretches, and her cerulean garment looked very droll as it emerged from the briny flood! We were, however, soon in the boat, and quite oblivious to all disagreeables when we began to examine our collections. We found some of the huge leathery fronds of the *Laminaria digitata* studded with a most exquisite little univalve shell. It was adhering like a limpet, its little carapace, yellowish white, with three stripes of the most intense blue, of a metallic lustre, down its back, and one single black spot in front. None of these lovely little things were more than about the sixth part of an inch in length, and perhaps the eighth in breadth. They lived some days, and moved about in the glass of water in which we placed them, exhibiting their delicate little white bodies and antennæ as they adhered to the side of the transparent vessel. But for its size, I should conceive this to be *Patella pellucida*; but, according to Captain Brown's description, in his *Recent Conchology of England and Ireland*, that is of an inch in length; but I find no other shell described that is in the least answerable to my pretty little pets, and these, though common, I have never found larger.

'Now, my dear,' said Mrs Delville, 'let me suggest that at our next landing we should see what our baskets produce, and eat our dinners.'

'By all means, my dear,' replied Mr Delville: 'I am as hungry as a crab! You know, ladies, similes lose half their beauty if they are not in keeping with time and place. I think our next landing shall be behind the pier at Paington, and there are some nice sheltering cliffs there; so "I vote," as the boys say, that we make straight for them, eat and drink, and those who are weary, rest, whilst I with hammer and chisel make an assault on the rocks, and strike off a few of those magnificent sea-anemones. They should be always taken off rock and all, for if you separate them, it is ten to one that you injure their sucking base; and if the skin of that is once broken, your *Actinia crassicornis* is soon nothing more than a lump of decay, for the injured peat sloughs off, and the creature comes all to pieces. They are glorious beauties when in health, though, and I should like to get a good purple one or two, and some of the scarlet and white varieties. Now chicks, and children, and ladies, come—jump ashore while you can with dry feet.' And ashore we all went; and Mrs Delville's motion being carried by acclamation, we all gathered together under the shadow of the cliff, and fell to in good earnest on our dinners, with appetites such as sea-side rambles alone can produce.

THE BELGIANS—THEIR KING AND GREAT PEOPLE.

GOLDSMITH has, with matchless felicity, painted, in a few touches, the country where 'the broad ocean leans against the land.' Of a similar character is Flanders, which resembles Holland both in physical aspect and population. As we approach the seaboard of Belgium, we observe the low, sandy coast mingling with the leaden, murky sky of winter, or, in midsummer, a narrow tawny line, scarcely visible over the azure expanse of the German Ocean.

Beyond this sterile mask, the soil is still flat; but rich pastures, fat cattle, and luxuriant but formal vegetation cover the wide champaign. As we advance, lofty spires rise in the distance, and in the numerous towns we see abundant signs of old Germanic wealth. Great labour and superabundant ornament distinguish these high gables and window-mouldings; while in street and market our ears are saluted by the tongue of a Vandyck or a Matsys, and we recognise the ruddy hue, blue eyes, flaxen locks, and cleanly apparel of a genuine Saxon race. Music is not in their accents, neither is grace visible in their movements and gestures, nor gaiety in their thoughts; but all the sound qualities of this great family—health and strength, moral and physical, truthful hearts, and clear, practical understandings.

Further inland, we find the basin of the upper Meuse, a sort of minor Rhine. Ruined castles crown the toppling rock, or overlook the grassy bank or sunny orchard. Crowded towns, with tall smoking chimneys, clink and hammer, and click of steam-engine, indicate mineral wealth and industrial activity. Namur and Liege, the Sheffield and Birmingham of the Netherlands, are in a district at once rich and picturesque. Behind is the Ardennes, our own Shakespeare's forest of Arden, a mountain-region, where trackless woods, the haunt of the wolf and the boar, are the delight of the hunter and fowler.

The inhabitants of the Belgian basin of the Meuse are not Flemings, but Walloons. Wales, Wallachia, Gaul, Galatia, Galicia—how the limbs of the great Celtic giant of antiquity have been scattered over the four quarters of Europe, but how distinctly recognisable on the Valley of the Meuse! In Britain, the Celtic and Saxon races have been so amalgamated, that the national character is a composite. In Belgium, the

two elements have remained distinct, but in juxtaposition. The Walloon, like the Frenchman, is a Latinised Celt. The language of the Druids is no longer spoken as by the children of the Scottish mist; the Walloon, like the Frenchman, speaks a Latin dialect. More than a millennium has elapsed since Rome ceased, even nominally, to stand on the rolls of living empire; but she has left her glorious tongue ineffaceably stamped on the new Europe as on the old, from the pillars of Hercules to the Valley of the Meuse.

Alert, ingenious, and versatile, the Walloon of Liege and Namur is a complete contrast to the ponderous deliberate Fleming, who in politics acts as a drag-chain on the mobility of his excursive neighbour. In politics, the Fleming is the *pièce de resistance* against a social overturn, for the strength of the republican party is in Namur and in Liege. In literature, the Fleming admires the profound thought and masterly treatment of the passions to be found in the literature of the Germanic races; but in the anatomy of the foibles of artificial society, the French-speaking and French-thinking inhabitants of Belgium shew an acuteness and a finesse that at once identify them with the larger branch of this brilliant family.

Such is the people ruled over by Leopold, who, if he has ceased to fulfil the functions of prince and peer of England, is still regarded with interest by the British people. It would indeed be difficult to point out a sovereign who in modern times has shewn more prudence, good sense, and high feeling. We may apply to him the words of Bossuet, which ought to sink into the mind of every public man: 'He had a name which never appeared but in actions, the justice of which was incontestable.' There are few sayings in the biographies of Plutarch characterised by a more noble simplicity and laconic elevation of sentiment than his brief speech to the chambers when the troubles of 1843 threatened Europe with confusion. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I came here for the good of Belgium, and if the same object requires my departure, I am ready to start on the shortest notice, rather than have a civil war.' In a moment, faction was paralysed, the most obstreperous were struck dumb, and the response came from the heart of the country in a loud chorus of applause and enthusiasm.

Leopold of Belgium is now well advanced in years, his age being sixty-six; but he is in the full enjoyment of good health. He is very temperate in living, and resides in a private manner at the palace of Lacken, a large villa on the slope of a hill, with a southerly exposure, a couple of miles from Brussels. It has no great extent of park; and at break of day, in the fine summer mornings, the king is to be seen, with a single attendant, walking about the farms and country-roads round Lacken—the 'Farmer George' of rural Brabant. On certain days, he comes into the palace of Brussels, to transact business with his ministers, and go through the acts and routine of royalty; and then returns, like the lawyer who doffs his gown and wig on proceeding to his suburban villa. The king professes kingcraft chiefly at Brussels; with the people of Lacken and his establishment, he is merely the popular squire of the hall.

The town-palace is built upon what was formerly a vast walled enclosure, forming the crest of a hill on which was built the former residence of the Dukes of Brabant—at the gates of which, on the south side, was the continuous forest of Soignies. All is now altered. This celebrated forest has yielded so far to the axe and the plough, that it has almost ceased to exist; the field of Waterloo is now scarcely recognisable; and a new town of modern architecture covers the upper part of Brussels. The town-palace is a mere box or barrack, without architectural decorations, and inferior to that of many petty princes in Germany: there are therefore projects for rebuilding it in a manner more

suitable to a kingdom which abounds in noble architectural monuments.

Belgium having belonged successively to Burgundy, Spain, and Austria, many historical names are visible in the court-lists. A Lannoy of the same family as he to whom Francis I. surrendered after the battle of Pavia, and a Marnix related to the brave defender of Antwerp, in the world-renowned siege of that place by the Spaniards, are at the head of the household establishment of Leopold and his eldest son. But the old historical *noblesse* is greatly decayed and impoverished since the French Revolution and invasion of 1792. The estates were not sweepingly confiscated, as in France, but the systematic division of the properties by the abolition of the law of primogeniture, is gradually wearing them out; so that, although numbering many virtuous and intelligent individuals, such as the Vanderstradens and the Baillet de Latours, the aristocracy, as a whole, has little political weight in the state.

To this rule, there are of course considerable exceptions. Wealthy marriages, industrial pursuits, or the inheritance of extinct collateral branches, are causes of there still being in Belgium aristocratic fortunes which would be considered large even in England. The Prince de Chimay—son of the beautiful Madame Tallien by her re-marriage—having espoused the daughter of M. Pellaprat, the great army-contractor to the old French Empire in the days of Jena and Austerlitz, has thereby added not much short of a million sterling to his previous property. The Duke d'Arenberg, of the family of the princes of Ligne, is understood to have a clear income of L.40,000 a year. The late Prince de Ligne has left a European reputation not only for wit, but for that perfect amiability which constitutes the highest breeding, so that people said of him: 'Foreigners imitate the manners of the French, and the French imitate the manners of the Prince de Ligne,' who was the only foreigner to whom they accorded this distinction.

Even when the old properties have been divided, it sometimes happens that a fall of water or a seam of coal, combined with some ingenuity, enables old families to keep up; but in general it is the aristocracy of wealth, and not of birth, that holds the present rule. Rich merchants of Antwerp, manufacturers of Liege, Namur, and Verviers, advocates in large practice in Brussels and other large towns, divide with the Catholic clergy the power of Belgium.

It is in the middle classes, rather than in the nobility, we find the curious contrast between the Saxon and the Gael in Belgium. During the Dutch rule, the Flemish language, spoken almost exclusively by the people of Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, &c., was kept up; but the French revolution of 1830 acted powerfully in the dissemination of the French, and restriction of the Flemish language. Centralisation in Brussels and the French language went together, and found a resistance in the Flemish language and the old Flemish municipal and provincial spirit. The leader in this movement was Hendrik Conscience, the well-known Flemish novelist, and the first literary celebrity in Belgium. A society was founded at Antwerp *voor Taal en Kunst*—that is to say, for the cultivation of vernacular philology and the fine arts. These men do not deny that administrative unity has many advantages, and that Flemish literature is the pigmy beside the giant; but they maintain, on the other hand, that the glory of Belgium is in the Flanders of the *renaissance*—in Antwerp, and Bruges, and Ghent, those Genoa and Venices of the north; and they seem to feel with pride that the tongue of a Van Eyck, a Quintin Matsys, and a Vandyck, will not willingly be let die so long as their works and their memories send a thrill of patriotic enthusiasm through the fibres of every Fleming, and so long as the productions of a Conscience reflect the national mind.

The king acts with great tact and impartiality on this delicate ground. If *Taal en Kunst* gives him a fête to-day, he goes to-morrow to the *Société des Arts*, and seeks to soften all asperities, on the ground that there is ample room for the development of both nationalities, each within its own peculiar sphere, and without collisions and dissensions injurious to both.

It is Brussels, the capital, that unites both elements. It is just within the Flemish-Saxon region, but close upon the borders of where the French language begins to be spoken. The lower town is mostly Flemish; so is the peasantry of the immediately surrounding villages; but within the upper town itself is a Walloon colony, occupying a distinct quarter, speaking French to this day with a *pure old Celtic accent*, in all its sing-song-nasality, as if 'her nainsell,' the Dougal creature, were the interlocutor. This is styled Marolien, as distinct from classical French, which has been the language of the court and the upper classes for centuries.

Antwerp is still the capital of the fine arts in Belgium, not only from the extraordinary productions of Flemish genius still preserved there, but from its being the locality of the Belgian School of Design and Academy of the Fine Arts; but in the regions of science, Brussels occupies the first place. If the first name in Belgian literature is that of the Philo-Fleming Conscience, the first in science is that of M. Quetelet, the astronomer-royal and president of the Academy of Sciences. This amiable gentleman—whose works are in French—is well known in this country as the ingenious statistician of man. Realising one of the boldest projects of Condorcet, he has subjected the powers and passions of humanity to the processes of the scientific calculator, and has thus produced that moral atlas of humanity which Madame de Staël declared to be one of the great desiderata of this century.

A FAMILY ON THE WING.

THIS is the age of complainings. Nobody suffers in silence; nobody breaks his or her heart in secrecy and solitude: they all take 'the public' into their confidence—the convenient public, which, like murder,

Hath no tongue, but speaks
With most miraculous organ;

of course it is neither the confider's fault nor yet the confidant's, if the winds sometimes whisper that King Midas has asses' ears.

Mine is no such confession. I have no gossip to retail of my neighbours: I am a very quiet gentleman of forty or so, who prefer confining my interests and observations to my own household, my own immediate family. Ay, there lies my inevitable grief, there lurks my secret wrong; I am the unhappy elder brother of a family involved in love-affairs.

The fact has dimly dawned upon me, widening by degrees, ever since I came home from India last year, and took upon myself the charge of my five sisters, aged from about— But Martha might object to my particularising. Good little Patty! what a merry creature she was when she went nutting and fishing with me. And what ugly caps she has taken to wearing, poor dear! And why can't she speak as gently when scolding the servants, as I remember our sweet-voiced, pretty mother used always to do? And why, in spite of their position, will she persist in calling Mr Green, with a kind of frigid solemnity, 'Mr Green?' But he does not seem to mind it: probably he never was called anything else.

He is a very worthy person, nevertheless, and I have a great respect for him. When my sister Martha—Miss Heathcote, as she has been from her cradle—by letter announced to me at Madras that she

intended to relinquish that title for the far less euphonious one of Mrs Green, I was, to say the least of it, surprised. I had thought, for various reasons (of no moment now), that my eldest sister was not likely to marry—I rather hoped she would not. We might have been so comfortable, poor Patty and I. However, I had no business to interfere with either her happiness or her destiny; so when, the first Sunday after my arrival at home, a cozy carriage drove up the avenue, and a bald, rather stout little man got out, to be soberly introduced to me as 'Mr Green,' I submitted to the force of circumstances, and to the duties of a brother-in-law.

He has dined with us every Sunday since. He and I are capital friends; regularly, when the ladies retire, he informs me what the Funds have been at day by day during the past week, and which is the safest railway to buy shares in for the week following. A most worthy person, I repeat; will make a kind husband, and I suppose Martha likes him; but—However, poor girl, she is old enough to judge for herself, and it is no business of mine. Some time before long, I shall give her away at the old parish church—quietly, without any show; I shall see her walk down the church-aisle with old Mr Green—he in his best white waistcoat, and she in her sober gray poplin, that she insists on being married in—not the clear soft muslin and long lace-veil I quite well remember seeing Patty working at and blushing over, we won't say how many years ago. Well, women are better married, they say; but I think I would rather have had Martha an old maid.

My second sister, Angeline, was fifteen when I left England; and the very loveliest creature I ever beheld. Everybody knew it, everybody acknowledged it. She could not walk down the street without people turning to look after her; she could not enter a room without creating a general whisper: 'Who is she?' The same thing continued as she grew up to womanhood. All the world was at her feet; everybody said she would make a splendid marriage—become a countess at least; and I do believe Angeline herself had the fullest confidence in that probability. She refused lovers by the dozen: every letter I got told me of some new slaughter of Miss Angeline's. I would have pitied the poor fellows, only she was such a dazzling beauty, and no man falls out of love so safely as a man who falls in love with a beauty. I never heard that anybody died either by consumption, cord, or pistol, through the cruelty of my sister Angeline.

But, like most cruel damsels, she paid the penalty of her hard-heartedness: when I came home I found Angeline Heathcote Angeline Heathcote still. Beautiful yet, beautiful exceedingly; a walking picture, a visible poem: it was a real pleasure to me to have such a creature about the house. Though people did say, with a mysterious shake of the head, that, handsome as she was, if I had only seen my sister two or three years ago! And Angeline herself became tenacious on the subject of new gowns, and did not like it to be generally known whether she or Charlotte was the elder. Good, plain, merry Charlotte, who never thought about either her looks or her age!

Yet Charlotte was the first who brought me into trouble—that trouble which I am now called upon to bemoan. I had not been at home three months, when there came a young gentleman—a very lively and pleasant young gentleman too—who sang duets with the younger girls, and made himself quite at home in my family circle. I myself did not much meddle with him, thought him a good-natured lad, and no more—until one fine morning he astonished me by requesting five minutes' conversation with me in my study. (Alas! such misfortunes come not singly—my study has never been safe from similar applications and conversations since.)

I was very kind to the young man; when he blushed, I looked another way; when he trembled, I asked him to take a chair. I listened to his stammering explanations with the utmost patience and sympathy; I even tried to help him out with them—till he came to the last clause.

Now, I do say that a man who asks you for your purse, your horse, your friendship, after only four weeks' acquaintance, has considerable courage; but a man who, after that brief period since his introduction, comes and asks you for your *sister*—why, one's first impulse is to kick him down stairs.

Happily, I controlled myself. I called to mind that Mr Cuthbert was a very honest young fellow, and that if he did choose to risk his whole future upon the result of a month's laughing, and singing, and dancing at balls—certainly it was his affair, not mine. My business solely related to Charlotte. I was just despatching it in the quickest and friendliest manner, by advising the young fellow to go back to college and not make a fool of himself in vain, when he informed me that my consent only was required, since he and Charlotte had been a plighted couple for the space of three whole days!

I have always held certain crotchets on the paramount rights of lovers, and the wrong of interfering with any apparently sincere vows; so I sent for Lotty—talked with her; found she was just as foolish as he. That because he was the best waltzer, the sweetest tenor singer, and had the handsomest moustache she knew—our lively Charlotte was quite contented to dance through life with Mr Cuthbert, and decidedly proud of having his diamond ring on her third finger, and being considered 'engaged'—as indeed they were likely to remain, if their minds changed not, for the next ten years. So, what could I do?—Nothing but deal with the young simpletons—if such they were—according to their folly. If true, their love would have time to prove itself such; if false, they would best find out that fact by its not being thwarted. I kissed away Lotty's tears, silly child! and next Sunday I had the honour of carving for future brother-in-law No. 2.

It never rains but it pours. Whether Angeline was roused at once to indignation and condescension by Charlotte's engagement—which she was the loudest in inveighing against—or whether, as was afterwards reported to me, she was influenced by a certain statistical newspaper paragraph, maliciously read aloud by Mr Cuthbert for general edification, that women's chances of matrimony were proved by the late census to diminish fourfold between the ages of thirty and thirty-five; but most assuredly Angeline's demeanour changed. She stooped to be agreeable as well as beautiful. To more than one suitor whom she had of old swept haughtily by, did she now graciously incline; and the result was—partly owing to the gaities of this autumn's general election—that the beauty of the county held a general election on her own private account.

Alas for me! In one week I had no less than four hopeful candidates requesting 'the honour of an interview' in my study.

Angeline's decision was rather dilatory—they were all such excellent matches; and, poor girl—with her beauty for her chief gift, and with all the tinsel adoration it brought her—she had never been used to think of marriage as anything more than a mere worldly arrangement. She was ready to choose a husband as she would a wedding-gown—dispassionately, carefully, as the best out of a large selection of articles, each rich and good in its way, and warranted to wear. She had plenty of common sense, and an acute judgment; as for her heart—

'You see, Nigel,' she said to me, when weighing the respective claims and merits of Mr Archer and Sir

Rowland Griffith Jones—'you see, I never was sentimentally inclined. I want to be married. I think I should be better married than single. Of course, my husband must be a good man; also, he should be a wealthy man; because—well—because I rather like show and splendour: it suits me.' And she glanced into the mirror at something which, certainly, if any woman has any excuse for the vanities of life, might have pleased Angeline's.

'But,' I argued—half sorrowfully, as when you see an ignorant child throwing gold away, and choosing sham jewels for their pitiful glistening, 'you surely would think it necessary to love your husband?'

'O yes; and I like Sir Rowland extremely—perhaps even better than Mr Archer—though *he* has been fond of me so long, poor fellow! But he will get over it—all men do.'

So, though the balance hung for a whole week doubtful—Heaven forgive the girl! but true love was not in her nature, and how can people see further than their lights go?—I was soon pretty certain that fate would decide the marriage-question in favour of the baronet. As Lotty said, Angeline would look magnificent in the family diamonds as Lady Griffith Jones. The Welsh cause triumphed; Mr Archer quitted the field. He had been an old acquaintance; but—what was that to Sir Rowland and L.10,000 a year?

After Angeline's affair was settled, there came a lull in the family epidemic—possibly because the head of the family grew savage as a bear, and for a full month his spirit hugged itself into fierce misanthropy, or rather misogyny, contemning the whole female sex, especially such as contemplated, or were contemplated in, the *wholly* estate of matrimony.

No wonder! I could not find peace in my own house; I had not my own sisters' society; not a single family fireside evening could I get from week's end to week's end; not a room could I enter without breaking in on some tête-à-tête; not a corner could I creep into without stumbling upon a pair of lovers. For a little while these fond couples kept on their good behaviour towards me—preserved a degree of reserve towards each other, out of respect to the head of the house, the elder brother; but gradually it deteriorated—ceased. Nay, I, who belong to the old generation—which was foolish enough to deem caresses hallowed things, that the mere pressure of a beloved woman's hand was a thing not to be made a public show of—never to be spoken about, never even thought of without a tender reverence, a delicious fear—I, Nigel Heathcote, have actually seen two young men, strangers a little year ago, kiss my two sisters openly before their whole family—before my very face!

My situation became intolerable. I fled the fireside; I took refuge in my study. Wo betide the next lover who should assail me there! Surely that fatality would not again arrive for some time. When the elder ones were once married and away, surely I, and Constantia, and little Lizzie, might live a few years in fraternal peace, unmolested by the troubles of matrimony.

It occurred to me that in the interval of the weddings I would send for an old friend, a bachelor like myself—an honest manly fellow, who worked hard from circuit to circuit, and got barely one brief a year. Yes, Will Launceston would keep me company; and we would spend our days in the woods, and our evenings in my study, safe out of the way of lovers, weddings, and womankind.

I had just written to him, when my sister Martha came in with a very serious face, and told me she wished for a little conversation with me.

Ominous beginning! But she was not a young man, and could not well attack me concerning any more of my sisters. At least so I congratulated myself—alas, too soon!

My sister settled herself by the fire with a serious countenance.

'My dear Nigel.'

'My dear Martha.'

'I wish to consult you on a matter which has recently come to my knowledge, and has given me much pain, and some anxiety as to the future.'

'Indeed!' and I am afraid my tone was less sympathising than eager, since from her troubled nervous manner, I thought—I hoped, the matter in question indicated the secession of Mr Green. 'Go on. Is it about'—I corrected myself hypocritically—'about the girls?'

She assented.

'Whew!'—a disappointed whistle, faint and low. 'Still, go on. I'll listen to anything except another proposal.'

Martha shook her head. 'Alas, I fear it will never come to that! Brother, have you noticed?—but men never do—still, I myself have observed a great change in Constantia lately.'

Now, Constantia always was different from the other girls—liked solitude and books, talked little, and had a trick of reverie. In short, was what young people call 'interesting,' and old people 'romantic'—the sort of creature who, did she grow up a remarkable woman, would have her youthful peculiarities carefully and respectfully noted, with 'I always said there was a great deal in that girl;' but who, did she turn out nothing particular, would be laughed at, and probably would laugh at herself, for having been 'very sentimental when she was young.' Nevertheless, having at one time of my life shared that imputation, I was tender over the little follies of Constantia.

'I think the girl reads too much, and sits with her eyes too wide open, Martha—is rather unsocial, likewise. She wanted to get out of the way of the weddings, and positively refused to be Angeline's bridemaid.'

'Ah!' sighed Martha, 'that's it. Poor foolish child, to think of falling in love'—

I almost jumped off my chair. 'I'll not hear a word of it—I declare I will not! I'll keep the young man off my premises with man-traps and spring-guns. I'll go back to India if you tell me of another "engagement."'

'No chance of that;' and Martha shook her head more drearily than ever. 'Poor child, I fear it is an unfortunate attachment!'

I brightened up—so much so, that my sister looked, nay, gently hinted, her conviction that I was a 'brute.' She expected I would have been as sorry as she was!

'No, Martha; I am rather glad. Glad, after my experience of these "fortunate" love-affairs, to find that one of my sisters has the womanly courage, unselfishness, and simplicity to conceive an "unfortunate" attachment.'

Perhaps this speech hurt Martha, and yet it need not. She and I both knew and respected one another's youth; and if we differed in opinion concerning our middle age, why—I was as likely to be wrong as she.

She did not at first reply; and then, without comment, she explained to me her uneasiness about Constantia. The girl had long played confidante to Mr Archer in the matter of Angeline, and, as often happens, the confidante had unwittingly taken too great interest in one of her principals, until she found herself envying the lot of the other. When Mr Archer's dismissal finally broke off all his intercourse with our family, there was one of my sisters who missed him wearily, cruelly; and that was—not Angeline.

I was touched. Now, no doubt Constantia had been very foolish; no doubt she had nourished and encouraged this fancy, as romantic girls do, in moonlight walks and solitary dreams; hugging her pain, and deluding herself that it was bliss. Little doubt,

likewise, that the feeling would wear itself out, or fade slowly away in life's stern truths; but at present it was a most sincere passion, sad and sore. Foolish and romantic as it might be, in itself and in its girlish demonstrations, I could not smile at it. It was a real thing, and as such to be respected.

Martha and I held counsel together, and acted on the result. We took Constantia under our especial charge; we gave her books to read, visits to pay, work to do; keeping her as much as possible with one or other of us, and out of the way of the childish flirtation of Cuthbert and Charlotte, or the formal philandering of Sir Rowland and the future Lady Griffith Jones. And if sometimes, as Lizzie told me—my little Lizzie, who laughed at love and lovers with the lightness of sixteen—Constantia grew impatient with Lotty's careless trifling, and curled her lip scornfully when Angeline paraded the splendours of her *trousseau*, we tried to lead the girl's mind out of herself, and out of dream-land altogether, as much as possible.

'But suppose,' Lizzie sagely argued—'suppose, when Angeline is married, Mr Archer should come back: he always liked Constantia extremely. Who knows but'—

I shook my head, and desired the little castle-builder to hold her tongue.

She was our sole sharer of the secret; and I must say, though she laughed at her now and then, Lizzie was extremely loving and patient with Constantia. After a time, we left the two girls wholly to one another, more especially as my time was now taken up with my friend Launceston.

O the comfort, the relief, of the society of a man!—a real true man—who had some sterling aim and object in life—some steady work to do—some earnest interest in the advance of the world, the duties and pursuits of his brother men: who was neither handsome, witty, nor accomplished; who rarely shone in ladies' society; in fact, rather eschewed it than otherwise. For, he said, nature had unfitted him to act the part of a mere admirer, and fate forbade him to appear in the character of a lover; so he held aloof, keeping his own company and that of one or two old friends like myself.

I was fond of Launceston: I wished my family to like him too; but they were all too busy about their own affairs. Evening after evening, I could not get a single one of my sisters to make tea for us, or give us a little music afterwards, except the pale, dull-looking Constantia, or my bonny rose of June, little Lizzie. At last, we four settled into a small daily company, and went out together, read together, talked together continually. I kept these two younger ones as much as possible in our unromantic practical society, that not only my mind, but Launceston's, in its thorough cheerfulness and healthiness of tone, might unconsciously have a good influence upon Constantia.

The girl's spirit slowly began to heal. She set aside her dreaming, and took with all the energy of her nature to active work—women's work—charity school-teaching, village-visiting, and the like. She put a little too much 'romance' into all she did still; but there was life in it, truth, sincerity.

'Miss Constantia will make an admirable lady-of-all-work,' said Launceston in his quaint way, watching her with his kindly and observant eyes. 'The world wants such. She will find enough to do.'

And so she did: enough to steal her too from my side, almost as much as the three *fiancées*. The circle in my study dwindled gradually down to Lizzie, Launceston, and me.

We were excellent company still, we three. I had rarely had so much of my pet sister's society: I had never found it so pleasant. True, she was shyer than usual, probably from being with us two, older and wiser men; but she listened to our wisdom so sweetly

—she bore with our dry, long-worded learning so patiently—that my study never seemed itself unless I had the little girl seated at my feet, or sewing quietly in the window-corner. And then she was completely a 'little girl;' had no forward ways—no love-notions, or, ten times worse, marriage-notions, crossing her innocent brain. I felt sure I could take her into my closest heart, form her mind and principles at my will, and one day make a noble woman of her, after the pattern of — But I never mention *that* sacred name.

I loved Lizzie—loved her to the core of my heart. Sometimes with fatherly more than even brotherly pride, I used to talk to Launceston of the child's sweet-nesses, but he always gave me short answers. It was his way. His laconism in most things was really astonishing, for a man under thirty.

One day, when Angeline's grand wedding was safely over, and the house had sunk into a pathetic quietness that reminded one of the evening after a funeral—at least so I thought—Launceston and I fell into a discussion, which stirred him into more demonstrativeness than usual. The subject was men, women, and marriages.

'I am convinced,' he said, 'that I shall never marry.'

It was not my first hearing of this laudable determination; so I let it pass, merely asking his reasons.

'Because my whole conscience, principles, and feelings go against the system of matrimony, as practised in the world, especially the world of womenkind. All the courting and proposing, the presents and the love-letters, the dinners to relatives and congratulations of friends, the marriage-guests and marriage-settlements, the white lace, white satin, and white favours, carriage, postilions, and all. Heigh-ho, Heathcote, what fools men are!'

I was just about to suggest the possibility of one, say two, wise men among our sex, when in stole a white fairy—my pretty Lizzie, in her bride-maid's dress. Her presence changed the current of conversation; until, from some remark she made about a message Angeline had left as to the proper way of inserting her marriage in the *Times* newspaper to-morrow, our talk imperceptibly fell back into the old channel.

'I, like you, Launceston, hate the whole system of love and marrying. It is one great sham. It begins when miss, at school, learns that it is the apex of feminine honour to be a bride—the lowest deep of feminine humiliation to die an old maid. It goes on when she, a young lady at home, counts her numerous "offers;" taking pride in what ought to be either a regret or a humiliation. It ends when, time slipping by, she drops into the usual belief that nobody ever marries her first love; so takes the best match she can find, and makes marriage, which is merely the visible sign and crowning of love, the pitiful dishonoured substitute for it. I declare solemnly, I have seen many a wife whom I held to be little better than—no wife at all.'

I had forgotten my little sister's presence; but she did not seem to hear me—nor Launceston either, for that matter. His earnestness had softened down; he sat, very thoughtful, over against the window where Lizzie had taken her sewing.—What a pretty picture she made!

'I should not like thee to go the way of the world, my little girl; and yet I should be satisfied to give thee away some day, quietly, in a white muslin gown and a straw-bonnet, to some honest man that loved thee, and was loved so well, that Lizzie would never dream of marrying any other, and would have been quite content, if need be, to live an old maid for his sake to the end of her day. That's what I call love—eh, my girl?'

Lizzie drooped her head, blushing deeply. Of course; girls always do.

Launceston said, in a tone so low that I really started: 'Then you do believe in true love, after all?'

'God forbid I should not; perhaps the more earnestly because of its numberless follies, disguises, and counterfeits. Nay'—and now when, after this gay marriage-morning, the evening was sinking gray and dull, my mind inclined pensively, even tenderly to the sister who had gone, the other two sisters who were shortly going away from my hearth for ever—'nay, as since in the falsest creeds there lurks, I believe, a modicum of absolute truth, I would fain hope that in the poorest travesty or masquerade of love, one might find a fragment of the sterling commodity. Still, my Lizzie, dear, when all our brides are gone, let us hope that for a long time we shall have no more engagements.'

'You object to engagements?' said Lizzie, speaking timidly and downfaced—as I like to see a young girl speak on this subject.

'Why, how should you like it yourself, my little maid? To be loved, wooed, and wedded, in public, for the benefit of an amused circle of friends, neighbours, and connections. To have one's actions noticed, one's affairs canvassed, one's feelings weighed and measured; to be congratulated, condoled, and jested with. Horrible! literally horrible. My wonder is that any true lovers can ever stand it.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Launceston vehemently. 'No man ought to place the girl he loves in such a position. Whatever it costs him, he ought to leave her free—altogether free—and offer her nothing until he can offer her his hand.'

'Bless my soul, Launceston, what are you in such excitement about? Has anybody been offering himself to your sister? Because—you mistook me. Ask her, or Lizzie, or any good woman, if they would feel flattered by a gentleman's acting in the way you propose? As if his hand—with the ring in it—were everything to them, and himself and his love nothing at all!'

Launceston laughed uneasily. 'Well, but what did you mean? A—a friend of mine would like to know your opinion on this matter.'

'My opinion is simply—an opinion. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs, especially love-affairs. As the Eastern proverb says: "Let not the lions decide for the tigers." But I think, did I love a woman'—(and it pleased me to know I was but speaking out her mind who, years ago, lived and died, in her fond simplicity wiser than any of these)—'did I love a woman, I would like to tell her so—just to herself, no more. I would like to give her my love to rest on—to receive the help and consolation of hers. I would like her to feel that through all chances and changes she and I were one; one, neither for foolish child's-play nor headlong passion, but for mutual strength and support, holding ourselves responsible both to Heaven and to each other for our life and our love; one, indissolubly, whether we were ever married or not—one in this world, and—we pray—one in the world everlasting.'

Was I dreaming? Did I actually see my friend Launceston take, unforbidden, my youngest sister's hand, and hold it—firmly, tenderly, fast? Did I hear, with my own natural ears, Lizzie's soft little sob, not of grief certainly, as she slipped out of the room, as swift and silent as a moonbeam? Eh! what? Good heavens! Was there ever any creature so blind as a middle-aged elder brother!

Well, as I told Launceston, it was all my own fault; and I must bear it stoically. Perhaps, on the whole, things might have been worse, for he is a noble fellow, and no wonder the child loves him. They cannot be married just yet—meanwhile, Lizzie and I keep the matter between ourselves. They are very happy—God bless them! and so am I.

* * * *

P. S.—Mr Archer reappeared yesterday—looking

quite well and comfortable! I see clearly that, one day not distant, I shall be left lamenting—the solitary residuum of a Family on the Wing.

GARDENS 'OF OLD ROME.

THE old Roman householders differed widely from the modern inhabitants of great cities; for while the latter are imprisoned amid interminable piles of houses, that seem always to be enveloped in thick clouds of dust, and never enlivened by the sight of anything green, the former, not excepting the most needy of them, used to aim at having a plot of green continually before their eyes. In the interior of almost every house, there used to be an open space surrounded on all the four sides by covered walks. In the middle of this space was a reservoir, which was arranged to catch the rain-water that poured down from the roofs; in the houses of the wealthy, a fountain frequently played in the midst of this reservoir, supplied by the public water-pipes. In large houses, the reservoir was of great extent, and alive with fishes; around this stretched a grassy plot, called the *viridarium*, which usually contained a laurel-tree. Antiquity had a special regard for the laurel, partly on account of the refreshing shade which its leaves afforded, and partly because of the sacred traditions that are associated with its origin, and, furthermore, for the connection it had with the imperial house. Many persons, indeed, regarded its growth in the house as of inestimable value, believing themselves to be secure from storms while under its protection. If there were sufficient room, the myrtle and plane trees used to be planted along with the laurel. The plane-tree was considered to be the handsomest of all ornamental trees, and although a native of a warmer climate, with proper care and in sheltered places, it used to flourish in Rome.

In fact, the entire inner court of the Roman house, which went under the name of the *cavædium*, was occupied, so far as the locality would allow, with vegetation; even the *atrium* was not exempt from it. The *atrium*, as is well known, was the great court next to the entrance of the house, which was originally occupied by the family, but which was subsequently embellished by gorgeous rows of pillars, and devoted to the reception of visitors. By reason of its necessarily large dimensions, it was not furnished with a roof. In the middle of this spacious court, a fountain was continually playing, cooling the atmosphere by its incessant jets of fresh water; this, too, was surrounded by grassy plots; vases of flowers were arranged upon the balustrade between the pillars; so that one might feel tempted to consider one's self in the entrance-hall of some country-seat, did not the host of visitors too frequently recall the reality of the city turmoil.

A more extensive space the citizens appropriated to green growth, which more nearly resembled a pleasure-garden, when they planted the *peristylum*, which joins the *cavædium*, with grass and trees. This room was devoted to the ordinary life of the family, on which account it was fitted up as handsomely and conveniently as possible. In the great palaces of Rome, the *peristylia* were of vast extent, and, without any impropriety, one might speak of their being laid out with gardens. In the place of shrubs or single trees, such as we met with in the *cavædium*, there was a gloomy grove of myrtles; rows of plane and pine trees, and of the favourite lotus-tree, supplied refreshment by their shade; there was a perfect forest of trees, which creaked mournfully in the roar of the

storm: here, year after year, the singing-birds found a hospitable retreat, and multiplied in undisturbed repose. Parrots, swinging in costly cages, entertained the passers-by with their chattering. Peacocks, whose proudly distended plumage attracted all eyes, together with other domestic birds, were carefully kept within enclosed spaces. A larger reservoir supplied the water that was necessary for the fountains, and also for sprinkling the paths when the dust made them disagreeable. In some of the palaces, these reservoirs were so large that they were used as fishponds: gold fishes swam about in them, ravishing the eye by their colours; or lampreys and necklaced barbs, at the sound of the flute, or being called by their names, used to come and take their food from the hand of their owner. Other and still greater ponds were filled with fishes designed to supply the demands of the kitchen, and there, according to the directions of the gourmand, must be caught immediately before use, and be shewn alive to the guest before being sent to the kitchen. In the parts that are nearest to the walls, the ornamental gardener, according to the taste of those times, had, by artificial pruning, given peculiar shapes to the trees. Artificial arbours were everywhere prepared, for the sake of supplying the voluptuous with a cooling shade, or of accommodating feasting-parties under their leafy roof. Into these arbours, a marble table was brought, and also marble benches, covered with cushions to lounge upon.

In this great world-city, the few only who were specially favoured by fortune could enjoy the delights afforded by a house-garden; for only the occupants of great houses and palaces, or of such houses as within the walls were situated on the declivities of the hills, had sufficient space for even a moderate enjoyment of this pleasure. It must be remembered that the whole space occupied by the houses in Rome did not exceed 13,200 yards in circumference, and that within this area, in the time of Augustus, upwards of 2,000,000 of people were huddled together. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that men were not merely jealous of every inch of ground, but that they erected their houses as much as possible on the hills, and sought to gain space by all kinds of outhouses. Among these projections, the *pergula* had an important place; they were, as their name indicates, real continuations of the houses, with which they were connected by means of frameworks. They were the ornaments of the house as well as the portici, and were attached to the basement stories as well as to those above them, and may very properly be compared with the verandahs now prevalent in modern Italy. In them, a multitude of those occupations were transacted which at the present day in southern climes are performed out of doors; people also used to repair to them for the sake of enjoying the scenery. We mention them here because vines and other creeping-plants were commonly trained upon them, which, by reason of their shade and their green leaves, afforded a kind of garden pleasure.

The most moderate share in such pleasures was allotted to those who were obliged to be content with flowers in pots, which were reared before the windows. From a passage in Pliny, we learn that this custom used to be very common in Rome; but subsequently, in consequence of the damage which the pots used to receive from the rabble, it became less so. Still, in the time of the poet Martial—perhaps in consequence of a better regulation of the city-police—the taste for window-gardens must have revived. It would be incorrect, however, if persons should suppose, from our representation, that the ancients reared a multitude of gorgeous and fragrant plants in their windows; their taste was quite different. The most common vegetables that were needed for kitchen uses, such as rue, garden-salad, fennel, parsley, &c., satisfied their

simple desires; and perhaps to these we may add a singing-bird, that swung in a cage before the window.

While thus indicating the simplicity of the ancients who were satisfied with the smallest enjoyments of nature, we meet, on the other hand, with so refined a luxury that nothing in modern times is at all comparable to it. The most decided contrasts lay close to one another; such was the case in the cultivation of gardens. The poor man must be content, as just mentioned, to grow salad and parsley by his window, or he must seek garden enjoyments elsewhere, perhaps afar off from the city. The wealthy man has a flower-garden in the interior of his house, so great and so extensive that it contains a forest of trees in itself, amid the thickness of which the birds make their nests; and also ponds, that swarm with fishes. Even upon the roof of his house, whose elevation was scarcely reached by the summits of the tallest trees that grow from the earth, other trees took root, fountains played in a pure atmosphere, remote from the smoke and turmoil of town-life, fragrant flowers, luscious fruits, and the singing of birds, combined their attractions.

The arrangement of the roof was somewhat as follows:—For the bottom of the bed, larch-wood was selected, as being almost indestructible, and not subject to decay in water. Then a flooring of beech-planks was superimposed; the latter covered with a litter of fern and straw, to prevent the wood from being injured by direct contact with the lime. Next came a layer of pumice-stones, about the size of one's fist; then a layer of mortar, composed of three parts of pure mould, and one of lime, to the depth of about a foot. The bed was properly arranged at a slight inclination, to allow the water to run off. Then came a further covering of about six inches deep on the top, which was made up of three parts of broken potsherds, and one of lime; and, finally, the whole was furnished with a coating of brick, marble, or mosaic.

Upon this artificial floor, large chests, filled with earth, were now placed; and in this upper region, a rich and rapid vegetation was developed. Plants of every kind were raised here: orange and fruit trees, several kinds of shrubs, especially evergreens—as oleanders, laurels, myrtles, arbutes, and others—growing in tubs or small boxes. Even large trees were grown in such numbers, that old writers have referred to the beautiful pleasure-forests upon the roofs. These, of course, could not grow in the tubs; and we must therefore suppose that a sufficient quantity of earth had been conveyed to the roofs for the trees to ramify and find nourishment in. This place also was enlivened by the songs and twittering of the caged birds. Water conducted through pipes splashed from the marble bosom of the fountain, and served to embellish as well as to nourish the garden, and, if carried round the house, was its protection from fire.

It is much to be regretted that the old writers have not left behind them any definite account of the garden-grounds beyond the city. Only, then, as conjectures, based upon the comparison of several old notices, can we venture upon the following:—In general, it seems pretty evident that the gardens immediately contiguous to the city were the property of the wealthy, whose sole aim was pleasure; further, it is more than probable that even in these gardens a mingling of tastes prevailed, and that open grounds and an imitation of nature alternated with stiffer forms and artificial arrangements. Possibly, Lucullus might, during his long residence in the East, have become enamoured of the Eastern style of gardens, and have introduced it as a novelty into his superb park near Rome. The buildings attached to the gardens were so commodious, that they served not only for friendly reunions, but also for periods of longer

abode; they were particularly adapted for such as wished to avoid the bustle of town-life and live at ease, or to devote themselves to scientific pursuits. The eagerness of the Romans in gathering together monuments of Greek art in Italy, was the occasion of collecting in the gardens whole hosts of the most costly statues, paintings, and Corinthian vases.

The most splendid garden-grounds and the most sumptuous buildings appeared on the Pincian Hill, which was thence called 'Collis Hortulorum.' This spot yielded a charming prospect over the greater part of the city, the Field of Mars, and the Flaminian Way. Lucullus had his park laid out here, which was an assemblage of smaller possessions he had purchased. This was long an object of admiration, on account of its splendour; and although this splendour may have principally consisted in the collections of works of art with which the garden was adorned, it may still be thought likely that no small care was displayed in the laying out of the gardens. Lucullus had revelled in the gardens of Asia, and had himself a sense of the beautiful. Subsequently, the garden passed over into the imperial family, and became the scene of the most horrifying events.

In the neighbourhood of the property of Lucullus, in the valley that separates the Quirinal from the Pincian, lay the everywhere celebrated garden of Sallust. The historian himself had laid it out; his nephew inherited it from him; and after his death it came into the emperor's possession, who so greatly enlarged it that it reached from the Quirinal up to the Pincian. On the Quirinal itself, Pomponius Atticus, the faithful friend of Cicero, had a house which, with the field adjoining it, was immersed in wood of no inconsiderable extent. Upon the Esquiline Hill, which, on account of its healthy air, was in no less request, were the park and grounds of Mæcenæ. From the palace, which was situated at the highest point, was enjoyed a commanding view over the whole city, and far away towards Tibur and Tusculum. Upon the Palatine Hill, close to several other palaces, the house of Cicero was conspicuous, which had a garden of corresponding proportions attached to it. If we now continue our rambles, and proceed towards the Circus Flaminius, we light upon the large garden-establishment of Servilius, which was celebrated for the masterpieces of ancient art there assembled. Going still further beyond the Tiber, just past the cenotaph of Hadrian, we stumble upon the renowned gardens of Domitian and Geta, and still further on upon the ill-famed garden of Agrippina. The Janiculum, which is adjoining, embraced the large garden of Julius Martial, which his relative the epigrammatic poet has so often celebrated. Close to the Janiculum were the 'Horti Getæ,' laid out by Septimius Severus.

In addition to these many greater or smaller gardens, the public in Rome had free access to the imperial establishments. Julius Cæsar bequeathed a large park to the populace. This lay on the other side of the Tiber, in the fourteenth region, where the bridges of Æmilius Sublicius and Probus cross the river. Augustus, to gratify the people with the sight of a naval-fight, had applied part of the garden to the construction of a basin, 1800 feet long and 1200 feet broad, in which the fight was represented. Agrippa followed the example of the emperor, in bequeathing to the people his garden, situated near the Field of Mars.

There may have been other public gardens also, although they are not expressly mentioned. Mention, however, is made in the statute-books of public gardens to which the people had free access, but whose product was farmed by individuals.

Upon the whole, it is not difficult to conceive, that although the seven-hilled city, through its gorgeous palaces, temples, and other public buildings, as well as its immense assemblage of dwellings, presented a

fine and magnificent spectacle, an additional air of amenity and beauty was imparted to it by its landscape scenery of parks and gardens.

THE VALUE OF A PIN.

WHEN in Paris lately, I spent a very pleasant evening in the society of some of the most distinguished men on that side of the Channel. One of our countrymen who had taken a prominent part in the arrangement of the English department in the French Universal Exhibition, had invited us to a capital bachelors' dinner-party. A young Frenchman—whose name, if I were authorised to publish it, would be familiar to many, because it is that of a highly esteemed manufacturer, who won one of the first gold medals and the cross of the Legion of Honour—was the most conspicuous guest. We all looked with sincere admiration at the industrious and gifted engineer who had, before the age of thirty, acquired so large an amount of wealth and distinction; the more so because there was a report current that the new *décoré* had succeeded in making his way through many impediments and difficulties, and that he had started from a very low station in life. I determined to know the truth, at all events; and as I had the good-fortune to occupy the seat next to our French friend, I was soon on intimate terms with him; and when dinner was over, when the last toast to the *belle alliance* had been drunk in the last glass of sparkling champagne, and we were comfortably and quietly sipping a most excellent cup of coffee, I suddenly asked our hero to give us the story of his life. He complied without reluctance or affected modesty with this rather impertinent desire, and gave the following narrative:—

Some fifteen years ago, I was a kind of young vagabond, slow to learn, but very eager for all sorts of mischief, for which the *gamins* of Paris possess an unpleasant but well-merited reputation. My father was a small shopkeeper in very moderate circumstances, and I attended the municipal school next to our house, or rather I pretended to attend it, for I liked much better to stroll along the Boulevards and amuse myself in the Champs Elysées. There was, in short, every prospect of my becoming an idle, worthless fellow, much to the grief of my good, honest father, when a word of reproof spoken in due time brought me back to my senses and to the right path. It is a trifling anecdote, if we may use this word without impropriety, in a world where the happiness of a whole family so often depends on so-called trifles.

I had not gone to school that day, because I had met on the Boulevards a long funeral-procession—thousands and thousands of mourners, of all ages and all conditions; deputies and mechanics, high dignitaries and humble artisans—a curious but interesting mixture of coats and blouses, following a very simple hearse. It was the people of Paris accompanying good old Jacques Lafitte to his last abode. There was something so affecting in this demonstration, that of a whole population bestowing on a simple citizen honours refused to kings, and only from time to time granted to such patriots as General Foy, Lafayette, or Garnier-Pagès, that even if I had not been too glad to take advantage of this new pretext, offered so unexpectedly to my vagrant propensity, I should have followed the funeral. So I took a place in the cortège with a companion, and on we went to the cemetery, which could scarcely hold us all, and was closely guarded by a number of policemen and a detachment of municipal guards; for sometimes governments fear great men, even after they have breathed their last. I listened with deep emotion to the speeches delivered by some of the popular orators of the time; and at last, when all was over, I made my way home, still having my companion with me, and, as a matter of

course, indulging in as many by-roads as we possibly could. You must not, therefore, be surprised to find us in the afternoon sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes, watching the gambols of the monkeys, and discussing the political merits of the pure democrat whose loss France lamented on that day. During this chat, I played with a little stick, and had thus picked up two pins, that had probably fallen from a lady's dress; but, as you may suppose, I threw them carelessly away, and continued my declamatory address.

'You may believe it or not, Jules,' said I to my attentive school-fellow—'I shall one day be as rich and as much honoured as the worthy citizen Lafitte.' Here I made an appropriate pause, which was disturbed in a rather unexpected and unpleasant manner.

'Rich and honoured, indeed!' exclaimed a voice behind us; 'you will remain a beggar and a good-for-nothing fellow all your life.'

I started, and looked round in confusion, when I saw that the prophet of evil was a venerable old man, leaning on a tree, and listening unceremoniously to our boyish conversation.

'No, my boy,' continued he earnestly, 'you will never become as rich and honoured as good Jacques Lafitte; and I will tell you the reason: you threw two pins away with great disdain, while he picked one up, and owed his fortune to that circumstance. Take my word for it, the youth who does not value a pin will never become a wealthy man.' I was speechless, and my eyes alone betrayed my feelings. The kind old man, for such he was, in spite of his assumed harshness, took a seat beside us, and spoke thus:—

'Let me tell you the story of Monsieur Lafitte's progress, and may it be a lesson to you during life! Jacques was one of the numerous family of a poor carpenter in the south of France; and if a generous fairy had sung at his cradle that he would one day become a rich banker, an influential deputy, a statesman, nay, a minister who would refuse to comply with the wishes of the king, and nobly retire into private life; and that, after fulfilling all the duties incumbent on his several stations in life, his death would be lamented by a whole nation, and fifty thousand mourners would follow him to the grave—the wonderful prediction would have been laughed at, even by a fond mother. For poor young Jacques had not the advantage of going to school, and he deplored it bitterly; while you indulge only in playing and rambling, and do not avail yourselves of the opportunities which your family and the state offer you. He learned the rudiments of reading and writing, as it were, by himself, and certainly with much difficulty; and after having been a kind of errand-boy in a country-office, and improved himself as well as he was able, he set out for Paris, where he arrived penniless, and having nothing to trust to but God and a letter of recommendation to a celebrated banker, Monsieur Perregaux. As soon as might be, he went to the house of this gentleman, and his heart beat loudly when he presented the letter, for in it were concentrated all his hopes in life. He had not eaten anything that morning, and did not possess a single sou to buy a dinner; and, besides, he was some hundred leagues away from home, where his old father and his poor mother were perhaps starving, with nearly a dozen children round them. Monsieur Perregaux read the letter, without even remarking the pale countenance of the young man, and returned directly the discouraging answer that he had already five or six clerks too many in his office, and that there was no room for a new one. Poor Jacques, on hearing this, was in the act of retiring slowly and without a word, although in the direst consternation. He bent his head in despair, and cast down his eyes. While in this position, he saw a small pin glittering on the floor, and obeying, instinctively, a well-taught lesson of his beloved mother—to care for the smallest

things—he picked the pin up, and put it on the mantel-piece, saying, by way of apology to the banker, who had watched the proceedings of the young man with curiosity: "I beg pardon, sir." Monsieur Perregaux, however, had already noticed the action, and recalling the industrious youth, exclaimed suddenly: "I will *make* room for you in the bank: fetch your things, and come back directly."

'It was a sunbeam shining through the dark clouds which had till then overhung the path of the needy carpenter's son; and you may imagine with what exultation he greeted this ray of hope. Thus Jacques Lafitte became first the clerk, then the cashier, then the partner, and at last the successor of M. Perregaux. In this manner he became very rich—thanks to a pin—and made his parents and his numerous brothers and sisters happy. He was not merely wealthy—that is common enough—he was a man of unsullied integrity; and we all know how the Emperor Napoleon, when departing for his grave in St Helena, intrusted him with six millions without guarantee or receipt; how Lafitte married his daughter to the Prince de la Moskowa, the eldest son of the illustrious Marshal Ney; how he was elected deputy, and became one of the most influential members of the House; how he played the foremost part in the revolution of 1830, and was one of the king-makers; how he was named by Louis-Philippe minister of finance, and resigned his office rather than sign an anti-popular decree; how he became poor again in the service of his country, and how the grateful people subscribed two millions of francs on his behalf to re-establish his fortunes. You yourselves saw to-day how France honoured this great man to the last. Go, then, my lads, attend diligently your school, and learn to value even a pin.'

Having thus spoken, the old man went away, and I saw him no more. But his story had made a deep impression on my mind, and I became a steady, industrious lad. I attended the school of industry, and learned a great deal in the way of engineering. Jacques Lafitte was always before my eyes as a model; and in passing through the street which bears the name of the illustrious deputy, I always felt the same sort of religious emotion as when I walked past a church. Some inventions I made met with approbation; and now I am what you see me—a not unimportant member of society, on the road to wealth and distinction.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

ROAD-DRAINING.

THERE is no surer index to the agricultural state of a country than the character of its roads, especially of its cross-roads. The highways of France are certainly far superior to our turnpikes, simply because they are government works; but the miserable lanes that intersect the rural districts of the country are in keeping with the rude state of its agriculture. Where there is little local traffic and little produce to send to a distant market, they cannot afford to have good roads. With us, the art of making good roads has advanced with the progress of the country. We have, however, still existing many old roads which were highways half a century ago, from which we may gather a good deal about the state of things at that time. It is usual to rail at our forefathers for carrying their roads up such steep ascents, as if they had some predilection for climbing hills, and also for their making what appear unnecessary detours. This notion is founded on a mistake. On a closer inspection, it will be found in every case that there was on the lower level, where the modern road runs, a morass, which has since been drained; and that by making a detour, some ford was gained. While the traffic was so small, the public could not afford the expense of making

straight roads and bridges. The more obvious improvements of the modern road are in making it straight and wide, and in levelling the ascents so as to save the enormous loss of power in dragging carriages against gravity. But there are other changes in the structure of the road itself, which may be reduced to four: the system of paving the foundation where there is not a firm bottom; the formation of a surface of conglomerated broken metal from four to ten inches deep; the drawing of deep ditches on both sides of the road, to drain it and carry off the surface-water; and the forming of a raised path for foot-passengers.

That these changes have been most beneficial, there can be no doubt; but there are a number of circumstances which every person can see, when his attention is drawn to them, that shew the existence of a capital defect in the present system. The most marked of these is the immense difference of the expense of maintaining the road in summer and in winter. Any person who is in the habit of walking on the roads will be struck with the fact, that in winter, men are to be seen every quarter of a mile, some breaking stones, some carting, some loading the road with metal; while in summer, the roads are deserted. Whence can this be? How comes it, also, that our roads are cut up everywhere into ruts, and the surface is here and there sinking below the level?—for which the existing remedy is to lay on cart-loads of metal at a great outlay, and to the great detriment of horses and conveyances. Why are roads in wet weather covered over with mud, which must be scraped off and carted away at a great expense? All these circumstances point to one thing: the one cause is this—in winter, the roads are soaked with water, which is kept by a retentive subsoil. There are macadamised roads where in winter these things are not to be seen. The road, for example, which runs from Montrose for three miles to the North Esk, is hard and smooth, even in the wettest weather. The cause lies in the character of the subsoil, which is sandy and perfectly porous. But most of the roads round Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in other parts of the country, where the subsoil is stiff clay or black loam, become perfectly soaked with the autumn rains, and continue wet all winter, during the broken weather, nor do they dry till the spring is far advanced. Need we wonder, then, at the state of the roads in winter, and the enormous outlay to keep them up.

The question now arises: What is the proper remedy? To this there can be but one answer—drain the roads. No doubt, the side-ditches are of some service. It is of importance too, that below the four or five inches of the surface, proper in a macadamised road, there should be a layer of rubble or broken stones of a larger kind, as there often is. This is good so far as it goes, and keeps the surface dry even after three days of rain or more, but fails entirely after a three weeks' rain in autumn. The roads must therefore be thoroughly drained, so as to keep them dry to the depth of three feet. That the keeping of the road dry below will tend to keep the surface dry too, may be illustrated by a very common phenomenon. Every one remarks that in front of bakers' shops, where their ovens are below ground, the pavement dries immediately after rain, before any other part of it. The common cause assigned is, that the heated pavement evaporates the water; but it is as much owing to the dryness of the ground, permitting of an absorption of the moisture. The same thing would take place if the body of a road were kept dry. The water would no longer react from an impermeable bottom, and the surface, being dry and hard, would not be cut up into ruts, and made to sink in here and there. This, in fact, as we mentioned, is what takes place over sandy and perfectly porous soils.

To say a word on footpaths. The usual way of making them, after edging them with the curb-stone

and gutter, is to put on a layer of broken stones, and above these a quantity of foundry cinders and dust. This does very well in dry weather; but after long rains, footpaths of this construction become intolerable. The remedy is a very simple one: let a shallow tile-drain be run along the centre of it, having of course outlets here and there into the side-ditch; and let the surface be made, as usual, with broken metal and foundry scoriae. All this, we know, is as difficult to execute as it is easy to suggest, and for the simple reason that the road-trusts generally are deeply in debt; but it would be well to ascertain the true principle before the time for action arrives.

WESTWARD, HO!

We should not sit us down and sigh,
My girl, whose forehead pale appears
A fane—whose eyes look royally
Backwards and forwards o'er the years—
The long, long realms of conquered time,
The possible years unwon, that slope
Before us, in the gray sublime
Of lives that have more faith than hope.
We dare not sit us down and dream
Fond dreams, as idle children do:
My brow is marked with many a seam,
And tears have worn their channels through
Your poor thin cheeks which now I take
'Twixt my two hands, caressing.—Dear,
A little sunshine for my sake!
Although 'tis far on in the year.
Though all our violets, sweet, are dead,
The primrose gone from fields we knew,
Who knows what harvest may be spread
For reapers brave like me and you?
Who knows what fair October suns
May light up unseen valleys mild?
Where we, such happy children once,
Feel joy come to us like a child—
A child that at the gateway stands
To kiss the labourers' weary brows,
And lead them through the twilight lands
Up softly to their Father's house.
Then we'll not dream, nor look back, dear,
But march straight on, serene and bold,
To where our life sets, calm and clear,
Westward, behind the hills of gold.

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

Gurdon, in his *Antiquities of Parliament*, says:—The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon Witas. The Abbess Hilda, says Bede, presided in an ecclesiastical synod. In Wighfred's great council at Becconcel, 694 A.D., the abbesses sat and deliberated; and five of them signed decrees of that council along with the king, bishops, and nobles. King Edgar's charter to the abbey of Crowland, 961 A.D., was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses, who signed the charter. In Henry III.'s and Edward I.'s time, four abbesses were summoned to parliament—namely, of Shaftesbury, Berking, St Mary of Winchester, and of Wilton. In the 35th of Edward III. were summoned by writ to parliament—to appear there by their proxies, namely—Mary, Countess of Norfolk; Alienor, Countess of Ormond; Anna Despenser; Philippa, Countess of March; Johanna Fitzwater; Agneta, Countess of Pembroke; Mary de St Paul; Mary de Roos; Matilda, Countess of Oxford; Catherine, Countess of Athol. These ladies were called *ad colloquium, ad tractatum*, by their proxies, a privilege peculiar to the peerage, to appear and act by proxy.—*Timbs's Things Not Generally Known.*

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WHOLESALE PHILANTHROPY.

We presume it is only necessary to state the fact, in order to obtain for it universal credence, that to improve the condition of the labouring-class of people has for many years been an engrossing idea and aim of the more fortunate departments of society. Of the rich, it cannot now be said, as it might once have been, that they enjoy their own numerous advantages without thinking of the poor—let free-schools, model-cottages, and an infinite variety of charities, bear witness. One would almost think there was something like a competition among the better-off people to get hold of the humbler classes as subjects for their free teaching, free medicating, and free churching. This is altogether a strange and novel feature of English life. There was hardly any trace of it thirty years ago, and in some other European countries at this day it is equally unknown. It seems like a necessity of our political system, as at present constituted.

At length, however, a foreign country has given birth to a philanthropic scheme for the benefit of the labouring-classes, far transcending in its scope anything of the kind hitherto known among ourselves. This great movement commenced with what was called the Penitentiary Congress held at Brussels in September 1847, at which was passed, as the French circular tells us, a resolution to form a general association for the purpose of bringing into intercommunication the men of all nations who occupy themselves with the fate of the working and indigent classes—of regulating and facilitating the correspondence of such men with the various institutions established for the same objects—of arranging a permanent exchange of information, official documents, reports, and publications between the members of the association and their respective countries—and of propagating ideas and useful projects, producing essays and comparing the results of experiment, making institutions known and appreciated, and encouraging generally all labours interesting to the association and tending to exercise a beneficent influence over society. The fulfilment of this resolution was intrusted to certain members who formed a central committee at Paris representing the association, and published their laws and regulations in the same year.

The political troubles of 1848 stayed for a time the proceedings of this society; but as soon as tranquillity was re-established, the philanthropists assembled with renewed vigour at Brussels, and continued to meet there till 1853 inclusive. We are not aware of what was practically effected at these reunions; but last year the Paris association determined that a grand Inter-

national Congress of Beneficence should assemble at Brussels on the 15th of September next—the labours of which should be arranged and classified by divisions of the members into sections, on the plan, apparently, of the British Association. Here the ideas of the Paris Reunion, we presume, are to be carried out practically, for originally they were merely recommendations. They begin with public *crèches* (literally, cribs), in which the future workman, while still a baby, shall be soothed to sleep while his mother is engaged with her ordinary labour. Next come *salles d'asiles*, which are a kind of nursery, but with instruction of a very elementary kind, to which he shall be transferred when he gets too old for the crib. These *salles* are to contain not more than 150 children each, and the instruction given is not to trench upon that of the school. Then come primary schools; and after them the reunion follows with parental interest the entrance of the child or the youth into the manufactory. It condemns night-work for all persons under eighteen; it affixes limits to day-work; it demands the repose of the Sabbath, and likewise time for religious and elementary instruction—gratuitous if necessary; it calls for official inspection, with authority to prosecute for contravention of the rules. The children are everywhere to be surrounded by a surveillance and a patronage exercised by committees and free charitable associations. The reunion patronises mutual benefit societies, composed of participating and honorary (or, in other words, charitable) members, the latter taking an active part in visiting the sick. These associations should be devoted to moral as well as material things, and meet periodically for the purpose of religious instruction and for lessons in domestic economy and hygiene. The reunion recommends alimentary societies, that is where the donations of food are consumed not on the premises but at home; provident savings' societies for purchasing wholesale in summer, and distributing by retail in winter; and establishments, guaranteed by the state, for securing a retirement for old age, in preference to the usual insurance of lives.

But the benevolent wishes of the reunion do not rest here. The working-men become every day more liable to change localities, and when a poor fellow, with only his prospective earnings to look to, finds himself in a strange country, what is he to do?—what is he to do for a *wife*? The laws stand terribly in his way, interposing obstructions insurmountable by those who have neither time nor money; and in the meantime 'society is exposed to the dangers arising from the presence of one living out of the pale of the civil and religious law.' The remedy for this is to prevail

in the different governments to repeal every act which operates against the marriage of immigrants, and to let them have wives at little or no expense, according to their degree of indigence!

Additional light is thrown upon the enthusiasm of the philanthropists by the programme of an Exposition of Domestic Economy for the working-classes, connected with the Congress of this year. The first department of this exhibition will contain plans, models, &c., of everything appertaining to houses and lodgings for the class of workers—family habitations, furnished apartments for the bachelors, baths, economical eating-houses, &c. The second department will be devoted to the details of building, beginning with the foundations of the house, and the means of preventing damp—masonry, carpentry, smith-work, pavements, floors, doors and windows, water, fire, chimneys, meat-safes, stairs, roofs. Then the materials for building: new substances recommended to be brought into use; such as iron instead of wood, and bricks, tiles, &c., of improved form, hollow bricks for various purposes, substitutes for stone, incorruptible and incombustible wood, metals, glass, economical ornaments, materials for painting and whitewashing. The second department will relate to the furniture and matters belonging to the domestic economy of the working-classes; such as stoves for heating and cooking, coal-buckets, shovel, tongs, and poker, natural and artificial combustibles, all things requisite for lighting, washing, cooking, seats, tables, cupboards, drawers, shelves, paper-hangings, curtains, mirrors, clocks, framed pictures, beds, hammocks, substitutes for wool and horsehair, all sorts of adjuncts to cleanliness, everything for the preservation and repair of furniture. In the articles of furniture, simplicity to be conjoined with a certain degree of elegance. The third department will exhibit specimens of clothing and under-clothing, and likewise of ordinary jewellery and the accessories of the toilet. The fourth department will present all kinds of food, including preserved meats, fruits, &c.; processes to restore spoiled articles, easy tests of adulteration, purification of water, improvements and economisation in bread-making, &c. The fifth department will comprehend tools and instruments, and the means of preventing accidents. The sixth and last department will be devoted to the moral and intellectual requirements of families and individuals of the working-classes: materials used in domestic worship—such as religious books—and in education; recreation in music, the cultivation of flowers, gymnastics for all ages and both sexes, games and toys for the children.

Now, it is impossible to consider all this without the intrusion of a certain feeling of the ludicrous; but we pray the reader to observe that the fault does not rest with the projects individually, which are all—with the exception, perhaps, of the anti-Malthusian one—praiseworthy. Why, then, if each is praiseworthy, does the aggregate provoke a smile? Because it presents to us the picture of a number of kind-hearted and intelligent individuals conspiring to enslave the minds of the working-classes, the objects of their sincere sympathy, and prevent them from ever attaining to the dignity of independence. Suppose all such projects were carried out, what would be the condition of the working-man—surrounded from his birth by an incomprehensible power he is taught to call a society, or an institution, or an association, or a congress—rocking him in his cradle, forming him in infancy, prescribing his hours of labour, healing him when sick, providing him with recreation, establishing reading-rooms for his use, delivering lectures to him on all subjects of interest and information, cheapening his necessaries, recommending his food and drink, building and arranging his house, keeping him in hot water to wash his skin and his clothes, and getting him a wife for a trifle

or nothing? Is it to be expected that this working-man would be more grateful to his earthly providers than men in general are to Divine Providence? Is it to be supposed that he would look upon the gratuitous or half-gratuitous aid he received as anything more than a matter of course—as a thing that is his right? Can it be hoped that his mind would acquire health and strength from his being freed from all self-elevating work, from his being kept in a state of tutelage from the crib to the grave?

We think there can be but one answer to these questions, and that a negative. Whatever may be the need of the labouring-class for philanthropic help and guidance, it cannot be doubted that to give it them on such a scale would tend to dwarf their intelligence and undermine their natural morale. They would no longer be men and women, but merely spoiled children. For our part, we desire to see work really set upon golden feet. We wish to see the working-man raised in intelligence and self-respect; and we do not believe that wholesale codling is the way to accomplish this. *All* projects for the benefit of the class that are literally the hands of the nation, should be entered into with their own aid: their advice should be listened to with respect; their wishes, when practicable and prudent, should receive kindly and neighbourly aid; and as much as possible they should be made agents in their own salvation.

THE ROCKS AT LOW-WATER.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

To our fancy, there are few scenes which give us such an idea of comfort and enjoyment as that with which the appearance of an English family sitting-room, at about six or seven o'clock on a semi-autumnal evening, presents us: the window open to a lawn clothed with that soft turf so peculiarly English that Mrs Beecher Stowe terms it 'an English institution;' its velvet smoothness and verdure set off by masses of gorgeously tinted flowers, disposed 'in beds and curious knots,' or blooming profusely round the casement; within the room, a brilliant small fire, for it is too cold to be quite comfortable in the evening without that pleasant companion—at least not unless the window were closed, and that no one likes on so lovely an evening, when the rays of the almost setting sun glint so brightly, and the air is so clear and pure. A small fire and an open window form the most delicious atmosphere—at once warm, dry, and invigorating; and nothing brightens a room so much as a pretty fire, with a mixture of wood and good sea-coal. Then on the tables here and there are well-grouped vases of elegant flowers, perhaps with a few berries to shew the season; and on the table is ladies' work; and there are books and desks—not in confusion, but in use—and the walls are ornamented with well-stored book-shelves; and there is the piano open, and a girl seated at it amusing herself and her brother, who stands by her side, catching from her lips the notes of a song. The elders are lounging in their easy-chairs, each with a book; and the little ones at play in one of the windows. Such was the scene on which the Misses Colquhoun and I entered when, on the evening of our *rocking-party*, we joined the Delville family to share their *abend-mahl*, and examine afterwards the fruits of our morning's excursion.

There was one feature in this family-room I have omitted, and that was a long, low table in one of the windows, with a row of clean glasses, of different shapes and sizes, placed on it, all full of sea-water, and containing various living creatures, the denizens of the sea, many of which we had brought home with us in the morning.

'Welcome, good ladies,' was Mrs Delville's greeting; 'we are so glad you are come, for we are all starving, as I am sure you must be, and tea awaits us in the other room.' And to the dining-room we went, where we found a plentiful board, spread with tea and coffee, ham, eggs, fruit, &c.; and seating ourselves in a business-like manner, a capital meal we made. It was very pleasant; we had all so much to talk of, so many little matters to tell, that the entire occupation of our time and thoughts in the morning had prevented our recounting, and all our minds were so full of the same subject, that better companions for each other could not have been found. And then we were so hungry, and the viands were so good! It seemed perfectly delightful simply to eat and drink. But the best appetites fail after a time, and so did ours. So, after we had all concluded our meal, an adjournment was proposed; and going back to the drawing-room, our host began to produce his specimens.

'Now, young ones,' said Mr Delville, 'come you all here close to me, and "you shall see what you shall see." Here, Emily, come close to me: Miss Oliphant has seen the show before. There, Blanche, come sit on papa's knee; and Ned, you can peep over my shoulder. Now, little damsels, tell me what is the funniest thing of all in the Zoological Gardens?'

'Oh, the little lions with the dog,' exclaimed Emily Colquhoun.

'No, Emmy,' replied Amy, 'that is not the funniest, I think. It is curious and beautiful to see them so happy together, but not funny.'

'I know,' lisped Blanche: 'ith de monteys!'

'Ah, Mousie, that the thing. Now, look you here. Take this magnifier, and I will shew you a *treeful* of "monteys." They are so thick on it, that there is scarcely room for them all to sit without jostling one another.'

Fits of merry laughter ensued as one little girl after another peeped through the magnifier into the glass jar of water, wherein was the branch of a many-coloured weed some six or eight inches high.

'O look, look! there's one fellow has climbed on another's shoulders; and he's bowing and kissing his hand as he rides along, like the Old Man of the sea on the back of Sinbad the sailor! Now, there is one who sits on the topmost bough, looking like a man making a speech from a platform. It *must* be that Frenchman whom we saw at Leamington—the one who danced on the tight-rope, and played such funny antics. He throws himself about just as he did when he made his complimentary speech before beginning.'

'And now, having finished his oration,' said Mr Delville, 'he takes a sudden leap, and, rushing over branch after branch, vaults on the back of his neighbour, and off he rides. To be sure they *are* funny animals. How they do swarm about the sprig of weed, for all the world like what I first compared them to—a troop of monkeys on a tree! Do look, Miss Colquhoun.'

'Why, there must be thirty or forty there,' said she. 'Ah! more—a hundred at least, leaping, climbing, gesticulating. There! now there are two or three swimming! I never saw such very droll motions and antics. Do tell us what they are?'

'It is a species of caprella called the mantis shrimp, which swarms on the shore,' replied Mr Delville. 'Mr Gosse says they reminded him of the spider-monkeys of South America. He says: "Its habit is to take a firm hold of the zoophyte (or weed) with its hindermost feet, and to rear its long spectre-like form in the free water through which it sways backward and forward, catching with its singularly constructed fore-feet for any straggling prey that may be passing exactly in the manner of that curious predaceous insect, which in habit as well as in structure it so closely resembles. . . . One needs but little

knowledge to see that they are highly predaceous: a glance at their form and manners would reveal that fact. Strange spectre-like creatures they are, or rather skeleton-like, with long slender bodies composed of few joints, and wide sprawling limbs, set at remote distances. And *such* limbs!" Well may he say *such* limbs. Look at those six hind-legs—if I may call them so—how they cling round the point of the weed! And then observe those strange bristled antennæ that stick out from the head, and the odd movement of the creature's front-legs, which make it look, as Emmy says, as if it were kissing its hand.'

'And do see what strange square-shaped sort of pouches some of them have on the body, with four things like paddles, one at each corner! What curious movements those fin-like paddles make!' said Miss Colquhoun. 'Now, see that fellow making his way along the smoother part of the stem of the weed: he moves exactly like the looper caterpillars—arching the long legless part of his body into loops, as he catches hold with his fore-feet, and then brings up the hinder feet to meet them, and again throws himself forward. How very fast he goes! There, now; he has thrown himself off from the point of the weed, and dived to the very bottom of the jar, looking so like a boy dashing head foremost into the sea from a rock.'

'There is one of the large red sort,' said Mrs Delville; 'I can see his movements plainly without the lens. He is a fine handsome fellow, and so vigorous! See how he dashes about from branch to branch, and how curious those side-appendages are that he has and waves about in the water!'

'Now, little ones,' said Mrs Delville, 'you take the glass with the monkeys to the window, and amuse yourselves there with them. Stay, Amy; there is a lens for you, and you can each peep in turn. Now, Miss Oliphant, I think I have something here you have not seen. Observe that long pinkish branch of horny-like substance, that grows parasitically on that stem of coralline: it is the *Coryne squamata*, a zoophyte of the greatest beauty and interest, although not rare. If you examine the pillar from which the side-branches spring, you will see that it, as well as the branches, is ringed with red, and hollow with some substance within them. This substance is the living zoophyte; the horny case is its *polypidom* or dwelling-place. Now, you see those clusters of little rose-coloured knobs which fringe those darker disks at the points of the branches? Well, each of those fringed disks—some of which you see are round, others oblong, and each differing from the other in shape—is a polype head; and those little points, with clubbed ends like the feelers of an echinus, which surround it, are the tentacles or feeding-organs of that head. It is a sort of hydra: there are no less than nine heads to that one animal, and each head furnished with from two to ten or twelve tentacles. These heads die out, and are, after a time, succeeded by new ones. When a new head is forming, you first perceive a little rose-coloured knob, which by degrees elongates; and a second, and then a third, appears; and so on, until the head is complete. If you watch, you will see their exquisitely graceful, though slow movements: each tentacle waves; the disk alters in form; that which was just now long and narrow, has, you see, become almost circular, and the one that was round has lengthened out into a mere strip. Now, see! how beautifully that fine large head waved on its slender stems, like a lady bending her swan-like throat, and depressing and raising her beautiful head, the locks of her hair yielding to the motion.'

'It is very beautiful,' said I. 'But look at that lovely little shadowy creature, that has just risen up amongst the stems of the coralline. What is it?'

'I am sure I do not know,' replied Mr Delville. 'I am always coming on something new, and have no idea

that I shall ever reach the end of my discoveries until I am too blind to look any longer.'

The object of which I spoke was a plume of the most exquisitely fringed feathers—at least, such they appeared to be. It was not above the sixth part of an inch in height, when fully expanded; but there was beauty enough in that small space to feed one's eyes and one's thoughts for hours. The plume consisted of twelve separate feathers. At first, they rose in a small jelly-like lump, which elongated gradually, and began to unfold at its point, when by degrees it assumed the form of a calmia blossom, and the hues of the rainbow. Its true colour I found to be flesh-colour; but it caught the rays of light, and reflected them in so peculiar a manner, that in one position of the taper—for all these things were exhibited by placing an end of candle or a taper so as to throw its rays fully into the water—its tint was celestial blue; whilst in others, it was blue tipped with orange, yellow, white, rose-colour, and a dozen other dyes; but the full pure blue was ever the prevailing tint, when it borrowed any hue at all. With a touch of the glass, this delicate thing sunk down into its coralline bed, and then again rose in such shadowy guise, that one of our party compared it to 'a thought,' another, to 'a dream'—good comparisons both; for at one moment, like an undefined thought or a vision of sleep, it stood out apparently in a tangible and permanent form; and then, a shift of the light, and it became invisible, or a movement of the waters, and it was gone! From this same little field of coral-beads, itself not larger than an inch and a half square, rose three or four other little fairy flowers, consisting of eight arched and fringed petals, of snow-white mixed with olive-green, which rose from a little horny turret, looking much like a coronal of delicate fern-leaves. There were also some curious scarlet-fringed tubes appearing in pairs above the surface of the stone. These were siphons of some boring-shell—the organs through which the animals which inhabit them respire—drawing in the salt-water with one, and forcibly expelling it, when its oxygen has been absorbed, through the other. Besides these, I perceived at least five or six other marine creatures all congregated in this little sheltering forest.

Whilst Mr Delville and I, with some of the others of the party, were exploring our coralline-field, Mrs Delville had procured a high narrow glass, filled it with clear sea-water, and plunged in it a branch of that common coarse weed *Fucus serratus*. She now called me to her, and bade me look at the stems and leaves of the weed; I did so, and infinite was my delight at the objects which after a while rose to view. At first, I saw nothing but a roughish brown crust, which invested the whole stem, and lay in circular patches on the leaves of the fucus. After a very short time, however, I discovered small white jelly-like lumps, which by degrees rose, one after another, and became spikes, from which shot up other spikes—as the inner tube of a telescope rises from the outer; but a slight movement of the table stopped my admiring expectation, for in an instant all the spikes, of which there were hundreds rising in every direction, disappeared on the instant, and nothing but the unsightly brown incrustation remained. Still I watched, and speedily was rewarded for my patience by seeing the spikes reappear, and push up much faster than they had done before, and in greater numbers; and soon the whole surface of the crust was covered with them; and as one by one they threw themselves open, and exhibited each about twenty ice-like tentacles, arranged in the form of a lamp-shade that is open, and turns back at the top, I thought I never had beheld so entrancing a spectacle. There were thousands of these lovely little things, ay, tens of thousands, all perfectly developed,

and spouting from their fixed sites in the water, bending down their lily-like heads till they lay almost flat on the leaf, and then suddenly raising them, with every separate tentacle twinkling with the rapid motion with which the little creature whisked them about, no doubt capturing its tiny prey—those invisible particles of life, the infusoria, with which the waters so richly abound, and on which these delicate little creatures feed. This most elegant zoophyte is the *Cyclonema papillosum* of Dr Johnston. It abounds on the weed at a little above low-water-mark; but few of those who frequent the shore see it, because they do not conceive that the rough dirty coating which covers the weed is the garden from which delicate flowers will spring at the touch of the fairy aqua. I counted thirty-eight of these exquisite little animals issue from a patch of crust not bigger than my nail. Their forms may be clearly seen without a lens, but of course not all the details I have given. Not liking Latin names where English ones can be adopted, we now always call these 'wine-glasses,' they are so like good bell-shaped wine-glasses as they stand with their beautiful glassy tentacles erect on their slight stem.

I was now recalled by Mr Delville, who would not be outdone, to look into his glass, in which he had placed a new object. This was a group of the sessile barnacles or acorn-shells (*Balanus cranchii*), all hard at work throwing up their great, brown, hand-like fishing-nets wherewith to catch their supper. These were highly amusing; but we were all quite familiar with their ways; and it was not to look at them I was summoned, but at some very beautiful zoophytes of different species which fringed the stone on which the balani had fixed their habitation. There was on one part a little amber-coloured mound closely covered with regularly formed cells, something like honey-comb, but exceedingly minute, from each of which issued a group of amber tentacles, arranged somewhat in the form of my favourite wine-glasses. Then there was another species, a *sertularia*, which stood up a forest of little horny branches formed of compact cells, placed in two opposite rows. Some of the primary stems were more than an inch long, with from each side minor branches very regularly alternating—the whole plant looking like a little tree. From each of the cells of the upper part of these side-branches stood out little glassy stars, like minute jasmine blossoms, only translucent and glittering. In many parts of the stone rose single little honey-tubes, with white stars of somewhat the same character springing from their points; but the most lovely and surprising of all the many varieties was a mass of pure white zigzag stems and branches, almost fibrous, so slight were they, which sent out at every point icy tassels, that shimmered and glittered as they bent, and quivered their diamond-like points in the water. The stone was like a little garden of varied flowers, and these were almost like a bed of white asters, only of glassy transparency instead of snowy hue. This pretty thing was the *Laomedea geniculata*.

But there was a shell on which the flowers, all of one form—long and tubular like a long-blossomed lily—were not transparent: they were of a milk white; and as they rose first in little white round lumps, and then gradually lengthened out more and more until the tube of the lily, fringed with from five to eight slightly formed petals, appeared, they were highly interesting and beautiful. This shell was the habitation of a small hermit-crab (*Pagurus bernhardus*). It was a large round snail-shell, and over every part of its surface had grown a mass of this pretty zoophyte (*Hydractinia echinata*), which, as the crab rattled about over the stones, waved like a head of white hair; for some of the creatures were fully a quarter of an inch long; and they stood as thick as hair, so as

to give the shell the appearance of being clothed with long white fur.

But now up came Miss Amy with a large glass-bell inverted, set in a wire-stand, and full of sea-water, in which swam two of the beautiful medusæ we had captured in the morning.

'Papa, you promised to shew us something that would interest us with this,' said she; 'but look, the water is all dim!'

'It looks like calves-feet jelly before it is flavoured,' said Mrs Delville; and so it did; and before we could inspect the animal, Mr Delville was obliged to change the water, which, though perfectly clear when it was placed there, had been so imbued with the gelatinous exuvia of the medusæ that it was nearly opaque, as was the clear water they substituted within a few minutes of its being placed in it. We had, however, time to observe the graceful movements of the creature—its delicate-fringed margin, the tentacles of which were continually contracting and lengthening, sometimes depending nearly half an inch from the margin, then drawn up close to it as the ring contracted and dilated, thus impelling the beautiful balloon onwards; the fringed and furbelowed pendants, four of which hang crosswise from the centre of the under part of the umbrella, also rising and falling, so as at one moment to hang low into the water, and at the next to be wholly invisible.

'Come, follow, follow, follow—come, follow, follow me!' sang Mr Delville, as he took up the glass vessel and went towards the door.

'Not to the greenwood-tree though, papa, I suppose,' replied Amy singing.

'No, no, darling; rather to the domdaniel caverns under the roots of the ocean,' replied he in a deep bass voice, as he led the whole party into a dark cellar-like room used for some household purposes, and, by the light of the single candle one of the party carried, certainly looked rather dismal.

'Now, out with the candle: we must have perfect darkness;' and having extinguished it, our friend began to beat the water wherein were the medusæ with a bunch of twigs which he had brought for the purpose; and exquisite indeed was the sight. The vase seemed full of light; every twig shone with phosphorescent fire; every drop of water seemed a diamond; and there, in the midst of the water, shone two circles of fire, the medusæ themselves appearing in a garb of glittering beauty, circlets of light and glory. As Mr Delville beat more and more vigorously, inspired by the applause of the spectators, the exhibition became more and more beautiful: the drops of water which he dashed over in his zeal fell to the ground, glistening like glow-worms, and flashes of light flew about in every direction.

'Here, you see, we have the clue to the secret of that appearance which has so often puzzled and alarmed mariners and others: I mean the phosphoric lights which illuminate the waves of the sea at certain times. You may see the oars coated with fire as they emerge from the sea, and every drop that falls from them apparently a drop of fire. Nay, more, I have seen acres of water all like a sea of fire, and the ship's keel as it passed through make a fiery track behind it. The margin of the sea is all alight sometimes, each wavelet breaking with a fiery crest; and all this beautiful effect arises from the multitudes of zoophytes and medusæ which throng in the waters, especially the latter; for though the specimens we have are so large, there are myriads in the sea no bigger—ay, not half so big—as a pea, and myriads more invisible to the naked eye. What a wonderful idea does this give us of the extent of creation, of the wondrous working of Him

Who planned, and reared, and still upholds a world
So clothed in beauty for rebellious man!'

'But now, come back to pleasanter quarters,' said Mrs Delville; 'and you, my pet lamb, must go to your bed: it is an hour after my Blanche's usual time.'

So Blanche being dismissed, and Amy having a little extension of leave accorded her, in compliment to her little friends, we all returned to light, and warmth, and pleasant chat without reluctance; for beautiful as was the phosphorescence, it was but a cold glitter, and we were glad to exchange it for the true and cheering glow of the fire, and the enlivening beams of the lamp.

'And now, I think we have had science enough for one evening,' said our host; 'and I vote for a game of romps with my young playmates before we part.'

'But, papa,' said Ned, 'first give us the riddle you promised.'

'O yes, the riddle, the riddle!' was echoed from one to another.

'Well, the riddle you shall have, and then let me have a good game of "Puss in the Corner,"' replied Mr Delville—'I do love Puss in the Corner!'

'Oh, papa!' and 'Oh, Mr Delville!' said one and another of the little ones—'do you really mean it?'

'Yes, I do, saucy children!' replied Mr Delville. 'Do you think that because I have gray hairs on my head, and a few scraps of learning in it, that I am never to have a bit of fun? You will see whether you or I shall play the best. So now for my riddle:

To my first the earth

Alone gives birth—

Man, bird, and beast all feed on it.

My second's the daughter

Only of water,

Nor bird nor beast will eat a bit;

No creature but man—it suits his taste

To devour what the brutes only trample and waste.

Then as to my whole—there is little doubt

You may see it now if you look about;

Though always silent and motionless,

It's easily seen, you will confess;

But often it runs round the room where you sit

Whole days without your observing it,

And at night, by the bed where its owner sleeps,

Unheard and unseen its watch it keeps.

Now guess that who can,' said Mr Delville, 'while the bairns and I have our game;' and in a moment the room resounded with 'Puss! puss! bring me a little water,' accompanied with an immense clatter of feet, and voices shouting and laughing as if they had been nursing their strength all day for an evening romp. Some of us, however, were too much fatigued with our scramble on the rocks to undertake any further exertion, and we meanwhile sat in a group studying the riddle, and concocting an answer, which, as some of our readers may not be such good guessers as some of our party, we shall venture to give them in the form in which it was presented to Mr Delville at the close of his gambols:

To corn the earth

Alone gives birth—

The food of bird, beast, and man.

Jack Frost in a trice

Turns the water to ice,

And then let him eat it who can!

Then your whole—why, look round you, and up,

or in bed,

A cornice you'll usually find round your head.

And now, having agreed, *nem. con.*, that a trip to the rocks at low-water afforded more pleasure, both at the time and afterwards, than pacing up and down the promenade arrayed in fine clothing; and that it tended more to health, both of body and mind, than the aforesaid diversion; and that we were all resolved, as Mr Pepys expresses it, with regard to his point-lace ruffles and lappets, that rocking and boating

shall 'be our great expense,' both in time and money, for the summer, we part and return to our homes, to find that such employments have yet one other benefit annexed to them, that of going far to insure a good night's rest; for none sleep so sound, or wake so bright, as those who spend as great a portion of their time as duty and bodily strength allow in the open air, and amidst the lovely scenes of nature wherewith our Creator has so richly endowed this fair and beautiful earth.

HAKODADI.

WHILE the public mind has been absorbed in the affairs in Europe for some years past, events have been taking place in the further east of no small interest and importance, for the result may be to bring a people who for two hundred years have shut themselves up within the limits of their own shore, once more into communication with the rest of the world. It is, indeed, not much we have gained as yet; nevertheless, let us be thankful for it. It is the thin end of the wedge inserted. We shall obtain more by and by.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware, that within the last few years attempts have been made to establish some kind of intercourse with the inhabitants of the Japan Islands. The jealousy of the rulers, however, thwarted all our efforts, till unwarrantable cruelty having been exercised towards some shipwrecked sailors of the United States, their government determined to exact a treaty for the security of its own subjects in the name of our common humanity, and to compel, if necessary, acquiescence in its demands. A treaty was obtained by the firmness of the commissioners employed, whose arguments were ably supported by the presence of a frigate or two bristling with cannon, and a gentle reference to the *ultima ratio* both of kings and republics. The terms of the treaty are very restricted, and scarcely grant more than permission for vessels to enter the harbour of Hakodadi, and purchase whatever may be necessary for their provisionment. But to the fortuitous circumstances of the war, we are still further indebted for an extended acquaintance with this recluse people, no less than seventy-two British and American ships having entered the port during the last year.

Hakodadi, the port in which we are particularly interested, is situated on the south-east coast of the island of Yesso, in the province or principality of Matsmai. A semicircular bay, running four or five miles inland, and barred at its entrance by a long strip of rocks, forms a secure and spacious harbour. Here, owing to this natural breakwater, boats of all shapes and sizes ride safe from the huge billows of the Pacific, which, outside, break upon the beach after a roll of several thousand miles. On the south of this bay lies the town, close upon the water, along which extends a line of quays, crowded in fine weather with fishing-boats and junks. Behind rises an amphitheatre thickly wooded with beech and pine, patched here and there with a piece of garden-land, or dotted with the pavilion of a temple. Higher up, the hills become rugged and barren, and break out in peaks bold as 'the castled crag of Drachenfels.' Between the sea and the town the ground is low, fertile, and well cultivated, and studded with villages and farms nestling amid trees. Beyond these, again, a long ridge of mountains is seen far in the interior, from the midst of which rises majestically the sublime cone of an extinct volcano.

In the early spring of 1855, our Pacific fleet lay in the harbour of Hong Kong. A portion of it, under Commodore the Hon. C. Elliot, was making preparations, however, to weigh anchor and sail northward to cruise about those waters in search of Russian prizes. Captain Bernard Whittingham received an invitation

from his friend the commodore to accompany the squadron. The invitation was accepted, and we are glad of it. Captain Whittingham seems to be a man of quick observation, and capable of wielding the pen as well as the sword, and to have had opportunities of observation in these islands afforded to few Englishmen before him. The results of his experience we have in an interesting volume, from which we borrow a few sketches of Japanese life.*

When the squadron appeared off Hakodadi, a great deal of ceremony had to be gone through before either officers or men could land. The harbour-master had to be introduced to the commodore, and the commodore to the governor, or rather the lieutenant-governor, illness or official etiquette preventing so high a personage as the governor from paying his respects to *only* a commodore. The lieutenant-governor, however, made no difficulty; but obeying orders, visited the flag-ship in a gondola or barge propelled by twenty oars, and attended by a procession of boats decorated with black and white flags—the colours of the Japanese ensigns. As the boats glided over the water, the boatmen chanted a rude monotonous strain, and in the gondola held erect a long spear, the steel head of which was covered with leather, to indicate the rank of the visitor. When he rose to clamber up the sides of the frigate, the men in his boat made obeisance in true Persian style, by throwing themselves on their faces, or bending so low as almost to become prostrate.

A day or two after, this complimentary visit of the Japanese authorities was returned by the English. The commodore and his party landed at a pier constructed of hewn stone, arranged together without cement or mortar, and were conducted to an adjoining house. A flight of half-a-dozen steps or so lead to a chamber where they were met by some minor officials, and regaled with tea while waiting for the governor himself, who, it appears, is descended from the family of Ziagoon. The windows of the room had no glass; but instead, panes, if the term may be used, of whitish-brown paper were stretched across a wooden frame. On the outside, wooden shutters were erected to keep out the wind and the rain. The floors were covered with thick mats, two deep, upon which the Japanese think it profanation to tread with their shoes on; they therefore take them off whenever they enter a temple or a house. The Japanese are fond of quietude and silence, and this enables them to indulge their passion to the full.

When the interview was over, a few curious spirits, of which number was Captain Whittingham, were desirous of seeing something of the town and its inhabitants. Accordingly, they obtained permission to take a stroll; but as soon as they had got outside the wooden barriers of the custom-house, they were attended by police, who advanced a little ahead of them, and made signs to the people to close their doors and windows. However, the police do not appear to have been very strict or severe, for no sooner had the cortège passed, than windows and doors were thrown open, the people rushed out, and thus the intentions of the authorities were frustrated. The streets which our countrymen traversed were wide, clean, and regular. The houses consisted of a framework of timber, connected by deal laths, and lined with strips of birch bark. A rustic gallery, or veranda, ran along the whole length of it. The roofs were formed of light rafters of fir, thatched with bark, and kept on, as in Switzerland, by means of large stones. Some of the gardens attached to the temples and houses were laid out, we were about to say, in the Dutch style. But, if we mistake not, the Dutch had their first lessons of

* *Notes of the Late Expedition against the Russian Settlements in Eastern Siberia, and of a Visit to Japan, &c.* London: Longman. 1856.

gardening from the Japanese. Within an area of eighty feet by fifty, were crowded dwarfed trees of various kinds, miniature rocks, streams, paths, bridges, and beds of flowers.

The Japanese are short and robust, with dark complexions and small black eyes turned obliquely *à la Chinoise*. Their cheek-bones are high, their noses somewhat compressed, and their lips protruding; in all these respects they display the features of the Mongolian race. The women, or rather the girls, are generally pretty, with full forms, fair skins, rosy cheeks, eyes bright with the glow of health, and ruby lips. They have luxuriant hair and small feet, although no stocking, or shoe, or other artificial appliance has ever interfered with the natural shape and growth. Until married, which is at a very early age, they possess teeth of exquisite whiteness; but the practice of blackening them when they become wives, greatly disfigures their appearance. The Japanese seem happy and contented with things in general, and on occasions of festivity enjoy themselves merrily, both sexes dancing and drinking until all get intoxicated. Few beggars or cripples were to be seen in the streets, but many persons suffering from some ophthalmic disease; in some cases, indeed, the patient had lost the use of one eye.

As the heat in summer is very great and the cold in winter severe at Hakodadi, we find the costume of the inhabitants very different at these two seasons of the year. It is scarcely necessary to refer to that worn by the lower classes during the summer months, as they make it as scanty as possible—a robe and a pair of drawers, or, in many instances, a strip of cloth sufficing; whilst the children run about in a state of nudity. The higher classes deck themselves out in the gayest *nouveautés* and newest fashions of the Japanese capital, the material principally being drab-coloured crapes of thin semi-transparent texture. In the winter, robes of cotton, with thick petticoat trousers, are worn to keep out the cold. The officials, however, use silk, and wear on their feet woollen or cloth socks, with a separate compartment for the great toe, and shoes made of straw, and fastened by thongs of white cord or plaited straw. When the Japanese sit, or rather squat, they place themselves, according to European ideas, in a most awkward posture. Their knees are bent, and they repose—if repose they can—on the soles of their feet, which they conceal, according to the etiquette of the country, in the folds of their robes or petticoat trousers. The effect of this mode of sitting is to enlarge the knee-joints into a state of actual deformity, and to impede locomotion. The feudal feeling is very strong in Japan, and the contempt expressed by the aristocracy and red-tapists for a merchant or tradesman, is worthy of a noble of the *ancien régime*, or the government officials of any other time. A merchant, for example, cannot aspire to the honour of wearing two swords or a silk petticoat. If he be rich enough, he may purchase the privilege of wearing one sword.

The Japanese abjure all animal food, or, as the British vegetarian would say, flesh-meats; consequently there is no Smithfield at Hakodadi, and no butchers' shops. There are, however, fishmongers in abundance, for though the people object to putting beasts to death, they do not extend their objection to killing fish. Soles, mackerel, trout, and grilse appear to form their principal piscine diet; but, doubtless, this depends upon the season. Beans, pease, sweet-potatoes, gigantic radishes, carrots, and tomatos are amongst the vegetables cultivated. Some of the pears they grow attain to the size of turnips, but are watery and tasteless. In a temple near the custom-house, a kind of bazaar had been fitted up, to tempt the purses of the foreigners. Lacker-ware of the purest and rarest colours, for which Japan is celebrated, light and transparent

china, curious and quaint old jars, little cabinets, fans, silks, and gauzes, were all arranged in seductive order, and invited our tars to purchase.

The state of medical science and religious knowledge is very backward in Japan. Religion is a form of Buddhism; medicine consists simply in applying the sound of a drum. If the patient, for example, is suffering from a headache, the operator, a female, places the drum close to the ear, and drums away, accompanying herself every now and then with a low droning song. The object of this treatment is to awaken the good deity, if he be asleep, or propitiate the offended demon, who, it is believed, is in active occupation. Only youth and a strong constitution can sustain the patient under such a cure. In some of the temples, the beams, pillars, and girders are covered with the figures of beasts and birds nearly as large as life, finely carved, whilst in different parts are distributed numerous idols. Near the altar, large bronze jars are kept filled with votive-sticks of a fragrant compound. Propitiatory offerings of fish and rice are daily brought by the laity, and spread before the deity. As the light only enters by the veranda, and the pillars and beams are dark, the interior generally wears an aspect of great solemnity. The thick treble-laid straw-mats with which the floor is strewn destroy the sound, and the priest and the suppliant glide about like shadows.

Our friends, however, did not confine their strolls to the town. On one occasion, they rowed up a river away from Hakodadi, and landed in the midst of a country which reminded them of the pleasant scenery and home-views of England. Level and straight roads, with hedgerows on either side, led off in different directions. Along the hedges ran streams, planted with willow-trees, and on their green banks grew sweet and fragrant flowers. Thatched cottages—the farmsteads of the rustics—running back several hundred feet from the high-road, peeped out occasionally from among a forest of fruit-trees; they were roughly built of wood. Sometimes a house with elegantly papered windows, a garden rich in curiously trimmed dwarf-trees and shrubs, and a plentiful supply of firewood, indicated a more prosperous proprietor or the patriarch of a family. Low, rough, wiry ponies roamed about over the rich fallow ground. The natives were clad in long gray robes, and wore sandals of straw or high wooden-clogs. The plough they used was of very primitive construction, being simply a large two-pronged fork, which they worked by the hand. Everywhere were signs of health and contentment. The plump, rosy-cheeked peasants would have been hospitable, and done the honours of their table to the 'Englishee,' but the regulations of the police forbade it. Notwithstanding, the peasant-girls never withdrew their laughing faces from the windows, and on some occasions encountered the strangers on the road. The position of the women here, as in all half-civilised countries, is much depressed: they labour in the fields, and do all the drudgery of the house; and this, added to the fact that swarms of children throng the threshold of every cottage, may explain the cause of there being but two eras in the existence of the Japanese women—childhood and old age.

Such are a few pictures of the country and the people of Japan, as exhibited by the specimens afforded in the neighbourhood of Hakodadi. It is a long while since an English artist was on the spot to sketch from life; there is reason to hope so great a time will not elapse before another visit is paid; in fact, there is no doubt that English vessels are at the present moment in the harbour, and availing themselves of the intercourse recently established. By a judicious use of the footing we have obtained, our intercourse may lead to still greater results, for there seems to be no reluctance on the part of the natives—the officials excepted—to

communicate with us. Firmness, however, is required from our government. The Japanese authorities will yield just as they are pressed, and no further. By a proper exercise of our influence, we do not hesitate to express our belief, that within ten years an Englishman may roam about in the interior of the country, as much at liberty, and with as much security, as he does in any other part of the globe.

MYRA'S WISH.

A FAIRY TALE.

LONG before the snow falls, they go. When the chrysalis lies hidden under the garden-wall; when the dormouse rolls himself up in his snug warm house, and falls asleep; when the swan flies to the warm south; when the north wind plucks the red leaves from the forest-trees; when the logs are stacked in the wood-yard, and the house-mother shuts her door against the chill—then they are no longer seen—then they go, whither? Shall I tell you where the south wind goes—or the summer-lightning—or where the birds and winged insects repair? I only know that in the keen blasts and driving snow they are not seen. But when the tender green leaves burst out from the little cottony buds where they lie swathed up; when the advance-guard of the flowers, the crocus, shoots up his spear through the hard earth, and the primrose and violet spring out joyfully on the banks; when the birds begin to twitter on the thatch—then they I am talking of return. This is, in my country. Some say there are now no Fairies in the lands over the sea; but there are many still in mine, and although the rich towns-people, who live in great houses, cannot see them, in the villages they are well known, and every peasant could tell you endless stories of them: of the wicked Trolls who live down in the mines, like old misers watching their treasure; of the elf-maidens who are like some I have seen myself, with fair smiling faces, but who are all hollow, and who dance on the hill in the moonlight; of Niss the friendly house-spirit, and of Neck, who sings sweetly to his golden harp beside his fountain. For they are of all sorts, just as in human societies, bad and good fairies. Ah! it must be a fine sight, one of their festivals in their own house, raised on red pillars under the hill, where they hold their revels so gaily all through the summer-night. But it was not thus Myra Answeck saw them.

It is in fairy tales always the beautiful maiden to whom these gay little creatures come, or to that ugly wicked elder sister whom I remember so well in my childhood, and whom they visit to chastise; but Myra was neither the beautiful maiden nor the ugly wicked elder sister. Had she been handsome, she would not perhaps have had so many friends amongst her young companions, and the look of happy good-nature that lit up her face might have been lost in the splendour of other charms; and had she been ugly, the young men would not have listened so complacently to their elders' advice, when they said: 'Myra will make thee a good wife, my son; she will have a pretty fortune when the farmer dies; and she is so amiable.' No elder told this to Carl; it lay in his heart a great many years, from the time when they were children at play in the woods; but he did not know it. It was when he was going away to the wars that he at length found it out. 'See,' said he, 'if I do not bring thee home a gold cross and a purse of money, and thou shalt be my own dear wife. But, O Myra, do not forget thy betrothed!'

Forget him! that was not very likely. Why, there was not an officer in all the regiment like him—so

noble-looking, with so grand a head that it should have grown upon a colonel's shoulders at the least. Nobody thought anything of Myra's fretting when Carl went away with the waving banners and the gay music, for they had always been companions and friends; but even her admirers never imagined that the gay, handsome young soldier would have dreamed of plain, simple Myra for a mistress. Nor did the good dame or the farmer suspect the depth of her grief, for they said: 'Cheer up, my lass! Our friend is worth two dead men. Doubtless, when the war is over, he will marry a wife, and come to live here, so that thou wilt often see him again.' Then Myra used to smile in her heart at the secret she stored up so proudly there; and the father and mother talked together of all the young farmers, and which of them they would like for their son-in-law.

Winter and summer had come and gone twice, but Carl had not yet returned. Death was gathering in his harvest from many a battle-field, but his friends had heard of him many times—how he was well and rising, and thinking of the happy time when peace would conduct him home. Whenever the postman rode through the village with news from the war, there was a great hubbub, for most people had some friend they cared for there; and, you may be sure, the girls liked to hear of the gallant young soldiers, and to shrug their shoulders at their tarry-at-home lovers. After one of these letters, Mademoiselle Thekla used for days to dart glances of contempt from her beautiful eyes at every young man she saw. 'I will be an officer's lady,' she would say: 'my husband shall wear a fine feather and laced coat, and have his sword by his side. Never will I be a farmer's wife, to mind the hens and go to market!' And Carl's aunt, and Myra's mother, and all the good wives who had not sons, would answer: 'Ah, mam'selle, Carl and thou wert born for one another—he is so handsome, and thou such a beauty. When he comes home, we shall have the wedding.' Then Mademoiselle Thekla used to toss her pretty head saucily, and the colour would fly up into her face as she said: 'Carl! it is always Carl! I am weary of him!' But in her heart she liked nothing better than to hear of this gay young bridegroom, for he was by this time quite a hero. I cannot count the number of hard-fought fights he had been in, and brave and generous in them all, as a good soldier should be. So every account of him said; and his old aunt, the minister's widow, used to read these letters to Thekla with as much pride as if her boy had been the general who rode at the head of the army to win the battle. You may be sure that if mademoiselle had not a great fortune beside her beauty, all these old gossips would not have been so anxious for the match, for the third person ever wows the dowry, and sees only charms in what the maiden can bring; and Thekla had inherited a fine sum from the old grandfather, with whom she had lived so many years in the capital, that she had almost as many accomplishments as the young baronesses themselves. But it was not her money the young men thought of; they saw only her radiant bloom and her brilliant eyes, her ravishing smile and her fine shape; and there was not one that did not buzz and hover about her, as the bees gather, and circle, and buzz about the sweetest rose in the garden. They were in no small consternation when it was said that Carl was soon coming home—for what chance has any man against a hero who wears a laced coat! But I think the girls were all glad, for they hoped now that Thekla would marry, and no longer steal away their lovers' hearts.

And now the feast of St John had come, when the maiden tries her innocent charms, and when the young men endeavour to find favour in their beloved's eyes. Then they dance and laugh, and have a

thousand sports; and it is said even the hill-people then hold their rejoicings like the mortals. Then you may hear the ringing of the silver bells under the ground, and the sound of fairy music and merry voices rise to the upper world, and mingling with the mirth of the villages. And thus they say it has been on this day in the world ever since the birth of him who heralded good tidings, and announced the coming Hope to every creature.

How grand and beautiful Mademoiselle Thekla looked! Her dress was of fine shot silk, that glanced in the sun like the plumage of a foreign bird; her mantelet was of the newest fashion, and her bright golden earrings shone out from her masses of silky hair like light from behind the clouds. Oh, but she was a fashionable young lady, and looked like a princess amongst them all; and the mothers more than ever kept saying: 'It is a pity Carl does not see thee to-day!'

Myra had no fine clothes: her gown was of flowered chintz, and her apron of muslin, and her earrings the same her mother had given her when she was confirmed; but worse than that—she had no beauty. Her eyes did not sparkle, her face was not fair, nor did she move with the stately grace of a young queen. There were twenty prettier girls than she in the village, and they all looked dull and plain beside mademoiselle; what must she be, then! 'When he sees her,' thought she, standing apart, and with her heart swelling with envious admiration, 'then he will care no more for me—he will love her, as they all do: she will be his wife. Oh that I was dead! I will run away, and he shall never hear of me again. Oh, Carl, Carl!' So poor Myra, trembling and sick in her jealous passion—it was the first time she had ever felt this cruel fever—presently crept to her little bedroom, and locking herself into the darkness, sobbed herself to sleep.

How brightly the moon shone into the chamber, with a sort of shifting brilliancy, as if it was rippling in over the white floor and the snowy coverlet! How sweetly the low distant music sounded!—not the least like the loud coarse noise of fiddle and drum that Myra had heard from the musicians on the green. Still half sleeping, she raised her head; she sat up; she listened to the faint delicate strain, and as she listened, her tears flowed afresh. She was faithful to her grief. Then, through her tears, she saw the moon's rays as if they had been glorious rainbows; she saw the dew-drops on the vine round her window sparkle like diamonds; she saw a tiny shining figure standing on the threshold of her casement, and looking in on her. How shall I describe this little figure to you? for, alas! I have never seen a fairy. I live where they will not let themselves be visible—in a street of houses where carts and carriages pass rattling by, and where no blade of grass springs between the flags of the footpath—far away from the enchanted fountain, from the shady forest, from the soft springy moss that gathers undisturbed round the ancient trees. But I have often pictured them to myself. In fragrant flower-bells, in the delicate hues of the sea-shell, in the wondrous colouring of the humming-bird, in the gay innocence of children, in a thousand things fresh from the Master's hand, I have seen, as you may yourself, such beauty as is attributed to these little beings; and by those who have seen them, too—by those who should know—by the very one who told me the story of Myra's Wish. This fairy had wings—on that I must insist—or how could she have flown hither and thither? She wore a tall cap; she bore a little wand or sceptre in her hand; and she had so pleasant and good-humoured a little face, that Myra, after her first surprise, was no more startled than if a bird was standing at her window, although she knew her visitor was one of the good people.

'And what is the matter, Myra?' said she—in a small voice, to be sure, but quite distinctly, and in as friendly a way as if she had been a neighbour pausing to make her greeting.

'It is nothing, madam,' said Myra with a half-sob, and thinking surely she must be dreaming; but no—tick, tick, tick, tick! went steadily the old clock at the stair-head. She could see a great big beetle-fly droning past her window at the very moment, and could feel that the tears were still running over her hot cheeks.

'Nothing! O fie!' said the little visitor quite sharply.

'The sun was hot, and my head ached,' said Myra—telling the truth, you see, but not quite all.

'I have been by many maidens' pillows,' said the spirit, 'and they dreamed of their loves, and smiled; but you, you dream of Carl, and weep.'

Certainly she was a knowing fairy! There was no use in trying to hide anything from her; you might have told that from her little, comical, sly face, as she perched herself on the foot of Myra's bed.

'O good little madam,' cried she, with a fresh burst of tears, 'I pray you to forgive me, but I cannot help it: I love him so much; and I have but now found out that he cannot care for me.'

'Ho! ho!' says Mrs Fairy; 'and, pray, why not?' But she knew all the time as well as you do.

'I have no right to think of him,' said Myra mournfully. 'I would I were dead, when he returns; for then would he remember me as ever beautiful; but now, when he sees me, he will hate me. Oh, he will hate me, and take delight in Thekla's fairness!'

'Myra Answeck,' said the fairy with as much sternness as if she had been a giantess seventeen feet high, 'I am ashamed of you to cry for such a toy. Hast thou not a good name and health, dear friends, and food and raiment? Beauty is a great gift, but a dangerous one, my daughter: it is ever the brightest flower that is plucked, and the gayest butterfly the child pursues; and in a century of years or so, which will be the fairest, Thekla or thou?'

But Myra still wept for her lover's sake.

She was aroused by the cool night-air playing upon her face, as the water ripples up against the bows of the boat upon the river. O wonder! yonder in the distance lay the village, and the farmer's white house gleaming in the moonlight. Swiftly, swiftly was she going—not walking, not flying, but moving as the bird moves when he folds his wings to reach the earth; and on before her lightly sped her spirit-guide. And 'O whither do we go?' said Myra in a great fear.

'Thou shalt see—thou shalt see,' said the fairy, looking back and nodding her little head encouragingly. 'I will but shew thee some I know of, and then will we return.'

Oh, but it was a rapid journey! By many a place where the hill-folk held their gambols; through the forest, over the river, past the villages, without a pause, until they came within the city-gates, and up to a grand mansion, larger than the parish-church itself. You may be sure they did not knock at the door, but entered as the light enters. Myra had never seen such a palace before. The carpets were of velvet, and the hangings of silk; and there were great tall mirrors in which she tried to see herself, but the glass had no reflection for her, and only shewed her the stately furniture, and the grand pictures upon the walls, and the figure of the white-haired man who paced sadly and slowly up and down. Willingly would she have lingered to look round at all the splendours; but her guide passed on into a room quite as grand as those they had left, but where the light burnt dim, and where there were the tokens of the sick-chamber. The sick-nurse sat in her easy-chair and slumbered, and the patient lay with her wasted

hands outside the clothes; but a linen cloth covered her face, so that it was only from her low moans Myra knew she was awake; for although the sufferer was coming very near the spirit-world, she could not see those who stood beside her, nor the tears that rose to Myra's pitying eyes as she traced the emaciated helpless figure. As they looked, the sound of the chimes came through the open window, and the sick-nurse arose and went to the bed.

'It is time, mademoiselle,' said she, and so removed the face-cloth.

O horror! it was worse than death, that hideous devourer of life!

'Kind, good nurse,' said the girl gratefully—but Myra heard no more. The walls closed upon them, the light shone high above their heads in the sick-room: they were again upon their journey.

'Oh, will she recover, madam?' said Myra, for her good heart ached for this afflicted one; but all the fairy said was, 'Health is a great gift, Myra;' and Myra hung her head abashed.

Into a poor quarter, where the old wooden houses were rickety and tumbling down, they came. The sweet summer-air did not enter with them, and the narrow streets rose up to shut out the broad heavens and the stars. Alas! to how many that dark ugly poverty shuts out a sight of heaven itself! This house, where now they stopped, had no need of bolts or bars, like that they had left, for there was nothing within to tempt the thief, nor was there even the knocker on the door, for the only ones who came were Want and Misery, and they lived here as the other inmates, and had but to raise the latch to enter. Up the dark crooked stair, which creaked not beneath their tread, they passed, and into the topmost room. Truly Want was before them, and could not go further, so had settled here; still all was decent. The floor was clean; the stove, where was set a broken mug with a few poor flowers, was bright; the bed upon the floor, where slept peacefully a young girl, was orderly. The lamp was not yet extinguished in this apartment, but was raised to its highest, that the worker beside it might see better the work at which she toiled; and Myra's first thought, as she looked, was of Carl, for were they not the fine laced jackets of the soldiers the girl stitched! It was a brave, gay colouring, and the bright light upon it made quite a picture in the poor chamber. This workwoman, thus struggling for to-morrow's bread through the night, might have been young or pretty, but you saw only her thin fingers, her pale face, and her heavy eyes. Presently she puts down the cloth. She is not weeping; O no! she is too well used to it. It is that bright fine colour that is killing, killing slowly her sight, and making the smarting eyes weep for themselves; so she rests them, she closes them, she opens them to look attentively upon her black dress, which gives some relief, and then goes on again. Then Myra felt eagerly in her bosom for her little purse with the crown-piece, that she might lay it down by this poor maiden; but as she looked, the scene appeared to recede from her; the sleeper and waker melted into the mass of other sleepers and watchers; another place rose up around her. 'Thou shalt see the sister of her whom we have left,' said the spirit; but Myra's heart was sad for the grief she had already witnessed, and she would fain have seen no more.

Still the hot stifling air of the quarter, and the dark dingy streets; but the houses were finer, the streets not silent, for there were people to and fro. There was the sound of music in many of the houses, and from open windows came now and then a great burst of laughter. They must have been jolly souls who lived here, surely! There was a wine-shop still open in this street; for although the shutters were up, the doors swung backwards and forwards as the customers

came and went. And now they were thrown back wide—a great stream of light shone upon the pavement, and a crowd struggled out into the street; then many voices filled the air in foul oaths, and drunken shrieks, and mad laughter; and the revellers swayed to and fro, and then fell into a ring to see and cheer the fine sight in the centre. O shame! Two women struggling, fighting, scratching, and biting, like wild beasts let loose. One of these unhappy ones was in her first youth, younger than Myra, more beautiful than Thekla. Truly it was fine sport for the men to stand round and applaud these tigresses, mad with blood and drink, and to watch their torn clothes, their bleeding faces, their disorderly hair dragged out by handfuls! 'Oh, little madam!' cried Myra, sick and faint, 'let us go hence!—let me return! I have seen enough; never again will I complain!'

'We must soon part, Myra,' said her guide; 'is there no one you would look at before I bring thee back to the village?' And before Myra had time to pronounce the dear name, the fairy nodded and smiled good-humouredly, and flitted on; this time very fast, for they had a long way to go. But it would take me longer to write of this journey than it took them to make it. Faster and faster! By farms and mills—by churches and villages—over the table-land of great mountain-ranges, through fertile valleys, and above vast masses of water, heaving and surging, they speed; but Myra knows no fear—she goes to see the beloved one. And now the moon has set, and it is dark, although the dawn is at hand, so that Myra cannot distinguish clearly the objects that surround her as they slacken their speed. She can only see a wide plain covered with dark masses—indistinct, and yet distinct from the earth or the sky. Here and there shine lights, and now and then a voice breaks the stillness of the night; but Myra's heart has already told her they are the camp and the battle-field that lie before her. Now they pass the baggage-wagons, and now the long line of tents—now by a great multitude of men and horses resting as they may—now by groups of good fellows sleeping, eating, drinking—now by the great guns drawn into position, and resting also until they shall thunder out their discord in the morning. So they come to a small knot of comrades sitting around the watch-fire, and talking of the morrow; and there sits Carl, nobler, handsomer than ever, with his face set with the earnest resolute look of those who must look death in the eyes before long. O how Myra longed to speak to him one word—to touch him, to let him know that she stood beside him!

'Bah! it grows chill,' said one of them; 'for my part, I care not how soon the fun begins. Here, drink, brother, to the good cause, and the girl you love best.'

And Carl rose and uncovered his head, as he drank the sacred toast. 'The good God bless her!' said he reverently. 'I could have fancied she stood beside me but a moment since.'

Then the loud roll of the drum rose from that great sea of men, and the trumpet's call was still ringing in Myra's ears as it all faded under the dawning light, and she found herself again upon her bed at home, and her guide pausing to bid her farewell before they parted.

'O tell me, tell me,' cried Myra in her agony, 'will he be spared? Shall I see him once more? O tell me this before we part!'

And the fairy answered: 'Cheer thee, child; Carl will return ere long; and see, I grant thee likewise that which thou dost so earnestly desire.'

When Myra opened her eyes in the morning, the bright warm sun was shining gaily in; the air was full of butterflies and bees rejoicing in the day; and she could hear her mother's voice coming from the open window of the farm-kitchen, as she talked with her servant. Was it all a dream—the sick lady, the work-

woman, the revellers, and the battle-field—or had she really travelled with the fairy through the night, and seen all those sights? It seemed now in the broad light impossible to believe, and yet it seemed all so distinct; but, whether sleeping or waking, she had seen Carl, and had the little lady's word that he would escape in the fight. 'And he loves me,' thought she happily, 'although I am not beautiful—yes. I knew that well when he spoke my name in his heart as he drank to me. And then, besides, I have health; nor need I toil for my bread. And O thank the good Father that he holds my hand!'

So Myra would have rested upon her bed all day, wondering and thinking of the visions and of Carl, always Carl, had she not heard her mother call loudly from the stair-foot: 'Myra! Myra, child!—wilt thou sleep till the sun goes down?' Now, Madame Answeck was one of those brisk, good housewives that love to rule, and must be quickly obeyed; so her daughter dared not linger longer with her pleasant thoughts, but rose hastily, and, without casting even a glance at her little mirror, ran below. The farmer had already finished his breakfast, and was now setting out to market; and Myra had to run all the way down to the garden-gate to say: 'Good-day, my father,' before she could overtake him. Then he nodded in his slow, solemn way, for he had not many words, and stared at her, as if he was puzzled to find out something; nor did he say anything, but turned and turned to look after her curiously, as she stood watching him from the gate, until the winding of the road hid him.

There were one or two of the farm-labourers crossing the yard as she returned to the house, and they also opened their eyes wide, and looked at her strangely.

'What is it?' thought Myra. 'Perhaps, in my haste, I have fastened up my hair awry.' But she was so light-hearted, that the next moment she had forgotten, and was tripping gaily into the kitchen, where Dame Answeck, and Margaret the maid, were busy at the household work. 'Why, daughter!' said the mother raising her head to look at her with surprise, and stopping herself short in her speech; but Margaret clapped her hands, and cried: 'Bless me! mam'selle looks quite handsome to-day.' Then Myra remembered for the first time the words of the fairy when she said: 'I grant thee likewise that which thou desirest.' But although she was dying with impatience, she dared not for very shame run to her looking-glass, nor might she speak of the events of the night—as no one may mention a fairy-gift without its being recalled. All the time she was eating her breakfast, the dame and servant kept looking from their work at her wonderingly, and Myra tried to catch a glimpse at herself in the bright pewter-vessels around, but she could not see clearly; so, as soon as she could get from the table, she flew up to her bedroom and her mirror.

O joy! The wish of her heart had been granted. Kind, good, true fairy! Was ever so happy a girl! The same—yet, oh, how changed! Yes, there was Myra to be sure, but no longer the Myra of yesterday—the eyes so much larger and darker, the complexion so delicate, and the bloom so rich, the mouth smaller, the whole expression down to the tips of her fingers radiant. Besides, she had surely grown tall, for in the place where her eyes used to come in the looking-glass, her pretty chin was now reflected. She could not take her eyes off the face she saw. She felt she would never be tired of gazing upon it; and even as she looked—just as you may have seen in a cathedral the sun emerging from clouds, and bringing out stronger and stronger each moment the glories of the stained windows—she too seemed every instant to shine out in her beauty more and more. She could have wept; but she remembered her fine eyes, and spared them. What would Carl say? But she thought not so much of Carl as of Thekla.

And now she was all impatience for the evening to come, that she might dress herself, and walk abroad upon the green to watch the neighbours' glances, and shew mademoiselle that all the beauty in the world had not fallen to her share. Certainly, when one comes suddenly to riches, he does not know properly how to spend them, and Myra's whole thought now was to display this new treasure. She could not bear that her petticoat should hide her little feet, nor that her handkerchief should cover her white neck, nor that her sleeves should wrap up her round fair arms. And now, when she walked abroad, she had enough of envy and admiration to satisfy any one. She knew well enough when two or three whispered together that they spoke of her, and were saying how well she looked, and wondering what had come to the Myra they had never before thought handsome. And Thekla!—oh, that was the real triumph—to see her cross and sullen, and not yet knowing what to think of it all. Then the more mademoiselle frowned, the more Myra smiled; she was not only radiant with good looks, but with good-humour, and her gentle heart felt even pain when the fickle young men, with whom the last beauty is ever the fairest, began by degrees to desert her rival, and come about her.

But one soon learns to value one's self sufficiently. It was not long before Myra ceased to care for her conquests; she now thought no one good enough for her, and pride took the place of good-nature. You should have seen how she drew up her figure; how her lip curled haughtily; how her eyes no longer smiled, but flashed defiant, scornful glances on all around. And when the neighbours said how much Myra was changed, they meant quite as much to express all she had lost, as what she had gained. Even Madame Answeck said, with a sigh, that her daughter was certainly altered; and the farmer smoked his pipe moodily, but said nothing. For when people are but plain, they must try to recommend themselves by gentleness and many winning ways; but great beauties often disdain such amiable artifices, and think their charms should command love; and they are sometimes content to think rather of themselves than of others.

But although Myra's head was turned by all the admiration she received, in her heart she was always faithful to Carl. She never looked in her glass but she smiled to think of him, and she was all impatience until he should return, so that he should see the happiness that awaited him, and that she might shew her gallant lover to all the village.

St John's Eve had come again. Myra had been a beauty for a whole year, and by this time had lost every look of her old self. She could not help smiling in her own eyes as she dressed her beautiful hair for the festival before her glass, and thought of the homely face it had once shewn her. Did I say Mademoiselle Thekla was a princess at the last year's feast? Well, then, I must call Mademoiselle Myra at least the queen of this. Where there is a queen, there is a court; and I promise you Myra had hers, and Thekla was to-day only treated with the second-rate consideration of a deposed excellency. This was a fine turning of the tables since the day she had crept to her bed, and wept, for her lover's sake, that she was not fair; and remembering all she had suffered in that cruel struggle, her heart seemed to yearn more and more for him, than it had for the whole year of her triumphs. Oh, when would he come? When would these wicked wars be over, and the blue-eyed angel Peace bring the dear husband home! Then she recalled all she had seen with the fairy on the memorable night. She wondered if the poor lady had gone where there is no longer suffering—if the girl still worked through the night with her aching eyes—if there was yet a hope for the fallen sister; but whatever she thought of, while her admirers talked, while the music

played, while she joined in the dance, there was always Carl with the noble head and the earnest look she had seen the night before the battle. She pictured him in her fancy marching home with the waving banners, and the gay music, and the fine clothes, and then she thought of his delight and astonishment when he should behold her, and how all his comrades would envy him his beautiful betrothed.

Alas! Carl was not to come back with all this grandeur, for it is not always your truest hero who wears the most medals upon his breast, or whom the people go out to cheer as he rides home in triumph. There was no fine procession, no music, no banners, no bright steel arms glancing in the sun. His clothes were travel-soiled, his face was bronzed, his empty coat-sleeve was buttoned across his broad chest—for had he not given it, as he would willingly have given his life, for the good cause of the beloved land?—but there was in his eyes the happy look of those who return home. What, now, was all that weary absence—what the privation and danger—what the weary march and the sick-bed?—he had come home. Home, because the dear homely face graced it, the kind gentle smile that had grown up in his heart with every recollection; because it held the treasure, the thought of which he had carried about like a charm into every sorrow and danger; the sacred woman whom he had seen in his memory as he prayed. So this honest soldier stood apart under the trees, and looked anxiously at the gay crowd for his friend; and the music played, and the dancers danced, and he saw no Myra to welcome him.

What were all the handsome, light-hearted maidens to this man?—he wanted his own promised wife. She was not there, surely, as he had been told: he would have retraced his steps to look for the dear one elsewhere; but when the villagers found him out, they raised a great shout of welcome, and surrounded him in their simple delight. Myra's heart beat fast, her cheeks flushed, she trembled in her great joy, but she did not run to greet him. A great beauty moves with dignity.

'There is thy old friend, Myra Answack,' said some; and Carl waited to hear no more, but was in a moment beside her. 'Wilt thou not speak to me, Monsieur Carl?' said she proudly, as he stood transfixed, gazing in silence on the strange handsome face. Then it was as if a great blow had struck this brave soldier with the gentle heart, as if he had heard that his bride was no more. 'Thou, Myra!' he exclaimed; and in his cruel disappointment burst into tears.

* * * *

A dim sunshine struggling through the closed blinds, a heavy weight of weakness weighing down the hands, hanging upon the languid eyelids, fettering the tongue. Slowly, very slowly, Myra saw around her her own little room, with the shadow of the leaves upon the curtain; with the white drapery of her little bed hanging around, with the farmer's wife at her sewing as she watched beside her child. And 'Oh, my mother!' was all Myra could whisper, as the tears of weakness ran down her poor white face.

'Hush! little one,' said the mother tenderly, casting aside her work, and coming with her kind, anxious face to the bedside. 'Thank the good God thou art better; the fever is gone.'

'Am I, then, ill?' said Myra wonderingly.

'Thou hast had the fever, my daughter,' answered the good dame, 'since the feast of St John. But thou must not talk yet a while.' Then Myra lay for a long while in silence, holding her mother's hand as she sat beside her; but by and by she said brokenly: 'Oh, tell me, my mother, is it all true? I thought I'—

But she could say no more.

'There! there!—be still, my child,' said the farmer's wife. 'To hear how thou hast been chattering of

fairies and battle-fields, and I don't know what all. Well, to be sure, young folks have queer fancies.' But she did not tell her daughter how she had been raving about her beauty. 'And I have some good news for thee too. Thy friend Carl has come home, and a fine way he has been in about thee,' said the good woman with a smile, although the tears were in her eyes. Then prayed Myra: 'Oh, my mother, only let me see myself; I will ask no more;' so the dame humoured her, and brought the mirror to the sick girl. O happiness! there was the old honest plain face that Carl loved—white and wasted, to be sure, now, but no scornful proud beauty. Then Myra thankfully folded her hands, and closed her eyes, and fell into a sweet sleep.

Was it all a feverish fancy? or did some kind fairy really teach her during the heavy hours of her illness? Who can tell what are the second causes by means of which God renews the heart? Not I, I am sure. Perhaps they are manifold; perhaps they are different to different people; perhaps—but no matter: in the present case, I am for the fairies, and I call this a fairy tale.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

In the month of April 1736, the inhabitants of the small town of Aleria, on the eastern coast of Corsica—about half-way between Bastia and Porto Vecchio—were assembled on all points commanding a view of the sea and the mouth of the small river Favignano, watching the manœuvres of a strange vessel which seemed to be making for their port. Various were the surmises of the assembled groups. Some of the older and more experienced, who had been sailors, declared she was an English-built vessel; but what could be her intention in visiting Aleria, was a mystery no one pretended to divine. At length a boat was lowered, and several persons embarked in her for the purpose of landing. The appearance of this party added to the surprise of the gaping multitude. The person who was evidently their chief, was a remarkably handsome man, of about forty years of age, dressed in a long scarlet levantine robe, with a wig, hat, and sword, which to the Corsican peasants seemed royal magnificence. He was attended by two young men in handsome uniforms, and three persons in Oriental dresses. When the inhabitants of the New World gazed upon Columbus for the first time, they could scarcely have felt more wonder and curiosity than the simple people of Aleria, who crowded round the landing-place, and received their mysterious visitor with loud acclamations of welcome. He replied to them with kindness and affability, which increased the enthusiasm caused by his handsome figure and magnificent appearance; but when he announced that he was come to Corsica, under the blessing of his holiness the pope, and with the aid and support of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, to deliver their island from the abominable tyranny of the republic of Genoa, and to establish them as a free and independent people, the enthusiasm of those who comprehended the speech was communicated to those who but half understood the meaning of freedom and independence, and a wild and frantic impulse was given to the assembled multitude. It was indeed some time before silence and order were sufficiently established to allow the illustrious stranger to inform them, that he required the hospitality of their town till the ammunition and stores he had brought with him, for the purpose of combating their enemies, could be landed, and he was ready to proceed against their Genoese masters. The principal people of Aleria came forward, and tendered their houses and anything they possessed to their promised deliverer. Marco Ornano, one of the chief proprietors in the neighbourhood, was the person selected to have the honour of

receiving the distinguished guest, who, as he proceeded to the house of his host, scattered small sums of money amongst the crowd.

The news of this extraordinary affair spread like wild-fire through the neighbouring villages. From Li Petroni and Vadina, nearly the entire population flocked to Aleria; in a few hours, Luca Ornano, a near relative of the person into whose house the stranger was received, came in at the head of 100 men to offer his services; Simone Fabiani, another person of note in the neighbourhood, and Dr Grugliane de Muro, with more than 100 men on horseback, in a few hours were added to the force; and it was immediately decided to march southward, and seize the town of Porto Vecchio. Ten small brass guns and a stock of ammunition were landed from the vessel, and a proclamation issued, stating 'that his excellenza Theodore del Baf Neuhoff, Grandee of Spain, Milordo of England, Duca de Marse, Maréchal of France, Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Prince of Rome, and Viceroy of Corsica, was come to deliver the brave inhabitants of the island from the iniquitous tyranny of the republic of Genoa, and to give liberty and independence to Corsica.'

Had an angel from Heaven proclaimed the news, it could not have been received with more implicit confidence by the simple and ignorant race of islanders, who, groaning under the iron sway of their oppressors, were ready to grasp at any means of escape from their yoke. From the time they first seized the island, it seems to have been considered by the chiefs of the most serene republic as a mine which was to be worked for the sole and express benefit of their relations and dependents, who were sent in hosts to fleece the people of Corsica, and who did their work most effectually. Every *soldo* which could be drawn from the island, either in money or in produce, was shipped off to Genoa by the harpies who filled every office and employment that could be invented, to provide for the cadets and impoverished branches of the Genoese noblesse. A state of misery and distress beyond imagination was the consequence: the small sums distributed by Theodore seemed prodigious to the starving population of Aleria.

On Sunday, April the 15th, another proclamation was issued at Porto Vecchio, wherein it was stated, that by a convention with the principal Corsican leaders, Theodore, Baron de Neuhoff, &c., was declared king of Corsica; prodigious promises of ships, arms, and money were made in the names of the potentates of Europe, who were resolved to destroy the tyranny of the Genoese republic. The whole island was soon in arms; Ajaccio, St Fiorenzo, and other principal towns, where the forces of the republic retained an influence, were blockaded; and the arrival of a Greek vessel, with a couple of cannon and a small supply of ammunition, gave assurance of the fulfilment of the promises made by his majesty Theodore I., raised the hopes of the Corsicans to the highest pitch, and spread dismay and consternation amongst the Genoese, who vented their fury in idle denunciations of Theodore as an impostor of the lowest grade (*vilissima condizione*), a quack-doctor and an alchemist, a vagabond and a sorcerer!

To the abuse lavished upon him by the *serenissima republica*, Theodore replied by another proclamation, dated 9th May, and not condescending to answer, much less to return, the abuse lavished upon him, declared 'that the republic had no right whatever in Corsica, having seized it unjustly from the pope, for which offence they were still under the papal censure, and that their tyranny and injustice called for their expulsion from the island for ever.'

In the meanwhile, his majesty exercised all the right of sovereignty, coined money, and appointed his grand-officers of state, inflicted the punishment of

death upon Signor Luccioni and Captain Salides de Casaccoli, as guilty of high treason. This unfortunate act, however, was avenged in the true Corsican spirit, which to this day has peopled the mountains with banditti. To avenge the death of their friends, the relatives of the condemned traitors assassinated Simone Fabiani, one of the first chiefs who had joined Theodore, and was appointed by him grand-chancellor of the kingdom. This custom of private vengeance was commenced under the iniquitous domination of the Genoese. When the islanders found that all justice was perverted in those evil days, and that a bribe to the ruling powers was sufficient to purchase immunity for the worst crimes, the natural result was, that the friends and families of those who had been murdered or plundered took the punishment of the guilty into their own hands, and, if the offender himself escaped, inflicted their vengeance on one of his nearest relatives. This system was no doubt the origin of the *vendetta*, which continues even to the present day, though the laws of France are now administered with strict justice and moderation. Many of these feuds, like those of our old border chieftains, are of very ancient date, and generations have gone on waging a war of extermination against their neighbours. Even in 1852, Sartena, one of the chief towns in the south of the island, was in such a state that some of the principal inhabitants fled to the Sardinian islands for safety; and shots were continually fired from the windows when any of the adverse faction passed the houses of their enemies. From statements published by the government, it appears that in the town of Corté, containing a population of 10,000, there were ninety-four cases of *vendetta* in twelve years, the hero of one of which was a boy only thirteen years of age, who shot a lad of his own age, in consequence of some childish quarrel. In Bastia, the most civilised town in the island, the cases of murder from the same cause, and during the same period, from 1822 to 1833, were fifty-nine; in Calvi, a small town more remote, seventy-five. The police are on the alert at the present day; but escape to the mountains is easy; and such crimes are regarded as justifiable acts of private warfare by a majority of the natives.

But to return to King Theodore. Notwithstanding England and France disclaimed all knowledge of the affairs of Corsica, his star was in the ascendant; his affability and exceedingly popular manners gained him the affection of all who came within their influence; the facility with which he spoke Italian and several other languages served him much, and his throne seemed likely to be firmly established: but funds were wanting to purchase supplies. No promised aid arrived from abroad, and distress and confusion were the result. Corsica is even now a land of poverty: like the potatoes in Ireland, chestnuts afford so easy a means of support, without even the labour required in cultivating the potato, that the richest land is left uncultivated. Satisfied with the harvest from their forests, like the acorn-feeding races of elder time, the chestnut is the support of great part of the population. The rent of the land, and the wages of the servants in the woody districts, are paid in chestnuts: these are sold at Bastia and other ports; and together with the produce of the sale of their eggs, poultry, and pork in the neighbouring towns, the country population purchase the few necessaries of clothing and other things they may require. So scarce even now is money in the villages, that sometimes it is impossible to obtain change for a five-franc piece. Bread is baked only once a week, and all supplies must be brought from some distant town fifteen or twenty miles off. Living within a day's drive of a butcher's shop is no uncommon matter in the island; and this after the government of France have done so much to ameliorate the condition of the people, spending vast sums in making roads and in

public buildings, and by means of a constant intercourse with Marseille and Leghorn, increasing the commerce as far as the indolent habits of the people would permit. The state of affairs, then, more than a century ago, must have precluded the possibility of raising funds in the island to purchase the materials of war; what small supplies could be procured, appearing to have been paid for in oil and other produce. This state of affairs obliged Theodore to make a voyage to the continent; and, having appointed a council of regency, he sailed for Leghorn.

Such, at that time, was the crooked policy of every state in Europe, that it is impossible to decide to what extent the bold adventurer had been promised or received. There was not a government or a sovereign that would not have had recourse to any means of aggrandisement; and Theodore was undoubtedly known to all the courts on the continent. His father, a Prussian gentleman, entered the service of France, and was governor of Metz at the time Theodore was born in that city; but the father died young, and he was taken as a page into the service of one of the princesses of France, and in due time received a commission in a regiment stationed in Alsace. Not satisfied with the French service, he attached himself to the Baron de Gortz, favourite and minister of Charles XII., by whom he was sent into Spain, where he succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Cardinal Alberoni, at that time omnipotent in the peninsula. He now rose rapidly; was raised by the cardinal to the rank of colonel, and obtained a grant of a large pension; but Alberoni fell from his power, and was driven into exile. Theodore de Neuhoff, however, had a facility in attaching to himself powerful friends, and gaining influence where influence was most efficacious, and he became a friend and follower of the celebrated Duke de Ripperda, who wielded for some time the power of Spain, and unfortunately, by way of promoting the interest of his favourite, married him to one of the maids of honour to the queen.

Theodore de Neuhoff left his wife, and went to Paris—the Genoese declared he carried off her jewels. Arrived in Paris, he found all the world mad with the excitement caused by Law's wild schemes. Theodore threw himself with all his energy into the vortex; and, like many thousands of other adventurers, made and lost a fortune with equal rapidity. He then went to England, probably on some political scheme, for he is said to have been made a British peer by the exiled princes. Such seems to have been the authentic history of his earlier career, before he landed in Corsica. Some of the Genoese records add, that he was made a slave by the Algerines; but there seems no other authority for this than a report that the English vessel in which he arrived in Corsica was said to have come from Tunis. However this may be, on leaving Corsica he went to Leghorn, and not being able to procure the supplies he sought there, proceeded from thence to Amsterdam, where he was arrested for debts incurred in prosecuting his plans. The Genoese, enchanted at such an event, exerted every possible means to have him detained; but he not only contrived to extricate himself from his difficulties, but procured fresh means of aiding his Corsican adherents, who, undeterred by the reported captivity of the king, and unseduced by the emissaries of the serenissima republica, replied to the offer of a general amnesty, which was held out to them by the Genoese, with cries of 'Viva el Rè! Viva nostro padre!' Vessels in the meanwhile arrived with arms and ammunition, which were paid for, as before, with oil and other products of the island. At Aleria, Ornano defeated some Genoese troops sent against him; and the exultation of the islanders was raised to the highest pitch when news was received from the king of four frigates being on their way to Corsica, and that Theodore himself was

on board—the vessels being then as far as Lisbon on their way. The republic, in the greatest alarm, sent the most urgent entreaties for aid to France, and Henry responded to their prayers by sending some French troops to Nice. On the 27th of December 1737, during the king's absence, the Corsicans assembled at Corté, and new oaths of fidelity were taken to their king and independence. Another vessel arrived, and *Te Deum* was sung, the royal cause still advancing in prosperity; and, notwithstanding 3000 French troops had landed at Bastia, the alarm of the Genoese increased. One frigate arrived from Theodore at the end of March, another early in May, bringing thirty-two cannon. Terms of accommodation were now offered by the republic, and backed by France, so that affairs seemed likely to be amicably arranged. Theodore was to reign under the protection of Genoa and the guarantee of France; but there seems to have been little sincerity on either side. Fresh succours came under the Baron Droit, the king's nephew; and his majesty in person arrived in September, with three ships from Holland. Treachery, however, was at work; reports were very current, and apparently well founded, of designs to betray Theodore, and give him up to France. The relatives of Luccioni and Salides de Casaccoli were said to have sworn on the sacred relics, at Sta Caterina de Sisce, to destroy him. These relics consisted of some of the earth of which Adam was made, some almonds grown in paradise, the rods of Moses and Aaron, and other treasures of the same sort—highly venerated at that time by the Corsicans. They were said to have been captured in a Spanish vessel on her way from Palestine; for ages their sanctity was unquestioned; but they have now disappeared, and are nearly forgotten. The king had by this time sufficient knowledge of his subjects to see the prudence of withdrawing for a time, and once more returned to Holland, where he procured three more vessels, and set forth again for his island dominion. The voyage proved most unfortunate; his vessels were driven to Naples, where he was treacherously seized and imprisoned; was sent to Gaeta, and afterwards to Terracina, from whence he escaped to Elba, and arrived in Corsica on the 16th of January, where he was received with enthusiasm. His subjects renewed their oaths of fidelity, and, taking advantage of their good disposition, he attacked the French, and defeated them at Biguglia, driving them into Bastia. In March 1739, he took the extraordinary step of returning to Naples. From thence he sent three more vessels; but it now seems that Theodore was betraying his subjects, and was forming a secret treaty with the Marquis de Maillebois to surrender his crown to Don Philip of Spain. He was himself, however, in turn betrayed. He escaped, nevertheless, the plots of his enemies; but the zeal of his friends had sunk under the difficulties of their situation and the intended treachery of their leader.

Overwhelmed with debts, and abandoned on all sides, Theodore finally settled in London, and became known to all the principal men of the day—to Dr Johnson, Walpole, and others of the literary world. His contemporaries, however, had little respect for him. Writing to Sir H. Mann, April 27, 1753, Horace Walpole says: 'Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called *The World*. Three or four of them are by a friend of yours; one, in particular, I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised L.50; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent his solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name: take notice, too, that he had accepted the money. Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have

made an excellent suit—a printer prosecuted for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, that man not being mentioned by his right name, but by a mock-title, and the man himself not a native of the country. But I have done with countenancing kings!'

The poor man remained in prison till 1756, when he took the benefit of the Insolvency Act. On leaving the King's Bench, he went in a hackney-coach to visit the Portuguese ambassador, who was unfortunately out of town; and Theodore was driven to an obscure lodging which had been provided for him. Here, ill, miserable, and nearly destitute, a few days terminated his career, and he was buried in St Anne's, Holborn.

In another letter, September 1757, Horace Walpole says: 'I am putting up a stone in St Anne's church-yard for your old friend King Theodore. In short, his history is too remarkable to perish. You will laugh to hear, that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called king of Corsica. Happily, they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown, copied exactly from his coin:

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERRED
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH, DECEMBER 11, 1756,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE KING'S BENCH PRISON,
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY;
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH HE REGISTERED
HIS KINGDOM OF CORSICA
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this lesson learned ere dead,
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.'

E L E C T R I C I T Y .

ON no subject, perhaps, do text-books go sooner out of date than on the widely interesting one of electricity and its kindred phenomena of magnetism, so rapid are the strides of progress in these sciences. The new contributions, again, are scattered over such a multitude of scientific journals, home and foreign, that only a man who makes a business of it can really know what has been accomplished, and what has not. It is, therefore, a service, second only to discovery, when, from time to time, one competent to the task undertakes to sift and reconstruct the old materials, and to bring together and incorporate with them all that is important of the new. Such a service Dr Noad is performing in the *Manual of Electricity*, of which Part I. has recently appeared.* The subjects discussed in this present volume are Electricity, Frictional and Voltaic; Thermo-electricity and Electro-physiology. In the Second Part, which is promised soon, it is proposed to attempt a popular account of Magnetism, Diamagnetism, and Electro-dynamics, including a description of the principal Electric Telegraphs.

The following extracts from the chapter on Electro-physiology may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who formed their acquaintance with electrical science some twenty, or even ten years ago. The

* *A Manual of Electricity: including Galvanism, Magnetism, Diamagnetism, Electro-dynamics, Magneto-electricity, and the Electric Telegraph.* By Henry M. Noad, Ph. D., F.C.S., &c. Fourth Edition. Part I. *Electricity and Galvanism.* London: George Knight & Co. 1855.

relations of electricity to the animal body are no longer confined to a few isolated facts, but are growing into a distinct branch of knowledge.

'*The Muscular Electric Current.*—Proof of the existence of an electric current circulating through the muscle of a living animal, is obtained by introducing into a wound formed in the muscle of a living animal the nerve of a prepared frog, in such a manner that the extremity of the nerve shall touch the bottom of the wound, and another part the edge; the frog instantly contracts. The muscular electric current may be detected in animals for some time after death; but when it has once ceased, it cannot again be renewed. It is found in warm as well as in cold blooded animals. By forming a *muscular pile*, Matteucci succeeded in giving considerable deflection to the needle of his galvanometer. The pile was thus formed: Five or six frogs were prepared and cut in half after Galvani's plan, great care being taken not to injure the muscle. The thighs were then cut in half, and so disposed that each half-thigh should touch the following, the faces of each turning the same way, and the interior of one coming into contact with the exterior of the next; so that one of the extremities of the pile was formed of the interior of the muscle, while the other extremity was formed of the surface. The deviation [of the galvanometer] amounted to 15, 20, 30, 40, 60 degrees, according to the number of half-thighs. . . . By experimenting on warm-blooded animals, such as pigeons, chickens, oxen, sheep, &c., ample evidence was obtained to prove, that whenever the interior of the muscle of a recently killed animal is, by the aid of a conducting substance, brought into contact with the surface, an electrical current is established, directed from the interior to the surface, the intensity of which varies with the animal, and is increased in proportion to the number of elements disposed in the pile. . . . Matteucci next instituted a series of experiments on living animals, the general results of which were the same as those on animals recently killed, the current in all cases moving from the interior of the muscle to its surface, or more generally from the interior of the muscle to any conducting substance in communication with that surface.' He thus sums up the principal results of his experiments on the muscular current: '1. The intensity of the current varies for cold-blooded animals in proportion to the temperature of the medium in which they have lived for a certain time. 2. Its duration after death is so much the less as the animal is more elevated in the scale of creation. 3. The intensity varies with the degree of nutrition of the muscle, and it is always strongest in those muscles which are gorged with blood and inflamed. 4. It is altogether independent of the integrity and activity of the motor and sensorial nervous system. 5. The influence of narcotic poisons is null, or very feeble, on this current.

Amongst the different gaseous poisons, *sulphuretted hydrogen* acts in a remarkable manner in weakening the intensity of the muscular current, the direction of which is in every case the same. More recently, M. Matteucci has added some further interesting and important information on the subject of the muscular current. He has obtained signs of tension at the two extremities of his muscular piles by the aid of the condenser. He has also obtained electro-chemical decomposition by the current; and by a great number of experiments he has established that the intensity of the current is in proportion to the activity of respiration, and that is proportionate to the rank of the animal in the scale of creation, whilst its duration after death varies in an opposite ratio. He has further studied the influence of different gases, and has ascertained that the muscular pile acts equally in atmospheric air, in oxygen, in very rarefied air, in carbonic acid, and in hydrogen.'

Extensive experiments have been made as to the action of an electric current from a battery, when made to traverse muscles and nerves. One set of results is stated thus: 'The current which traverses a motor nerve in a living or recently killed animal, and which continues to pass along this nerve for a certain time, so modifies its excitability as to render it insensible to its passage as long as it traverses in the same direction; but the excitability of the nerve recovers under the influence of the same current directed in a contrary way: when, then, a nerve has been thus modified by the passage of a current, we may restore to it the excitability it has lost by sending through it for a certain time a current, directed in a contrary way from that which destroyed its excitability. . . . It is an ascertained fact, that *repose* produces in a living animal, the nerves of which have lost their excitability by the action of an electrical current, the same effect as the passage of a current through the nerves in a contrary direction.'

'*The Relation between the Electric Current and the Unknown Force of the Nervous System.*—Is there an electrical current in the nerves of a living animal? and can it be applied to the explanation of the functions of the nervous system? . . . Matteucci has sought unsuccessfully for an electrical current in the nerves of a living animal. . . . Indeed, from what is known of the properties and laws of propagation of electricity, it seems impossible to conceive the existence of an electrical current included in the nerves; in order to admit it, such a disposition in the structure of the nervous system as would suffice to form a closed circuit must be proved, but this anatomists have not yet done. . . . It is certain that the nervous force, whatever it may be, is not *electricity*. What relation, then, is there between these two forces? Matteucci's laborious electro-physiological inquiries lead him to the following conclusions: There exists between the electrical current and the unknown force of the nervous system an analogy, which, if it be not susceptible of the same degree of evidence, is, however, of the same kind as that existing between heat, light, and electricity. . . . The development of electricity by a crystal of tourmaline when heated, clearly proves the relation between heat and electricity: a similar relation between the nervous force and electricity is demonstrated by electric fishes. Electricity is not, however, the nervous force, any more than *heat* is electricity: the one changes into the other in the one case, by the form of the integrant molecules of the crystal; and in the other, by the structure of the electric organs. . . . The nervous fluid in this hypothesis is what we suppose heat, electricity, and light to be—namely, a peculiar vibratory motion of ether.'

Electricity of Plants.—By the method of experimenting employed by Buff, the following general results were obtained:—"The roots, and all the interior parts of the plants filled with sap, are in a permanently *negative* condition, while the moist or moistened surface of the fresh branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits, are permanently *positively* electric." The direction of the current was always from the roots to the leaves, and (in parts of plants) from the place of severance to the external surface of the leaves; even scratching a leaf had the effect of determining a current from the wounded to the entire portion.'

THE FEATHER THAT BREAKS THE LOADED
CAMEL'S BACK.

One of the examiners of the Statistical Society of London came to a house in Marylebone in which there was one remarkable room. It was occupied, not by one family, but by five. A separate family ate, drank, and slept in each of the four corners of this room; a fifth occupied its centre. 'How can you exist?' said the visitor

to a poor woman whom he found in the room (the other inmates being absent on their several avocations)—'how can you possibly exist?' 'Oh, indeed, your honour,' she replied, 'we did very well until the gentleman in the middle took in a lodger!'—*Dr Southwood Smith.*

WHERE HAST THOU BEEN, MY BEAUTIFUL
SPRING?

[These verses are from *Poems by Edward Capern*, just published by Mr Bogue: a little work that will repay perusal—although one would hardly think so from the injudicious preface with which the editor has thought fit to trumpet the volume. The author is a rural postman, or letter-carrier, trudging thirteen miles a day, not excepting Sunday, between Bideford and Buckland Brewer, and supremely happy in the visits of the muse, and a revenue of half a guinea a week.]

WHERE hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
To the sultry south, on the swallow's wing;
Kissing the little kidnapped slave,
Ere borne away on the deep blue wave;
Brushing the tear from the mother's cheek,
As she wept for her child at Mozambique?
Else whence comest thou with this potent charm,
Chaining the winds to the frigid zone,
Making the breast of Nature warm,
And stilling old Winter's undertone?

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Away with the honey-bee wandering,
Sipping the nectar of famed Cashmere,
Sporting amid the Turk's parterre,
Quaffing warm Araby's balmy breeze,
And spicy scents of the Ceylonese?
Else whence comest thou with thy odorous breath,
Chafing the cheek to a rosy bloom,
And scattering the poisonous air of death,
By flinging abroad a rich perfume?

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Up, 'mid Heaven's music revelling?
For the tones of thy song from the greenwood bush,
The lark in the sky, and the mountain thrush,
Speak as if it were given to thee
To list to seraphic minstrelsy.
Aye there thou hast been. Not sunny France,
Or old Italia's land of song,
Can furnish such notes for the poet's dance,
As the melody poured from thy musical tongue.

Where hast thou been, my beautiful Spring?
Plucking rich plumes from the parroquet's wing,
Robbing the clouds of their rainbow crest,
Bathing thyself in the glorious west,
Robbing thy form in the peacock's hues,
And gathering pearls from the orient dew?
Else whence comest thou, with this proud array
Of beauties to sprinkle the russet wood,
Those Lent-lilies bending as if to pray,
And hyacinths fringing the marge of the flood?

And tell me whence comest, my beautiful Spring,
Each star of the earth, each odorous thing,
These white-fringed daisies with golden-dipped eyes,
These butter-cups gleaming like summer-lit skies,
These violets adorned with rich purple and blue,
These primroses fragrant and innocent too;
And lastly, the sweetest and richest, I ween,
Of all thy fair daughters, my beautiful Spring,
The buddings that stud all thy pathways with green,
Say, where were they gathered to shake from thy
wing?

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STREET-BALLADS OF THE WAR.

It will be for Mr Macaulay, in the hundredth volume of his History, to set forth the more prominent results of the war with Russia; to tell us, or our descendants, how the balance of power in Europe was affected thereby, or how the prosperity of England was not affected at all by the addition of Ten millions to the national debt. But there are certain minor results which do not properly belong to the province of the historian, yet are worth recording for the benefit of the philosophical and inquiring minds of a future generation. We would be glad, for instance, that our friend the New Zealander, who in the year two thousand and odd is to sketch the ruins of St Paul's, had some notion of the extent to which the war has acted as a Popular Educator; of its contributions to geographical and general information; of how many repulsive and unpronounceable names of men and places, before known only to reviewers and leading-article writers—who, *ex officio*, know everything—have become domesticated at our firesides. We know there are some well-read people who will aver that the war did not, and could not add anything to their stock of knowledge; but from these, pitying their want of candour, we turn confidently to the great, intelligent, information-seeking British public, and invite that public to lay its hand on its heart, and tell us honestly whether, for example, it knew previously to the war what a Bashi-Bazouk was? and whether it had not a vague notion that it was a long pipe with an amber mouth-piece, to the use of which the Turks are much addicted? Also, we would ask whether it is not probable, that if the civil service commissioners, under similar circumstances, tried to ascertain what the candidates for office knew about Kars, a larger percentage of the answers would have had reference to vehicles than to the Armenian stronghold? Would any one, except the editor of *Bell's Life*, who, from his answers to correspondents, would appear to be a person of vast general information, have undertaken three years ago to give an off-hand statement of the geographical position of Petropaulovski? In short, without accumulating examples, we would put it to the nation at large, whether or not it has some fresh knowledge more or less useful to set off as *per contra* to the expense of the war?

And then what a gush of song we owe to the same cause! The original Hippocrene, we all know, was due to the hoof of Pegasus; but it would seem as if Lord Cardigan's charger had opened a fresh tap, so to speak. Our poets, one and all, from Tennyson to Tupper, have had their trumpet-stops out, and have discoursed

most eloquent martial music. For the first time these forty years, there has been a brisk demand for warlike rhymes; and transactions in 'brave—grave,' 'field—yield,' 'foe—no!' 'fly—die,' 'Old England's banner—fare thee well, Anna,' have gone off freely. At our concerts, good-natured-looking gentlemen with moustaches, bass voices, and lay-down collars, have growled forth sentiments of a bellicose, not to say blood-thirsty nature. Our music-publishers have been unwearied in stimulating us to 'Cheer for the Red White and Blue,' and in asking 'What will they say in England with piano accompaniment price two shillings?' But it is in our street-ballads, the lowest notes in our scale of harmony, that martial enthusiasm may be had in any quantity.

We have now before us ample evidence of the inspiring effect of war on the poets of Leather Lane and the 'Dials.' It is in the form of a sheaf of pure unadulterated street-ballads, with all the characteristics of that class of literature strongly developed. As usual, the paper is flimsy, the type apparently selected from what printers call 'pie,' without any regard to the proprieties of capitals, small letters, or italics. The feeble superannuated wood-cuts have that no-connection-whatever with the subject, which seems essential to ballad illustration. Here and there solemn black patches, like strips of court-plaster, join words together, or leave the end of a line to be filled up by the imagination of the reader. There are comic ballads inexpressibly dreary, and serious ballads particularly funny. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody are utterly disregarded. Long words and stilted phraseology abound, for your ballad-buyer sets great store by polysyllables, and loves a good half-penny's worth for his half-penny. One other feature they have in common: uncouth, absurd, and occasionally coarse as they are, every one of them is honest and hearty, speaking out manfully for justice and against oppression. Furthermore, in the whole bundle—and it is not a thin one—coming though it does from that class on which war tells most severely, there is not one word of complaint, not one murmur, no shrinking from a righteous cause, because bread may be dear and wages low.

For this, if for no other reason, we think our war-ballads deserve notice among the minor results of the war. All honour to those who fought and fell, but let us not forget those at home who bore their part of the struggle without flinching. If they had no shot or shell to face, neither had they pride, pomp, and circumstance for stimulants; and yet it must have sorely tried the 'pluck' of many a paterfamilias in low-life to see four pair of small chilblained feet,

and not cry out for peace and new shoes—to look at the poor apology for a fourpenny loaf, and keep aloof from Hyde Park, where mischievous urchins were pelting the policemen. From first to last, the voice of the masses has been steadily for war. Peace-lecturers, armed with seductive financial arguments, or delicate subtleties of international policy, always found themselves in a minority: it was enough that the cause was that of freedom and justice. Truly it is pleasant, in these degenerate days, as Smelfungus insists on calling the present time, to light on any evidence that the old chivalrous spirit is not yet quite extinct in the nation of shopkeepers.

Should any further apology for introducing our specimens be required, we would say, with Scott, that 'the tradition conveyed in ancient ditties and ballads is necessary to confirm or correct intelligence collected from more certain sources.' The reader will at once observe that it is a duty we owe to him, to posterity, and to the New Zealander above mentioned, to call timely attention to these pieces of popular poetry, so that, rescued from the oblivion that would otherwise, we fear, await many of them, they may ultimately pass into the condition of 'ancient ditties and ballads.' Your balladist has a great eye for details. Hear how he thus sings of the warriors of Inkermann:

They had no ammunition to fight with,
And this the whole nation must own,
Those brave hearts instead of retreating,
Fought out the battle with stones.

And again:

The Guards, led on by Cambridge, were next brought into action,

And well these splendid soldiers their honour did maintain,
Colour-sergeant Davis took good satisfaction,

Five & twenty Russians by this grenadier was slain.

Upon that day the colours he did save they say,

And his manly form the Russians did oppose,

With musket clubb'd through fire and smoke their ranks he broke,

This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.

The last line presents considerable difficulties to the critic. Can Colour-sergeant Davis's interview with the twenty-five Russians be strictly called 'a conversation,' unless, indeed, we assume that the word is used in the same sense as 'debate' in *Chevy Chase*? We are inclined, however, to believe that the poem, of which our extract forms a part, is an imitation of an older ballad, the *Conversation on Napoleon*, and that the burden or refrain of the latter is preserved throughout, from a laudable desire to copy the original faithfully, even to the sacrificing of perspicuity. That 'fire and smoke,' too, would seem to have been suggested by a line in the *Rejected Addresses*—but let us not be hypercritical.

It is refreshing, after a forty years' peace, to meet with the sturdy, old-fashioned John Bullisms, those dogged assertions of British invincibility under any circumstances, in which our fathers used to delight; and curious it is, and satisfactory too, to hear the English street-minstrel, who, at the beginning of the present century, could scarcely find words to express his contempt of France, now lifting up his voice in praise of French valour, and actually admitting the Gaul to an equality with the great, glorious, and never-to-be-sufficiently-extolled Briton. Unlike, however, his predecessors in the olden time, who, while glorifying their friends, could do honour to the courage of their foes, the ballad-writer of these days is a pure partisan. His side is alone brave and virtuous; the other, because it is the other, is necessarily cowardly, mean, and generally despicable. But, however we may deplore this fanaticism, we cannot deny that it

occasionally infuses spirit into his compositions, as in the following instance:—

Here's to the Allied Powers,
My boys, with three times three
That beat the cowardly Russians
Then gain'd a victory;
Tho' the Russians fought us two to 1
With fire sword and ball
To Frenchmen and Britannia's sons
They was no use at all.

What could be more terse and idiomatic than this mode of expressing Russian inferiority?

Owing to gunpowder, steam, the Minié-rifle, and other causes, which we need not now mention, the art of war has been considerably modified, and in consequence the position of the war-poet is very different from what it used to be. Strategical authorities do not now consider the presence of a marching minstrel essential to the success of a campaign. Tyrtæus no longer goes forth with the army to the fight, or attunes his lyre to the crash of the battle-field; he stays at home, and receives his inspiration per electric-telegraph. He has, therefore, greater opportunities for reflection, and is more of a moralist and a philosopher than in days of yore. We have never seen a battle, but we can easily imagine that, in close proximity to one, a calm and contemplative style of composition is not so readily attainable as under circumstances where the shouts of the victors are replaced by *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, from a distant barrel-organ, where, instead of the groans of the wounded, we have only the voice of Mrs Tyrtæus bewailing a superadded penny in the price of moist-sugar. Not the largest, but perhaps the most interesting part of our collection, consists of ballads written in this spirit. Here is an example of the philosophico-allegorical style: it is, for some reason best known to the poet, entitled *The Russian Bear*:

As a fair one of England was musing by the rolling sea,

There came a wayworn traveller and landed by her side,
That goddess of the British throne, whose robes was rich
and costly,

Which struck the stranger with amaze, and thus to her he cried—

The stranger is rather prolix, perhaps owing to the amaze with which he is struck, so we will merely give the substance of his remark. He informs the lady (whether her present gracious Majesty, or the female whose portrait we see on that side of a half-penny known in polite circles as the 'tail,' we know not) that her enemies threaten hostilities; he deprecates inactivity—recommends her to strengthen her navy, and promises victory if his advice is attended to. The lady replies, and we are at a loss which to admire most, her noble self-reliance, or her extreme politeness.

That lady did in diamonds shine, and to conversation did incline.

Just like some spotless beauty that goddess did reply,
'I thank you noble stranger, and may you meet no ill design,
The lion when again aroused will conquer or will die;
But slow to anger he'll remain, Britannia's rights he will maintain,

Enemies you may insult that monarch if you dare,
Nicholas remains our foe, and will towards the Turkey go,
Arouse up little England and stop the Russian bear.'

The stranger, who is evidently a man of action, dissatisfied with the evasive tone of the lady's answer, still urges the necessity of such immediate measures against the Muscovites as will teach them that

They must mind how they behave, and not the Turkey for to crave.

And finally, the lady, who is obviously wearied with his verbosity, brings the interview to a close by

adopting his views—not so much, we fear, from conviction, as from a desire to be rid of so long-winded a Mentor.

O stronger, stranger, say no more, the bunch of roses I adore,
The shamrock, thistle, and the rose will boldly stand the cause,
They'll defend Britannia's shore as monarchs did in days of yore,
Those hearts of oak with bravery will conquer in the wars;
Those warlike instruments pull down, that long ago has rusty grown,
And gallant shipping box to sea, and for defence prepare,
If treachery it is not shown, then the day will be our own,
Arouse up little England and stop the Russian bear.

In the last stanza, the reader will perceive something of that suggestive obscurity which forms the chief attraction of much of the poetry belonging to the present age. But, lest the lady's diction does not present any sufficient difficulty, we are happy to have it in our power to offer a passage from a Preston ballad which is as perfectly incomprehensible as anything in the language:

And Omar Pasha's generalship,
Made the Russian judgment reel;
And what dismay'd them more than all,
The Turks charged them with steel.
This might have made the Emperor,
To rush his vanitary pride;
But those that will not take advice,
Must the consequence abide.

Before we put away the original, we must steal a few more lines, which, though intelligible, are worth quoting:

Let him remain at Petersburg,
Otherwise Moscoe;
And confine his wild ambition,
To his load of ice and snow:

But Oh! may gracious Providence,
Stay this strife in time;
And may good-will and unity,
Prevade o'er every clime.

And the parent's fears, the widow's tears,
The orphan's sad implore;
The crimson flood of human blood,
Be known on earth no more.

The idea of treachery, which seems to give the heroine of the former piece some uneasiness, is a great favourite with the ballad-writers, as, indeed, it was with the populace at the beginning of the war. Every one recollects the absurd rumours that were rife some two years ago, when politicians raved about interlined dispatches and treachery in high places, and would have it that the war was a sham, and that the noble lord then at the head of the government was in the pay of the enemy; or, in the words of an intelligent omnibus-conductor of our acquaintance, that 'Haberddeen was a Rooshian, and the whole thing was a cross; and that was where it was.' All these were eagerly seized by the ballad-makers. Well they knew, the rogues, how to catch and cook the *canards*—to serve them up appetisingly garnished and stuffed—'horribly stuffed with epithets of war,' for the delectation of the populace, always pleased with a good grievance.

That story about the dispatches gave rise to several copies of verses, one of which leads off with these remarkable lines:

The Turkish war both near and far,
Has played the very deuce then,
And Little Al, the royal pal,
They say has turned a Russian.

The poet then indulges in some strong observations on underhand-dealing, and, having brought his indignation

up to boiling-point, blows off his steam in the following sweeping anathema, incoherent from sheer passion:—

Bad luck they say both night and day
To the Cobugs and the humbugs
The wirtenbugs, the scarebugs,
And all the German horse-rugs:
And all that will the laws obstruct
The *peterbugs* and prussians,
May providence protect the Turks
And massacre the Russians.

After this, to read Lord John Russell's Lament—so full of quiet pathos, especially where he says:

I went like a fairy plenipotentiary
To the town of Vienna, to settle the war
But they'll not me believe then, they vow I've deceived them,
And call me a friend of the great Russian czar—

is like rounding the pier-head at Folkstone, into the placid waters of the harbour, after a rough night in the Channel.

The unsatisfactory nature of the negotiations at Vienna was also a favourite subject. One of the ballads on this topic is remarkable for the bold comprehensive view it takes of the whole business:

The Northern Despot has put forth a claim
To dismember Turkey, I tell you plain,
To back his pretensions being void of all truth
His army he sent to the banks of the Pruth.
It seems as if England had nothing to lose,
By the cowardly policy she now pursues,
But the stake is enormous, believe what I say,
And a difficult game she has got now to play;
For if in Turkey the Russian can stand,
Our Indian possessions are at his command.
If Peel was alive it would not be the case,
Nor the flag of old England to suffer disgrace;
Instead of humbugging with letter and pen,
It is bullets and bayonets to Russia he'd send,
And England as usual would be in the front,
With Sawney & Paddy the bear he would hunt.

Vive the grumble! Apart from its uses as a relaxation and a diversion, it occasionally has others. Who can say that the growls of the lion at home did not do something for the lion abroad in the way of greatcoats and roasted coffee?

The *Sufferings of the British Army at Sebastopol* is a title under which the ballad-writer, we will not say grumbles, but laments after his own fashion, in a strain homely enough, but full of good healthy feeling, as may be seen by these extracts:

All you who live at home in ease, and sleep on beds of down,
Pray think of our brave soldiers who lie frozen on the ground,

In the camp before Sebastopol, in mud up to their knees,
The flower of our army there, has perished by disease.

From the camp to Balaklava like horses they do work,
Up to their knees in mud and snow, with neither shoes or shirt,

Then slaving in trenches and guarding of the ground,
Crush'd with fatigue and hunger, they in death's cold arms are found.

I heard a maid lamenting, in grief—she scarce could stand—
Saying, my father died at Alma, and my love at Inkerman;
My brother dear was wounded by the curs'd enemy
And now lies in the hospital in the town of Scutari

In filth and dirt, without a shirt to shield them from the cold,
A wet blanket wrapped around them, how dreadful to behold;

Without a bed to lie their head, but are compelled alas!
To lie fatigued and hungry upon the frozen grass.

O God protect our soldiers with thy all mighty hand,
Grant them a victory, and guide them to their native land;
Befriend their wives and children since war caused them
to part,

Protect their aged parents, and ease their aching heart.

This is beyond criticism, and above ridicule: the lines
are honest, and bid Martinus Scriblerus avaunt.

Here are some verses in honour of a lady, to whom
belongs, not out of mere courtesy, that fine old Saxon
title in which the patent of nobility is derived from
Charity:

God sent this woman to succour the brave,
Some thousands she's sav'd from an untimely grave
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,
The wants of the wounded are by her understood
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments is torn,
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail
Now they're cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no bounty she'll take
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their queen,
May God give her strength, & her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

The wives of the wounded how thankful are they,
Their husbands are car'd for, how happy are they,
Whate'er her country, this gift God has given.
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven
Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can!
And all women was sent for the comfort of man,
Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

We learn from the trade that no ballad of the day
has been so popular as the above, and our own
observation would lead us to believe the statement.
We see it every day exhibited at all the temples and
shrines of the street-muse; in the window of the
cheap-toy and confectionary warehouse; in company
with hard-bake, paper-kites, and theatrical portraits;
and fluttering in the wind among the broadsides of
the al fresco ballad-monger. Our own copy was bought
from an old fellow, whom we found in Tottenham
Court Road one cold evening last winter, doling out
the words in a sort of recitative to a large and
attentive audience; and the way in which, at the end
of each verse, the halfpence came in, and the copies
went out, shewed how the writer had expressed the
sentiments of his public. For our part, we do not
mind admitting that we would like to know the honest
fellow who wrote these lines—for an honest fellow we
will believe him, not heeding the sinister suggestion,
that his fervour is a pretence, and his sentiment made
up for the market; and glad we are to find that, among
the dwellers in courts and alleys, there are those who
can write, and those who can enjoy, manly and whole-
some poetry. We use the word advisedly, for, be it
remembered, 'poetry' is no more a definite term than
'sugar:' there is 'moist-brown' as well as 'crushed-
lump,' and the saccharine properties are present in each.
A man may be unable to appreciate Milton and 'Best-
loaf-at-sevenpence,' but it does not follow, therefore,
that he drinks his cup of life unsweetened. That which
is coarse and unrefined to another, may suit exactly
his requirements and taste, and possibly be all the more
acceptable to his palate because it lacks that refine-
ment which the more highly educated organ finds
necessary. There is no disguising the fact, that the
fashionable poetry of the time is not for the con-
sumers of moist sugar; still, these latter have a
something in lieu thereof; and when we find that
something sound and healthy in its tone, let us not

be hard about an uncouth rhyme, or a syllable more
or less.

After this dissertation on poetry and sugar, a 'gentle
tale of love and languishment' will be a fitting refresh-
ment, and such a one we have in

'THE BALTIC LOVERS.'

In Southampton City a damsel pretty,
A rich merchant's daughter as you shall hear
Did fall in love with a brisk young sailor,
Who had engaged with Sir Charles Napier,
To sail with him to the war in Turkey,
And leave behind him this maiden sweet,
He said my darling we must be parting,
I'm bound to go with the Baltic fleet.

CHORUS.

Young men and maidens attend I pray then,
It's of a damsel and her Jack Tar,
A merchant's daughter who follow'd after,
Her jolly sailor to the Turkish war.

As they were walking and sweetly talking,
While tears were falling from her eyes bright
And the British fleet was so proudly sailing,
Between Southampton & the isle of Wight:
If you deceive me, she cried and leave me,
After my darling I soon will steer,
I will dress myself in sailors attire,
And join the fleet with Sir Charles Napier.

He said, my Mary, my charming fairy,
Are you deranged or what can you mean?
On board the Wellington you know I've enter'd
To fight the Russians and sevre my Queen:
She said, dear Thomas you did me promise,
You would not leave me in accents sweet,
And if you leave me, I'll not deceive thee,
But sail with you in the Baltic fleet.

Her cruel father did watch these lovers,
With two policemen as we are told,
And on the beach seized his lovely daughter,
And tore her from her young sailor bold.
Then in a garret he did confine her,
On bread and water by day and night,
But she escaped and broke thro' a window,
And went to Portsmouth in great delight.

Observe how the sterling metal of the poet's soul
shines out here. In the noble simplicity of his heart,
he cannot credit the extreme baseness of the father:
he gives it as a matter of hearsay that the lovers were
watched in the manner described; had it been with
a telescope, he would have believed it, but with two
policemen—*vix credibile nefas*.

She drest herself in sailors clothing,
Jacket and trousers this damsel sweet,
To the rendezvous then away she hasten'd,
And boldly enter'd for the Baltic fleet.
With other sailors from Portsmouth Harbour,
Unto the Duke of Wellington on board did steer
This lovely maiden and female sailor,
Commanded by brave Charley Napier.

'Ere she departed quite broken-hearted,
Her father died full of pain and grief,
And out of measure left all his treasure,
To the female hero of the Baltic fleet.
But lovely Mary did do her duty,
Her pretty hands daub'd with pitch and tar,
All eyes on board gazed on this sweet beauty,
As they were sailing to the Turkish war.

One lovely morning the fleet had warning,
To fight the Russians at seven bells,
And her true lover did her discover,
And met his Mary at the Dardanelles.
Young Thomas raved & appear'd quite frantic,
And from Mary's eyes stream'd large briney tears,
To the quarter deck they both were taken,
And the secret told to Sir Charles Napier.

Old Charley said, you are an angel,
 You are an angel I plainly see,
 You love your Queen and you love a sailor,
 And soon made happy you both shall be;
 Your passions smother embrace each other,
 You together shall to Old England steer,
 The sailors smiled while the two fond lovers,
 Sang, God save the Queen and Sir Charley Napier.

Now in a mansion near to Southampton,
 Dwells Tom, and Mary his lovely bride,
 With sweet emotion they view the ocean
 And behold the ships on the silvery tide:
 While time is rolling they've no controlling
 Tom loves his Mary his wife so sweet,
 In every weather they sing together,
 God save sir Charles and the Baltic fleet.

While in the frame of mind which the above naturally induces, and with its music still in our ears, we cannot be expected to return to such ungenial themes as bloodshed or politics. Besides, even now while we write, the bells are pealing merrily on every side, ringing out two years of war: ringing in, who knows how many, of peace, and they seem to say with Mrs Malaprop, 'No delusions to the past.' Of the peace, *esto perpetua* would be a vain and impolitic wish; but we will say, and with all possible respect and affection for the writers, may it be long before we are enabled to make up such another bundle of war-ballads as that which now lies beside us.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE GENERATION OF INSECTS.

THE belief in the generation of insects from putrid animal matter, which is now confined, if it exist at all, to the most illiterate, prevailed universally amongst the learned down nearly to the close of the seventeenth century. How it came to be exploded, it is our present purpose to relate.

There lived in Florence, about the year 1680, a physician of the name of Francesco Redi,* who was led by circumstances, which it is unnecessary to recount, to question the truth of the prevalent opinion. In order, therefore, to put it to the test of experiment, he caused three snakes, of a species which he calls *Anqui d'Esculapio*, to be killed, and put into an open box. The snakes were soon covered with small maggots, which daily increased both in size and numbers; they were all shaped alike, being conical, but their dimensions varied considerably. Having consumed the flesh of the reptiles in an amazingly short time, they all succeeded in escaping unobserved through the fissures of the box, leaving the naked bones of the snakes in a corner. In further prosecution of his experiment, Redi had other three snakes killed, and put into a box as before. In a few days, they were peopled with maggots of the same shape as the former; but some, smaller than the rest, were inclined to a flesh-colour; while the others were entirely white. Having devoured the snakes, they anxiously tried to escape; but as Redi had taken more care than before to secure all the outlets from the box, they were unable to effect their purpose. Gradually, therefore, they became more quiet, and after some time lay motionless, as if asleep. Shrinking into themselves, they imperceptibly began to take the form of eggs; by the twentieth day they had all assumed that shape. At first, the seeming eggs were of a white colour, but by slow degrees they became first golden, and then red. Some remained of the latter colour; but the rest continued to grow darker and darker, till they became quite black; while, from being

soft and tender, their skins had changed to the hard and brittle shell of the chrysalis or pupa. On examining both species more closely, Redi found that the black eggs were more strongly marked than the red, which were nearly smooth. At the end of eight days, the latter burst, and from each chrysalid issued a fly of a dull ash colour, 'turbid, dismayed, and, so to speak, wrinkled, unfinished,' and with wings unfolded; but in the space of half an hour, it had dilated its little body, expanded its wings, 'and, relinquishing the sad ash colour, became dressed in a vivid green, marvelously brilliant. It was now so much larger than before, that it seemed impossible to conceive how its little shell could have contained it.' In fourteen days, some of the black chrysalids burst, and produced a larger fly, 'black, marked with white, hairy on the abdomen, and red at the nether end, such as daily frequent butchers' shops, or any place where there is dead flesh.'

The important fact, that one kind of meat should produce two kinds of flies, so antagonistic to the dogmas of the age, stimulated the experimentalist to fresh exertions. Instead, therefore, of only one kind, he put many kinds into different boxes, and obtained the same results as before, except that the different species of insects were more numerous.

He next put some skinned river-frogs into a glass vessel, which he left open. On the following day, he found them covered with maggots, some sporting in the fetid liquor that had distilled from the frogs, while the others revelled on the carcasses themselves. On the third day, they had all disappeared, leaving nothing of the frogs but the bones.

Some fish from the Arno were the next victims to Redi's inquisitive spirit, and these also were soon peopled; but on the fish, and on the sides of the box in which the fish were placed, he discovered not only maggots, but also some very small eggs, which, when crushed between the nails, gave forth 'a white subtle fluid,' clearer and less viscous than the white of birds' eggs. By the twentieth day, they were all hatched; and the maggots had increased to twice their original size, weighing from twenty-five to thirty to the grain; but on the twenty-first day, they were so amazingly enlarged as to weigh about seven grains each. Meanwhile, they continued to devour the fish, finally leaving nothing but the bones, and these 'as white and clean as if they had just come from the hand of the most delicate anatomist in Europe.'

Having taken means to prevent their escape, which they all attempted, Redi watched their gradual progress towards perfection. The perfect insects were of five kinds—four of them he had seen before; the fifth, a little black fly, greatly exceeding in numbers the number of its pupæ, which were black and large, he had never observed till then. Seeing this curious disproportion between the number of the pupæ and the number of flies, he opened one or two of the former, and found that they contained, upon an average, from twenty-five to thirty flies, but never more than forty.

After this, he made many more experiments—on lions' and tigers' flesh, and on various species of fish, flesh, and fowl, cooked and raw, and found that the insects were promiscuously produced on all kinds of meat; and, indeed, one piece would sometimes contain all the species he had discovered; and he generally observed not only maggots, but eggs.

These experiments strengthened the opinion he had been at first inclined to entertain, that the eggs were deposited on the meat by flies similar to those which they produced, instead of being generated by the putrid mass; and he was the more confirmed in this opinion, from finding invariably that flies resembling those afterwards engendered in the flesh alighted upon it previously to the appearance of the maggots: 'but

* He died in 1697.

vain,' he adds, 'would have been the doubt, if experience had not resolved it.'

In order that he might, if possible, do this, he put into four wide-necked flasks a snake, some river-fish, some eels from the Arno, and some veal, and covered the mouths of the flasks with paper tied on tightly and sealed. Four other flasks containing similar meats he left open.

In a few days, the fish and meat in the open flasks were, as usual, covered with maggots; but in the closed flasks, the flesh, although putrid, was entirely free from them, although on the outside of the paper he found a few, as well as several clusters of eggs—the former having used, and still using, every endeavour to enter. After this, Redi made many similar experiments, and always found that uncovered meats in a short time teemed with life; while, on the contrary, those that had no communication with the external air, corrupted, but never verminated.

During the course of these experiments, he ascertained the curious fact, that when the common fly dies, it serves as a nest for its own species, equally with any other kind of dead flesh.

Not yet satisfied, Redi determined on making a new experiment. He put some fish and flesh into a large vessel covered with very fine gauze. This vessel he then put into a large box covered with a similar gauze, so that the air might penetrate to the meats, while the intrusion of insects should be prevented. On these meats he did not see a single maggot, but frequently observed the little creatures writhing about on the outer gauze, trying to make their way through; and it was with difficulty that, on one occasion, he succeeded in preventing two, which had got half through the inner gauze, from falling upon the meat. He also noticed flies, attracted by the exhalations of the meat, and unable to make their way to it, drop their eggs upon the gauze; some of them lighting on it, others hovering in the air during the operation; and he also noticed that each deposited six or seven eggs at a time. This was the point he wished to attain; and he had now discovered that insects supposed to be engendered by corruption were, in reality, propagated by their own species.

Notwithstanding this discovery, the belief in the spontaneous generation of insects in the body of living men and animals seems to have remained undisturbed till quite a recent period. The writers who have thrown most light upon the subject are Von Liebold, Küchenmeister, Goodsir, Owen, Quekett, Dr Allen Thomson, and now Dr T. Herbert Barker, in the case he has just published of cystic entozoa in the human kidney.* These entozoa, it appears, although apparently different species of animals, including the cysticercus, cœnurus, and echinococcus, are merely different early stages of the mature entozoa [intestinal worms], of which the common tape-worm is the best illustration; and they all arise from there having been taken into the body some larvæ or ova, the various resulting developments 'being subject to certain fixed laws of transformation, which are at once as interesting to the pathologist as to the natural historian.'

The curious transformations of the ova when introduced into the bodies of animals are established by direct experiment. Küchenmeister found that 'when young dogs were made to eat along with their food a number of the cysticercus pisiformis, so common in the rabbit, the entozoa produced were converted in a few weeks into the tœnia serrata. He also found that by giving the cœnurus cerebralis of a sheep to a dog, the same result ensued. Thirdly—and this is the most telling experiment with regard to the human subject—he gave a number of cysticerci, taken from the hog and rabbit, to a condemned criminal, at periods varying from one

hundred and thirty to twelve hours before execution. After death, a number of young tœnia in different stages of development were found in the intestines. After proving his position so far, the same experimentalist varied his experiment. Having produced a tœnia serrata in a dog by feeding it with the cœnurus, he caused lambs to take the tœnia joints, and obtained, in the short space of eighteen days, a development of the cœnurus in the brain, in the muscles, and under the skin of these animals.' Von Liebold performed similar experiments. From the entozoic larvæ he produced a development of the tape-worm, which in the course of two months attained the length of from ten to twelve inches; and, in like manner, by the administration of the tœnia-heads, he produced cystic entozoa.

Dr Thomson is of opinion that in the human subject the tœnia is produced by swallowing the larvæ of the scolox with the food, the common source of which animal is the cysticercus cellulosæ of measily pork. Upon the whole, the probabilities are, that all such diseases will be found, when science has advanced further in this direction, to have a dietetic origin.

THE KRIS.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

BATAVIA is a city of warehouses, huge stores, merchants' offices, and buildings of a description which might be expected to exist in the capital of Java, that great emporium of Dutch commerce in the East. It is situated on the small river Jacatra, along whose banks, at some short distance from the town, are built picturesque houses, villas, and cottages, to whose gardens and verandas the weary merchants retire after the labours of the day.

The great point of attraction to-day, to the crowd which usually thronged the principal thoroughfares of the city, seemed to be a large building situated about the centre of the High Street; in front were erected a number of booths, and in and out of these, and amongst the carriages and conveyances of all descriptions, a number of Chinese and Javanese fruit-venders made their way, offering for sale their fragrant and juicy merchandise. In the large gloomy building itself, a public auction was going on; not of imported European wares, damaged goods, or of inland produce, such as was often held there, but of a collection of curiosities, the property of a German gentleman lately deceased, whose effects were now to be sold.

In and out of the spacious rooms went the noisy, careless crowd, staring at the accumulated treasures, few knowing how to appreciate their value. Two white men, one a Dutch captain lately arrived in port, the other an American merchant, resident many years in Batavia, were making their way with some difficulty, in order to obtain a nearer view of the articles for sale. They at length reached a table covered with a variety of weapons, especially 'kris.' At this moment, a Frenchman also approached, and requested that these might be the next articles put up for sale; which was accordingly done, and he purchased many at tolerably high prices. Some among them were very handsome, being inlaid with gold and precious stones; others simple or rudely carved, the sheaths made of wood, and occasionally ornamented with feathers. A native Javanese, who stood near, attentively examined each kris, drawing them from their scabbards, but did not bid for any; and as soon as the Frenchman had moved

* Hamilton, Adams, & Co. London: 1856.

* A Malay weapon.

off with his purchases, appearing to have satisfied his curiosity, he drew his *sarong*, or cloak, more closely about him, and also quitted the room.

A minute or two afterwards, the Chinaman, in arranging the other things on the table from which the *krises* had been taken, discovered one which had accidentally remained hidden, and laid it before the auctioneer.

'Here is just one more dagger,' exclaimed the latter; 'who will bid for it? Our purchaser for these things is unfortunately gone. We will commence, say, with thirty florins. It is a beautiful weapon, the handle set with garnets; and what a splendid blade!—it is worth at least one hundred florins.' The Dutch captain, after several bids by others, at length secured the article at eighty-seven florins. He seemed, however, to care little for his purchase, stuck it in his pocket, watched the progress of the sale some short time longer, then hooking his arm within that of his companion, left the close, hot atmosphere of the crowded room for the open air.

'One ought never to go into an auction-room unless with the purpose of buying something one really requires,' observed he to the American, drawing out and looking at his dagger. 'I was so determined before going in not to part with my good money, and here have I allowed myself to be tempted into buying this thing. I am richer by a piece of iron, and poorer by eighty-seven florins.'

His companion took it in his hand, and said laughingly: 'My dear fellow, what has just occurred to you, happens every day; and you and I are among the last who ought to wish it otherwise. Why, what on earth would become of all trade and commerce if people restricted themselves to buying only necessaries? By the way, the kris is an indispensable article in a Javanese family: some are handed down as heir-loom, and the owners would prefer starvation to parting with them for any sum, so great is the superstition regarding them. However, during the late war, many of them came into possession of the whites; and some of the chiefs have been known to give enormous sums to reclaim these *Penates*, on discovering them in the hands of strangers.'

'I say, Goodwin,' laughed the captain, 'I wish one of those chiefs would take a fancy to my kris; I would willingly part with it for a reasonable percentage.'

'Why, there stands one, I declare,' replied his friend: 'if I am not mistaken, the very one who in the auction-room was so closely examining the weapons bought by the Frenchman; he at least can tell us the real worth of this knife, and you can ascertain whether you have made a good bargain. Hallo! friend, come here and tell us how you like this kris.'

The person thus addressed was a tall, stately young man, who leaned carelessly against a stone pillar not far off: he might be from twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, dark-skinned; his noble features and brilliant eyes bespeaking him a Javanese, who, in these respects, varied much from the inhabitants of some of the other islands. However servile in general his countrymen might be, this young man apparently formed an exception, for he took no notice of the words addressed to him, though he must have heard them, but turned away his head, after a rapid and not very amicable look at the two strangers.

'Ho! ho! my boy, independent, eh?' laughed the

Yankee. 'I guess we must go to him, if we want to obtain our information.'

'Here, friend,' he continued in Malay, taking the kris and approaching the Javanese, 'can you tell me what this here article may be worth?'

The latter contracted his brows, drew himself up with a proud, almost defiant aspect, and appeared about to walk away without reply, when suddenly his eye fell on the kris; his arm was involuntarily stretched towards it, the blood mounted to his face, and he fixed a searching look on the face of the stranger, as if to read his intention. This lasted but a moment; his arm was again folded within his *sarong*, and he resumed his former position: his look alone remained fixed on the weapon; and the American had to repeat his question before he seemed to comprehend.

'I do not know,' he at length replied, turning his head gloomily on one side; 'it is an old kris. Is it your wish to sell it?'

Without giving an answer, the Yankee, a long resident in Java, and well acquainted with the manners and customs of the natives, turned towards his companion and said in Dutch: 'I say, old boy, I guess the younker here knows more about the kris than he would have us believe, and therefore pretends great indifference; and now, I look at him, I reckon he is not one of the common sort, as I first thought: he wears a valuable *sarong*, and his cap is embroidered with gold. Hum! if he means to have the knife, I guess he will have to pay for it.'

Whilst all this, which was unintelligible to him, was being said, the Javanese looked from one to the other, without, however, altering his position, and when the American stopped, seemed about to repeat his question, but changed his mind, and remained silent.

'Do not ask too much,' suggested the owner of the knife, 'for it may frighten him out of buying it, if he has any intention of the sort.'

'Don't you be anxious,' replied his friend. 'Either he is bent on possessing the kris—in which case we may demand any price—or he does not care a straw for it, which last, however, I do not believe. At all events, we can find out the state of the case—only let me manage him.' Then turning to the young man, he at the same time drew out the dagger, and shewed it off to great advantage, the bright blade and jewels glittering in the sun. 'Cannot you at least tell us what such a thing could be made for in your part of the world—or perhaps it comes from one of the other islands?'

Slowly the Javanese stretched out his hand for the kris: giving only one glance at the handle, he fixed an approving eye on the chasing of the steel blade, and then gave it back without otherwise shewing he took any particular interest in the weapon.

'Well, what is it worth?' asked the Dutchman impatiently.

'Fifty florins would pay for the materials and workmanship.'

'Fifty florins!' exclaimed the owner in Dutch. 'The deuce take all auctions, for I have thrown thirty-seven florins to the dogs. I say, Goodwin, you were rather mistaken in supposing our friend there wanted to purchase.'

'Well, I'll be sworn at first he mistook the kris for another; but there's no harm done. It is a good and well-finished specimen of the sort of thing, and for which you will always get your price in the old country.' And without taking any further notice of the native, they turned away, and were about to move off, when the Javanese said quietly: 'Is it your wish to sell the kris?'

'Yes,' answered the Yankee, turning half round, 'provided we get a good price for it.'

'And what do you call a good price?'

'Ask a hundred florins,' said Hoffman, who understood a few words of Malay.

All this time the young Javanese had been getting impatient, and, thinking they had not understood his question, he repeated it.

'Say what you will give,' answered the American, once more producing the knife and then repocketing it. 'I have but just bought it, and feel no anxiety to part with it just yet.'

'Was it sold up there?' asked the native, pointing to the auction-room. 'I did not see it there.'

'Ha! ha! he was looking for it, eh? I say, Hoffman, that remark of his will cost him something, I reckon.—Well,' turning to the Javanese, he continued in Malay, 'what will you give?'

'The kris is worth fifty florins; I will give that sum'—

'And I gave eighty-seven,' broke in the Dutch captain.

'Now, Hoffman, don't be impatient, my good fellow.—Friend, you know that is an absurd price. Why, for that you would hardly get the sheath. You must put several similar sums together, if you wish to possess the kris—you must offer more.'

The chief did not seem inclined to do so; and it was only as the white men were turning away, apparently with the intention of going, he asked slowly: 'And what may you have given for it?'

'That's neither here nor there; though it was more than you seem to fancy.'

'I'll give you seventy-five.'

'That's not enough yet,' replied the American. The Javanese again asked to look at the kris, examined it minutely, especially the tracing on the blade, and then bid 100 florins.

The Yankee well knew his business, and drew on his customer without himself naming any price, till he had made him offer first 200, and then 300 florins. Here the Dutchman interfered, and wished the bargain to be concluded, being perfectly satisfied with the profit he should make on his purchase; but his friend informed him he intended the youth to bid as many thousands as he had done hundreds, and even then he did not know whether he should let him have it.

'But that is madness, Goodwin.'

'Your notion, not mine,' answered the American.

'Then,' continued Hoffman, 'he will at last refuse to give anything, and I shall have the thing on my hands.'

'Oh,' replied the other, 'if that is what you fear, I'll give you the three hundred florins; and whatever more I can get out of him will be mine.'

'Willingly. I would rather have nothing more to do with the affair.'

'Done!' exclaimed the Yankee.

'Do you accept the three hundred florins?' asked the Javanese, biting his lip, and casting a gloomy look on the whites. 'I know the family who once owned this kris, and I would wish, if possible, to return it to them.'

'You have not yet proposed to give my price,' replied Goodwin, shaking his head.

'Name your price!' almost shouted the Javanese, and impatiently stamping his foot.

'Well, would you like to expend three thousand florins on this bit of steel?'—and the American turned away, not caring to look the Javanese in the face.

'White man,' replied the latter, through his hard-set teeth, 'you are dreaming. But I will give you one thousand, and you will then have received twenty times its value.'

'Ha! ha!' sneered the Yankee. 'Such a sum would make me neither rich nor poor; but I see you have no love for bargaining, so let's end the matter;' and turning away, he and his companion walked off.

'And you won't let him have the thing at a thousand

florins!' exclaimed Hoffman. 'Why, I think you ought to be satisfied with having made seven hundred florins in five minutes.'

'It's not so bad, I reckon,' replied Goodwin. 'But fortune in this instance has favoured us: that fellow yonder *must* have the kris, and I may secure any sum for it.'

'Must buy it? Who can force him to do so?'

'The custom of his country, which I told you of before. I was once present when a Javanese chief paid two thousand florins for one with a good enough blade, but the handle of no value; and he would have given more rather than not have secured it. This is a similar case, or the youth would never have bid a thousand florins. Had he been on his guard, he might have got it for one hundred—for of what use can one make of it, but hang it against the wall; but now he has let the cat out of the bag, see if I don't squeeze the fellow hard!'

'Take care he does not leave you in the lurch,' replied his friend; 'but, independently of this, I feel for the poor man; if the kris once belonged to his family, and his heart is set on having it again in his possession, why make it so confoundedly hard? I declare, I don't think it is just.'

'O never mind the dog, I hate his very colour, and he gives himself so many airs; he and his fellows never lose an opportunity of cheating us, and, when the game is in our hands, why should we not take advantage of it? Besides this, the Dutch government not only feed and support the lazy drones, but in many cases pay an extravagant salary, which they waste in trinkets and useless finery for their numberless wives—why, it is only one's duty to get some of it from them.'

'Well, only take care you never hear of him again, as you refused his last offer.'

'There he comes already,' laughed the Yankee; 'and I'm convinced he will be on my track till the knife is his;' and as the two men were turning the corner of the bridge they had crossed, they observed him following.

The young chief had remained on the same spot for some minutes after the others had left him, expecting them to return; but finding they did not do so, he followed quickly, keeping them in sight. The American had rightly guessed that the dagger had belonged to his family, and this the native had also discovered on examining the peculiar characters traced on the blade, and get it back into his possession he must—but how? The ambitious and grasping whites had robbed him of all he held most precious; he was now almost a beggar and a wanderer on the very spot where his fathers had ruled as princes. He well knew that, in consequence of his former position, he was watched and looked upon with suspicion by the government; he had had much influence among his own people, and, besides this, had obstinately refused to follow the example of some of his equals, and quietly submit to the rule of strangers. His horse, a beautiful creature, and a handful of jewels, were all he could now call his own; but even the immediate sale of these would hardly realise the sum demanded by the avaricious white; and then, what would remain to him? Brooding thus, he followed the two men, who, without appearing to take any further notice of him, stopped before one of the stores on the quay, their backs still towards him. The American had just handed over the 300 florins for which he had bought the weapon from the captain, and was looking at the knife with a contemptuous air, when the Javanese, who had approached, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said softly:

'I will give you two thousand florins and a better kris than this; let me have it—I have set my heart on possessing it; and, even if it is a whim, I must gratify it.'

'You are a persevering bidder,' laughed the American; 'but my heart is also in the affair, and we must now see which of our wills is the strongest: you cannot have it for two thousand florins.'

The young man bit his nether lip; he now knew the stranger had found out the hard necessity he was under of obtaining the kris, at whatever sacrifice, and intended to take advantage of his position to extort the sum of money; he told him he would beggar him if he persisted in his demand: all in vain. No choice was now left him—the prized relic of his forefathers was in the possession of a stranger, and their spirits would revenge themselves on him should he allow it to remain so.

'Then, so it must be,' and he heaved a long-drawn sigh. 'Be here at this spot an hour before sunset, and I will bring you the money.' And without another word he drew his sarong close round him, and strode away.

The American gave a glance of triumph at the captain, but the latter did not share his feelings, and said earnestly: 'Goodwin, you have gone too far; the poor fellow will find it difficult enough to get the money; and, had I known what has now come out, I would not have allowed the transaction.'

'I quite believe you!' returned the other. 'But he won't get it even for that.'

'Not get it for three thousand florins!'

'No; and he will give me more, the haughty fellow, now I have him in my power. I'll squeeze his last florin out of him; such an opportunity won't offer again in a hurry. I should be an idiot not to take advantage of it.'

'I tell you what, Goodwin,' answered his friend seriously; 'I like to make money as well as you, and I need it as much as most people; but in this manner'—

'Bah!' interrupted the American, turning away; 'you have taken more than two hundred per cent. for your money, and I intend making my thousands: the only difference between us lies in the amount. It is absurd to pretend to allow qualms of conscience to interfere. But let us drop the subject. When do you go on board, for you know I still have some goods to send to the ship?'

'At sunset. My papers are all in order, the wind is favourable, and there is nothing to prevent my setting sail to-morrow morning.'

'By the way,' continued the American, 'you promised to sell me another set of the chessmen you brought from China.'

'They are at your service; but I have none on shore.'

'I will accompany you on board this evening, and fetch it; and now I must be off, for I have some business on hand.'

They then separated; and we will now follow the young Javanese chief, who hastened, after leaving the white men, to his temporary abode in the city, collected his few jewels, and, leading his much-loved steed from his stable, proceeded to dispose of both. This he found no easy matter to accomplish in a short time; and at length had to part with them below their value, with difficulty obtaining the sum named by the American. In breathless haste, and the drops of perspiration falling from his brow, he returned to the spot where he had appointed the meeting. Goodwin was there before him, walking up and down by the river-side.

'Have you the kris?' asked the Javanese eagerly, taking the roll of bank-notes from his belt.

'Ah, my brown friend, there you are at last. A minute or two later, you would not have found me.'

'Have you the kris?' again asked the chief, without attending to the observation of the other.

'The kris—of course, it is here.'

'And here is your money; give it me;' and he extended his hand for it, offering the notes with the other.

'Hold!—not quite so fast,' answered the Yankee calmly. 'How much have you there?'

'What you demanded—three thousand florins,' replied the Javanese, knitting his brows: 'it has been hard enough to obtain it.'

'Possibly,' returned his tormentor; 'but I don't mean to part with the knife for three thousand florins.'

'Did you not sell it me for that sum?' cried the young chief, his eyes flashing, and, with his right hand, trying to grasp the weapon.

'Softly,' replied the other, thwarting his intention, and giving a contemptuous laugh. 'I only asked you if you had any wish to give three thousand florins, but I did not tell you you should have it for that sum: but give four thousand, and it is yours.'

'Four thousand!' shouted the enraged Javanese, grinding his teeth. 'The clothes I wear are all I possess: I have not a thousand cents to add to what I have offered.'

'I am sorry for that: then I fear I shall have to keep the kris,' said the American, shrugging his shoulders.

'The kris is mine!' hissed the native from between his clenched teeth: 'you dare not keep it from me! Here is your money—it is my all, but I do not grudge it you, and will even thank you for the relic of my ancestors.'

'Hum; I thought you only wanted it for a friend,' sneered the Yankee. 'Had I before known what has just escaped you, you should not have had it for four thousand; but I have passed my word, and you shall have it for that sum, but not one farthing less.'

'Give me the kris, and take your money,' urged the excited youth. 'By Allah, I can give you no more!—don't drive me to extremity.'

'Where you got the three thousand, you will, no doubt, be able to procure the fourth. That's all I have to say; and now leave me, for I am going on board one of the vessels in the harbour. If you can get the money, you may bring it to-morrow morning to the Amsterdam Hotel.'

'And you positively refuse to give it me for these three thousand florins?' said the Javanese, in a choked, husky voice.

The American thought the game was now secure, and, taking no further notice of his victim, walked away. At a short distance, a carriage was waiting: the coachman, in a showy livery, as soon as he saw his master approaching, drove to meet him. Goodwin slowly got in, and turned to take another look at the Javanese; but the latter had already disappeared, and he drove off, reflecting with inward satisfaction on the profitable bargain he was making.

On arriving at the canal which led to the harbour, and which was covered with boats, he could nowhere discover the one belonging to his friend, and for some time he strode impatiently up and down the bank. Soon a small skiff was seen descending the stream, rowed by four natives, while a fifth lay at the bottom, wrapped in an old sarong. It stopped at the custom-house to have its freight examined, but was not detained long, as it contained only some bananas, cocoa-nuts, two baskets of rice, and other articles of food. As it was about to move off, the official who had examined it asked in an indignant tone, pointing to the native at the bottom of the boat, why he did not shew more respect when passing the custom-house, and sit up. 'He is ill,' replied his companions, and immediately rowed quickly away.

The American had seen what passed, but took little notice of it; and at length the expected boat arriving with the captain, he got on board. As it only contained some necessary provisions for the ship they

were going to, they were soon clear of the custom-house. On their way towards the harbour, they passed the boat with the five Javanese; the sick one retaining the same position, and the others seeming to take it very coolly, letting their boat drift down with the current.

The sun was now setting. Goodwin remained on board the Dutch vessel for some hours, waiting the turn of the tide and the rising of the moon. The captain, in the course of conversation, asked the result of the interview with the young chief, but he received an evasive answer; and soon after the American took leave of him, and quitted the ship, accompanied by two Malays, to return to Batavia. The wind being contrary, they had to take to their oars, Goodwin steering. The moon shone brightly, and danced on the rippling water; the boats, which were engaged all day in conveying stores to the different vessels, were now assembled in the canal, except a few of equivocal appearance, probably smugglers. One of these was now approaching the American's, but so softly and swiftly that he did not observe it until a collision had nearly taken place, and which he only prevented by a dexterous turn of the rudder. 'Hallo!' he shouted; 'what are you about there, you blockheads; keep clear, will you?' But the boat did not alter its course, and followed close on the other, until it made a sudden dart alongside; a dark form sprang on board, and made towards Goodwin, while two others held the boats locked together.

'We are met once more,' said a deep voice, whose tone made Goodwin shudder. He had just time to draw the kris from his pocket, but not unsheath it, when the Javanese chief—for it was he—threw himself upon him, and clutched the knife.

'Murder! murder! help!' shouted the now helpless Yankee.

'I have come for the kris, and have it I will,' said the Javanese, in a calm determined voice. 'Give it me, or you are a dead man.'

The American, infuriated, exclaimed: 'You scoundrel, I'll part with my life first. Wait, you brown beast, see if I don't make you pay for this insolence!' and he called on his Malays to help him to bind the 'villain;' but these seemed paralysed with terror, and moved neither hand nor foot.

At this moment, the practised ear of the chief distinguished the distant sound of oars approaching; and at the same instant Goodwin again shouted for help. The Javanese in a deep hoarse whisper said: 'Then take your fate;' and the next moment a long, sharp cry of agony pierced through the silence of the night. The Javanese sprang into his own boat, followed by his companions, the oars were seized, and it quickly disappeared.

'Hallo!' shouted a loud voice, from a boat coming in an opposite direction. 'What boat is that?' But perceiving the fugitive was making ahead of them, and receiving no intelligible answer from the Malays, they followed in pursuit. Soon after another boat appearing, the officer of the guard-boat, which had been sent out on the cries for help reaching the ship, requested it might return and look after the American.

As soon as the Javanese saw that he was followed, the oars were abandoned and sails were hoisted: this occasioned the delay of a minute or two, and allowed the pursuer to approach nearer, when a voice from the latter shouted: 'Down with your sails, or I fire.'

'Fire away!' was the prompt answer; at the same moment the young chief seized the helm, every inch of canvas filled with the breeze, and away flew the light skiff, dashing the spray from its bows. Three or four shots were fired, but failed in reaching it. For two hours the pursuit continued; at the end of that time, as the boats were approaching the Thousand Islands, and knowing he would have no chance if

once within their intricate channels, the officer of the guard-boat gave up the chase and returned.

The boat which had returned to the assistance of the American arrived too late—the Malays were bending over the corpse of their master.

MATERIAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN BRUSSELS.

TRAVELLERS who recollect what Brussels was a few years ago, would scarcely recognise now the southern part of the town. The fields, gardens, and villas have given way to the Quartier Leopold, composed of splendid mansions, some of them not very felicitous reproductions of the architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The houses of this new quarter are in internal construction on the French plan, with *porte cochère* and stable in the court behind. The rent of one of those handsome mansions is about L.200 sterling; that is to say, a third or two-fifths less than corresponding accommodation in London. The ordinary three-window self-contained house is from L.50 to L.100.

Living is, upon the whole, less costly than in England. Butchers' meat, for instance, until lately, used to be one-third below the English price. British prices have not fallen to the old low continental standard, but continental prices have risen, because they are regulated by the average of the universal demand. The cheap district of Belgium is the Ardennes, where there are no railways to carry the superfluous provisions away; but when the Luxemburg Railway is carried into the Ardennes, a tendency to equalisation must take place. In most countries, the capital is the dearest locality; but in Belgium, provisions in Antwerp are dearer than in Brussels, because the former port is, as regards transport, subject to the more powerful attraction of London.

The difference which exists between the British and the Brussels price of provisions is now just the amount of carriage and profit on passing through an additional mercantile hand. The advantage to the British resident is in luxuries and conveniences. Coach-hire, milliners' bills, and other heavy items of London family-life, are more reasonable, from the place being smaller. The husband of moderate means can from time to time treat his family to a sumptuous restaurant dinner in town or country, without going to the extravagant price of Richmond Hill or Greenwich. The Opera-house is the property of the town; and the manager being not only rent-free, but receiving in addition an allowance of L.5000 per annum, admissions to the best places may be had for three or four shillings. The dramatic theatres open their doors at a considerably lower tariff.

The dramatic theatres of the Vaudeville and St Hubert are certainly a delightful resource, where one has the best Paris pieces done by a constant succession of Paris actors on starring trips. The wit, ingenuity, and naturalness of the good pieces of Molière, Scribe, and Bayard, with the measure and finesse of the performance, present a complete contrast to the flat, borrowed stuff of our modern British playwrights, with buffoonery instead of ease and refined humour in the stage-performance.* *L'Avare* and *George Dandin* were revived last winter in Brussels, with the costume, architecture, and decorations of the period of Molière, and completely carried the audience along with the actors, in spite of the difference of manners. For myself, I went to the theatre, intending to make an effort to sit out a classical piece written two hundred

* This characteristic is, of course, inapplicable to such writers as Taylor and Bourcicault, and such an actor as Charles Mathews.

years ago; but at the end of the first scene, I had completely forgotten the age of Louis XIV., and felt immersed in the fun and development of the piece. Molière, like Shakspeare, was an actor himself; hence to this day his pieces are most effective acting-plays.

Scribe has not the deep philosophy and overflowing wisdom that will float Molière so gaily and pleasantly to the end of the stream of time; but he appears to me to surpass in dramatic power every English and French comic writer of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He is a man of infinite merriment, sound sense, and sterling pathos. None of his pieces coruscate with wit, like the *Double-dealer* or the *School for Scandal*; but the author having taken a broad, bold look at human life, each personage speaks the language of his class, and is not a Congreve-rocket of puns—pardon me this bad one. Madame de Staël said she knew nothing so unlike English life and conversation as some of the most celebrated English comedies. Scribe's *vaudevilles* are pregnant with the gaiety of France and the electricity of nature; but to enjoy them thoroughly, there requires a perfect knowledge of even the demitints of the French language; hence their far higher reputation on the continent than on this side of the Channel.

Our fellow-countrymen run very much after the pieces of Dumas, father and son, which are more striking, and cast in bolder relief. Great fertility of invention and brilliant dialogue cannot be denied to these men; but the mirror is not held up to normal, homely, everyday nature; and instead of the simple pathos of Scribe, we find ourselves in the spurious sensibility of the pigtail German literature of our grandfathers, or amid the clap-traps of the Monk Lewis and Radcliffe school of incident. These pieces are the first of their order; but that order is decidedly the Surrey-side one of dramatic architecture.

In music, the taste of the people of Brussels is for the pieces of that splendid epoch comprising the few years before and after 1830, such as *William Tell*, *Robert the Devil*, *Norma*, and *Massaniello*. The taste for the grand old repertory of Gluck seems to have gone by; many of the best Italian operas are never given. On the other hand, many French operas of that charming school of expression of which Boieldieu and Nicolo are the representatives, and which one never hears in London, are often heard. With the mass of the public, the popular man is Meyerbeer, who has continued and surpassed the school of Mehul and Spontini in its powerful action on the nervous system through wind-instruments; but to the ingenious mosaic of Meyerbeer, the cultivated amateur will always prefer the deeper master-craft of Rossini, which lies not in score or counterpoint, but in that consistent unity of mould which is the highest and most difficult attainment of art.

To an old amateur like ourselves, the most savoury treat was a series of historical concerts got up by M. Fetis, the director of the musical conservatory, who adds vast literary erudition to musical science. Selections were given from all the most remarkable composers of the last centuries, with the instruments of each period. A volume might be written on this most interesting performance; we content ourselves with a couple of dainties of the bill of fare. One piece was a mass by Stradella, whereby hangs a tale. This composer had in 1668 got into some scrape, amorous or political, and two assassins had planned his death on his exit from a church in Naples, after the conclusion of the piece he was directing; but so entranced were they with the beauty of the strains, that they renounced the project, and implored his pardon. It may well be believed that curiosity was highly excited after such an anecdote; but the exquisite tenderness of the piece stood the test of the most extravagant expectation.

Everybody has heard of the music of Lully and of the operas and court-balls of Louis Quatorze; but nobody seems ever to have heard what sort of strains set in motion the Achilles tendons of a Lauzon or a Montespan, in those days when a Racine and a Boileau paced the antechambers of royalty. On hearing them, I at once recognised their pure Arab character, derived, there can be no doubt, by Lully through the Spanish court of Naples, and therefore traceable from the Alhambra of the ill-starred Boabdil to the Versailles of the most splendid of the Bourbons. The Arab dance-music in the days of our English cavaliers is extinct; but the tradition of the dance itself, with its name 'Morris' or 'Moorish,' still lingers at the fairs of the rural districts of England.

In a general article of this description, it is out of our power to enter largely into the subject of the imitative arts in the land of Van Eyck, however interesting it may be. The sense of external beauty is, in the Saxon nations, far lower than what we find in the south of Europe. Vandyck was elegant and truthful in the treatment of single figures; but in professed historical composition, the eye for manners is not enough. Rubens caught the splendour of Paul Veronese, and even Michael Angelo himself has not surpassed him in that higher bravura which consists in vitality of movement; but his coarse exaggeration and slip-slop haste mar our admiration, and cause us perpetually to regret that such surpassing powers should have been scattered over so great a multiplicity of undertakings.

The natural bent of the Flemish genius is, like that of the Dutch, to the literal translation of nature, not to the ideal; and in this, the moderns shew great technical power. In mechanical execution, the cattle-pieces of Verboekhoven equal those of Landseer. The popular scenes of Dekeyser have much of the truth and humour of Teniers and Wilkie. At the head of the marine-painters is Claes, whose master-piece is a scene in Shetland, with its high toppling rocks, raging surf, and labouring ship; and the bleak, drenched aspect, fitful airs, and unearthly sea-fowl of that inhospitable coast. The most eminent of the historical painters is Baron Wappers, late director of the Academy of Antwerp, whose compositions are distinguished by great elegance of form and firmness of handling. The picture that gained the prize at the last annual exhibition was the Judas of M. Thomas, distinguished by great dramatic power. He supposes the spirit-troubled traitor to be wandering in the night preceding the crucifixion, and unconsciously to have alighted on the spot where the carpenters by torch-light were preparing the cross. Judas starts back, conscience-struck, and changes the direction of his walk. In striking and instantaneous effect on the spectator, few pictures of the nineteenth century can be compared with the Judas of M. Thomas.

The press in Belgium is free even beyond English freedom; for although it is a Roman Catholic country, the most blasphemous publications pass without questions asked by the attorney-general, and this on the ground of Christianity having in itself a supreme vital force which stands in no need of the aid of the civil magistrate. The *Indépendance Belge* has the largest circulation, chiefly in France and Russia. I have been told that a separate edition is made up for Russia, different from that circulated in France. The paper is a curious mixture; one correspondence with a strong Russian colour, another with a strong French colour, a tolerably impartial summary as a leading article, and an abundant expenditure for early telegraphic intelligence. Next the *Indépendance* in circulation comes the *Emancipation Belge*, the organ of the moderate Roman Catholics and liberal conservatives, which during the war has been decidedly favourable to

England and France, and decidedly hostile to Russia. The *Journal de Bruxelles* is the extreme or ultramontane Catholic organ.

At the opposite political pole are the Red Republican organs, conducted with pungent wit, rabid ferocity, and reckless audacity—the *Figaro*, the *Mephistophiles*, and the *Sancho*; but in politics and theology smacking more of Paine than of Panza. This is called '*la petite presse*;' the inspirations of which are not Belgian, but French republican, and which the governments of both France and Belgium would muzzle if they could. In these most scurrilous publications, aristocratic England is abused as roundly as France and Austria, and on the war-question their sympathies are with Russia, because she is opposed to the French Empire.

I once made a droll mistake in meeting one of the collaborateurs of these papers. Happening to sit next a gentleman with crimson stockings in a railway-carriage, I asked him if he was an ecclesiastic; but he answered that he professed no religion, and that his stockings were to shew his politics. Fortunately, these gentry have no power in this highly favoured land.

NEEDLES.

IN these wonderful days of mechanical industry and ingenuity, the accessories, useful and ornamental, of everyday-life are so abundantly produced, and become, therefore, so easy of attainment, that we learn to regard their existence as a matter of course, and to concern ourselves very little about the process and agency through which they attain the form familiar to our eyes; and yet there is no art or manufacture, however lowly and commonplace, which does not present a claim on our attention by its human no less than by its technical interest. With each one is associated a different phase of life, a distinct class of workers, having their own peculiar habits and characteristics—a knowledge of which could scarcely fail to stimulate our social sympathies; and this knowledge cannot be more easily obtained than by inquiry into the details of the occupation, which stamps an especial impress on its followers. There are, for example, very few implements more closely connected with the common experiences of at least half the world than the needle; but there are certainly very many persons owing it heavy obligations—it may be for the means of living—it may be only for the means of amusement—it may be for passing relief in times of heavy care and sorrow (Dr Johnson remarks that many a man has committed suicide for want of knowing how to darn a stocking)—or it may be only for solace in the little rubs and irritations of common life—who would nevertheless be quite unable to picture to themselves the manifold transitions through which this little wonder-worker arrives at perfection.

Considering the great antiquity of needle-work as an employment, and the importance it had attained as early as the Saxon era of English history, it is strange that the establishment of needle-making, as a staple manufacture of our country, cannot be referred back to a more remote period than is actually the case. In primitive times, when the thorn was adapted to answer, however rudely, the purposes of a needle, every individual could of course supply his own wants; but as years and civilisation advanced, and the article fashioned of wood or bone assumed an improved form, we might naturally conclude, that particular persons would have devoted themselves to the task of catering for a demand which must always have been extensive. No distinct trace, however, of such a branch of industry is to be discovered in England before the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., although steel needles made on the continent had been sparingly introduced and employed. They

are said to have been originally invented by the Spaniards, who were no doubt much indebted to the discovery for the high reputation of their embroidery, and of the lace famous throughout the world as Spanish Point. It is asserted in Stow's Chronicles, and on this authority accepted as a fact, that steel needles were first made here in 1545, by a Spanish Moor, who refused to communicate his secret. Another author, taking up the thread of the narrative where Stow had dropped it, reports the art to have fallen into abeyance after the death of the mysterious Moor, until the advent, in 1566, of one Elias Krause, a German, and subsequently of skilled artisans from France, established the manufacture on a firmer footing. Finally, on the 10th of November 1656, the needle-makers of London having multiplied abundantly, were incorporated and endowed with a magnificent coat of arms emblematical of their calling, to which has since been added the crest of a negro's head, in memory of their founder. This ceremonial had taken place in Paris fifty-seven years earlier, and the fact enables us to form an idea of the relative ages of the art in the two countries. It must not be supposed that this public acknowledgment of its existence found the craft in a very flourishing condition; the price of the article was certainly high, but the time and labour then absorbed in its production prevented the trade from becoming correspondingly lucrative. It may not be undesirable at this point to examine the process of needle-making, as carried on in bygone times, though incurring thereby a risk of some slight repetition; but a glance at the workman toiling in his own home, without the assistance of mill-power, will enable us to appreciate more perfectly the advantages of modern science and the principle of division of labour.

Having provided himself with wire of the size required—which, previously to the year 1563, he was obliged to import from Spain or Germany, but after that time manufactured himself—the artisan proceeded to cut it into needle-lengths, flattening one end of these on an anvil to form the head and eye. When softened over the fire, each piece was partially pierced at the flat end by means of a square punch, hammered half through; a repetition of this process with another punch on a leaden block, completed the perforation of the eye. The roughness produced on the surface was remedied by cutting a groove in the flat part of the needle on either side, after which the head was rounded with a hand-file, and the point formed in the same way. At this stage the wares were spread out in an iron pan, suffered to remain over a charcoal fire until red-hot, thrown into cold water to harden; again submitted to the influence of fire, till they were perfectly tempered, and then straightened one by one with a few taps of the hammer. The next operation was scouring; and with this object they were arranged in heaps and rolled up in buckram, sprinkled over with emery-dust and oil of olives. These rolls, tightly bound at each end, were placed beneath the feet of the needle-maker, who worked them to and fro whilst his hands were busied with other departments of his business; and the scouring completed, the needles were taken out, washed with soap and water, dried in bran, sorted, counted, and arranged for sale. After this enumeration of merely the more important processes to which each needle was formerly subjected by one pair of hands, the reader will easily imagine that any price which would have seemed reasonable to the purchaser, must have failed to be highly remunerative to the maker.

Although the convenience of finding an immediate market for the fruits of their industry attracted the first English needle-makers to the metropolis, it continued for a short time only to be the head-quarters of the manufacture. About the time of Cromwell, it was commenced at the village of Long Crendon, in

Buckinghamshire, a family named Greening, proficient in the art, having, it is said, been transplanted thither through the influence of the Damers, a distinguished Catholic house, who interested themselves in the prosperity of the neighbourhood. It never, however, rose to a high point, the goods produced there being of a coarser description; as, for instance, sail and packing needles, together with those used for knitting, netting, and surgical purposes. At the present day, Long Crendon affords employment only to two steam-mills and forty workmen, who are paid at a low rate of wages; it is, therefore, obviously to another locality we must follow the prosperous fortunes of our art.

On the western borders of Warwickshire lies a tract of country marked by many picturesque and beautiful features, and including within its limits various townships and villages, the most notable of which are Redditch, Studley, and Alcester. Here it was that needle-making took root most kindly, and here it has continued to grow and prosper, concentrating itself now on one point, now on another, but never wandering to any great extent beyond the bounds of the district. We have scarcely so much as a local tradition to guide us to the date and circumstances of its introduction into these regions; but the names of the oldest families of needle-makers, the Blundells, Hewitts, Rawlings, Alcocks, and Chatterlys, who may be said to constitute the aristocracy of the body, give token of their Norman descent, which is further testified by their adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith. It is commonly supposed that their ancestors were induced to settle here by the efforts of the well-known Warwickshire family of the Throckmortons, so far back as the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The trade appears to have taken rise at Studley, a considerable village, situated on a swift and beautiful stream called the Arrow, affording a plentiful supply of the useful emery-stone. About the year 1700, a mill worked by horses was established here for pointing and scouring needles with greater expedition; and this system prevailed until an inhabitant of Alcester fitted up some old flour-mills on the Arrow for the same purpose, and since then, water-power has continued to be the favourite agent.

Some years later, we find the private needle-makers enlarging their operations, and aspiring to the dignity of manufacturers. In 1750, a person named Mackenzie set up an establishment in the purlieus of London, and, having designed some improvements in the finishing of the wares, gained for his Whitechapel needles a renown which might even now find an echo in the memory of many an ancient dame. Despite his reputation, however, Mackenzie became embarrassed, and was on the point of quitting England to join a needle-making colony settled at Limerick, when he was overtaken by a creditor from Studley named Rawlings, who compelled him to surrender, in payment of the debt, those precious tools with which he had been accustomed to work his improvements. Among these, was an implement christened by the designer his money-spinner, used in giving a peculiar burnish to the head of the needle, which was thence termed 'silver-eyed.' Having possessed himself of the means, and learned at the same time how to apply them, Charles Rawlings was able to surpass all rivals in the appearance of his goods; and being anxious to make the most of this favourable turn of fate, he undertook to silver the eyes for other manufacturers, at the rate of a shilling per thousand, which paid him half a guinea an hour for his labour. But the secret he had gained by the exercise of his power over Mackenzie, was in turn wrung from himself by treachery. The story runs, that a man named Waterhouse having brought a large packet of needles to be silvered one dark night, took the opportunity of mounting by a ladder to the window of the room where Rawlings was engaged at work, and having acquainted

himself by close observation with the whole process, lost no time in diffusing his knowledge. After the reverses of Mackenzie, the manufactory at Whitechapel gradually sunk into obscurity; and at the close of the eighteenth century, Alcester was the point on which fortune seemed to shower her gifts with the most liberal hand. But a rival both to Studley and Alcester was destined shortly to rise up at their very doors; and Redditch, which was only a third-rate needle-making village some forty years ago, gained in importance from that time, and is now regarded as the capital of the district, and *par excellence* the seat of the trade at the present day.

We have now traced the art of needle-making through many capricious wanderings to its home; but should glance back for a moment at the more prominent events in its mechanical history. The year 1800 witnessed the first attempt to use stamps and presses for the purpose of eyeing needles with greater expedition; and eleven years later, Messrs Morrall, Archer, & Morrall, an enterprising firm, to whom the most valuable improvements are attributable, adapted the system to common use, and succeeded in drilling two eyes at each pull of the press; but so strong was prejudice, that it was found necessary to remove the regularity of appearance presented by needles so made, and to give them the look of hand-made wares. The universal adoption of machinery about 1824 proved, of course, very detrimental to the interests of the hand-workers; and their sense of the injury became so strong, that they destroyed all the machines at Redditch, and were advancing to Studley with similar intentions, when stopped by legal and military force. Seeing that it was hopeless to fight against the new system, the majority wisely enlisted in its ranks; and the master-stampers having been prevailed on by their employers to teach, and, if possible, provide the men with work, they became ultimately well satisfied with the change; and so ended, in this instance, the well-won contest between the spirits of past and present. One faithful votary of former customs still remains, in the person of an old man, who had made an agreement in his youth to supply a certain London house with needles as long as he should be able to work, and to be kept by them in constant employment at a stated price. Both parties are faithful to their engagement; and the residence of William Bradbury, the last artificer of hand-made needles, is generally pointed out as worthy of a stranger's attention.

The principle of the needle-making process, in our own time, does not differ greatly from what it was two centuries ago; but the economy of time and labour which has been achieved by improvement in its details, would seem to render the comparison worth making; we therefore conclude our sketch with a glance at a Redditch factory. The wire of which the needles are made is now supplied to the workman in thick coils, two of which he takes together, and being provided with a gauge and a large pair of shears, partially fixed to the walls of the cutting-room, soon accomplishes his task—that of severing the wire into lengths, each suitable for *two* needles. The coil having been circular, the short pieces being proportionably curved, they are removed to another department, that they may undergo the operation of straightening. With this view, some 10,000 or 15,000 are placed within two iron rings, which enclose them firmly at either end. The whole having been made red-hot in an oven, the wires are rubbed to and fro by a small bar of iron, itself partially curved, which causes them to rotate and press upon each other; so that, in a few moments, the wires will be straightened, and fit, when cold, for the hand of the pointer. The grindstones used in the third part of the process are about ten or twelve inches in diameter, and revolve at an immense velocity by means of water-wheels. The

pointer takes sixty or a hundred needles, according to their size, places them evenly on the palm of the right hand, covers them with the left, and then applies the ends, which are suffered to project a little, to the grindstone, which gives the delicately tapered form. The other extremity of the wires, which, it should be remembered, are designed to form two needles, having been likewise submitted to the stone, the grinder is ready for a fresh instalment; and, if a skilful workman, is able to finish off 10,000 in an hour.

This branch of the business, though presenting no great difficulty, was once very highly remunerated, owing to its injurious effect upon the health of the workmen, who inhaled at each breath a large quantity of needle-dust, and, in consequence, seldom survived the age of thirty-five. They belonged to the most degraded part of the local population—only those without character, or such as were willing to sacrifice everything for a short term of riotous enjoyment, feeling the inducement of high wages powerful enough to overcome the principle of self-preservation. Much anxiety was felt to benefit the condition of this class: the Society of Arts offered prizes for any invention tending towards this point, and a mouth-guard was designed, which, though efficacious, the pointers refused to use, from the fear that it would lower their wages. In 1846, whilst earning from two to six pounds a week, they struck for increased payment; and as the masters were resolute in holding their ground, the strike continued for twelve months, by the end of which time, many of the manufacturers' stocks were sold off, the general body of needle-makers out of employment, and the turn-outs themselves in the greatest distress. When an arrangement had been effected, Dr Holland's fan for blowing away the particles of dust from the workshops, which had been used with complete success by the grinders of Sheffield, was introduced into the principal needle-manufactories, and soon overcame the ignorant prejudices of those whom it was designed to benefit. This machine has now been in constant use for some years, and a marked change is already evident in the moral and physical condition of the pointers.

In resuming the history of the needle, at the stage last treated of, we must follow it through the process of washing and drying over a fire, succeeded by that of stamping, when the wire is placed between two dies, which flatten it in the centre, and impress the form of the two heads, making indentations to shew the proper place for the eyes, and also to mark the point of separation. Thus prepared, it is taken to a hand-press, where Mr Morrall's invention comes into use, and the eyes of the twin needles are pierced simultaneously. The next operation is performed exclusively by children: it consists in fifty double needles, placed between two wires, being fastened by steel springs to a strip of wood, and in this position having a file passed over them to remove the projections caused by stamping. The double needles, still united, are now spitted, or, in common phraseology, threaded on wire, and then divided in the proper place by gentle manipulation between the thumb and fingers; the heads are next filed into a round form, and the roughness removed from the inside of the eye. The needles having now advanced to a stage which really entitles them to the name, are hardened and tempered, by being first made red-hot in a furnace, then plunged into a copper of oil or water, heated again over a slow fire, and suffered to cool gradually. They are then gathered together, mixed with oil, soft soap, and emery-powder, bound up in loose canvas, and placed in a kind of mangle worked by mill-power. During the progress of the scouring or dressing, which lasts about a week, they are frequently taken out, washed, and wrapped up afresh. When cleansed for the last time, the needles are thrown into saw-dust to dry; winnowed, and

afterwards sorted, when the eyes are softened with a red-hot iron bar, and drilled or burnished to prevent them from cutting the thread. The points are now set, and the needles polished on a wheel covered with prepared leather, which is called a 'buff.' Finally, the manufactured goods are counted, and made up into packets; the finer qualities having passed through no less than seventy processes, by means of which L.1 worth of steel is transformed into L.70 worth of needles.

One hundred millions is the number now made weekly in the Redditch district; two and a half millions having been in 1790 the extent of production, which had only doubled itself before the general use of machinery. About 100 manufacturers and 10,000 workmen are engaged in the trade of needle-making, which is less liable than many others to the accidental fluctuations of fortune.

MEGASPILI.

MEGASPILI is a Greek convent in Achaia, close to the confines of Arcadia. Passing through the Arcadian town of Kalawryta, which lies in a fine plain, we arrived at the base of the snow-covered hill of Kyllene. We rode along the banks of the rushing Buraikos, in a hollow between two high bare hills. Suddenly the path makes a steep ascent out of the valley, then turns round a corner, and we have before us a cluster of buildings lying close to high and rugged walls of rock, seeming partly as if built into the hollows like swallows' nests. The edges of the rocks hang threateningly over the roofs. This is Megaspili, the largest and richest convent in Greece, containing nearly 200 monks.

The name Megaspili means, in Greek, a great cavern. This cavern, in which the church and part of the convent is now built, is evidently the site of the original temple mentioned by the old Greek traveller Pausanias, who visited Greece in the second century, and describes this cavern as the spot where, according to old tradition, the most ancient Greek seer, Melampus, cured the daughters of Prætus of their madness, by mystical sacrifices and expiations. We have here a proof of what is to be found all over Greece—that Christian worshippers love best to settle themselves in places solemnly consecrated to religious rites in old heathen times. The present convent was built in 1510; the original foundation, however, goes back to the time of Simon and Theodorus, who found here an image of the Virgin, said to be the work of the apostle Luke!

It was on the afternoon of the 1st of May that we rode through the lonely, deeply enclosed valley, finely illumined by the sun's rays, and approached the convent. Never shall I forget the scene which now burst on us. The mild warmth of the sun had allured the monks out of their gloomy cells, and they were sitting in the shady entrance of the convent court. They were chiefly venerable old men, with long flowing white beards, their gray hairs covered with a black cap. They wore a long under-garment of blue, reaching to the feet, confined round the loins by a blue or red shawl; over this was an upper garment, shorter, but also of blue, cut in the same form, and trimmed round the edges with black fur.

These Greek convents exercise hospitality after the manner of the hospices on the Swiss Alps; and on departure, the traveller deposits some small alms in the convent coffers. Having good introductions from Athens, we were made doubly welcome. We had scarcely time to change our dress and take our seats at table, when we were subjected to an endless round of questions as to who we were, whence we came, and what religion we belonged to; for these were the subjects which chiefly awakened the curiosity of the

solitary monks. On their side, the questions were most animated; but our answers were somewhat tedious, for our knowledge of the language was imperfect, and we had frequently to make use of our guide as an interpreter. The greatest enjoyment I had was in studying the remarkable physiognomies of those patriarchal figures; and I could not help thinking of Lessing, the Dusseldorf artist, who might have found here models for his pictures of the history of Huss. I happened to pull my eye-glass out of my pocket, an article that none of these monks had ever seen before. My travelling-companions wore spectacles, which did not in the least interest the monks, many of whom themselves wore them; but my glass was a marvel to them, and they wished to inspect it more closely. The prior took his spectacles from his eyes, and tried the glass; the rest of the monks followed his example, and it circulated from hand to hand, or rather from eye to eye, some of them having scarcely patience to wait till it came to their turn. And even after the charm of novelty had worn off, a few of them still kept coming to me, and requesting to be allowed another trial of this wonderful instrument.

As evening approached, we quitted the shady courts of the convent, and enjoyed the cool free air under the shadow of some plane-trees, from which we had a charming view of dark cypresses and rugged rocky cliffs, the light-brown colour of which contrasted finely with the white convent-walls. The monks went on questioning us, and it was natural that, after having heard we were Protestants, the conversation should turn on religion. One of them especially, made it evident that he was bent on making converts. He went on with great zeal, inveighing against Catholicism and the pope, and said, that we Protestants, who also hated the pope, must therefore agree with the Greek Church, and ought to join it, for the Greek was the orthodox church. I began in sport to play the zealous Lutheran, and replied that the case was exactly the contrary: that we Protestants were of the true evangelical faith, for we believed nothing that was not in the Bible, and had been taught by Christ and his apostles. But this only irritated him, and the proselytising monk gave me pretty plainly to understand, that we Protestants were nothing better than heretics, and were beyond the pale of salvation. When I continued to press him, and inquired into the fundamental dogmas of his church, he became miserably embarrassed, and had nothing to say but that the Greek Church was neither Protestant nor Catholic, but held the true faith as established by the general council. This answer did not surprise me, for I knew that these monks could scarcely either read or write, very different from the high cultivation to be met with in Italy, at least in all the larger convents.

In the evening, we took a walk with some of the monks in the vicinity of the convent. The church-yard, with its little chapel, lies in the still and peaceful bosom of the green valley. From this spot, one of the monks pointed with evident pride to the highest point of the surrounding rocks, crowned by a small fort, on which a cannon presented its threatening mouth. The monks of Megaspili conducted themselves with great bravery in the Greek Liberation War. Ibrahim Pacha made several attempts, in 1825 and 1826, to seize on their convent; but he was always successfully resisted. The Turks have, however, exercised no religious oppression in Greece. On Mount Athos there are still at the present day twenty Greek convents under Turkish rule, all on a magnificent scale; and the toleration of these convents by the Turks is the more astonishing, it being well known to them that they form the central point for Russian party intrigues.

After this walk, we inspected the church and the other buildings. The church is very simple: in the interior, unsightly. It contains no pictures, for the

miserable daubs which cover the walls are not worthy of the name. The only remarkable object is one already mentioned—an old and much discoloured wax-figure of the Virgin and Child, an ancient Byzantine work, but revered here as that of St Luke, and the discovery of which, according to tradition, gave origin and importance to the convent. There are only three works of the kind said to be by St Luke, all belonging to the Greek Church—this one in Megaspili; another in the convent of Keety, in the Isle of Cyprus; and a third at Mount Malas, in Trebizond. The monks kissed the figure with pious rapture, and even our dragoman, who in other religious matters is a sly rationalist, could scarcely be satisfied with kissing and worshipping this figure, to which the whole of Greek Christendom makes continual pilgrimage.

From the church we were taken into the wine-cellar, the sight of which convinced us that the pious monks know well how to season the intervals between fasting and praying. Tun was piled on tun, and immense tuns too. Not that the largest of them was quite so large as the celebrated Heidelberg tun, but neither was it, like it, a mere spectacle for exhibition, but an article in daily use. We tasted the wine, and found it sour; but I doubt whether the rogues gave us their best. On our return from this subterranean apartment, we passed the door of a room which they said was the library. On my expressing a desire to see it, they hesitated, and presently one of them said that the key was lost. I smiled, and thought how very significant it was that the key of the library should be lost, and not that of the wine-cellar. It afterwards appeared that I had done the good monks injustice, for it was told me in Athens they are always very mysterious about their library, which is said to contain many rare works; amongst others, a German translation of the Bible by Luther, which the great reformer sent to the monks of Megaspili, with a dedication by his own hand, for he long cherished the hope of enlisting the Greek Church on his side in his struggle against the papacy.

I shall never forget the afternoon spent in this convent. I felt as if suddenly transported into Italy out of desolate, uncultivated Greece. The beautiful and carefully tended cypresses contributed to foster this delusion; but it did not last long. Where are to be found here those signs of the refined culture of the arts of the middle ages, which render so attractive even the smallest Italian convent? These swallows' nests, piled above each other like boxes, are picturesque enough; but where, in this confused jumble, are the charming models of Roman architecture? And these gardens down there, winding up the mountains like an amphitheatre, and which the monks take a truly idyllic pleasure in planting out—they please us doubly, because they remind us of home and of the fresh green we have so long been deprived of; but he who has once seen the artistic splendour of an Italian convent-garden, with its rose-trees and splashing fountains, looks in vain for the renewal of such pleasing impressions here. Where, too, are the shady piazzas, with their fine frescoes, which have made the Italian masters so renowned? Here, if anywhere, we may learn what a misfortune it has been to Greece, that throughout the middle ages down to the latest times, it was cut off from European culture. The Italian convents do not suit the present times, but we reverence them for the mighty past, when, by their means, the arts and sciences were preserved, and instruction imparted to the people. But as for these Greek convents, the past and the present are equally gloomy. Where is their art?—where their science?—where their efforts to diffuse education? The monks know nothing, learn nothing, give no instruction to the young, who have nothing for it but to become monks themselves—the country is poor, depopulated, entirely without active energy. Here, in this charming spot, dwell two hundred idlers,

who deprive the country of their labours, and live on the sweat of the poor man's brow.

These considerations forced themselves on me in spite of my efforts to banish them, that I might not wilfully disturb present enjoyment. At night, we had an excellent supper with two of the monks. The beds were especially comfortable for us weary travellers. Next morning, in magnificent weather, we rode off and returned to the world again. The monks were in church, and we heard a long way off the sound of their nasal singing at matins.

A CANADIAN GRACE DARLING.

THE following account of a truly heroic incident appears in a Buffalo newspaper. The heroine referred to is a Mrs Becker, residing on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie:—

'On the morning of the 20th November 1854, the schooner *Conductor* left the port of Amherstburg, bound for Toronto, with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of corn. The wind blew fresh from the south-west all day—a heavy sea running meantime. About five o'clock P.M., the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, and all the canvas was reefed snug down. Toward midnight, a severe storm arose. The topsail-sheets were carried away, the boat was washed from the davits, the decks swept clean of everything, and the vessel would not obey her helm, and seemed to settle in the trough of the sea.

About four o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the crew of the schooner made what they supposed to be Long Point Light; but it was really the light at Long Point Cut. The thickly drifting snow instantly obscured this light; and in about half an hour afterwards the vessel struck. Although she was not more than 200 yards from the shore, it was impossible to form an accurate opinion as to the locality, because of the thickly drifting snow. The sea made a clear breach over her, and forced the crew into the rigging, where they remained from five o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon. Ice was fast making all the time. The crew then descried a woman and two little boys approaching along the beach.

The woman and children built a fire on the shore, and made signs to the sailors to swim ashore. The sea was so great they were afraid to venture, until the captain, thinking the risk of drowning better than almost certain death by cold and exposure, struck out from the wreck, and by extraordinary efforts nearly reached the shore; but his strength failed, and being caught by the under-tow, he would have been carried out, had not the woman come to his assistance. She, seeing his critical situation, came to him as speedily as the deep water would permit, and having walked in up to her neck, fortunately reached him, he being utterly exhausted. The woman supported the man, and drew him ashore, having been herself several times beaten down by the force of the waves. With the assistance of the boys, she drew him to the fire, and resuscitated him.

The mate of the schooner next struck out, but in like manner failed to reach the shore, and sank. The captain, supposing himself to be sufficiently restored, went to the assistance of the mate, but again himself gave way; and the woman went again into the angry waters, out to the utmost depth at which she could stand, and brought the two men ashore. The mate seemed to be lifeless, but was at length restored. In addition to these efforts, five several times did the woman go out to the receding surge, and at each time bring an exhausted, drowning seaman ashore, until seven persons—the master, mate, and five of the crew—were saved. It was evening now, and one man who could not swim still clung to the rigging. During the whole night, the woman paced back and forward along the shore, renewing the fire, encouraging the rescued men, giving them food and warm tea, and administering to their comfort. From time to time she would pause, and, wishfully regarding the stranded vessel, thus give utterance to her humanity: "Oh, if I could save that poor man, I should be happy!" When morning at last came on the 22d, the storm having abated, the sea was less violent. The master and crew being now strengthened

and invigorated by the food and fire, constructed a raft, and reached their comrade, whose resolute spirit, though fast giving way, was still sufficient to enable him to retain his position in the rigging. Thus he, too, was saved, though badly frozen. The crew remained at the cabin of Mr S. Becker nearly a week before they were able to depart.

On the week following this occurrence, two American vessels were lost on the same point, whose crews were greatly comforted by Mrs Becker, whose husband was still engaged in trapping. The crews of these vessels were sheltered in her cabin, and were the recipients of her hospitable and humane attentions and care.

The account concludes with a certificate from the captain and crew; and we learn that an effort has been successfully made in Canada to offer to Mrs Becker a pecuniary acknowledgment of her spirited conduct. She has, however, expressed a desire that the money should be appropriated to the education of her children. She and her husband are said to gain their living by fishing.

TAMING SPIDERS.

How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their master, is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale. When the great and brilliant Lauzun was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider: she came at his call; she took her food from his finger, and well understood his word of command. In vain did jailers and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion; she would not obey their voices, and refused the tempting bait from their hand. Here, then, was not only an ear, but a keen power of distinction. The despised little animal listened with sweet affection, and knew how to discriminate between not unsimilar tones! So it was with the friend of the patriot Quatremere d'Ijonville, who paid with captivity for the too ardent love of his country. He also had tamed spiders, and taught them to come at his call. But the little creatures were not only useful to him, but to the nation to which he belonged; for, when the French invaded Holland, the prisoner managed to send them a message that the inundated and now impassable country would soon be frozen over, so that they would be able to march over the ice-bridged swamps and lakes; for spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read, in their queer habits, the signs of approaching winter. The frost came, and with it the French; Holland was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders, alas! were forgotten.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

MARRIAGES IN PORTUGAL.

The laws present some curious features in respect to parent and child. The females of Portuguese families are subjected to a seclusion, the rigour of which is with difficulty understood by a foreigner. If, however, a lover can produce evidence of his having entered into an engagement with a girl, no matter how young, he has the power to issue a process, under the authority of the proper tribunal, by which, on the simple proof that it is the girl's wish also, he may remove her from the residence of her parents, to be *impounded*—*Estar em deposito*—until of proper age for marriage. The agents in forwarding such matters are usually elderly dames, of no occupation and little character; and so adroitly are these affairs sometimes managed, that the first intimation received by the parent is the judge's order to yield, perhaps, an only child, to the custody of strangers; in a similar position to a ward of Chaucery, alike away from the supposed vigilance of the law, and the real protection of a sorrowing parent, who, having no power to disinherit a disobedient child, has frequently the additional pang of feeling a conviction that such portion of his divided property as will fall to his child is likely to be wasted in riot, or dissipated by the careless improvidence of a worthless husband.—*Owen's Here and There in Portugal.*

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THE LITERARY LEVIATHAN.

Who has not heard of the great leviathan of literature—the St Domingan Marquis de la Pailleterie, the Algerian lion-hunter, the protector of Abd-el-Kader—who, for nearly twenty years, produced dramas, romances, histories, travels, at the rate of forty volumes per annum, and whose career makes the list complete by being in itself a most instructive sermon! Has he not, in his own amusing *bavardage*, told the world of the number of amanuenses he worked out in the course of twenty-four hours—of the relays of couriers constantly employed spurring in hot haste with the manuscript productions of his fertile brain from his country-seat to the printing-offices of Paris! Yet now, when the bubble has burst, when we know as an established and uncontradicted—simply because uncontradictable—fact, that not one-twentieth of the works bearing the words *par Alexandre Dumas* on their title-pages were written by that individual; and that the major part of even this small minority are, without the slightest acknowledgment, copied, to a greater or less extent, from the works of other authors, we are forced to infer, as Trinculo did of Caliban, that the great leviathan is but a very shallow monster after all.

In an article which appeared some years since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Dumas relates how he became a dramatic author. He was, he tells us, a clerk in the service of the Duke of Orleans—afterwards King Louis-Philippe—at the humble salary of 1200 francs a year, when on the occasion of an English theatrical company visiting Paris, he first saw the plays of Shakspeare performed. Like a person who had been born blind—the simile is his own—and to whom, after arriving at the age of manhood, sight by some miracle had been given, Dumas at once found himself in a new world, of which he never previously had the slightest idea. As the Italian peasant said when he first saw a picture: 'I, too, will be a painter,' so did Dumas exclaim when he first saw *Hamlet*: 'I, too, will be a dramatic author.' His earlier essays, however, were unsuccessful; but the occurrence of a great event soon opened up a pathway leading him to fame and fortune. The memorable three days of July 1830 effected a dramatic as well as a political revolution. Excited by the sanguinary contest, and wearied to satiety with the heavy dramas of Corneille and Racine, patronised by the Bourbon dynasty, the Parisian audiences were ripe for a more stimulating style of theatrical representation. The hour had arrived, and the man was not wanting. The *Henry III.* of Dumas appearing about this period, carried Paris, as it were, by storm. The classical

formalities of the old school succumbed at once to the rope-ladders, poisoned goblets, stilettos, brigands, and executioners of the new romantic drama. *Christine*, and one or two other dramas of a similar romantic description, written by M. Dumas, following in quick succession, were put upon the stage with a pomp and circumstance previously unknown, even in Paris, and were welcomed with rapturous applause by crowded audiences. As mere acting pieces, these plays are not devoid of a certain degree of merit. Gratifying the eye rather than the intellect, they display considerable inventive faculty, keen perception of contrast, and decided knowledge of theatrical effect; arresting the attention of the auditor by surprise, and keeping his curiosity ever in suspense, without attempting to hold the mirror up to nature—

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, or to mend the heart.

The Parisian audiences, however, were satisfied with the quality of the fare provided for their amusement, but not with its quantity. Their appetite increasing upon what it fed upon, they demanded more. The managers were eager to take advantage of the new flood that led so rapidly to fortune; but the demand exceeded the supply; consequently, Messrs Anicet Bourgeois, Auguste Maquet, and others, were enlisted under the banners of the already famous Dumas, and scores of plays were thus produced, all bearing the name of the great chief. How the large sum of money paid for these dramas was divided among their authors, is a secret of the *atelier* never yet revealed; but it is known that Dumas had the lion's share of the cash, and all the honour. Indeed, one of the best of this crowd of dramas, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, M. Dumas transcribed in his own handwriting, and sent the precious autograph to Christina, queen-dowager of Spain; and her most Catholic Majesty sent back, in return, the cordon of the Order of Isabella—an honour of which M. Dumas was most vain-gloriously proud, as his own writings amply testify: yet *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle* was not written by M. Dumas at all, but by one of his literary retainers, a young Pole, then struggling for a precarious existence in the French metropolis, but now Count Walewski, the distinguished statesman of the present Empire.

But the worst has to be told. Few, if any, of the numerous dramas bearing the name of Dumas, whether written by himself or his assistants, are original, the greater part of them being made up, more or less, from the works of other writers. As an instance, M. Dumas, probably in gratitude to Shakspeare for rescuing him from dramatic blindness, produced *his own Hamlet*,

which is merely a mutilated translation of the original, with the questionable *improvement*, that the ghost, appearing in the last act, restores Hamlet to a long life and undisputed possession of the throne of Denmark!

Numerous other wholesale plagiarisms of a similar description were not suffered to pass unnoticed, and it is but fair to M. Dumas that we should here give his very characteristic reply to such charges: 'It is not any man,' he says, 'but mankind, that invents. Every one, in his appointed season, possessing himself of the things known to his fathers, turns them over, places them in new combinations, and thus, having added certain particles to the sum of human happiness, is peacefully gathered to his sires.' After most profanely quoting that God made man in His own image, to prove the absolute impossibility of invention, M. Dumas thus continues: 'This consideration it was that made Shakspeare reply to the reproach of a stupid critic, that he had taken more than one scene bodily from a contemporary author: "It is a maiden whom I have withdrawn from bad to introduce into good company." This it was that made Molière say, with still more *naïveté*: "I seize upon my own, wherever I find it." And Shakspeare and Molière were both right; for the man of true genius never steals—he conquers. He seizes a province—he annexes it to his realms—it becomes an intrinsic part of his empire; he peoples it with his subjects, and extends over it his sceptre of gold. I find myself compelled to speak in this manner, because, far from receiving from certain critics the applause I merit, they accuse me of plagiarism—they point me out as a thief. I have at least the reflection to console myself with, that my enemies, like those who attacked Shakspeare and Molière, are so obscure that memory will not preserve their names.'

With all due deference to M. Dumas, we are afraid that the anecdotes he cites of Shakspeare and Molière militate against his non-inventive theory, as they really appear to be proofs of at least his own powers of invention. We all know the old story of Alexander the Great and the robber—the plunderer of kingdoms was a hero; the petty pilferer of a henroost, merely a thief. Surely, Alexandre Dumas, the hero of we do not know how many hundred volumes, must have been thinking of his great namesake of Macedon when he penned the above lines. Spirit-rappers and mediums alone can inform us how the shades of Shakspeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Walter Scott, and other departed celebrities, rejoice under the conquering sceptre of Dumas. But we can readily fancy how wretched Jules Janin, William Thackeray, Granier de Chassagnac, and other living authors, must feel at the idea of being known only to posterity as the petty assailants of the united Shakspeare and Molière of the nineteenth century!

It is, however, by his romances that M. Dumas is best known in England, either as an honest author, or, as he phrases it, a conqueror. The popularity of the dramas issued in his name soon made him one of the notoriety of Paris; and the proprietors of the Parisian journals being as anxious to have his productions in their columns as the people were to read them, from a dramatic author, M. Dumas became a *feuilletonist*. To explain the term, it is necessary to observe that many of the Parisian journals have a supplement to their *sheet*, carried on from page to page—and separated by a black line from the political and miscellaneous matter—containing a few chapters of a romance, written by the most popular writer the editor can procure. Most of the romances bearing the name of Dumas were first published in this manner; and we may add, that it is a very remunerative mode for the author, as the proprietor of the journal pays liberally for what the majority of his subscribers consider the most interesting part of his

paper, and the author has the additional advantage of gaining by the separate publication of his work, in the book-form, after its completion in the *feuilletons*.

The first romances of M. Dumas, published in *feuilletons*, were *La Salle d'Armes*, *La Rose Rouge*, *Isabel de Bavaire*, and *Le Capitaine Paul*. *La Salle d'Armes* is original; so is *La Rose Rouge*, and a charming little tale to boot; but M. Dumas had previously published it in the book-form, under the title of *Blanche de Beaulieu*. *Isabel de Bavaire* is partly taken from a forgotten story of the same name published by Arnout in 1821; and *Le Capitaine Paul* is a veritable conquest and annexation of Cooper's *Pilot*—Dumas coolly taking up the thread of the American novelist's story, and, wherever he can find room, stringing on to it the false sentiments and flimsy incidents of his own invention.

Alexander the Great conquered the land, but the modern Alexandre extended his dominion over the deep. In 1840, M. Dumas published *Vie et Aventures de John Davys*. This is an English nautical story, and, in our opinion, formed a remarkable conquest. Few English landsmen, if any, could write a nautical story ship-shape enough to pass muster among seafaring men. Leaving Defoe out of the question, the best attempts of this description—*The Cruise of the Midge*, &c.—were written by a clever compositor, who had had some little experience in a Leith smack; but when weighed in the nautical balance, these works were found sadly wanting. What are we to think, then, of a French landsman correctly depicting the feelings, habits, and nautical skill of an English sailor—describing the etiquette of an English ship-of-war, from the captain in his regal state, on the sacred weather-side of the quarter-deck, down to the lubberly loblolly-boy crawling in the lee-scuppers—detailing, what is technically termed, the ship's duty, from the time the hands are turned out by the shrill whistle of the boatswain in the early morning, till the hammocks are piped down at seven bells! It really is astonishing. The battle, storm, and wreck are also ably and nautically depicted. But, as worthy Dr Primrose said to that ingenious rogue, Mr Jenkins, have we not heard all this before? Is not this battle-piece in *Peter Simple*, this storm in *Newton Foster*? Oh, we see it now—M. Dumas has merely been conquering Captain Marryat; another province, the wide ocean itself, has fallen to his golden, or rather gold-creating sceptre.

The public demand for the romances of M. Dumas soon equalled the previous run upon his dramas, and was met in a similar manner. A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to the world as the works of Alexandre Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Mallefille; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Une Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualhaic; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers*—we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America—was written by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms. Previous to the historical romance coming into vogue, what may be termed romantic biographies were written, in which the lives of real historical characters were treated in a romantic manner. One Gatien de Courttiltz, a writer of romantic biographies in the early part of the last century, hit upon the very excellent subject of the life of M. d'Artagnan, from his departure when a poor lad from Béarn, his native place, to his high elevation at the French court as captain of the royal musketeers, and

prime favourite of Cardinal Mazarin, and to his glorious death in the trenches at the siege of Maestricht. Accordingly, in 1701, Courtiltz published his *Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan*—a romance, be it remembered, founded on a real life—and introduced into the work the fictitious characters Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, their intrigues, duels, amours, drinking-bouts, and gambling matches, since so well known to the readers of *The Three Musketeers*. In fact, Maquet did not task his invention for a single incident; he did not even alter the names of the leading characters; he merely modernised the style of part of the original *Mémoires*. But as the work of Courtiltz is not very rare—we have met with it on London book-stalls—Maquet, to put his readers on a false scent, alludes in his preface to the *Mémoires*, but in a light, careless manner, as if merely incidental to a more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript life of a Count de la Fere, which he discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. This manuscript has been sought for, but in vain. It never had an existence, save in the too cunning mind's-eye of M. Maquet. Probably M. Dumas himself was imposed upon with respect to the originality of *The Three Musketeers*, for he never saw the work until it was printed. It appears that when M. Maquet was making it, he one evening supped with some brother *littérateurs*, and the conversation turning upon the book-manufacture of M. Dumas, a friend asked Maquet why he did not write in his own name.

The reply was: 'Monsieur Dumas pays me more for my writings than the publishers would.'

'But,' said another, 'Monsieur Dumas always re-writes, or at least corrects, the works written by others which he issues as his own.'

'Not at all,' said Maquet; 'and as a proof he does not, I will introduce into the manuscript of the work I am at present engaged upon the most awkward paragraph in the French language. I will repeat the word *que* sixteen times in five lines, and I will bet you a dozen of champagne that the whole sixteen will be found in the printed work.'

The bet was taken, and M. Maquet won it. The sixteen repetitions of *que* are still extant in five lines of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

Another laughable proof that M. Dumas did not read some of the works he issued as his own before they were printed, is found in *Amaury*, written by M. Meurice. When *Amaury* was written, Meurice was a new recruit in the noble army of authors headed by Dumas. Wishing privately to flatter the great chief, and never for a moment supposing that he would not read over and expunge the words from the manuscript, Meurice, in the work, boldly called upon the French Academy to open its doors to the immortal genius of Dumas. As Dumas did not read the manuscript, the words were not expunged; so, when *Amaury* came out, all Paris was in laughter to find M. Dumas in his own work calling on the Academy to open its doors to his own immortal genius.

To return to the *Musketeers*. The memoirs of D'Artagnan were a rich mine for the firm of Dumas & Co. By carefully spreading out the smallest possible quantity of type over the greatest possible extent of paper, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* was stretched out to eight octavo volumes; then followed its sequel, *Vingt Ans Après*, written by Maquet, in ten volumes; then, as a sequel to the sequel, *Le Viscont de Bragelonne*, also by Maquet, in six volumes—all drawn from the same prolific source. Thus the three duodecimo volumes of the original memoirs were transmuted into twenty-four octavo volumes, by a wave of the golden sceptre of the great Dumas!

We now come to *The Count of Monte Christo*, published in eighteen octavo volumes. The first part of this popular work was written by a M. Fiorentino, the second part by M. Maquet; yet neither is

perfectly original. The story of Morel is taken from a novel by Arnould, entitled *La Roue de la Fortune*; and two of the horrible tragedies in the second part are merely copied from the published archives of the Parisian police. Some French critics assert, on apparently very sufficient evidence, that the leading plot of *Monte Christo*, the imprisonment and escape of Dantes, his accidentally becoming possessed of immense wealth, and unscrupulously using it to wreak a terrible vengeance on his persecutors, may be found in an old and obscure German romance. However this may be, whether conquered at first or second hand, *Monte Christo* was not written by Dumas.

It must not be supposed that M. Dumas confined his conquests to romances alone. In 1839, he published a translation of Ugo Foscolo's *Jacopo Ortis*. This work requires a word or two for itself, as it has never been translated into English—an honour, by the way, of which it is utterly undeserving. *Ortis*, a poor copy of a bad model, is merely an Italian Werter, who, mingling a passionate love for a Venetian lady with an ardent zeal for the liberties of his native land, is so bewildered by the twofold emotions of love and patriotism that he takes refuge in suicide. This work was strictly proscribed by the First Napoleon; but, in spite of severe penalties, and the strenuous exertions of the police, four inferior translations of it were from time to time circulated among the ultra-republican party in France. In 1829, however, when all the political interest of the letters had evaporated, an excellent translation of *Ortis* was made by M. Gosselin, and openly published at Paris. Ten years later, the translation of Dumas appeared in rather a curious form, for there was nothing on the title-page to indicate that the work was a translation; nor was the name of the author, Foscolo, mentioned, the title-page being simply *Jacques Ortis, par Alexandre Dumas*. This simplicity of title is explained in the preface, written, or at least signed, by M. Fiorentino, who asserts that 'only one man in France could understand and translate *Ortis*.' Of course, that man is Dumas, 'who,' to quote the preface again, 'has placed himself on a level with Foscolo; and, in all justice, *Ortis* belongs to Dumas; it is at once his conquest and his heritage.' Now, this outrageous puff, though undesignedly so, is actually the bitterest of irony; for this conquest and heritage, by the only man in France capable of translating and understanding the original, is stolen, almost word for word, from the translation by Gosselin. The theft has been fully exposed by M. Querard in his *Supercherries Littéraires*, by placing parts of Gosselin's translation side by side with the same portions from Dumas.

It would be unfair if we did not admit that some of the romances, actually written by M. Dumas, possess, like his dramas, a certain degree of merit. His sketches are vivid, but more remarkable for effect than probability, and his combinations ever display more taste than originality of conception. He groups artistically, but allows coarse contrasts of light and shade; while all through his writings can be observed a greater hastiness of execution than accuracy of detail. Any work bearing his name that exhibits evidence of research, investigation, or reflection, may be safely set down as not written by him. One would suppose such a writer unfitted to shine as a historian; but his friends assert that in that respect he is fully equal to Châteaubriand and Thierry; and, curiously enough, his assailants are forced to concur in the same opinion. This seeming anomaly can easily be explained. In *Gaule et France*, written by Dumas, there are just 400 pages taken wholesale from the *Etudes Historiques* of Châteaubriand, and the *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France* of Thierry! It is to be hoped that M. Dumas is not so ungrateful as Donatus, the saintly plagiarist of yore, who used to exclaim: 'Let them be excommunicated

and accursed who have written our good things before us!

A detailed notice of the numerous works written and otherwise manufactured by and for M. Dumas, would require a volume. No field of literature did he leave untilled; and truly his harvests were abundant. Lawsuits that would have ruined any other man, served merely as advertisements to keep this Barnum of literature before the public. One of these lawsuits, being rather characteristic of French ideas, is worthy of more particular notice. In *La Dame de Monsoreau*, one of the Dumas romances, really written by himself, he depicted François d'Espinay, a courtier in the reign of Henry III., in no flattering colours; and the Marquis d'Espinay, a descendant of the above-named François, actually, in the nineteenth century, brought an action against the romancist for defaming the character of an ancestor who lived in the sixteenth! Fortunately for Dumas, his view of the courtier's character was supported by history, and, consequently, he gained the suit. The Château of Monte Christo, of which an account lately appeared in this Journal, was another advertisement—a gigantic puff direct; so were the lion-killing feats in Algeria, the visit to the brigands of the Sierra Morena, and the host of other wonderful adventures so unlike any that other persons had ever met with, and in all of which every person and circumstance combined for the one purpose only of glorifying and doing honour to the immortal genius of Dumas. All this prolonged *janfare* of egotistical braggadocio has, by those who were before the curtain, been ascribed to inordinate vanity; while those behind the scenes knew it to be merely an exercise of what an old book terms the pleasant art of money-catching. Is Professor Drugaway vain of his pills, think ye? We opine not. He puffs them, and they pay him well for the puffing. So did the books issued by M. Dumas. Their sale was immense, their number was legion, and their prices were high. To purchase a complete set of his works would, in 1848, have required upwards of L.68 sterling!

For a long period, squib, satire, and criticism fell harmless against the brazen walls of the great temple of literary humbug erected by M. Dumas. Nothing less than a revolution could overthrow it, and at last a revolution did. M. Dumas no longer resides in the Château of Monte Christo, but, as the Napoleon of literature, it is said he terms his present Belgian residence St Helena!

Space has permitted us to notice only a few of the more striking points of this remarkable chapter in the history of literary deception. As our authorities, and a clue to those who may wish to learn more, we refer the reader to the work of M. Querard, already quoted—to the *Fabrique de Romans, Maison A. Dumas et Compagnie*, of Eugène de Mirecourt; and to *Alexandre Dumas Dévoilé*, said to be written by M. Chassagnac.

MISTAKES ABOUT SNAKES.

It is wonderful how many popular delusions exist about snakes, what marvellous stories are told of them, and how readily they find believers.

It is generally supposed that they have such a taste for music as to leave their hiding-places at the sound of the snake-charmer's uncouth instrument; that they like a warm berth, and are in the habit of ensconcing themselves under a pillow or part of a lady's dress; that they are partial to milk, a small portion of which placed near is sufficient to allure them from the most desirable resting-place; and that there is some herb an infallible remedy for their bite, only known to their inveterate enemy, the mungoose, who cures himself with it when wounded in one of those encounters which occur so frequently between them. The fallacy of this last has been satisfactorily proved by trying the

experiment of shutting up a mungoose and a poisonous snake in the same room. After some delay, the mungoose killed the snake, and appeared none the worse for it. Now, as it is improbable that the animal kept any of the concentrated essence of this wonderful herb about him, and as he certainly could not go abroad to seek it, we can only conclude that he possessed dexterity enough to avoid the bite of his antagonist, and thus came off scathless and victorious.

As to their fondness for quartering themselves in warm localities, it is only in an uncongenial climate that they nestle in blankets or betake themselves to other such unwonted luxuries. In their own country, they prefer a tuft of moist grass or a ruined building. When they pay you a domestic visit, they seem to like the bathing-room with its cool jars, better than any other part of the house, and are fond of lounging behind any door which is rarely opened, or in a box placed near the wall; or, in fact, in any place that is quiet, cool, and dark. The statement that music is relished by the snake-tribe has obtained general belief; yet I feel convinced that it is greatly exaggerated, if not wholly untrue. As to the snake-charmers capturing them by means of music—if such a term can be applied to the abominably discordant sounds they produce—with equal truth might it be said that Mr Anderson's magic-wand produces the startling effects we witness in his exhibitions, or that 'hocus pocus' or 'hey presto' possess miraculous powers when uttered by certain individuals. The whole thing is a delusion.

The snake-charmers of India are a very low caste, who lead a vagabond life, and eat whatever they can obtain with least trouble, totally disregarding conventional prejudices on the subject. Rats and jackals are considered dainties; and an animal having died from disease, instead of unfitting it for food, only gives it additional piquancy in their eyes. I never saw them engaged in any industrial employment except making ropes, which, besides juggling and snake-charming, forms their ostensible means of livelihood. They are not averse, however, to increase their private resources by thieving, or any other roguery when opportunity offers. Their women are strapping Amazons, with high voices and low morals. On one occasion, marching in command of a small detachment, I found, on arriving at the only encamping-ground for some miles, that it was occupied by a party of these people. I sent for the head man, and was surprised at a woman making her appearance instead. Knowing their thievish propensities, I politely told the lady the ground was only large enough for one camp; whereon she coolly observed, that if such was the case, I had better move on and leave them the place to themselves. I gave a categorical rejoinder—first, that the ground had been cleared by the *sircar* (government) for their own troops; secondly, that I had orders to halt there that day, and meant to obey them; and thirdly and lastly, that if they did not clear out bag and baggage *instantly*, I would save them the trouble, and deposit their traps in the adjacent nullah. The fair charmer retired; but, while doing so, she hurled at me her Parthian arrows in the form of evil wishes and abusive epithets. The virago never once paused for breath, or hesitated for a word, but poured forth an uninterrupted volley of slang, compared with which the choicest Billingsgate would seem a complimentary address. Seeing that resistance was useless, however, she called the other women; they caught and accoutered their half-starved, vicious-looking *tattoos*, struck tents, packed up everything, and then mounted their steeds *en cavalier*. During this scene, the men sat and smoked, seeming to regard their proceedings as a matter of course, and rendering no assistance whatever. As soon as the party were in marching-order, the pipes were transferred to the fair equestrians, and the men trudged on, leaving them to follow at leisure,

which they did—alternately smoking and scolding, until the jungle hid them from us.

The men alone practise the snake-charming trick, and are generally tall, loose-limbed, hard-featured fellows, dressed in coarse salmon-coloured garments. They go about cantonments playing on their singularly unmusical instrument, which emits a sound something like what boys make out of oat stems, called a jokawn in Ireland, only twice as harsh, and ten times as loud. I was sitting one morning in the veranda of a friend's bungalow, when one of those men, attended by a boy, came up, and after making salam, requested permission to try his skill in discovering snakes in the compound. My friend told him that he had been several months residing there, and had never seen one; however, at the earnest request of some ladies lately arrived from England, the man was told to try if he could find any. Making another salam, he started off, and began playing and strolling about the compound, stopping occasionally as if to look about him. After a short time he returned, saying he felt sure a snake was in or near the sheep-house. This was exactly in the opposite direction from the spot from which he had set out, and thither we all went in a body. The house was quite empty, all the sheep being out grazing, and we followed the snake-charmer in, who moved about inside as if uncertain which way to turn. He then ceased playing, and addressed the snake-tribe, calling them his father and mother, the light of his life, the patrons of his caste; that he would never hurt them, or let any one else do so; he would only keep them three days, feed them well, and then release them far away in the jungle. This farce continued for a while, when he stopped opposite a small hole in the mud-wall about the size of a shilling, in which he inserted his finger, and pulling out a piece of the mud, disclosed a snake about two feet long coiled up inside. This he took out and handled, tied it round his neck, and let it bite his hand, pretending it gave him great pain.

The man produced a blue bag, into which the snake glided as if accustomed to it. This, and there being no marks of bites on the man's hands, confirmed me in the belief that the snake was a tame one, and I told him so; which he denied indignantly, saying it was very poisonous, and begged for a small present and his dismissal.

This we refused, saying we would first test his truth by letting the snake bite a fowl; and if it died in a short time, he should get what he asked; otherwise, we would kill the snake, and thrust him out as an impostor. In vain he protested—we were inexorable: the fowl was brought, and we told him to proceed; when, finding there was no other resource, he made a clean breast of it, confessed that the snake was a tame one with the fangs extracted, and that it had been placed in the sheep-house by his boy whilst he was pretending to look in another direction; and finally begged us not to deprive a poor man of the means of earning his bread, by destroying the snake. As we had obtained what we wanted—namely, satisfied ourselves on the subject, we dismissed him with a handful of pice, noway abashed at the detection of his imposture.

The different varieties of snakes are almost innumerable. In our Hindustanee dictionary, I find forty-five different words signifying serpent or snake, and of course many must be omitted in a work of the kind, from which some idea may be formed of the great number of different species that exist. Of these, the greater number are altogether innocuous; others, slightly poisonous—that is to say, their bite would be attended with some pain and inflammation, but not fatal consequences, except to the smaller class of animals. Comparatively few species are deadly,

of which the most common are the cobra da capello and the karait; the latter is beautifully marked with black and brown spots, and seldom exceeds twenty inches or two feet in length; but its small size only adds to the danger, by rendering it so difficult to be seen. Some people assert that no bite would prove fatal if the proper remedies were applied immediately.

The most successful treatment seems to be sucking and cleansing the wound at once, administering repeated doses of *eau de luce*, or if that is not at hand, brandy or other stimulants; also keeping the patient in constant exercise, and preventing his giving way to the drowsiness which always comes on as soon as the virus has had time to circulate in the system. The natives have many remedies, some of which appear very absurd; but they answer the required purpose, as very few deaths occur amongst them from this cause. The most popular cure is the 'zuhur mohra,' or poison antidote.

It is a small stone, resembling in size and appearance that infantine luxury called a 'bull's-eye' after it has been held for some time in the hand of a dirty child. It is stated to be found in the stomach of a toad, and brought from the neighbourhood of Bokhara. Perhaps, had Shakspeare ever heard an inkling of this, he would have made a change in his simile for adversity, and placed the 'precious jewel,' which 'the toad, ugly and venomous, wears,' in another part of his body.

I saw the zuhur mohra tried once by a bheestee, who was bitten in the great toe. The stone was merely moistened in water, and bound on the foot, a little above the wound, by a strip of linen. I laughed at the remedy, and offered the man *eau de luce*, which he refused. Next day, however, he was as well as ever; so we must conclude that either the snake was not poisonous, or that there is more in the antidote than one would suppose. On another occasion, I saw my gardener bitten in the heel by a scorpion; the pain was so intense that the man dropped as if shot. The only remedy he used was forming a circle round the instep with butter-milk and chunam, and getting a Brahmin to bless it. This occurred in the evening, about sunset; and next morning, at gun-fire, the man was working in the garden, none the worse for the sting. Had a European received the same injury, and treated it *secundum artem*, he would probably have been laid up for a week.

The Hindoos relate countless anecdotes and traditions of snakes. One species, called the dhamin, which is nearly black, and grows to eight or nine feet long, is said to be poisonous only on a Sunday. Another kind is supposed to attack none but women; probably its antecedent in the metempsychosis was a disappointed lover, who thus revenges himself on the sex.—*N. B.* Both kinds are perfectly harmless. Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, is said to repose on an enormous serpent, the fortunate possessor of a thousand heads, one of which supports the world. One holiday is set apart for the worship of serpents, an immense number of which inhabit the regions under the earth in company with some congenial souls in the shape of hydras and dragons. The sun never shines there, but it is lit up with innumerable precious stones of great value and brilliancy.

That marvellous stories of these reptiles are not confined to natives alone, the following anecdote will testify, which was narrated by a gallant and veracious field-officer, known in the far East by the sobriquet of Colonel Liebig:—

'I was walking in my veranda one evening when I observed a snake gliding along the walk and making for his hole in the opposite bank. I looked about for a switch or whip, but nothing of the kind was within reach. A moment more, and he would have escaped, when, actuated by a sudden impulse, I seized him by the tail just as he was entering his hole, and threw him back several yards, shouting to the servants to

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bring a stick to despatch him. They were deaf or stupid; not a soul appeared to hear me. The snake picked himself up, and began wriggling back towards his domicile. Growing excited, I seized a couple of stones, and pelted them at him; both shots told, for one went through the window, and another killed a pet bantam. Again he approached the hole, and again I jerked him back as before. The confounded servants either could not or would not hear me; and as he drew near his hole for the third time, I prepared to repeat my former experiment, but the rascal had grown too knowing for me this time; he deliberately turned round and entered the hole tail-foremost—not only this, but he had the impudence to stick out his tongue at me just before his head disappeared!

Our readers will perceive by this true story that the serpent has lost none of the subtlety he possessed in olden times; they may, however, rely upon it, that if they ever meet one, he will be quite as anxious to part company as themselves. There may be fear, but there can be no danger unless you tread on the reptile, or otherwise injure it. The best way to destroy it is to get quietly alongside, and give it a smart tap on the back with a riding-whip or pliant switch—a very slight blow will dislocate the vertebra, and then the enemy is at your mercy. Many, however, escape, owing to the objection all high-caste Hindoos have to killing them; particularly if they have bitten any one, as they consider that killing the snake in that case signs the death-warrant of the person bitten. To such an extent does this prejudice go, that I once saw a petition sent into the magistrate's court by a Hindoo widow, who accused a certain Mussulman trooper of having caused the death of her husband, by killing a snake immediately after it had bitten the deceased. It is needless to say that the magistrate's verdict was: 'Sarved him right.'

That the snake may be lured from his hole by placing a vessel of milk near the spot, cannot be true; as, when living in a country where these reptiles abounded, I never found one near where milk was usually kept; and even had it been otherwise, I would have acquitted him of thievish intentions, as the truth is, the ophidia never drink.

I have thus endeavoured to confute some of the false stories commonly told and believed about the genus *Coluber*, who are, I consider, in many respects a much vilified and misrepresented race. In olden times they were better known and appreciated, when the serpent was the companion of Esculapius and the emblem of convalescence.

THE PAINTER AND HIS PUPIL.

A FLEMISH STORY.

My father was a trader and distiller at Schiedam, on the Maas. Without being wealthy, we enjoyed the means of procuring every social comfort. We gave and received visits from a few old friends; we went occasionally to the theatre; and my father had his tulip-garden and summer-house at a little distance from Schiedam, on the banks of the canal which connects the town with the river.

But my father and mother, whose only child I was, cherished one dream of ambition, in which, fortunately, my own tastes led me to participate: they wanted me to become a painter. 'Let me but see a picture by Franz Linden in the gallery at Rotterdam,' said my father, 'and I shall die happy.' So, at fourteen years of age, I was removed from school, and placed in the classes of Messer Kesler, an artist living at Delft. Here I made such progress, that by the time I had reached my nineteenth birthday, I was transferred to the *atelier* of Hans van Roos, a descendant of the celebrated family of that name. Van Roos was not

more than thirty-eight or forty, and had already acquired a considerable reputation as a painter of portraits and sacred subjects. There was an altar-piece of his in one of our finest churches; his works had occupied the place of honour for the last six years at the annual exhibition; and for portraiture he numbered among his patrons most of the wealthy merchants and burgomasters of the city. Indeed, there could be no question that my master was rapidly acquiring a fortune equal to his popularity.

Still, he was not a cheerful man. It was whispered by the pupils that he had met with a disappointment early in life—that he had loved, was accepted, and, on the eve of marriage, was rejected by the lady for a more wealthy suitor. The story, however, was founded merely on conjecture, if not originating in pure fable; for no one in Rotterdam knew the history of his youth. He came from Friesland, in the north of Holland, when a very young man; he had always been the same gloomy, pallid, labour-loving citizen. He was a rigid Calvinist; he was sparing of domestic expenditure, and liberal to the poor: this every one could tell you, and no one knew more.

The number of his pupils was limited to six. He kept us continually at work, and scarcely permitted us to exchange a word with each other during the day. Standing there among us so silently, with the light from above shining down upon his pallid face, and, contrasting with the sombre folds of his long black dressing-gown, he looked almost like some stern old picture himself. To tell the truth, we were all afraid of him; not that he was harsh, not that he assumed any overbearing authority: on the contrary, he was stately, silent, and frigidly polite; and that was far more impressive. None of us resided in his house, for he lived in the deepest seclusion. I had a second floor in a neighbouring street, and two of my fellow-students occupied rooms in the same house. We used to meet at night in each other's chambers, and make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres; and sometimes, on a summer's evening, we would hire a pleasure-boat, and row for a mile or two down the river. We were merry enough then, and not quite so silent, I promise you, as in the gloomy studio of Hans van Roos.

In the meantime, I was ambitious and anxious to glean every benefit from my master's instructions. I improved rapidly, and my paintings soon excelled those of the other five. My taste did not incline to sacred subjects, like that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar rural style of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along the rich pasture-lands, to watch the amber sunset, the herds going home to the dairy, the lazy wind-mills, and the calm clear waters of the canals, scarcely ruffled by the passage of the public *treckschuyt*.* In depicting scenes of this nature—

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail—

I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside and told him, in a voice inaudible to the rest, that 'Messer Franz would be a credit to the profession;' which so delighted the good distiller, that he straightway took me out with him for the day, and, after giving me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend the burgomaster, Von Gael. It was an eventful visit for me. On that evening I first learned to love.

Few people, I think, would at that time have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude von Gael; yet I do not know that it was so much her features as her soft voice and gentle womanly grace that so completely

* Canal-boat.

fascinated me. Though so young, she performed the honours of her father's princely table with self-possession and good-breeding. In the evening, she sang some sweet German songs to her own simple accompaniment. We talked of books and of poetry: I found her well read in English, French, and German literature. We spoke of art; and she discovered both judgment and enthusiasm.

As we took our leave at night, the burgomaster shook me warmly by the hand, and told me to come often. I fancied that Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he said it, and I felt the colour rush quickly to my brow as I bowed and thanked him.

'Franz,' said my father, when we were once more in the street, 'how old are you?'

'Just twenty-two, sir,' I replied, rather surprised at the question.

'You will not be dependent on your brush, my boy,' continued my father, as he leaned upon my arm and looked back at the lofty mansion we had just left. 'I have been neither wasteful nor unsuccessful, and it will be my pride to leave you a respectable income at my death.'

I inclined my head in silence, and wondered what would come next.

'Burgomeister von Gael is one of my oldest friends,' said my father.

'I have often heard you speak of him, sir,' I replied.

'And he is rich.'

'So I should suppose.'

'Gertrude will have a fine fortune,' said my father, as if thinking aloud.

I bowed again, but this time rather nervously.

'Marry her, Franz.'

I dropped his arm and started back.

'Sir!' I faltered: 'I—I—marry the Fraulein von Gael!'

'And pray, sir, why not?' said my father curtly, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his walking-stick.

I made no reply.

'Why not, sir?' repeated my father very energetically. 'What could you wish for better? The young lady is handsome, good-tempered, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any other attachment without'—

'Oh, sir, you do me injustice!' I cried. 'Indeed, I know no one—have seen no other lady. But—do you think that—that she would have me, sir?'

'Try her, Franz,' said my father good-humouredly, as he resumed my arm. 'If I am not very much mistaken, the burgomeister would be as pleased as myself; and as for the fraulein—women are easily won.'

We had by this time reached the door of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me, his last words were: 'Try her, Franz—try her.'

From this time I became a frequent visitor at the house of the Burgomaster von Gael. It was a large old-fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boompjes. In front lay the broad shining river, crowded with merchant-vessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all the trading nations of the world. Tall trees, thick with foliage, lined the quays, and cast a pleasant shade, through which the sunlight flickered brightly upon the spacious drawing-rooms of Gertrude's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were past, I used to sit with her beside the open window, and watch the busy passing crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here, listening to the accents of a distant ballad-singer, or to the far murmur of voices from the shipping, we read together from the pages of our favourite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled into light.

It was a happy time. But there came at last a time

still happier, when, one still evening as we sat alone, conversing in unfrequent whispers, and listening to the beating of each other's hearts, I told Gertrude that I loved her; and she, in answer, laid her fair head silently upon my shoulder with a sweet confidence, as she were content so to rest for ever. Just as my father had predicted, the burgomaster shewed every mark of satisfaction, and readily sanctioned our betrothal, specifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take place till I had attained my twenty-fifth year. It was a long time to wait; but I should by that time, perhaps, have made a name in my profession. I intended soon to send a picture to the annual exhibition—and who could tell what I might not do in three years to shew Gertrude how dearly I loved her!

And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old dial in Messer von Gael's tulip-garden told the passage of our golden hours. In the meantime, I worked sedulously at my picture; I laboured upon it all the winter; and when spring-time came, I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view in one of the streets of Rotterdam. There were the high old houses with their gables and carven doorways, and the red sunset glittering on the bright winking panes of the upper windows—the canal flowing down the centre of the street, crossed by its white drawbridge, with a barge just passing underneath—the green trees spreading a long evening shadow across the yellow paving of the roadway, and the spire of the Church of St Lawrence rising high beyond, against the clear warm sky. When it was quite finished, and about to be sent away, even Hans van Roos nodded a cold encouragement, and said that it deserved a good position. He had himself prepared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale and a larger canvas than usual. It was a sacred subject, and represented the Conversion of St Paul. His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself. We all pronounced it to be his master-piece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I had scarcely slept the previous night; and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door. When I arrived, it wanted an hour to the time, but half the day seemed to elapse before we heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and then forced our way struggling through the narrow barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and found myself in the first room, amid the bright walls of paintings and gilt frames. I had forgotten to purchase a catalogue at the entrance, and I had not patience to go back for it; so I strode round and round the apartment, looking eagerly for my picture: it was nowhere to be seen, so I passed on to the next; here my search was equally unsuccessful.

'It must be in the third room,' I said to myself, 'where all the best works are placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events, an honour to have one's picture in the third room!'

But, though I spoke so bravely, it was with a sinking heart I ventured in. I could not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art; while in either of the other rooms there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable situation.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it, with his valuable collection of paintings, for the purpose of affording encouragement to Flemish art. The third room had been his reception-chamber, and the space over the magnificently carved chimney was assigned, as the place of honour, to the best painting. The painter of this picture always received a costly prize, for which he was likewise indebted to the munificence

of the founder. To this spot, my eyes were naturally turned as I entered the door. Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns—I ran forward. It was no delusion! There was my picture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, installed in the chief place of all the gallery! And there, too, was the official card stuck in the corner, with the words, 'PRIZE PAINTING,' printed in shining gold letters in the middle! I ran down the staircase and bought a catalogue, that my eyes might be gladdened by the confirmation of this joy; and there, sure enough, was printed at the commencement: 'ANNUAL PRIZE PAINTING—View in Rotterdam, No. 127—FRANZ LINDEN.' I could have wept for delight. I was never tired of looking at my picture: I walked from one side to the other—I retreated—I advanced closer to it—I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot all but my happiness.

'A very charming little painting, sir,' said a voice at my elbow.

It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella. I coloured up, and said falteringly: 'Do you think so?'

'I do, sir,' said the old gentleman. 'I am an amateur—I am very fond of pictures. I presume that you are also an admirer of art?'

I bowed.

'Very nice little painting indeed; ve—ry nice,' he continued, as he wiped his glasses, and adjusted them with the air of a connoisseur. 'Water very liquid, colours pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable. I'll buy it.'

'Will you?' I exclaimed joyfully. 'Oh, thank you, sir!'

'Oh,' said the old gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, 'so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate you, sir: and—I'll buy it.'

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude, and tell her all my good-fortune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that he must make the tour of the rooms in my company; and I was even forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that occupied the next best situation to mine: it was my master's work, the Conversion of St Paul. While we were admiring it, and I was telling him of my studies in the atelier of the painter, a man started from before us, and glided away, but not before I had recognised the pale countenance of Van Roos. There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me, something that stopped my breath and made me shudder. What was it? I scarcely knew; but the glare of his dark eyes and the quivering passion of his lip haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams. I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had sobered my rapturous exultation most effectually. I positively dreaded, the next day, to return to the studio; but, to my surprise, my master received me as he never had received me before. He advanced, and extended his hand to me.

'Welcome, Franz Linden,' he said smiling; 'I am proud to call you my pupil.'

The hand was cold—the voice was harsh—the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round and congratulated me; and in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hands, I forgot all that had pained me in the conduct of Van Roos.

Not long after this event, Gertrude's father desired to have her portrait painted—to console him for her absence, he said, when I should be so wicked as to take her away from him. I recommended my old

master, whose tutelage I had recently left; and Van Roos was summoned to fulfil a task that I would gladly have performed; but portraiture was not my line. I could paint a sleek, spotted milch cow, or a drove of sheep, far better than the fair skin and golden curls of my darling Gertrude.

She could not endure the artist from the first. In vain I reasoned with and strove to persuade her—all was of no use; and she used to say, at the end of every such conversation, that she wished the portrait were finished, and that she could no more help disliking him than—than she could help loving me. So our arguments always ended with a kiss.

But this portrait took long time. Van Roos was in general a rapid painter; yet Gertrude's likeness progressed at a very slow pace, and, like Penelope's web, seemed never to be completed. One morning I happened to be in the room—a rare event at that time, for I was hard at work upon my new landscape; and I was struck by the change that had come over my late master. He seemed to be no longer the same man. There was a light in his eye, and a vibration in his voice, that I had never observed before; and when he rose to take leave, there was a studied courtesy in his bow and manner that took me quite by surprise.

Still, I never suspected the truth, and still the portrait was as far as ever from being finished.

It all came out at last; and one morning Hans van Roos made a formal offer of his hand and heart: of course he was immediately refused.

'But as kindly as was possible, dear Franz,' she said, when she told me in the evening; 'because he is your friend, and because he seemed to feel it so deeply. And—and you don't know how dreadfully white he turned, and how he tried to restrain his tears. I pitied him, Franz; and, indeed, I was very sorry.' And the gentle creature could scarcely keep from weeping herself as she told me.

I did not see Van Roos for some months after this disclosure; at last I met him accidentally one morning in front of the stadthouse, and, to my surprise, for the second time in his life, he held out his hand.

'A good day to you, Messer Linden,' said he. 'I hear that you are on the high road to fame and fortune.'

'I have been very prosperous, Messer van Roos,' I replied, taking the proffered hand—'more prosperous, perhaps, than my merits deserve. I never forget that I owe my present proficiency to the hours spent in your atelier.'

A peculiar expression flitted over his face.

'If I thought that,' said he hastily, 'I—I should esteem myself particularly happy.'

There was so odd a difference in the way in which he uttered the beginning and end of this sentence—so much hurry and passion in the first half, such deliberate politeness in the last, that I started and looked him full in the face: he was as smiling and impenetrable as a marble statue.

'I, too, have been fortunate,' he said, after a moment's pause. 'Have you seen the new church lately built near the east end of the Haring-vliet?'

I replied that I had observed it in passing, but had not been inside.

'I have been intrusted,' he said, 'with the superintendence of the interior decorations. My "Conversion of St Paul" is purchased for the altar-piece, and I am now engaged in painting a series of frescoes upon the ceiling. Will you come in one day and give me your opinion upon them?'

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to visit him in the church on the following morning. He was waiting for me at the door when I arrived, with the heavy keys in his hand. We passed in, and he turned the key in the lock.

'I always secure myself against intruders,' he said smiling. 'People will come into the church if I leave

the doors unfastened; and I do not choose to carry on my art, like a sign-painter, in the presence of every blockhead who chooses to stand and stare at me.'

It was surprising in what a disagreeable manner this man shewed his teeth when he smiled.

The church was decidedly a handsome building, built in that Italian style which imitates the antique, and prefers grace and magnificence to the dignified sanctity of the Gothic order. A row of elegant Corinthian columns supported the roof at each side of the nave; gilding and decorative cornices were lavished in every direction; the gorgeous altar-piece already occupied its appointed station; and a little to the left of the railed space where the communion-table was to be placed, a lofty scaffolding was erected, that seemed, from where I stood, almost to come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a masterly fresco. Three or four more, already completed, were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely outlined in charcoal upon their intended site.

'Will you not come up with me?' asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration sufficiently; 'or are you afraid of turning giddy?'

I felt somewhat disinclined to impose this trial on my nerves, but still more disinclined to confess it; so I followed him up from flight to flight of the frail structure without once daring to look down.

At last we reached the summit. As I had supposed, there was not even room enough for the artist to assume a sitting posture, and he had to paint while lying on his back. I had no fancy to extend myself on this lofty couch; so I only lifted my head above the level of his flooring, looked at the fresco, and descended immediately to the flight below, where I waited till he rejoined me.

'How dangerous it must be,' said I shuddering, 'to let yourself down from that abominable perch!'

'I used to think so at first,' he replied; 'but I am now quite accustomed to it. Fancy,' said he, approaching close to the edge of the scaffolding—'fancy falling from this into the church below!'

'Horrible!' cried I.

'I wonder how high it is from the level of the pavement,' continued Van Roos musingly; 'ninety feet, I daresay—perhaps a hundred.'

I drew back, giddy at the thought.

'No man could survive such a fall,' said the painter, still looking over. 'Any skull would be dashed to atoms on the marble down there.'

'Pray, come away,' said I hastily; 'my head swims at the very idea.'

'Does it?' said he, turning suddenly upon me with the voice and eye of a fiend—'does it? Fool!' he cried as he seized me round the body in his iron clasp—'fool, to trust yourself here with me—me whom you have wronged, whose life you have blasted!—me whom you have crossed in fame and in love! Down, wretch, down! I've vowed to have your blood, and my time has come!'

It sickens me even now to recall that desperate struggle. At the first word he uttered, I had sprung back and seized a beam above my head: he strove to tear me from it—he foamed at the mouth, the veins rose like knots upon his forehead; and still, though I felt my wrists strained and my fingers cruelly lacerated, still I held on with the terrible energy of one who struggles for dear life. It lasted a long time—at least it seemed long to me—and the scaffolding rocked beneath our feet. At length I saw his strength failing; suddenly I loosed my hold, and threw my whole weight upon him. He staggered—he shrieked—he fell!

I dropped upon my face in mute horror—an age of silence seemed to elapse, and the cold dews stood upon my brow. Presently I heard a dull sound far below. I crawled to the brink of the scaffolding, and looked

over—a shapeless mass was lying on the marble pavement, and all around was red with blood.

I think an hour must have elapsed before I could summon courage to descend. When at length I reached the level ground, I turned my face from what was so near my feet, and tottered to the door. With trembling hands and misty eyes, I unlocked it, and rushed into the street. Once outside, I fell to the ground. I remember no more, for I had fainted.

It was many months before I recovered from the brain fever brought on by that terrible day; indeed, I think I never should have lived through it, but for the tender cares of my betrothed, who watched me day and night, till the physicians pronounced me out of danger. My ravings, they told me, had been fearful; and had any doubts existed in the minds of men as to which of us two had been the guilty one, those ravings were alone sufficient to establish my innocence. A man in a delirious fever is pretty sure to speak the truth. By the time I was able to leave my chamber, Gertrude also had grown pale and spiritless, and all unlike her former self. Rotterdam was insupportable to me; and I found myself a hero of romance, a lion, a thing to be stared after wherever I went, which only served to shatter my nerves more than ever. In short, change of air and scene was recommended for us both; so we thought we could not do better than marry, and take our wedding tour for the sake of our health. And I assure you, reader, it did us both a great deal of good.

TESTIMONIALS TO CHARACTER.

In our juvenile days, when roaming through the world of London in quest of lodgings, it happened to us to make acquaintance with a very rough but very honest landlady. Her accommodation suited both our requirements and our finances, and the next question we thought must be as to 'references.' To this subject we turned with some anxiety, for we were a new arrival in the said world, and had not as yet even delivered our letters of introduction: so it was not without a little awkwardness we forced ourselves to take the initiative by asking desperately whether she desired to be referred to those who knew us, or—

'Tush! nonsense, mister!' interrupted the landlady. 'References, indeed!—and what's the good of them, pray? If your present landlady doesn't like your goings on, she'll give you the best of characters to get you out; and the merest acquaintance you made yesterday will not refuse to call you a perfect hangel, if you ask him, since the good-nature will cost nothing. No, no, mister, I'm for no characters, thank you all the same—I have had quite enough of *them!*' We thought at the time that the good woman was a little eccentric in her abhorrence of references; but as years passed on, and our experience multiplied, we must confess we came gradually round to a full share in the feeling.

Whether a false character is the result of intentional roguery or amiable weakness, the result is the same: in fact, the mischief is more serious in the latter case, for the employer is not on his guard against goodness and respectability. He does not suspect that this excellent person on whose opinion he relies is merely a selfish man, who, rather than give himself the pain of wounding the feelings or injuring the prospects of an applicant for employment, makes no scruple of compromising the interest of the third party, who throws himself upon his honour. This, notwithstanding, is the real state of the case. The character-giver thinks of only one of the two persons concerned: he does his best to patronise the situation-hunter, and this is, in many cases, equivalent to deceiving the future employer. Not that he

frequently does this in direct words, for he knows that a little omission or a little over-colouring will answer the same purpose without very much compromising himself. When a 'respectable' family is about to part with a domestic servant, the question is, how to do so without destroying the poor girl, who may, in all probability, behave better, or prove more useful, in her next place? They cannot speak falsely of her—that is out of the question; but they may be good-natured when the good qualities are mentioned, of which she really has some small portion; and they do hope that the faulty part of her character will not be inquired into, for then they may be silent with a good conscience, since it is certainly not their business to prompt disagreeable questions! This, it must be confessed, is an odd way of being amiable: the family does not choose to keep the delinquent or the incapable in its own service, but it does everything that is consistent with 'respectability' to inflict her upon somebody else. Here we have an example of what must be called, if we would speak honestly, the unprincipled indulgence of selfish feeling.

The remedy for this kind of misconduct on the part of the respectables is only to be looked for in the gradual advance of a higher principle of general morality; but in the meantime it seems to be a decided tendency of the age to throw discredit upon private character-testimonials, and to put the candidate for employment to the actual proof of his capabilities before judges who must be supposed to be uninfluenced by private feelings, whether amiable or otherwise. This, of course, applies only to attainments in knowledge of the requisite kind, leaving untouched the equally important question of conduct and habits; but still it must be considered a great point gained, if only as a protection to the intelligent and studious, who depend upon themselves, against the ignorant and idle, who have hitherto depended upon friends and patrons.

The Society of Arts, which is every day becoming a greater and more useful body, shares in the tendency we have mentioned, and is perhaps destined to direct it. The numerous institutions throughout the country connected with the Society give it great power over the whole industrial body, and it is pleasing to find it exercising this power in a way so unquestionably advantageous to the community. Its plan is to institute a system of Examinations of candidates for commercial, manufacturing, and other employment, and to substitute official Certificates for the ordinary private testimonials of character. The Society was not at first successful, 'the idea of such a system being novel, and its advantages not immediately apparent.' Meanwhile, however, 'the political exigencies of the country impudently called for the adoption of that very system which the Council of the Society of Arts had vainly attempted to introduce among its associated Institutions.' This sentence occurs in a circular recently distributed, which goes on to describe the plan as follows:

'Success in competitive examination has very recently become the sole passport to employment in the civil service of the East India Company. Success in examination is also a necessary preliminary to admission into the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, into the Admiralty, into the War Department, into the Privy Council Office, and into the government departments generally. Examination has been revived in the Inns of Court, and it is in contemplation to incorporate them into a legal university. Now, that minute and systematic examination into the natural ability and acquired attainments of candidates for employment in their services which the crown and the East India Company are enabled efficiently to secure, the Council of the Society of Arts would desire to effect for the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country. It is obvious that the valuable

employments connected with these bodies will always secure a large supply of well-instructed candidates. Though the Society of Arts cannot hold out equal inducements, yet there can be little doubt, that were the extensive commercial establishments of this country, the great employers of labour, the railway-companies, the large manufacturers, and the friends of education, to agree to recognise the results of the examinations conducted under the sanction of the Society of Arts, and set forth in *certificates* awarded with discretion and integrity, a great boon would be held out to the unfriended talent of the country. The Society of Arts' certificate would thus be accepted, instead of the vague and worthless testimonials so frequently and so heedlessly given.'

According to the Society's plan, the examinations are to be conducted by men of distinguished reputation and high attainments; and, indeed, we see in the list of the board of examiners a galaxy of names that could not be easily rivalled in their various departments. These departments are: the elements of mathematics—including arithmetic—mechanics, physiology, botany, agriculture, chemistry, political and physical geography, English history, English composition and literature, free hand-drawing, the Latin, French, and German languages; in two of which subjects, at least, the candidate shall be examined.

The examinations are to be held at the Society's house in the Adelphi, London, during the week commencing the 9th of June next; and already the following Declaration is signed by about three hundred and seventy of the greatest commercial, manufacturing, and other houses in the kingdom:

'We, the undersigned, having considered the Memorandum of the Council of the Society of Arts, and the plan therein set forth, for examining and granting certificates to the students of classes for adult instruction in the Literary and Scientific Institutions, Mechanics' Institutes, Athenæums, and other similar bodies in union with the said society, do hereby declare that we desire to promote the success of the said plan, and are prepared to regard as testimonials worthy of credit such CERTIFICATES as may be awarded, in conformity thereto.'

CURIOSITIES OF OUR POST-OFFICE.

OUR post-office, in common with many other peaceful institutions, has been grievously disturbed and thrown off its equilibrium by the war. Ours is an Irish seaside village, and every man and boy of the operative classes dwelling therein, between the ages of twelve and sixty, was seized with an uncontrollable longing to join the fleet and fight the *Roosians*. The consequence is, that the culture of our pretty little gardens is left in the hands of an aged sea-monster, a sort of superannuated Caliban, who, having turned his oar into a spade, has suddenly started up as a professor of horticulture. His ideas, however, savouring much more of his former than of his present profession, he calls violets *pilots*, and digs away at our luckless parterres as if he were literally ploughing the deep. If the wretch would only learn 'to do his spiriting gently,' it would be something; but as matters stand, we woebegone Mirandas are left to weep over lacerated hyacinths and uprooted geraniums, while our gardener coolly assures us, that 'tis well for us to get him, for there isn't a handier boy than himself in the whole place.'

He is certainly useful in banishing insects from rose-trees; for only give him an unlimited supply of tobacco, and pay him good wages, and he will sit beneath your bower of roses, and smoke all day long with a

laudable perseverance and tranquil repose worthy of one of our Turkish allies.

To return to our post-office. One day lately, a sailor, belonging to a man-of-war lying in the harbour, stepped in, and addressing our postmaster, asked:

'Do you know Bill Jenkins A.B. of the *Racer*?'

'Not I. Why do you ask?'

'Because I wanted to give you a letter to him,' rejoined the sailor, producing an oddly folded epistle.

'Very well,' said our functionary; 'the letter will be sent to him; but you must put a stamp on it.'

'How the —,' responded the astonished seaman, 'can you send a letter to Bill Jenkins unless you know him?'

'Oh, no matter; I can send the letter; but it will cost you a penny for a stamp.'

'Stamp!' cried the sailor—'shew me one.'

A stamp was accordingly shewn to him. The honest tar turned it round contemptuously between his finger and thumb, shook his head, and exclaimed:

'No! shiver me if I put Bill Jenkins off with a penny, for he has often spent a crown upon me. Haven't you got anything handsomer than this?'

A twopenny-stamp was shewn him.

'Well, this looks decenter; but haven't you got anything better?'

The postmaster produced a shilling-stamp, which Jack inspected with an expression of approval, saying: 'All right. Put five of them on the letter. I'll never send Bill Jenkins less than five shillings' worth!'

So saying, he threw down two half-crowns on the counter, took up the five shilling-stamps, and stuck them on the letter, which he then threw into the box, with expressions of satisfaction at having spent a crown's worth on his old mate, Bill Jenkins.

Owing to the before-mentioned scarcity of boys, the present Mercury who distributes our correspondence is a bright-eyed ragged urchin of ten, wholly innocent of the art of reading. Although carrying an official-looking bag, this receptacle is merely meant to give grace and dignity to his office; for if the letters were once consigned to its depths in a mingled heap, the process of abstracting any individual one required would be a very chance-medley affair indeed, considering that the majority of our servants, as well as our post-boy, might have been pre-Cadmusites for anything they know of the alphabetic mysteries. By an ingenious species of *memoria technica*, therefore, our postmistress puts the letters for our terrace into the dirty chubby right hand of her juvenile *attaché*, and those for another in his left; while my letters, belonging to a third division, come in his mouth. Many is the editorial epistle I have myself extricated from this canine species of conveyance, and, blessing the invention of envelopes, read the unscathed sheet of note-paper, while its cover bore the marks of Master Jerry Linchan's strong white young incisors.

As to the mistakes in the delivery of the letters, they are really past counting. In fact, getting our neighbours' letters every morning has come to be regarded as quite the normal state of things in our village, and receiving our own rather an exceptional occurrence, for which we are bound to be thankful, but which we are not by any means entitled to expect. A nervous gentleman amongst us was certainly rather startled one day by receiving a demand for funeral expenses from an eminent undertaker; and an aristocratic one, by inadvertently opening an epistle designed for a government contractor, beginning 'My dear Henry [his own name], pigs are looking up,' &c.

As order, however, out of chaos sprang, so good sometimes comes of all this confusion. There lives in our village, in a handsome detached house, a rich childless widow named Effingham. She was always a civil neighbour, kind to the poor, and liberal in her expenditure, yet somehow she was not very popular

amongst us. People complained that they never got to know her any better than they did the first day they paid a visit in her nicely furnished drawing-room. She lived alone; and, although perfectly polite, she never seemed to manifest any interest in what was going on around. I believe the most intellectual, pious, or high-minded individual that ever breathed, if resident in a small village, can scarcely avoid having a tendency to small-talk about her neighbours' affairs, to curiosity about their sayings and doings—in short, to occasional indulgence in harmless gossip. Mrs Effingham was therefore looked on amongst us as a sort of phenomenon, when it was found that she took no interest whatever in the incipient flirtation between our Crimean hero—of whom we are very proud, although he *did* obtain leave of absence on 'urgent private affairs'—and Miss Ellard, our acknowledged belle. Once, indeed, when a runaway match—which, however, did not take place—was spoken of as likely to be the *dénouement* of an engagement between two penniless lovers, Mrs Effingham was heard to sigh deeply and remark: 'They are bad things; the happiness of many a family has been wrecked by a runaway match;' and then another sigh and a faint flush on the still handsome cheek, followed by a chill paleness. This rare evidence of emotion could not have been caused by any personal experience; for Mrs Effingham, we all knew, was the childless widow of a rich and highly respectable merchant, whom she had married with the full approbation of every one concerned.

By degrees, however, the truth came out—an old story! Her only sister had made a most imprudent clandestine marriage with a young ensign; and Mrs Effingham, in her first access of indignation, had made a vow never to see her sister or inquire about her again. Time rolled on, and the newspapers brought Mrs Effingham, whether she would or not, intelligence of the delinquent. First appeared among the births in the army in India the arrival of a niece. The next mail brought an account of the mother's death; and a few months after came a like announcement respecting the young husband. He died of jungle-fever, when on the eve of promotion. Often, in spite of herself, did Mrs Effingham's heart turn to the little orphan, left desolate in a foreign land, and now the only surviving member of her near kindred. Yet it was only by chance she learned that a kind stranger, the childless wife of a captain in its father's regiment, had taken the little creature to her home and heart, and was bringing it up as her own.

Years passed on. The girl, if alive, must be nearly twenty; and often in the silence of night, or in the cheerful sunshine, when we were commenting on Mrs Effingham's cold, absent, indifferent manner, was the sore self-stricken heart of the gray-haired woman yearning for the sound of a kindred voice, for the touch of a kindred hand.

She made diligent inquiries; but they were fruitless: Captain Ellis and his wife were both dead; and what had become of their adopted daughter no one could tell.

It happened one morning that our postmistress was sorely puzzled by the arrival of a letter legibly directed to 'Miss Greenham.'

'Where on the face of the earth can she be stopping?' was Mrs Callaghan's despairing inquiry. 'I'm sure I know the name of every one living or visiting in the whole place, and the never a Greenham, nor anything like it, is there in it. Here, Jerry,' she continued—'take this letter, and ax everywhere for somebody to own it. You're learning to read very fast, I'll say that for you; and here's the name *Greenham* plain enough. I'll put it in the bottom of the bag, and you'll be sure to find it.'

Away trudged Jerry on his mission, and delivered our correspondence after his usual fashion, not failing

to ask at every house: 'Was there one Miss Greenham stopping there?' The reply was always in the negative, and Jerry was almost at his wits' end, when a bright thought suddenly struck him. Mrs Effingham received very few letters, and consequently seldom came into contact with our young postman. As he was now, however, passing her door, he turned into the pleasant violet-scented little garden, and, his hands being at liberty, he gave a very tolerable imitation of an official knock at the hall-door. The grave, neat parlour-maid appeared.

'Ax the mistress could I see her for a minnit,' quoth Master Jerry.

'What do you want? I can give her any message.'

'Oh, 'tis herself I must see, about something very particklar,' was the rejoinder of our pertinacious postboy.

And the damsel at length consented to summon her mistress, who came in a state of considerable wonder to learn what Master Linchan's 'particklar business' could be.

'Would your honour be after seeing if this letter is for you?' said Jerry with his best bow, handing the unfortunate epistle to the lady.

'No, my boy; certainly it is not. My name is Mrs Effingham, and this letter is quite plainly directed to Miss Greenham.'

'Oh, but, ma'am, good-luck to you, and open it, and try if 'tis for you, for my heart's broken carrying it about everywhere, and no one will take it from me.'

'But I can't open it: it is not for me.' And the lady, turning away decidedly, was entering the parlour, when Jerry exclaimed: 'Ah, thin, ma'am, who else would it be for, if it isn't for you! Sure it ends in *h, a, m, ham*—all as one as your own name. *Effingham, Greenham*—'tis mighty little differ there's between 'em, I'm thinking.'

Master Linchan's system of orthographical mutation certainly rivalled in bold originality that of any modern philologist. His rhetoric, it would seem, was not without effect; for Mrs Effingham (she afterwards said she could not account for the impulse which led her to do so) at length consented to open the letter. A strange effect the reading of the first few lines produced on her—her face grew deadly pale, her lip quivered, and hastily desiring the boy to wait, she went into the parlour and shut the door. In about a quarter of an hour, she came out, her features wearing a softened expression, and the trace of many tears. Bidding the boy tell his mistress that 'it was all right about the letter,' she gave him a bright coin, and sent him away, the happiest of postboys.

That evening the village mail-bag went out freighted with a letter directed to 'Miss Aylmer, care of Miss Greenham,' &c.

By one of those accidents which are called improbable in novels, but which do occur in real life, Mrs Effingham's niece was living in a village in the north of Ireland, which, bearing the same name as that of our southern one, frequently has its correspondence exchanged for ours. The girl, on the death of the friends who had adopted her, but who had nothing to bequeath, came over from India, and knowing no relative, save a poor and distant cousin of her father's, a Miss Greenham, residing in our northern namesake village, she naturally, in the first instance, took up her abode with her. The letter was one produced by an advertisement which the young lady had inserted in a Dublin newspaper, offering her services as a governess. A correspondence, always directed under cover to Miss Greenham, ensued between the young Anglo-Indian and a lady of high respectability who wished to engage her. This letter, the third of the

series, contained sufficient to identify Miss Aylmer as the relative for whose presence Mrs Effingham had long pined.

No governessing now—no going forth into the wide bleak world. In a few days, Miss Aylmer, accompanied by her friend, made her appearance in our village. A lively, gentle girl she was, so agreeable, that very few people ever thought of asking whether she was pretty. Under her auspices, her aunt's sometime melancholy mansion became filled with gaiety, and the number of consequent tea-parties and picnics was quite wonderful for our quiet village.

'Ye see,' said Jerry, when telling me the story confidentially for at least the tenth time—'ye see, ma'am, the good of the larning; for only that I knew that *h, a, m*, spells *ham*, that letter would still have been going a *shaughbraun*,* and that purty young lady wouldn't be to the fore, and I'd be without the fine new cloth-jacket and corderoys that the ould mistress promised me agen next Sunday.'

It is recorded of Dr Johnson, that on receiving a letter a day or two before his death, he said: 'An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave.' Now, without venturing to affirm that our post-office is a means of transmitting epistles to the 'silent land,' it certainly would appear to be now and then the medium of conveying letters from the dead to the living; in proof of which assertion I will copy, *verbatim et literatim*, a missive received by a gentleman in our village:

'MR DALLICO. Parson.

DEAR SIR I take the opportunity of writing those lines to you hoping that you would bestow some charity towards burying her as it is the last Request now and for ever and She died Thursday the 18th Inst and She have no one to bury her unless yer assistance towards it and her dependance is always on your Rev^{ce} to do it for her and it is an act of Charity besides a reward from God Amen.

I remain
your very dutiful & obet Sert
ELLEN AHERNE dead.†

The next document I shall cite in honour of our post-office is the following Latin epistle from one of a class of men now almost extinct in Ireland. Indeed, for aught I know, this may be the production of the Last of the Hedge-schoolmasters:

'REVERENTISSEME JOHANES MUR
Strawberunsisaula. -PHY

Per tot various casus per tot discrimena rerum tendimus in Latium

Viginti quintus Aprilensis octo decem quinquagesima, sed roga veniam tibi quia papyrus non satus est scribere tibi quæ pecunia deæst Mihi

REVERENTISSEME DOMINE

Ego sum egroto valde et fortasse alimentum deæst mihe sæpe quia inopia multa est ut ego sum pauper et non habeo pecuniam potiore harum rerum vel potiore aliquantum semenienis pomarum terristriarum quia hortum sera est enopia semene ideo spero dæb saturu parvum auxlium potiore harum rerum—

et ego sum fidus servus tuus

DANULUS CALLANAN
Hualkunsis'

The next is addressed by a rural genius of another kind to two clerical gentlemen. The verses, I flatter myself, are quite as good in their way as those of the English street-balladists immortalised in our last Number; but the poet, I fear, is no honestier than he should be, inasmuch, as being a bigoted Roman Catholic, it is unlikely that his praise of a Protestant church and its

* This dialogue, with a slight change in the initial syllables of one of the proper names, is given *verbatim*.

* Anglice, 'wandering about.'

† We have seen the original of the above letter.—ED.

parsons can proceed from any motive better than the hope of filthy lucre:

'LINES ON THE NEW CHURCH OF KINNEIGH—ADDRESSED TO THE REV. GODFREY C. SMYTH AND THE REV. FRANCIS HOPKINS.

One Morning fair mild & serene
I reached the heights of Ardkillen
I viewed the new-built Church at Kinneigh Staple
A Brilliant shield for God's own people
A lovely youth of freedom's home
Laid the first foundation stone
That Angels wings may him protect
And long may live the Architect—
An ancient structure * by it stands
Posterity say its built by Fairy hands
Majestic, tall, perfect and Strait
I know not its birth or yet its date.

THE CHURCH.

In it the sinner finds relief
So it was with the penitent Thief
Our holy Lord spoke mild and nice
Saying this day you'll be in Paradise
A splendid flock on Sunday shine
Accompanied by their good Divine
His holy steps they do pursue
Until he leads them to the Pue.
The holy Scriptures he does Unfold
As precious as pure links of Gold
The world all they must admit
That it is the Revd Mr Smyth.
In it you 'll find the Holy Bible
Seek and find do not be idle—
Let any honest Protestant
Consider this a Covenant—
In the Gospel it is spoken
Knock at the door and it will open.
Its Gothic Arch and massy walls
Do far exceed the Great St Paul's
A splendid roof of Noble Oak
With which brave Noah built the Ark
The spire top salute the sky
And the whistling winds it do defy.
Right overhangs the Ravens nest
And from the storms is at Rest
The Curate is good Mr Hopkins
Who feeds his flock & soothes their Lambkins
He is of the race of Noble Lords
And in Heaven I hope will get reward
A lovely Cottage stands hard by
That does arrest the Travellers eye
The little Warblers round it sing
All praising God their potent king
The fledged Hare, the Fox and Hound
Are started at the Huntsmans sound
All passes thro' that spacious Lawn
Accompanied by the active Fawn
The Weak, The Lame The Blind the Poor
Are often found at the Hall door
That it may stand for many an age
Which terminates my little Page

Excuse Revd Sir, and do not blame
The honest Bard from Enniskeane.

JOHN CROWLY.

One more curiosity of our post-office, and I have done: it is a genuine epistle, sent by an emigrant country schoolmaster to a friend at home:

'MR M CONNORS

With congruous gratitude and decorum I accost to you this debonnaire communication. And announce to you with amicable Complacency that we continually enjoy competent laudable good health, thanks to our omnipotent Father for it. We are endowed with the

momentous prerogatives of respectable operations of a supplement concuity of having a fine brave and gallant youthful daughter the pendicity ladies age is four months at this date, we denominated her Margaret Connolly.

I have to respond to the Communication and accost and remit a Convoy revealing with your identity candour and sincerity. If your brother who had been pristinely located and stationed in England whether 'if he has induced himself with Ecstasy to be in preparation to progress with you. I am paid by the respectable potent loyal nobleman that I work for one dollar per day. Announce to me in what Concuity the crops and the products of husbandry dignify, also predict how is Jno. Carroll and his wife and family. My brother and Myself are continually employed and occupied in similar work. Living and doing good. Dictate how Jno. Mahony wife and family is.

Don't you permit oblivion to obstruct you from inserting this. Prognosticate how Mrs Harrington is and if she accept my intelligence or any convoy from either of Her 2 progenies since their embarkation for this nation. If she has please specify with congruous and elysian gratitude with validity and veracity to my magnanimous self.

I remit my respects to my former friends and acquaintances. I remain D. CONNOLLY.

P.S. Direct your Epistle to Pembroke state of Maine.

Dear brother-in-law

I am determined and candidly arrive at Corolary, as I am fully resolved to transfer a sufficient portion of money to you to recompense your liabilities from thence to hence. I hope your similar operations will not impede any occurrence that might obstruct your progression on or at the specified time the 17th of March next.'

COLLEGE-LIFE IN FINLAND.*

THERE is no great difficulty in becoming a member of the university of Finland. The only conditions are, that the candidate shall be provided with a certificate as to his moral and intellectual character, furnished by the head of the preparatory school he has attended; and that he pass through an examination before a committee consisting of a dean of divinity and two assistants who are elected every year by the consistory. These interrogate him on the history of the church, the principles of Christianity, logic, moral philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, history, geography, and belles-lettres; and if his answers are sufficiently satisfactory to justify the words *approbatur*, *approbatur cum laude*, or *laudatur*, he is at once admitted as a member of the college.

The only fee demanded upon admission is twenty-two rubles, or about L.2, 10s. Candidates who have previously studied in the universities or gymnasiums of Russia, may dispense with this examination, it being sufficient for them to produce their diplomas: but this happens rarely.

The gates of the college, however, were not always so freely opened to students. In former years, if we may believe the *Sieur de la Mottraye*, aspirants to the honour of membership were exposed even to absurd and painful tests. 'On the day of their enrolment,' he says, 'all the aspirants to the title of student being assembled in one room, an officer of the academy, named the trustee, advances towards them, and amid the gibes and laughter of those around, blackens the face of each, fastens a pair of long ears or horns to his hat, the rim of which is straightened out, thrusts into each corner of his mouth a long hook or tusk, which

* The Round Tower of Kinneigh.

* From *L'Empereur Alexandre II.* Par M. Léouzon. Le Duc: Paris.

he is obliged to hold between his teeth like a couple of small tobacco-pipes, and throws a long black cloak over his shoulders. In this ridiculous disguise, even more monstrous than that with which the victims of the Inquisition are invested, the young men are marched out of the room, and into another crowded with spectators, the officer driving them before him with a stick, headed with a small hatchet, as a drover might a number of oxen or asses. He here arranges them into a circle, measuring and equalising them with his stick, like a sergeant dressing his soldiers, at the same time distorting his face into innumerable grimaces, and making them mute reverences; anon, he rallies them upon their strange apparel, and then changing his tone, he sternly charges them with every vice or error common to youth, and points out how these must be corrected, punished, and done away with, by the study of belles-lettres. Then changing again from serious to burlesque, or rather tragi-comedy, he asks them several questions, which they are obliged to answer; but on account of the tusks placed between their teeth, they cannot do this distinctly, but grunt out their replies like an army of young pigs, which draws down a reprimand from him, and he applies the appropriate epithet to them, administering at the same time some slight blows about their shoulders with his stick, or striking them with his gloves. He tells them the tusks signify intemperance, the debauches of young men, who, while eating and drinking to excess, obscure the mind as well as overload the stomach. Then drawing from a sort of juggler's bag a pair of wooden pincers, that open and shut with a zigzag motion, he seizes them by the neck, and shakes and jerks the instrument till the tusks fall to the ground; telling them, that if they prove docile pupils, willing to profit by the teaching of the academy, they will thus throw off their penchant for intemperance and gluttony. Pulling off the long ears, he says they must apply earnestly to study, or they will resemble the animal to which these appendages belong; and, lastly, he removes the horns, which are symbolical of ferocity and brutality, and taking a plane from the bag, he makes them all lie down upon their faces by turns, while he planes them from top to toe, to indicate that in the same manner belles-lettres will polish their understanding. After a few more similar absurdities, the farce is ended by the officer taking a large vessel full of water, and pouring it over the bare heads of the students till they are drenched to the skin, and wiping their faces roughly with a coarse towel. He then winds up with an address, exhorting them to lead a new life, and to throw off every evil habit from their minds, as they have just done the grotesque habiliments of the body; and declaring them now free students of the academy, on condition that they continue to wear the long cloak for six months; that they go every day, each to those of his own province, to the students who have been previously enrolled, and offer their services to them, whether in the chamber or the auberge; that they obey every order they receive, and submit without a murmur to every reproach and sarcasm that may be offered them; and that, finally, they consent to being called by the name of *criminals*.

The greater number of the students of Helsingfors are poor, but they submit to the misfortune courageously and honourably; and there is no great demand upon the purse in a place where, as is the case even in the capital of Finland, lodging and victuals are cheap, every kind of merchandise of moderate price, where appearances are not much thought of, and where they have no such temptations as the Parisian student is subject to—no *Chaumière*, no *Prado*, nor any other such place of recreation and amusement. Still, theirs is not an altogether melancholy life; and many a heart in the *Quartier Latin* weaves bright visions of romance even out of the tedium of study, and the dry details of

their hard life. The Finland student resembles the German in many respects—the same impulsiveness, the same recklessness of the future, characterise him. The happiest period of his existence is when the paternal letter arrives containing his eagerly looked for quarterly pension. Then it is that friends are called to the banquet; then are innumerable pipes smoked, cups of tea swallowed, bowls of punch concocted; and then champagne foams, and rubles go. But never mind; he returns again to his studies when the money is spent, and waits patiently for the next glimpse of happiness, and of rubles. And so the quiet life of the student of Helsingfors passes on, alternating from laborious days of solitude and reflection to those of gaiety and oblivion, or of a do-nothingism which the most accomplished *lazzaroni* might envy.

Our student goes seldom into private society, but then he is the spirit of every public fête. As soon as May is in, he hurries out to the suburbs of the town, and with cheers and toasts, and libations of hydromel, celebrates the death of winter and the birth of flowers. With his presence, life and animation flow into the balls at the *Hôtel de la Société*; he frequents the promenade, directs the representations at the theatre, and applauds its actors; or appears upon the boards at the concert, and takes his part, without regard to public respect or self-esteem. It is true, these amusements sometimes end in a brawl in the midst, although if the voice of some beloved master is heard, he at once becomes quiet and tractable.

The students of Helsingfors are divided, like those of Upsal and Lund, into nations or classes. Each nation has a special place of meeting, where the members keep their little library, where every one brings his book for study, or musical instrument, and there beguiles the time with reading, playing, or arguing. Every nation has at its head one of the professors of the college, who takes the class under his peculiar protection, and is appealed to on all occasions for advice and direction. There exists a very clannish feeling among these tribes; but, although of a very ardent nature, it never leads to any serious result. Every year the members unite in getting up a fête. The rector of the university, the professor, and all the members of the nation, are expected to be present at the feast. Compositions in prose and verse are recited, and toasts drunk in honour of the institution and its directors; and the lively flow of conversation never flags till the hour for breaking up, when the enjoyments of the evening are ended by the proposal of a general health to all the members of the nation.

These nations are entitled to some very peculiar privileges. One of the principal of these is the right of admitting or rejecting any student desirous of becoming a member of the college, without being obliged to assign any reason for it. If the candidate, after applying successively to each nation, and being refused by all, still persists in entering the college, under favour of the directors, it is at his peril. He henceforth leads an isolated existence; is looked upon as the *Paria* of the society; and his life is rendered bitter by the continual persecutions and hatred of his brother-students, who are determined to force him, sooner or later, to resign. To prevent these dissensions, the directors either approve of and confirm the rejection of the nations, or else oblige them, by their advice and representations, to reconsider their verdict, and reverse their decision. A case of this description occurred in 1844, to an ex-student of St Petersburg.

The most imposing ceremony that takes place within the walls of the university of Finland, is the election of the masters and doctors. This occurs every three years. On that day, the students perform a drama composed for the occasion, and the rector gives a grand dinner, furnished by the rules of the academy. It must consist of not more than six plain dishes, besides ham

and butter; no pastry, but simply cheese; and for liquors, Finland beer and a little French wine. If the rector chooses, he may invite the printers and bookbinders, but no female whatever, not even the wives of the professors; and the banquet must not be prolonged to the next day. The last of the regulations might create some suspicion as to the sobriety of the guests, but there is, fortunately, no instance of excess known.

The odd proceedings belong to a by-gone age, but all the details connected with the installation of the doctors retain their ancient solemnity. Professor Grote describes in what manner the ceremony was conducted in 1840. 'Four days,' he says, 'were set apart for the election of the doctors of the four faculties. All the members of the university go in procession, two and two, to the high church of St Nicholas, where the public are already assembled; a continual firing of cannon and bursts of music are kept up, accompanied by the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. Having entered the church, the candidates form around the pulpit, from which the individual who elects them pronounces an appropriate discourse. After this, one of the assistants of the college proposes a scientific question, to which the *premier* replies. Then the form of the oath is read in Latin, and each candidate confirms it by placing two fingers upon a baton presented to him by one of the soldiers. The election now takes place. The elector first covers himself with his own doctor's cap, and then places it successively upon the head of every one of the candidates; all the doctors present, at the same time, putting on their caps—black, blue, or red, according to the faculty—and presents them with a gold ring, as a symbol of their being now united to science, as well as a copy of the Bible to the doctors of theology, a sword to the others, and to all the diploma of the university. Whilst these tokens were being distributed, strains of music fill the church, and the solemn roar of the cannon resounds without. The ceremony ended, the *dernier* makes a speech of thanks to the assembly, with a particular address to the ladies in verse.'

The election of the masters is a still more solemn affair—or, at any rate, a more popular one; and it is natural it should be so, when it is remembered, that on this occasion it is not the veterans of science who have finished their probation, but youths just entered upon their career, who are now about to taste the fruits of their labours, and be recompensed for the sacrifices of their family. The ceremony is the same as on the installation of doctors, only that a laurel-crown replaces the cap. The young masters wear the crown all day, walking the streets hat in hand; and at the grand ball given by the town in the evening, it still adorns their brows, marking them out for no little distinction and admiration. According to a good old custom, the candidate may choose from the whole town a maiden distinguished for her modesty, beauty, and rank, to weave his crown with her own fair fingers. It is presented to him on the day of election, in the name of all the electees, and the young lady appears at the ball with her dress decorated with laurel leaves.

In 1643, the university of Finland celebrated the election of its masters for the first time. The same spirit of austere morality that dictated the ceremonies of its membership, were in full action on this occasion. Several of the students merited by their learning the dignity of being masters, but the consistory did not find them sufficiently pure in *vita et moribus*, and allowed them to compete for the prize, but did not confer it upon them. One student who had the misfortune to compose some verses, was enjoined to renounce such folly, and not to go about the town spouting stanzas and rhymes that conferred little honour upon the academy. But a much more serious charge than this was brought home to the students in

1661, when one of them stood accused of sorcery. It is true, no one had ever seen him in the exercise of any act of witchcraft, no cabalistic figures or conjuring-book had been discovered in his room, and no witness could testify to having seen him ride away on a broomstick to keep his unhallowed sabbath; but he had made astonishing progress in oriental languages, and he had taught a comrade Latin in so short a time, as clearly shewed he must have had dealings with the Evil One; and the whole consistory, with the bishop at its head, condemned him to death. The poor wretch escaped the punishment of his crime through the intervention of Count de Brahé, who, without contradicting the wisdom of the judges, observed that even if the accused was guilty of the dreadful crime imputed to him, still the shame of his sentence and the severities of his prison were a sufficient punishment. Nine years afterwards, another student, accused of the same misdemeanour, was simply expelled for ever from the academy.

At the present day, though the discipline of the consistory is more in accordance with our ideas of reason, yet they make the title of master no less difficult to obtain than formerly. It is frightful even to think what the university exacts of a young man before he may hope to encircle his brows with the academical laurel. He is examined in the following branches:—geometry, arithmetic, algebra, the application of algebra to geometry; trigonometry, plane and spherical; conic sections; the theory of curved lines, calculations differential and integral; Newmann's natural philosophy; astronomy, organic and inorganic; chemistry, with principles of analysis; mineralogy; Hegel's encyclopædia, natural history.

The examination in the divers branches of the faculty of philosophy lasts from a month and a half to two months, during which time the student has two or three meetings to attend every week; and it is necessary, in order to be admitted, that he receives for each of these branches one of the three words of approval, *approbatur*, *approbatur cum laude*, or *laudatur*. A written examination precedes the oral one. It is carried on in Latin, and is comprised in two exercises. The first is to shew the style of the candidate; the other, his method of developing his ideas and of treating the subject. The written examination is subject to the same conditions as the other. No dispensation is ever granted unless for the oriental languages, for which it can be obtained readily enough, especially if the applicant can prove a thorough knowledge of the Russian language.

ASSIMILATION OF THERMOMETERS.

THERE are three instruments in common use bearing the name of thermometer, which, though all constructed on the same principle—namely, on the change of bulk which bodies undergo by alterations of temperature—differ materially from each other in the graduation of their respective scales.

1. Daniel Gabriel Fahrenheit, a native of Danzig, its reputed inventor, has lent his name to that used in this country, in North America, and Holland.

2. Reaumur's thermometer, though now not much used, except in Spain and some other continental states, is entitled to attention, as supplying us with the terms in which numerous and very valuable observations and experiments are recorded.

3. The thermometer of Celsius—the *thermomètre centigrade* of the French chemists—differs but little from that of Reaumur.

The confusion and embarrassment which are produced by this difference in the graduation of so popular an instrument, seem to render a universal thermometer almost as desirable an object as a universal language. In the absence of this desideratum, we have, for the use of those of our readers who are also readers of

French or German books, and who have no doubt been frequently misled or arrested in their progress by conflicting quotations of the degrees of heat, constructed the following table, and annexed a rule by which the degrees of Reaumur and Celsius may, with the greatest facility, be in all cases reduced to those of Fahrenheit:—

Reaumur.	Centigrade	Fahrenheit.	Reaumur.	Centigrade	Fahrenheit.
Boiling-points.			20	25	77
80	100	212	16	20	68
76	95	203	12	15	59
72	90	194	8	10	50
68	85	185	4	5	41
64	80	176	0	0	32
60	75	167	Freezing-points.		
56	70	158	·4	·5	23
52	65	149	·8	·10	14
48	60	140	·12	·15	5
44	55	131	·16	·20	·4
40	50	122	·20	·25	·13
36	45	113	·24	·30	·22
32	40	104	·28	·35	·31
28	35	95	·32	·40	·40
24	30	86	·36	·45	·49*

Rule.—To convert degrees of Reaumur into those of Fahrenheit, multiply by 9, divide by 4, and add 32 to, or subtract 32 from, the quotient as the degrees are positive or negative. Thus,

$$\frac{28^{\circ} \times 9}{4} + 32 = 95^{\circ}, \text{ and } \frac{-28^{\circ} \times 9}{4} - 32 = -31^{\circ}.$$

And to convert degrees of Celsius into those of Fahrenheit, multiply by 9, divide by 5, and add 32 to, or subtract 32 from, the quotient as the degrees are positive or negative. Thus,

$$\frac{35^{\circ} \times 9}{5} + 32 = 95^{\circ}, \text{ and } \frac{-35^{\circ} \times 9}{5} - 32 = -31^{\circ}.$$

INNS OF COURT.

The Inns of Court are themselves sufficiently peculiar to give a strong distinctive mark to the locality in which they exist; for here are seen broad open squares like huge courtyards, paved and treeless, and flanked with grubby mansions—as big and cheerless-looking as barracks—every one of them being destitute of doors, and having a string of names painted in stripes upon the door-posts, that reminds one of the lists displayed at an estate-agent's office, and there is generally a chapel-like edifice called the 'hall,' that is devoted to feeding rather than praying, and where the lawyerlings 'qualify' for the bar by eating so many dinners; and become at length—gastronomically—'learned in the law.' Then how peculiar are the tidy legal gardens attached to the principal Inns, with their close-shaven grassplots looking as sleek and bright as so much green plush, and the clean-swept gravel-walks thronged with children, and nursemaids, and law-students. How odd, too, are the desolate-looking legal alleys or courts adjoining these Inns, with nothing but a pump or a cane-bearing street-keeper to be seen in the midst of them, and occasionally at one corner, beside a crypt-like passage, a stray dark and dingy barber's shop, with its seedy display of powdered horsehair wigs of the same dirty-white hue as London snow. Who, moreover, has not noted the windows of the legal fruiterers and law-stationers hereabouts, stuck over with small announcements of clerkships wanted, each penned in the well-known formidable straight-up-and-down three-and-fourpenny hand, and beginning—with a 'This-indenture'-like flourish of German text—'The ~~Writer~~ hereof,' &c.? Who, too, while threading his way through the monastic-like by-ways of such places, has not been startled to find himself suddenly light upon a small enclosure, comprising a tree or two, and a little circular pool, hardly bigger than a lawyer's inkstand, with a so-called fountain in the centre, squirting up the water in one long thick thread, as if it were the nozzle of a fire-engine?—*Mayhew's Great World of London.*

* This was the greatest degree of cold felt by Sir John Franklin and his companions, on that navigator's second Expedition to the Arctic Seas.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Muse—genius—fay—that lov'st to dwell
Where shades are deep, and waters bright,
Where birds are singing soft and well,
And where the heart is light!
Far from thy haunts we exorcise
Each thing of sad or sullen hue,
Far, far we ban from those pure eyes
Each vice and folly too.
For thou consortest not with wo,
Nor sloth, nor vice, nor earth-born care,
For thou art purer than the flow
Of summer's purest air.
The low, the guilty, cannot bear
The look of beauty and of worth,
The majesty thy features wear,
Not born of rule or earth.
Genius with thee, and holy Truth,
And heavenly Musing love to bide.
Thine the soft hours of virtuous youth,
Thine life's soft eventide.
At times there kindle in thy dreams
Some sparks of a diviner lore,
At times excursive, vastest themes
Thy light wing flashes o'er:
Thus when the king of minstrels sung,
Achilles in his museful mood,
When o'er the trembling lyre he hung
In his proud solitude—
Think you the hero slumbered then?
No! for his soul was far away;
It dashed amid the press of men,
And grappled in the fray.
'Tis thus thy shades are Academes
Of lofty thought and high emprise,
And to great actions from thy dreams
Heroes and sages rise.
O be it mine to wax in worth,
Taught by thy lessons wise as fair,
And thus solidify on earth
Thy Castles in the Air!

H. M. JUNR.

COLD.

For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth, the temperature falls 5 degrees. At forty-five miles' distance from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero; and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed in the Arctic Circle is from 40 degrees to 60 degrees below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150 degrees below zero. At this temperature, carbonic gas becomes a solid substance, like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver or mercury freezes at 40 degrees below zero; that is, 72 degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would, however, melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like wax; oil would be in reality 'as hard as a rock;' pure spirit, which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid, and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odours of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.—*Septimus Piessé.*

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JOHN BROADFOOT AND OTHER
ANOMALIES.

HONEST John Broadfoot, house-painter in a certain city not far from where we write, was the son of a worthless pair who kept a mean tavern. Reared amidst scenes of low debauchery, with scarcely any school-learning or other tuition—above all, with the reverse of worthy example from his parents, he nevertheless was a good boy from the beginning. Through his excellent conduct and prepossessing manners, he was recommended to an apprenticeship, in which his course from the first was upward. With no apparent difficulty, and solely by his own merits, he rose to his present position as a respectable citizen, in which he is enabled to be the friend of many such poor boys as he himself once was. We pass John's shop every day, and never without thinking of him as a curious moral phenomenon, and a little of an anomaly to the believers in the omnipotence of education. Yet his is, after all, an everyday history. The world is full of people of good station and repute, who ought to have been still herding with the vile, if their destiny had been to be determined by the educational conditions of their early years.

On the other hand, it is a common remark, that young men reared in what appear the most favourable circumstances—amidst scenes of industry, surrounded by relatives of the greatest worth, and with nothing like bad example ever set before them, do not always realise the hopes formed of them. The son of the pious clergyman falls into reckless habits—the child of the self-raised man of industry becomes an idler. The careful nurture and instruction of years seems to have made no permanent impression. A 'good education,' or what is so called, appears as thrown away. The favoured youth sinks in the social scale from the moment he is intrusted with his own interests. In conformity with this observation, is one often made regarding the leading men in our large mercantile communities. They are not, in general, the well-educated sons of men of their own class, but a select band of the children of an inferior grade, imperfectly educated, indebted mainly to innate energy and a self-sustaining steadiness for the positions they have attained. Their sons are all at good schools; but how many of the number can be expected, from any rule of experience, to advance by that means to a better place than that of their fathers, or even to keep on the same level?

From these facts of society—for such they are—we do not see what can be inferred, but that education is not quite so certain a beneficial agent as many people

suppose. Much power it doubtless has; but there are some things beyond its boasted efficacy. Nature still keeps much of the affair in her own hand. He whom she has appointed to be a dunce, will never be brightened up into a clever man. Those in whom she has implanted fine moral tendencies, will carry themselves unsullied through scenes of depravity; natural talent will force its way through all imaginable difficulties; and those to whom these better gifts are denied will sink, in spite of all mere external sustainments.

One of the favourite ideas of our age is, that the cultivation of the fine arts is a powerful means of raising and refining a nation. We do not dispute it. One cannot doubt that a custom of beholding beautiful pictures and statues is, generally speaking, calculated to have an ennobling effect on human nature. Yet there are strange anomalies connected with the subject. The external life of artists is not remarked to be pure and noble beyond that of other men. One of the filthiest *ménages* that we ever heard described, was that of a Roman painter, noted for the beautiful forms he introduced into his works. We think we have known several *dilettanti*—possessors of fine collections of modern art—who were what would be called coarse men, weak men, or men of sordid mind. It seems difficult to reconcile these facts with the general proposition; and some may be inclined to rebel them, or to dispute their bearing on the subject. Yet, are they not in conformity with other things generally remarked, and of which no one disputes the truth? To preach one thing and practise another is no novelty in the world. To theorise in farming, and have fields all the time full of weeds, is such a conjuncture as surprises nobody. As to the condition of the shoes of the shoemaker's wife and children, the proverb is somewhat musty. Perhaps the solution of the mystery lies in the tendency of all tastes to become engrossing. The artist may be so rapt in his fine conceptions as to neglect the many other things that go to the formation of a noble and elevated life. The dilettante may have allowed his desire of collecting to become a passion of his lower nature, rather than a solace and a purification to his higher feelings. If the man of genius works mainly for admiration, and the collector spends only for the sake of the *éclat* of possession, what are we to expect of them?

It will seem a dreadful heresy, yet we feel convinced that some of the expectations formed regarding the effect of education even on the life and conduct of nations, are liable to disappointment. It must civilise; it must tend to advance the material and moral conditions of a people. But when we look at the many other circumstances affecting the condition and progress of

nations, we shall see reason somewhat to moderate our hopes even from this powerful agent. A people may be under a centralising government, tending to keep them in perpetual pupilage, and thus a liberal education may fail to give them energy. A people may be thinly scattered over a poor soil; and thus, while perhaps inspired by education with literary tastes, may remain from age to age poor and depressed. An unusually superstitious form of religion may repress the higher intellectual faculties of a people, and make schools and universities of little avail. On the other hand, there is a civilisation independent of education. In England, for example, where the mass of the people have heretofore been nearly altogether uninstructed, the general tone of civilisation, as expressed in the institutions, and in the daily life of the nation, is high. Scotland has a more instructed people; but it is a country remoter from the centre of European civilisation, and which was, at the accession of the House of Hanover, in about the same state as England in the days of Henry VIII. Paradoxical as it may seem, with more knowledge among individuals, the general tone of national life is there on a lower key. Mobs are fiercer; peculiar opinions are entertained with more rancour and intolerance; there is less meekness in social life. So in America, it is seen that a progress is making in keenness of intelligence, in mental activity, and in the popular power of resolving new elements into what may be called organic nationality, such as mere school-instruction could not create, and which must be attributed mainly, we apprehend, to the effect of that system of self-dependence and self-management which is of the essence of republican institutions.

We do not of course mean by these observations to discourage those worthy men who are endeavouring to promote a more general diffusion of education amongst our millions. Far from it. We believe that, everywhere, other circumstances being equal, education will prove a means of advancing the moral and intellectual growth of nations. Sometimes, however, a good cause is damaged by the disappointment of unreasonable hopes which have been formed regarding it. We merely wish to guard the friends of education against this possible evil.

THE FUR-HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE history of the various companies that have been formed at different times for promoting the fur-trade in the west and north-western regions of America, is a history of adventure and peril, and introduces us to scenes of wild and savage life which are eminently interesting, from the contrast they present to our prevailing civilisation. Sitting at home in our comfortable arm-chairs, by cozy firesides, or in leafy summer-arbours, surrounded by all the conveniences of an advanced condition of society, it is pleasant to read of the hardships and successes of those enterprising persons who have pushed their way into the wilderness for purposes of traffic or discovery. Everything, in fact, that has been done by man in the face of difficulties, recommends itself to human consideration, and is calculated to attract both the curiosity and the sympathy of other men. We presume, therefore, that this slight notice of a recently published work on the undertakings and

achievements of the fur-hunters in the Oregon Territory, and some of the parts adjacent, will be generally acceptable to our readers.* The author, Mr Alexander Ross, having spent the last forty-four years of his life in the Indian territories of North America, has had the amplest opportunities for observing whatever is noteworthy and peculiar in the state and circumstances of those countries; and the mass of information he has collected, and here presents to our attention, is such as has been hitherto almost wholly unattainable. In 1849, he published a narrative of his adventures while in the service of the Pacific Fur Company, which, after a few years of vigorous activity, became merged in the North-west Company, into whose service he subsequently entered. This latter company, in turn, has been absorbed by the larger and longer established Hudson Bay Company, to which, also, Mr Ross was induced to transfer his services. Since the year 1825, he has held an appointment at the Red River Settlement; so that it will be seen his recollections of Indian-life and fur-hunting mostly refer to events anterior to that date. They are, however, quite as novel and entertaining as if they belonged to the present year; and though we are informed that the aboriginal tribes are fast disappearing, and the fur-trade has almost perished, what Mr Ross has written and related will always have a special and historical interest.

With the commercial relations of the several companies we shall not here concern ourselves—extractable incidents and adventures, illustrative of Indian-life and of the fur-hunters' pursuits, being more likely to be welcome to our readers, as they are also more than sufficiently abundant to occupy our contracted space. Though to some it might appear that the life of the fur-hunter, entailing a residence of years among savages in remote and dreary wilds, must of necessity be one of great unpleasantness, we are yet assured, that of the persons who have been engaged in it, few or none are known who did not afterwards look back with fond remembrance and regret on the scenes through which they passed—'preferring the difficulties and dangers of their former precarious but independent habits to all the boasted luxuries of polished society.' The exciting nature of such a life is well exhibited in these volumes. If full of peril, it is also shewn to be full of action, and constantly diversified by incidents that are calculated to stir the blood and entertain the imagination. A man in such circumstances is familiarised with events and things which are continually sharpening his wits, and adding something to his previous experience. He becomes ready at any day to go out into the woods on long journeys of discovery, depending for subsistence by the way on what he may chance to shoot; and thinks 'no more of crossing the desert from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the most wild and unfrequented parts, than any other man in ordinary life would of crossing a country parish.' Being always liable to danger, he is always as well as possible prepared for it, and escapes out of the most intricate of perplexities by means which often seem miraculous. It is not possible to give any adequate notion of so varied and irregular a kind of existence in the way of general description; but perhaps we may be able to present some partial shadow or reflection of it, by sketching a few of its most

* *The Fur-hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains.* By Alexander Ross, author of *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River.* 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

prominent and ordinary phases. We will begin with one exhibiting the minimum of dangerous adventure; but which, notwithstanding the accidental absence of anything remarkable in the way of incident, is faithfully illustrative of a part of the fur-hunter's vocation. It records the proceedings of what is called an 'exploring-party'—a band of men commissioned to go out and ascertain the resources of some previously unknown region, with respect to its furs and general appearance and condition. As Mr Ross's account occupies too much space for quotation in these pages, we must use compression in presenting it, without, however, omitting any significant particulars.

The preparations made beforehand for these expeditions are usually inconsiderable; 'because,' says Mr Ross, 'the ordinary routine of every day's duty is as full of adventure and hardship as it could be on a voyage of discovery, even were it to the north pole.' The party is accustomed to set off with such means as are available at the time; and though these may differ somewhat, according to circumstances, the rank of the leader, or the extent of the undertaking, they are always simple. The country to be traversed on this occasion was a wild tract, lying between one of the company's stations in the Oregon and the Rocky Mountains; the date of departure, the 14th of August; and the journey was intended to be performed on foot. Mr Ross was accompanied by two of his best and most experienced hands, together with two Indians, himself making the fifth person. 'Each man was provided with half-a-dozen pair of Indian shoes, a blanket to sleep in, ammunition, a small axe, a knife, a fire-steel, and an awl, together with some needles, thread, and tobacco to smoke; all of which he had to carry on his back, and his gun on his shoulder.' This constituted the whole of the travelling baggage, with the exception of a pint pot and a cooking-kettle. The equipment is the same in all such cases, be the journey for a week, a month, or a year. The party depended all the time on their guns for subsistence; and on the skins of the animals they might kill, for a further supply of clothes and shoes.

The country through which they passed in the early part of the journey was covered with heavy timber, with here and there small open plains; but having clear bottom, it afforded tolerably good travelling. After some days, the timber became less abundant, and they proceeded for some distance over clear open ground. On the sixth day after starting, they came upon a small lake, on the margin of which they encamped for the night. Here they found two Indian families, subsisting on fish, roots, and berries, and seeming 'in their wretched condition to live very comfortably and happily.' One of the men belonging to these families, professing to have a perfect knowledge of the country through which the travellers had to pass, volunteered to accompany them as guide; for which service Mr Ross promised to reward him with a blanket and some ammunition when they returned.

They had hitherto travelled by the aid of the compass, but, having confidence in the knowledge of their guide, they now abandoned the instrument, and followed him without hesitation. Instead of leading them, as they expected, in an easterly direction, the Indian bent his course northward for about sixty miles; when they reached a small stream, called Grisly-bear River, which they ascended for six days, 'until it became so narrow they could jump over it.' While following this stream, they passed several beaver-ldges. 'In many places, great trees had been cut down, and the course of the water stopped and formed into small lakes and ponds.' In one place they 'counted forty-two trees cut down at the height of about eighteen inches from the root, within the compass of half an acre.' It did not, however, prove a very prolific beaver-country. A little further on,

the face of the country materially changed, being in general too rocky, hard, and flinty for the operations of those animals. Elks and deer were seen in great numbers, all extremely tame—a sure indication that they had seldom been disquieted. Mr Ross says confidently they had never before been disturbed by civilised man. As a consequence, they were very easily shot, and afforded the travellers a sufficiency of provision.

In one of the thickets, as they passed along, the guide took them a little out of their way to shew them what is called a bear's haunt or wintering-den, where that animal, according to Indian tradition, remains in a dark and secluded retreat, for months together, without food or nourishment. 'There was nothing remarkable in the place. The entrance to the lair or den was through a long and winding thicket of dense brushwood; and the bear's hiding-place was not in a hole under ground, but on the surface, deeply imbedded among the fallen leaves. Over the den, the snow is often many feet thick, and the bear's hiding-place is discovered only by an air-hole resembling a small funnel, sometimes not two inches in diameter, through which the breath issues; but so concealed from view, that none but the keen eye of the savage can find it out.' The bear is said to lie so concealed in a torpid state from December to March. They never lie in families, but always singly; and when they move out in the spring, they are very sleek and fat—a fact to which Mr Ross bears testimony from frequent observation. But no sooner do they quit their winter-quarters, and begin to roam about, than they get poor and haggard. They are reported never to winter twice in the same place. In their snug retreats, they are often discovered and killed by the Indians without making any resistance.

Since they were joined by their guide, our explorers had travelled about 155 miles. Their road now lay a good deal among rugged cliffs; in descending which, one of the men cut his foot very badly, thereby detaining the party for nearly a whole day. The unfortunate man was so disabled, that they had almost made up their minds to leave him behind until their return; 'but,' says Mr Ross, 'as this step would have deprived us of another man to take care of him, we decided to keep together; so we dragged him on along with us, and he soon recovered.' After many days of rough journeying, they reached at length what the guide called the foot of the Rocky Mountains. 'The ascent all along,' remarks the author, 'had been apparently so gradual, and the country so very rugged, with a broken and uneven surface, that we could observe no very perceptible difference in the height of the land until we came close under the brow of the dividing ridge; but there the difference was certainly striking. The guide had led us to a considerable eminence some distance out of our way, from which, in looking back, we beheld the country we had passed over; and certainly a more wild and rugged land the mind of man could not imagine. In looking before us—that is, towards the mountains—the view was completely barred: an almost perpendicular front met the eye like a wall, and we stood and gazed at what might be called one of the wonders of the world. One circumstance struck us very forcibly, and that was the increased size of the timber. Along the base of the mountains, the timber, which had been stunted and puny, now became gigantic in size, the pines and cedars in particular; one of the latter measured forty-five feet four inches in girth, four feet from the ground.' Descending, they encamped at the edge of a little stream called Canoe River, celebrated among North-westerners for the quality of its birch-bark. 'Everything here,' we are told, 'wore the appearance and stillness of the midnight hour: the scene was gloomy, and scarcely the chirping of a solitary bird was to be

heard; our own voices alone disturbed the universal silence. In all this extent of desert through which we had passed, not a human being was to be seen, nor the traces of any.'

'They now began to retrace their steps, finding the country nowise available for fur-hunting purposes. The distance traversed by the route they followed did not exceed 420 miles; and could they have travelled in a direct line, it would scarcely have been more than half as much. We need not concern ourselves about their homeward journey, as nothing of much interest occurred upon the way.

The foregoing description represents what may be styled one side of the hunter's life—perhaps the quietest and most favourable. We will glance next at a different picture, and see how the white men are sometimes apt to fare when their calling leads them among hostile tribes of Indians. Several years ago, the official dignitaries of the North-west Company decided on establishing a new fort or station near the confluence of the two great branches of the Columbia, as a more central situation for their operations than any they previously possessed in the Oregon. The name of this new position was Fort Nez Percés, and Mr Ross was appointed to take charge of it. With ninety-five effective men, and a very able associate named M'Kenzie, he encamped one July day on the site pitched upon for the new establishment, and soon found himself engaged in a most difficult undertaking.

The Nez Percés Indians had had no previous communication with our fur-hunters, and could not, apparently, comprehend what object they could have in coming amongst them. Instead of advancing to meet the strangers on their arrival, they withdrew from their neighbourhood, as if with one accord, to their camp. 'Not a friendly hand,' says Mr Ross, 'was stretched out; not the least joy, usual among Indians on such occasions, was testified, to invite or welcome our arrival. These ceremonies, though trifling in themselves, are a very good indication of the reception likely to be met with; and, in the present case, their total absence could only be considered very unfavourable.' They kept apart, sitting sulkily on mounds at a distance, wrapt in their robes of dignity, observing a studied indifference. Even the children maintained an attitude of reserve; and little copper-coloured bantlings were heard to say: 'What do the white people want here? Are they going to kill more of our relations?'—alluding to some former tragical occurrences there, in which, however, the fur-hunters were not concerned. Others, again, would remark: 'We must not go near them, because they will kill us.' While all this was going on, the hunters kept a sharp look-out. The principal chief of the camp, instead of going to them, walked round and round the crowd, urging the Indians to the observance of a non-intercourse, until, at least, the whites had made them presents. Hints were gradually given that 'property' would purchase a footing.

The spot was totally barren of materials for building. These had to be collected elsewhere, and conducted by water from the distance of 100 miles. To ordinary minds, nothing seemed more wild or impracticable than the scheme of raising a fort in such a situation. The authorities, however, had formed their plans: it was decided that the country must be secured, the natives awed and reconciled, buildings raised, furs collected, and new territories added to the company's possessions. Objections were not to be entertained: no obstacles were to be seen. The position was to be occupied. 'So,' says Mr Ross, 'on the dreaded spot we took up our stand, to run every hazard, and brave every danger.'

The country was not without attractions, having a pleasant temperate atmosphere, and outlooks of a picturesque variety. As quickly as timber could be

got together, the party set to work in a quiet determined fashion, having selected for the site of the fort a level spot 'upon the east bank of the Columbia, forming something like an island in the flood, and by means of a tributary stream, a peninsula at low-water.' The work proceeded slowly; for the natives flocked about in very suspicious numbers, often coming through curiosity to see what was going on, yet not at all times shewing themselves too well disposed. The situation of the adventurers was the more irksome, as they depended for food on the success of trade, and on their standing well with the Indians. It was necessary to devise means to divert the attention and amuse the curiosity of these people. As they were composed of different tribes, the seeds of dissension were artfully sown amongst them, to hold the balance equal, and to prevent anything like a general uniting against the settlers. Each tribe was led to imagine that it possessed pre-eminence of consideration amongst the whites; 'and though,' adds Mr Ross, 'they were as independent of us as we were the reverse of them, still they were taught to fancy that they could not do without us.'

Nevertheless, the Indians remained decidedly unfriendly, and their movements became alarming. They insisted on the strangers paying for the timber they were collecting; they prohibited them from hunting and from fishing; they affixed an exorbitant price of their own to every article of trade, and insulted any of the hands they met alone. At length, as it seemed doubtful how affairs might terminate, all work was suspended. The whites stood on their guard; and an entire system of non-intercourse took place of necessity 'for five long summer-days.' All the time they were on very short allowance: one night all hands went supperless to bed. The natives, meanwhile, were mustering fast, plotting and planning. It seemed time to prepare for the chances of a contest. The hunters, therefore, having collected their numbers, consisting of twenty-five Canadians, thirty-two Owhyhees, and thirty-eight Iroquois, hastily constructed a temporary enclosure, and assumed a position of independence and defence.

The natives were offered such terms as were given in other parts of the country. They might have the choice of cultivating a peaceable understanding with the whites, and thus profit by a friendly intercourse; or, neglecting this, they might expect vengeance for their obstinacy, and be ever after deprived of the benefits resulting from a trade established among them. Meantime, while the Indians were deliberating among themselves, the hunters were making every preparation for action.

Arguments likely to be enforced at the gun's muzzle were not to be withstood; and the chiefs were induced to advance, to bring matters to an accommodation. They insisted, as a preliminary step, that the strangers should bestow a liberal present on the whole multitude of their followers, to reconcile them to the measure. All the property the whites had with them would have scarcely been a mite to each: the demand, therefore, was peremptorily refused. As the whites shewed themselves firm and determined, the demands of the natives grew less and less; and at last they agreed to every condition proposed to them, and the whites were left to their discretion. A trade with the Indians was now opened, and went on briskly. The hunters went to their work as formerly, and for a time they enjoyed the comforts of tranquillity.

The principal reason for the establishment of this post was the extension of the trade; consequently it was intended to be used as the base and outlook of new discoveries. It was accordingly indispensable to have an understanding with the chief tribes who at all seasons infested the most practicable passes in those parts of the country it was desired to penetrate,

which was at present disturbed by the horrors of war. With a view to effect this object, the chiefs and wise men of the different tribes were called together. On meeting, an endless round of ceremony took place among them, and a good deal of discussion; yet nothing could be finally settled on account of the absence of one of the principal chiefs at the war, in the very quarter the whites had their eye upon. It was not till after ten days' waiting that this notable chief arrived. The name he bore was 'Tum-a-tap-um.' But this august personage, instead of joining the assembled conclave to forward the business under deliberation, was too much taken up with his own concerns to trouble himself about anything else. Moreover, all the great men sitting in council immediately deserted their diplomatic functions to join the returned champion with his trophies of war, leaving the whites mere spectators awaiting their convenience.

For three days they had to wait until the Indians had exhausted their songs of triumph, without obtaining one single interview with the chief on whom they had placed so much confidence. 'This war-party,' says Mr Ross, 'was reported to us to consist of 480 men. They had a very imposing appearance on their arrival. Their hideous yells, mangled prisoners, and bloody scalps, together with their barbarous gestures, presented a sight truly savage.' On the third day, the war-celebrations being over, Tum-a-tap-um, mounted on horseback, rode backwards and forwards round the little camp of the Englishmen several times, without expressing either approbation or disapproval of their measures. Then dismounting, and drawing near with his men around him, he and they smoked some hundreds of pipes of the Englishmen's tobacco. The ceremony of smoking being over, Mr Ross and his friends had a long conversation with him on the subject of a general peace with all the tribes with whom he had been recently at war; but he was so elated with his own exploits, and the success of his late expedition, that he seemed not so warmly interested in the cause of the whites as he was understood to have formerly professed himself. He was very plausible, and full of professions of friendship; but it was soon observed that he was of an uncommonly selfish disposition. He was always insisting on the English lavishing their goods on his numerous train of followers; and the more he received, the more his assurance increased, till his demands grew absolutely boundless.

The principal natives, however, began to assemble together in groups; counselling and discussion went on day and night; but as all savages delight in war, it was no easy matter to get them seriously to consider the question of peace. Nevertheless, it was so managed that they were all induced to meet again on the subject. Then spoke Tum-a-tap-um to the point. 'If,' said he, 'we make peace, how shall I employ my young men? They delight in nothing but war; and, besides, our enemies, the Snakes, never observe a peace.' Then turning round, 'Look,' said he again, pointing to his slaves, scalps, and arms, 'am I to throw all these trophies away? Shall Tum-a-tap-um forget the glory of his forefathers, and become a woman?' Then another great war-chief got up, and inquired: 'Will the whites, in opening a trade with our enemies, promise not to give them guns or balls?' Others spoke to the same effect. The English tried to waive these remarks by expatiating on the blessings of peace and the comforts of trade; but several more meetings took place before the desired object could be effected.

'At length,' in the words of Mr Ross, 'a messenger came with notice that the chiefs were all of one mind, and would present themselves in a short time. All our people were placed under arms—nominally to honour their reception, but really to guard ourselves. By and by, the solemn train of chiefs, warriors, and other

great personages was seen to move from the camp in procession, painted, dressed in their state and war garments, and armed. They entered our enclosure to the number of fifty-six, where a place had been appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The most profound silence pervaded the whole, until the pipe of peace had six times performed the circle of the assembly. The scene was in the highest degree interesting. The matter was canvassed anew: nothing appeared to be overlooked or neglected. The opinion of each was delivered briefly, with judgment, and with candour, and to the same end. Satisfied with the answers and statements we had given at sunset, peace between themselves and the Snakes was decreed on the spot, and a unanimous consent given for us to pass and repass unmolested. Then they threw down their war-garments into the midst of the circle, as if to say: 'We have no further need of these garments.' This manœuvre had a double meaning: it was a broad hint for a new suit, as well as a peace-offering! The pipe of peace finally ratified the treaty. Then all shaking hands, according to the manner of the whites, parted friends, both parties apparently pleased with the result.'

It was a condition of the treaty that the whites should use their influence to bring the Snake Indians to agree to the peace; without that, indeed, it would have been useless to themselves. 'The only real object we had in view,' says Mr Ross, 'or the only result that could in reality be expected by the peace, was, that we might be enabled to go in and come out of the Snake country in safety, sheltered under the influence of its name. Nothing beyond this was ever contemplated on our part. All our manœuvres were governed by the policy of gain. Peace, in reality, was beyond our power.' He considers a solid and permanent peace between two warlike savage nations as a thing totally impracticable. 'They must either be civilised,' he says, 'or one of them extirpated; then there may be peace, but not till then.'

However, the sort of peace which was thus concluded served the present purposes of the fur-hunters, as it gave them the opportunity of undertaking an expedition into the Snake territories, and of opening a trade in furs and other articles with those people. Had we space, we might describe some of the incidents attending the expedition, many of which are interesting. The journey was arduous and difficult; and through the misconduct of some of the Indians attached to the English party, a number of accidents occurred upon the way—several strange Indians being shot, mixed up with a loss of men belonging to the expedition. But at length a tolerably good understanding was brought about among the Snakes, and the trade with them, particularly in its earlier stages, was very profitable. We may quote from Mr Ross a little on this subject:

'The peace was no sooner concluded than a brisk trade in furs commenced. In their traffic, the most indifferent spectator could not but stare to see the Indians, chiefly War-are-ree-kas and Ban-at-tees [varieties of Snakes], bringing large garments of four or five beaver-skins each, such as they use during winter for warmth, and selling them for a knife or an awl; and other articles of the fur-kind in proportion. It was so with the Columbia Indians in our first years; but they soon learned the mystery of trade and their own interest; so will the Snakes, for they are not deficient in acuteness. Horses were purchased for an axe each; and country provisions, such as dried buffalo, were cheap. Our people might have loaded a seventy-four gun-ship with provisions, bought with buttons and rings. It was truly characteristic of Indian trading to see these people dispose of articles of real value so cheaply, while other articles of comparatively no value at all, at least in the estimation of the whites, were esteemed highly by

them. When any of our people, through mere curiosity, wished to purchase an Indian head-dress, composed of feathers, or a necklace of bears' claws, or a little red earth or ochre out of any of their mystical medicine-bags, the price was enormous; but a beaver-skin, worth twenty-five shillings in the English market, might have been purchased for a brass finger-ring, scarcely worth a farthing. Beaver, or any kind of fur, was of little or no value among these Indians, they never having any traders for such articles among them. Nor could they conceive what our people wanted with their old garments. "Have not the whites," asked a chief one day, smiling, "much better garments than ours?" Such garments, however, were not numerous, and were only used by the poorer sort. The Shirry-dikas were all clothed in buffalo-robos and dressed deer-skin; but no sooner had one and all of them seen European articles, than they promised to turn beaver-hunters: this disposition was of course encouraged by our people. Axes, knives, ammunition, beads, buttons, and rings, were the articles most in demand. Clothing was of no value: a knife sold for as much as a blanket; and an ounce of vermilion was of more value than a yard of fine cloth. With the exception of guns, which they might have got from other Indians, they had scarcely an article among them to shew that they had ever mixed with civilised man; although it is well known they had of late years occasionally seen the whites.' Mr Ross adds, in another place, that from these simple people a fine salmon could be bought for a needle, ten salmon for a shoemaker's awl, and for a knife, as many as fifty. He observes that, at this rate, had his party been able to encourage the trade, they could speedily have enriched themselves.

Mr Ross's description of life at a trading-station, where the Indians are numerous, and untamed by previous intercourse with the whites, such as goes on near a large settlement, does not give us a very favourable notion of the delights of command in such a situation. Of the Nez Percés tribes he says: 'I never experienced more anxiety and vexation than among these people. Not an hour of the day passed, but some insolent fellow, and frequently fifty at a time, interrupted us, and made us feel our unavoidable dependence on their caprice. "Give me a gun," said one; "I want ammunition," said another; a third wanted a knife, a flint, or something else. Give to one, you must give to all. Refuse them, they immediately got angry, told us to leave their lands, and threatened to prevent our people from going about their duties. . . . A fellow raps at the gate, calling out: "I want to trade;" when you attend his call, he laughs in your face, and has nothing to sell. In short, they talk of nothing but war, think of nothing but scalp-dancing, horse-racing, and gambling; and when tired of these, idleness is their delight. On every little hill they are to be seen all day in groups, with a paper looking-glass in one hand and a paint-brush in the other. Half their time is spent at the toilet, or in sauntering about our establishment.'

The restrictions of space here compel us to conclude our notice of Mr Ross's entertaining narrative. The range of incident and adventure it contains is far too large to be fully exhibited in these pages. Much that belongs to the fur-hunter's pursuits has been necessarily passed over. Readers desirous of learning more about this peculiar avocation, and the varied changes and chances that attend it, may be referred to the work itself, which is one that may be commended for its faithfulness of delineation and its general copiousness of information. A mode of life, with totally original conditions, is here depicted and presented to us, which is extremely well worth glancing at; not only on account of the curiosity it may excite, but also for the novelty of fact and variety of anecdote it

supplies for consideration, and for the pleasant genuineness of manner which pervades and brightens the narration.

THE MYSTERIOUS UPHOLSTERER.

ONE evening, when I was a boy, which was a good many years ago, we were sitting in our front-shop watching the people as they went along the street in the summer twilight, some returning from a stroll into the pleasant lanes and meadows that lay not far off; others, whose business kept them late, just setting out to get, as they said, a mouthful of fresh air. By the plural we, I mean my father and mother, and some of my brothers and sisters. The shop was our general rendezvous after the labours of the day were over; there we sat and talked over matters which, though trifling in themselves, were not without their importance in a quiet country town. Small things were then great to our limited experience; and though we can now look back and smile at their seeming magnitude, I often feel with a kind of regret that really great events have less of interest for us now than the little ones had in former days. Then the setting-up of a new tradesman, the writing up of a new name over a shop-front, absorbed our thoughts and roused our enthusiasm far more effectually than the news of any *coup d'état*, or of finding a nugget, however big, could do now.

There we sat, as I have said, enjoying the cool of the evening, the elders now and then exchanging a nod or friendly salute with a passing neighbour, when a dusty-footed tramp entered, limping wearily, as though he had walked far; and having looked round on the group, he accosted my father with the inquiry: 'Do you want an upholsterer, sir?'

The travel-worn appearance of the stranger was not at all in his favour, and he had to answer a few plain questions as to his capabilities; the upshot was, however, that he was told he might come to work the next day. I can remember that a gleam of satisfaction passed across his face at the favourable result of his application; and as he turned from the door and went away to seek a night's lodging, it seemed that he limped less heavily than before.

During the interview, we kept our eyes fixed on the man with all the eager and searching curiosity of children; and before its close, we had taken note of whatever was obvious in his person or appearance. He had thick, black, bushy hair, dark features, and rather a downcast look, which was not improved by a tangled mass of whisker on either cheek. His hat was much in want of nap, and his clothes were decidedly the worse for wear, the white lining peeping out at one of his elbows. The thick coat of dust on his shoes shewed that he had walked far; and he was not overburdened with luggage, for the small bundle under his arm, tied up in a blue handkerchief, evidently contained little besides a spare shirt and his tack-hammer and straining-pincers. His appearance altogether was not in his favour, and my father said after he had left: 'I didn't much like his looks; but, poor fellow, it's hard to be out of work.'

Our kitchen-window looked into the yard down which the hands went to the workshop, and here we youngsters watched for the arrival of the 'new man' the next morning. He came just after breakfast; and as the cry went round: 'There he is! there he is!' we were all struck by the change which a night's rest, soap and water, and brushes and blacking, had made in his appearance. He no longer limped, but walked with a brisk step; and his exterior shewed rather respectable than otherwise. In fact, he did not look like the same man; and we all began to wonder what his name was and where he came from.

To get these questions answered was, as may be

supposed, a point of some importance with us; and as the most obvious means of obtaining the information was to ask the person most capable of giving it, I betook myself to the errand. The new man was working in a room by himself, separated from the dust and noise of the cabinetmakers' shop, and was busily plying his hammer on a set of chairs, stooping over them with his coat off, as though he were in earnest, when I went in and sat down on a stool. After watching him for a few minutes, I asked him without circumlocution where he came from. The answer was, that he came from London last; but in reply to further questioning, he said London was not his home; that was further off 'down the country;' and as for his name, he added that it 'didn't matter to anybody what his name was.'

Such a reply completely posed me; it was quite unexpected, and inspired no little astonishment when I reported it indoors. He had come from somewhere beyond London, and would not tell his name. What a field of speculation was here opened, and indeed we ploughed it up industriously enough in our childish way, imagining all sorts of things about the stranger. The worst of it was, we did not know what name to call him by.

Meantime, the unknown proved himself steady and diligent, returning punctual to the hour from his meals, while the constant tap-tap of his hammer testified to his industry. Still, he remained as much a mystery as ever. 'I should not wonder,' said my mother one morning, as she saw him pass the window—'I should not wonder at his being some one above the common; he does not look like the ordinary run of workmen.'

At length, at the end of ten or twelve days, our curiosity was gratified: the postman brought a letter addressed to 'Mr George Barker, care of &c. &c.'—on which was legibly stamped the Ashby-de-la-Zouch postmark. The mystery was thus in a measure cleared up; we knew the new man's name, and could guess where he came from. I ran to him as he returned from breakfast, and shouting his name, put the letter into his hand, and was somewhat surprised that he did not appear to be vexed at the disclosure of the secret. If he did not mind his name being known, why had he not told it?

The workshop was my chief place of resort between and after school-hours: I had quite a turn for cabinet-making, and was never happier than when imitating on a small scale some of the large articles of furniture which the men were constantly making. I liked, too, to see others at work, and spent a good many hours in observing Barker's handicraft, for some of his processes differed from those of other upholsterers whom I had seen employed in chair-stuffing. By degrees, some of his reserve wore off; he talked to me about what I learned at school, about the town, and what was to be seen in the country round, and how pleasant it was to get a stroll in the meadows after work in the evenings. But with all this, there was not a word about himself; and it frequently happened that, after talking freely for half an hour or more, he would clap his hand suddenly to his forehead, as though struck by some sharp pain or stinging thought, and then he would speak no more. At such times, he sighed deeply, and a gloomy look stole over his countenance. These signs of trouble used to terrify me, and I was always glad to make my escape; but they added greatly to the mystery which had always surrounded the upholsterer.

One day I asked Barker if his home was at Ashby-de-la-Zouch: it was not; he had only worked there for a time. Perhaps the question opened a train of recollection, for he went on to tell me what sort of a town it was, what the people did there, how that the baths helped to make it lively at certain seasons, and the old castle looked so fine where it stood on the

grassy slope, and what a wide and pleasant prospect there was from the top of it. I listened attentively, thinking what a traveller a man was who had been into Leicestershire—for those were the days when even the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had no existence, and places seemed much further apart than they do now. Then he told me of his tramp from Ashby to London in search of work, of the pleasure he found in walking, which, as trees and hedgerows passed before his eyes in constant succession, used to make him forget that he had but little money in his pocket, and was in search of work. What comfort, too, there was in rest and sleep after a long day's march; and the recollection of some of his halting-places seemed especially grateful to him. He had stopped one afternoon to tea at Watford, and found himself so much refreshed thereby, that he continued his walk, and reached London the same evening. 'There's nothing,' he said, 'sets you up like tea.'

I thought these details very interesting, and asked so many questions to bring out 'further particulars,' that at last I had a clear picture in my own mind of Barker's adventures. He could talk without stopping in his work; so there was no time lost, and he seemed to like my inquiries on the points which to me needed fuller explanation. He became more communicative, and one day told me he had lived some time in Yorkshire, and had been to Wakefield; and I remember how heartily he laughed when I asked him if he had ever seen the house where the *vicar* lived, or the church in which he used to preach. That laugh, and the remark that followed, robbed me of a delightful illusion; and from that date Goldsmith's charming story has been to me a fiction, and not a fact. A new field of research was opened, for Yorkshire then seemed further off than Australia does now; and I could never tire of hearing about the distant county, its hills and dales, its towns and its people.

All this time, however, Barker said nothing about himself. Other men, who were taken on for a few months' work, would tell everything concerning themselves, their parents, relatives, how they got their living—in fact, revealing at times more than was reputable. But our mysterious upholsterer studiously avoided all allusions of that sort, and confined himself to such matters as I have indicated. Still, there was something that seemed to haunt him, that flashed upon him at times as a lightning-stroke, and always with a painful effect.

One afternoon, intending for a bit of fun to startle him with a shout, I crept on tiptoe to the workshop, and peeping in at the door, saw him sitting down, stooping forwards with a wild stare, and pressing his hands on his ears, like one suddenly stunned by a loud noise. 'Poor Tom!' he muttered in a strange tone; 'I shall never get his death-cry out of my ears.' This sight, which impressed me much more than the words, made me give up at once all thought of playing my intended trick, and I walked into the room as usual. On seeing me, he started up, and began to use his hammer vigorously, as though the noise and exercise were a relief, and kept on for some time without speaking a word or taking the least notice of me. At last he turned round, and sitting down opposite me, he asked, still in the strange voice: 'Did you ever see a man hanged?'

'Yes.'

'What was it for?'

'Murder.'

'Murder, was it?' he cried; and starting up again, he resumed his work, and spoke no more for the rest of the day. His manner took such an effect on me, that I could tell no one of what had taken place, and I felt rather afraid of him for some days.

About a week afterwards, the effect of this scene having partially worn off, I was again talking to

Barker, when he sat down in front of me as before, and asked me in a solemn manner if I could keep a secret, and without waiting for a reply, he continued: 'While I was living at Ashby, I went one Sunday with a companion to have a look at Tutbury Castle. It was some miles off, and we greatly enjoyed our walk across the country; and at last we came to the ruin, which stands at the top of a steep hill, and there we sat down on the grass inside the walls, and ate our dinner. When we had done eating, we climbed all over the old place, and up to the top of one of the towers, from which we could see miles around. I was standing with my hand resting on my companion's shoulder, when a wicked thought seized me, and'—

At this moment my father entered the room, and Barker, whose look had grown wild as he proceeded in his story, became suddenly silent.

What could it all mean? This time, I found no difficulty in repeating what I had heard. Whatever my parents thought, they said but little; and about a week afterwards, there being no more chairs to stuff, Barker had again to take to the road. He went away with a larger bundle than he brought, for he had bought himself a decent second-hand suit for Sundays, and said he should go to Bristol and try to get work there. He shook hands with me on his departure, and said: 'You needn't think any more about what I was telling you the other day.'

We did not forget him immediately, and for some time afterwards we talked of him as a most extraordinary, if not mysterious individual. But in time we ceased to think about him. Years went away, and the mysterious upholsterer was lost in the shadows of the past: though once, when reading these lines in the *Ancient Mariner*—

— this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free—

the circumstances of his singular and interrupted confession to me recurred to my mind, and with a significance they had never had before.

In 1848, I was enjoying a summer holiday rambling over the hills and along the dales of Derbyshire, and stopped one day for a noontide rest and refreshment at Hayfield, a village not far from the foot of Kinder-scout, on the slopes of which my morning had been spent. The place was all in a bustle, as it was the day for letting the tolls of the district. A miscellaneous throng had gathered in front of the George Inn; and in the parlour, where I took my bread and cheese and ale, were assembled a group of lawyers and a few magistrates. One of the latter was reading aloud the news of the insurrection in Paris, and I listened with some interest, not having set eyes on a newspaper for a week or two, when among the faces in the room there was one that it seemed to me I had seen before, and under peculiar circumstances. I immediately began to 'think back,' as the Germans say, and at last, in a long-neglected corner of my brain, I found Barker. It was he, sure enough; but changed very much for the better in appearance, being well dressed and jolly-looking, and apparently acting in some official capacity. I watched for an opportunity, and as he came to get down a book from the shelf behind my chair, I asked: 'Were you ever at Tutbury Castle?' He started at the question, and fixed his eyes upon me in most complete bewilderment.

'Who are you?' said he.

'Have you forgotten the youngster whom you used to talk to when you worked at R—, many years ago?'

'Is it possible that you are he? Well, I think I can see the same face. It seems, however, that you remember me. But come into this room: that was all a mistake about Tutbury, as you shall hear.'

I followed him into the adjoining room, where we sat down at a small table, and without losing time he began: 'I should like to clear up that business. It looked awkward that afternoon when I had to leave off in the middle of my confession. The fact was'—

Here a girl put her head in at the door, and cried: 'Mr Barker, you're wanted directly. The gentlemen can't wait.'

'I'll be back in five minutes,' he said as he went out. But I waited an hour, and he did not return; and, as I wished to be in time for a train at Glossop, I took my departure without seeing any more of the Mysterious Upholsterer.

THE MAN WITH FOUR SENSES.

THIS is the title of a book the late John Kitto dreamed of writing when a boy; but the deprivation alluded to is not very uncommon in itself, and perhaps in the author's case rather helped him forward than otherwise, by awakening more strongly the sympathy of the humane and generous. Deaf-mutes frequently get on very well in the world, although their misfortune is much more complete: we are all familiar with the history of a man who, in spite of the total absence of sight, has spent many years of his life in foreign travel, and in writing an account of his observations and adventures; and the case of another individual is well known—Laura Bridgman—who is a woman with only *one* sense, and an amiable, well-informed, and intelligent woman too. The really remarkable thing in Dr Kitto's life, a thing full of instruction and encouragement, is the example it presents of a man unaided by brilliant genius pressing forward by dint of perseverance and determination *per ardua*, as his chosen motto says—through all sorts of obstacles, personal and social, to a pre-imagined goal, and becoming from a workhouse-boy a voluminous and useful author, and the best practical commentator on the Bible that has ever appeared either in ancient or modern times. In this point of view, we propose sketching slightly his career, leaving the other contents of the large and handsome volume, containing his life, letters, and journals, to those who have more time and space at their command.*

John Kitto, the son of a drunken father, was born in Plymouth in 1804. He was a sickly puny infant, tormented by headache—which accompanied him more or less closely throughout life—and prevented by constitutional debility from joining heartily in the sports of childhood. His principal companion was his grandmother, with whom he lived, sitting by her side sewing bed-quilts and kettle-quilts when other boys were at play in the open air. Another early friend was a shoemaker who lived in the next house, whose fairy tales gave Kitto the literary impetus, and turned the future voluminous author into a collector of half-penny books. At twelve years of age, his authorship commenced in this wise. He was desperately in want of a penny to purchase *King Pippin* (not Pepin), when he learned that one of his cousins actually possessed that sum, destined for investment in a similar way. Upon this, Kitto boldly offered to write him a better story than he could get otherwise for the money, and

* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., editor of 'The Pictorial Bible' and 'The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature,' author of 'Daily Bible Illustrations,' &c. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals. By J. E. Ryland, M.A. With a Critical Estimate of Dr Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Glasgow. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons. 1856.*

to illustrate it with a coloured frontispiece instead of the plain engravings to be found in penny-books. The offer was accepted, the work written and approved, and so Kitto was able to patronise in turn the author of *King Pippin*. The next anecdote, we are scandalised to say, relates to private theatricals, in which the future doctor of divinity acted the part of ringleader. The admission was rather high; for ladies eight pins, and for gentlemen ten pins: but for that outlay, the whole of the *dramatis personæ* were killed off with one exception. By this time his grandmother became so poor, that she and the boy were obliged to reside, in order to save rent, with his parents. His mother was now a charwoman, and his father a drunken journeyman mason, whom Kitto, who was in his thirteenth year, assisted as hod-carrier. One day when they were repairing a roof, the lad stumbled and fell from the ladder, a height of thirty-five feet, upon the stone pavement below. He was not killed, and had even no bones broken; but he was senseless for a fortnight, and on reopening his eyes upon the world at the end of that time, he was astonished at the profound silence that reigned around, and the spectre-like appearance of his friends, who moved about without sound. He was deaf—stone-deaf—once and for ever.

The poor lad could no longer be a hod-carrier; and, although his mother was still able to support him, what was he to do for books, reading having now become a passion? What he did was to grope in the mud of the harbour in the way thus described by his biographer:—"At the port of Plymouth, most of the trading-vessels, particularly those of the class called "fishing-trawlers," discharged their cargoes in a harbour or basin called Sutton Pool. At low-water, a great part of this was converted into a sort of swamp of soft black mire, rendered more intensely fetid by the influx of the town-drainage, in which boys were accustomed to grope and wade, sometimes above their knees in the deepest parts, in search of bits of rope and yarn, or old iron. A pound of either of the former articles used to fetch one half-penny, and three pounds of the latter a penny. Some clever hands, unchecked in those days by a watchful police, would gain as much as threepence a day, but Kitto's weekly profits never but once amounted to fourpence." This was a mine of wealth to the boy, but his hard fate pursued him: he trod one day on a broken bottle, and his occupation as a groper was gone like that of a hod-carrier. But Kitto was fertile in resources. He must still read, and he must therefore fall upon some new plan of earning money. This time he determined to use the water-colours he still possessed, not in decorating as usual the books he bought, but in painting pictures, and selling them for a half-penny or a penny apiece. He accordingly prepared his stock in trade, and laid it out in his window, although that looked only into a court. The neighbouring children gathered round, and looked and longed, and some few bought, till the artist's gains averaged twopence-halfpenny a week. One week was an exception to this: in that golden week he actually made eightpence! But we must allow Kitto himself to describe so important a circumstance. "During the fair at Plymouth, it is customary for industrious girls to have a "standing," as it is called, in the streets, generally outside their own doors. This standing consists of a small table, over which a napkin is nailed against the wall, and to this the various articles which appertain to a doll's wardrobe are fastened with pins, and thus exposed for sale; while the table itself is spread with smart pincushions and other matters which do not easily admit of being pinned to the napkin. Behind these standings the girls sit on stools, like so many little Patiences on monuments, waiting for customers. The idea occurred to me of having such a standing during the fair for the sale of my pictures. The time was short, and I laboured

hard to provide an adequate supply of goods for the occasion. I then carried my intention into effect. The innovation was startling, and drew a degree of attention to the stall and its master which was in the highest degree annoying to myself personally. But I faced it out; and the result furnished me with a larger sum of money than I had ever before possessed, as the fruit of my own spontaneous exertions.'

His next resource was suggested by his literary taste, which was shocked by the labels that everywhere confronted him—such as 'Logins for Singel Men.' He conceived the idea of enriching himself by reforming this abuse of the English language, and forthwith set to work and prepared a sheet of miscellaneous labels correctly spelt and neatly written in coloured Roman capitals. The difficulty, however, was how to dispose of these productions. It was easy to sit behind a window, or even a stall, and watch for customers like a spider; but for a deaf boy, and one morbidly slow in speech, to thrust himself and his goods upon strangers was very trying to his nerves. Many a street he walked up and down, his heart always failing him when the moment for action came; but at length, when crawling homewards in despair, 'self-reproach roused his spirits; and seeing a very bad "milk and cream" notice at a window, he went boldly in, somewhat encouraged by the gentle features of an ancient spectacled dame, who was employed in darning stockings. To explain his errand was the first difficulty, for he was not only deaf, but had almost lost the power of speech. The sentence he had prepared to utter died on his lips. He placed the book, in which he carried the labels, on the counter; and after leisurely turning over the leaves in order to regain his composure, presented the paper, pointing to that in the window, and saying: "*This* for a penny." After glancing at the paper, the good woman spoke; and Kitto, apprehending that his charge was thought excessive, said: "A half-penny, then." As she still continued to address him, he at length put his fingers in his ears, to signify that he was deaf. Her countenance immediately softened into a tender grandmotherly expression: she produced a penny from the till; and not only so, but as he was making his final bow, beckoned him to wait; and leaving the room, presently returned with a cup of milk and a piece of cake, which made him a most acceptable repast.'

The boy's literary difficulties were great, for this, be it remembered, was forty years ago. From half-penny and penny books he ascended to those at threepence; but they were chiefly fictions, although of a better kind than the nursery-tales, and his mind soon required stronger food. He at length made the extravagant attempt to take in a history of the French Revolution in shilling numbers, fortnightly; but before the hawker brought the second number, the purchaser, owing to slackness in the label-trade, was insolvent. 'Under these circumstances, he ardently wished that the man might forget to call; but as this could hardly be expected, Kitto prepared a plain written statement of his difficulties to submit to his perusal when he should come. At the appointed time, he called; the paper was put into his hands, and he read it with rather a serious look. He offered to take the number back at two-thirds of the price, to which Kitto agreed with delight. The good-nature of the man, and the interest his portfolio had excited, made a permanent impression on Kitto. At intervals of years they used to meet in the streets of Plymouth, and give one another a cordial nod and sign of recognition.'

New misfortunes came. His grandmother was compelled to remove to another place; and for a year after, young Kitto, now entirely dependent on his parents, was subject to all sorts of miseries, including rags and hunger; and at length, in his fifteenth year, being quite

unable to obtain a livelihood for himself, he was placed in the workhouse. 'It was found needful to employ some kind of artifice in order to bring him within the precincts of the place; nor till the doors were closed upon him was he aware of the purpose for which he had been brought thither. His anguish was indescribable when he found himself no longer at liberty to visit his wonted haunts, and he was often on the point of forming plans for making his escape; for, like the wolf in the fable, he used to say he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in a chain.' This, however, may be considered the turning-point in his career. The governor of the workhouse treated the deaf lad with kindness, and relaxed in his favour the stricter rules of the institution, permitting him to be absent a good deal through the day, and at last even to sleep in his old garret at home. The next superintendent, Mr Burnard, who is still alive, became also his friend and patron. He was taught shoemaking, and became so expert, especially in the manufacture of list-shoes, as to be taken out of the workhouse for an apprentice. Kitto, however, was not satisfied with a mechanical trade. 'I cannot,' says he, in a journal he commenced before this time, 'subscribe entirely to the opinion, "Whatever is, is right." Every man has his hobby, and I have mine. I desire for myself a competency of fourteen or twelve shillings a week, to begin four years hence, when I may be considered capable of managing myself. . . . When I am out of the workhouse, how shall I earn a livelihood? Not by my trade, for I shall never be a good shoemaker; and a common shoemaker, *alias* cobbler, though he has his hands full of work, will never be able to earn, at the utmost, more than eight shillings the week. When I could hear, travelling was my hobby-horse, and how many schemes did I not think of to enable me to tread—classic Italy! fantastic Gaul! proud Spain! and phlegmatic Batavia! and the other states of Europe. I had even thought of plans to enable me to visit Asia! and the ground consecrated by the steps of the Saviour! Even *now*, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable, if some kind gentleman on his travels would permit me to be his (though not expert) faithful servant.' At this time, too, he dreamed of writing his first book, '*The Journal and Memoranda of a Man with Four Senses*, by John Kitto, Shoemaker, Pauper, &c.' His apprenticeship seemed unfortunate, for the shoemaker chanced to be a brute, who abused and struck him; but this only gave an impetus to his rise, for his patron, Mr Burnard, took strenuous measures to assist this strange lad, whose mind seemed 'nobler than his fortune.' He was released from his indentures, and put in the way of acquiring the higher branches of his mechanical craft, but at the same time allowed leisure for composition, and for taking solitary rambles, in the course of which he sold labels and drawings as formerly. At length he began to attract the notice of persons whose patronage led to higher results. 'Mr George Harvey, an eminent mathematician, being accidentally in a bookseller's shop, had his attention attracted by seeing a lad of mean appearance enter the shop, and immediately commence a communication with its master by writing on a slip of paper; and he remarked that the answers were given in writing, and that no oral communication took place. So novel a circumstance induced him to inquire what it meant, and he was then told that this was a workhouse-boy, who was totally deaf, and could only communicate with others by means of writing—that he had a great thirst for knowledge—and that he came to borrow a book which the bookseller had promised to lend him. This information was quite sufficient to excite the interest of Mr Harvey on his behalf, and induce him to make further inquiries. Having satisfied himself that the lad possessed superior abilities, which it would be

highly desirable to cultivate and foster, he made his case known to various gentlemen of the town, and succeeded in interesting many of them in his future welfare and support, and in inducing a great many others to contribute pecuniary assistance, or to give books, paper, and pens, to enable him to pursue his literary occupations.' At the same time, one of the proprietors of the Plymouth *Weekly Journal*, in his capacity as a guardian of the poor, became acquainted with the pauper's literary aspirations, and inserted some of his lucubrations in the paper, which made his case 'the general topic of conversation in the town and neighbourhood, and several gentlemen were induced to associate themselves as his future guardians.' A public subscription was raised, and the workhouse-boy became a boarder in the family of its governor, and spent a great part of his time in cultivating his literary taste and talent in the town library.

Patrons by and by multiplied. Kitto became a dentist, then a compositor for the Church Missionary Society, and then he experienced a love disappointment. In his quality as compositor he proceeded with some missionaries to Malta; but his attachment to literature interfering with his mechanical duties, this connection was broken off, and he returned to England, the Society shewing their respect for the man by behaving to him in a liberal and generous manner.

Mr Groves, his printing patron, likewise continued his friendship. This gentleman was now about to set out on a religious mission for the East, not as an agent for the existing societies, but depending on the aid of private individuals; while his humble friend was engaged to superintend a private press in Ireland. One evening while conversing with Kitto on his projected mission, 'Mr Groves said: "Will you come?" hardly expecting that the question would be taken in earnest. To his surprise, Kitto answered "Yes." This one word determined, under Providence, the complexion of his future life.' The party proceeded to Bagdad, *via* Russia; and an amusing and entertaining part of the volume before us is made up of the letters and journal of the *ci-devant* workhouse-boy in his passage through foreign lands. With this part of the narrative, however, we can have nothing to do here. From Bagdad they proceeded to Constantinople, and returned thence to London. Now commences properly his literary life. All the rest was preparatory, from his earliest boyish reading to the practical saturation of his mind with the life and spirit of the East. His first connection was with Mr Charles Knight, on the *Penny Magazine* and other works, which, being apparently permanent, led to another still more agreeable—his marriage to 'one who, happily for him, appreciated his talents and his worth, and by her assiduous and self-denying devotedness, contributed largely to the successful prosecution of his literary exertions. To say less than this would be a violation of justice; to say more, might infringe on the delicacy due to the object of his attachment.' Then came the *Pictorial Bible*, the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, and in swift succession various other works which associate the name of John Kitto inseparably with this department of our national literature.

Notwithstanding all this industry, even before the completion of the *Cyclopædia* in 1845—which had procured him the diploma of D.D. from the University of Giessen—Dr Kitto felt the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and for the five subsequent years suffered much from the deficiency of remunerative employment. A subscription was raised for him, headed munificently by Prince Albert, but this was of course only a temporary aid. In 1849 he had the good-fortune to obtain an engagement from Messrs Oliphant of Edinburgh, and produced his last work for them, the *Daily Bible Illustrations*; and in the following year he received an annual pension of L.100 from the Civil List. He enjoyed this well-deserved, though not very

munificent acknowledgment of his labours only four years. In 1854, the labours and sufferings of a singular and instructive life were closed for ever.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHILE some philosophers have been quarrelling about the moon—that is, as to whether our satellite rotates on her own axis or not, and the terms in which that rotation is to be explained—Padre Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, has made an important addition to our knowledge of lunar phenomena. We mentioned some time ago that, at the instance of the British Association, certain astronomers who possessed instruments fit for the purpose were to take photographs of different parts of the moon, with a view to arrive at something like definite notions as to the physical condition of the chaste luminary. Professor John Phillips, Mr Crookes, and other gentlemen, have already taken photographs, which, while remarkable for the effects produced, are rich in promise for the future, when more perfect means and appliances shall be employed. Padre Secchi, however, goes beyond all his competitors, and has sent to some of our scientific societies a photograph on a large scale of the mountain known as *Copernicus*, in which the features are brought out with wonderful distinctness. All the positions are accurately laid down by micrometrical triangulation; and the great rocks, the curious circular basins here and there at the base of the mighty hill, the awful cliffs and dark yawning chasms, and the floor of the vast crater strewn with boulders, are represented with a naturalness that surprises the beholder. The photograph is taken from a drawing made during six months of careful observation: the scale includes sixty Italian geographical miles; and it is allowed by the most competent judges to be the best ever yet produced. Padre Secchi, favoured by the clear bright atmosphere of Italy, intends to persevere with his investigations until his pictures of the moon shall be as accurate as art and science can make them.

Pursuing a line of physical research in which he has been engaged for some years, Mr W. Hopkins, the well-known mathematician, has just published in the *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*, a paper 'On the External Temperature of the Earth, and the other Planets of the Solar System.' It embodies a mathematical and profoundly learned discussion of a subject that has of late excited popular attention, and will doubtless meet with due consideration from those best able to discern its merits. The line of argument may be inferred from a passage in which the author explains that his 'object is to shew that, however limited our knowledge of cosmical causes may be, we are still able to recognise certain natural agencies by which the effects of heat derived immediately from the sun and from stellar space may be largely modified, and the resulting planetary temperatures adjusted to any purposes for which each planet may be intended.' And to this we may add, as among astronomical facts, that measures are still in progress for a systematic series of observations on the rings of Saturn; and that the observers at Paris have just discovered the fortieth little planet.

For some time there has been a feeling that the British Museum should have a scientific as well as a literary chief; and Professor Owen is now appointed Superintendent of Natural History and Science in the national establishment, at a salary of L.800 a year. If science is to be advanced, it must be by the employment of really scientific men, and much may be hoped from this appointment of the foremost European palæontologist; especially with the parliamentary vote of L.25,648 in aid of the Museum.—The Horticultural

Society are trying to raise L.5000 to enable them to continue their garden at Chiswick—the scene of so many graceful gatherings and delightful flower-shows—but as yet appearances of success are not favourable, notwithstanding that a gentleman at Travemünde has sent a donation of L.100. To give up the garden, with its numerous rare plants and trees, would be a real loss to horticultural science, and we sincerely hope the Society may be spared the sacrifice.—Sir H. Rawlinson, of Assyrian fame, has been appointed by government an East India director—a recognition of meritorious services which will be generally approved. He is still occupied with his studies of the old cuneiform inscriptions; and when these shall be published, many obscure passages of ancient history will be cleared up, and Scriptural illustrations multiplied. At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, the last arrival of Assyrian sculptures, now deposited in the British Museum, was described as the best we have yet received. Among them is a wonderful lion-hunt, and historic names are found in the explanatory inscriptions.—At the annual meeting of the Architectural Museum, Canon Row, Westminster, under the presidency of Professor Cockerell, several artist-workmen competed for prizes which had been offered for the best specimens of sculpture and carving after their own designs. Mr Ruskin's prize of five guineas was awarded to the sculptor of a stone-capital, with foliage and figures, who had the further pleasure of hearing Mr Ruskin commend the spirit and execution of the work. Another five-guinea prize was gained by a wood-carver, and sundry minor prizes were carried off by diligent students. Periodical lectures are delivered at the Museum: among the most recent was one by Mr Aitchison 'On Brickwork'—a trite subject, yet full of instruction for those whose ideas of brickwork have been derived from what passes for such among the builders of London.—The evening-lectures to working-men at the School of Mines are as successful and well attended as ever. No sooner was Dr Percy's course of six lectures on the metals advertised, than the whole number of tickets was at once taken up, shewing that there are at least some—though far too few—of the artisans of the metropolis who appreciate what is called the 'dignity of labour.'

Lovers of art have had a treat in the sight of the poet Rogers's collection of pictures and other rarities, during a sale of eighteen days. Judging from the prices at which many of the things were sold, the disposition to over-estimate their value shews as yet no signs of abatement; but that it will abate in time cannot be doubted. Some of the paintings would have enriched our national collection; but there is no room for more in our National Gallery, and a proposal has been made to enlarge it by building a corridor at the back. Those, however, who are in the secret, or who pretend to be so, say that government will remove the pictures to the spacious edifices now rapidly rising at Kensington. There must not be too long a delay, for Turner's pictures were bequeathed to the nation only on condition that a fitting place should be found to hang them in by 1861.—The Crystal Palace Company are adding a picture-gallery to the other attractions of their glorious spectacle, together with a Ceramic Court, and a Court of Inventions; so, if people are to become imbued with a love of art and science by looking at what is artistic and ingenious, there is certainly no lack of means.—Apropos of spectacles: it appears from Mr Cole's Report, that the French Exposition of 1855 was visited by 4,553,464 persons, of whom 40,000 were English. The visitors to our Great Exhibition of 1851 numbered 6,063,986, of whom not more than 27,000 came from France.—A paper has been read before the Society of Arts by Herr Paul Pretsch of Vienna, on photogalvanography, in which, as the name indicates, a process was explained for 'engraving by

light and electricity; and another proof was given that Austria maintains her pre-eminence in the art of printing. Professor Clark of Aberdeen, who is well known for his researches on the subject, has read also a paper on the 'supply of water free from hardness, and from other organic impurities,' which is well worthy of consideration by sanitary reformers. Add to these a paper on the Silk-manufacture, on the Lace-trade, and on Brick-making, and it will be seen that the Society of Arts have well employed their session.—Great improvements are promised by our new Metropolitan Board of Works; a comprehensive system of drainage, and the construction of embankments and quays along the Thames is again talked of. One practical reformer suggests, that our ticket-of-leave convicts shall be employed in the sewage-works of large towns, and in deodorising and making up the refuse into a fertiliser for agricultural purposes. If he would only suggest how the men are to be kept from running away, the thing would perhaps be feasible.

The Philosophical Society of Manchester have held a meeting to take measures for the preparation of a History of Calico-printing, while it may still be possible to find available materials. Competent writers will each undertake a section of the work; and a collection is to be made of patterns, apparatus, and whatever else may serve to illustrate the subject.—A New Olefiant Gas Company is trying to get into operation: they profess to be able to produce a gas from chemical refuse, as good as that in common use, and at half the cost.—A Photographic Society is announced, with promise of 10 per cent. dividends. There is plenty of scope for such a society, if they will but consider science as well as money. If some of the members would only diligently set themselves to take photographs of every part of the starry heavens, what good service they would render to astronomy!—The Trinidad Bituminous Fuel Company propose to dig out the great pitch-lake on that island, and, by mixing the bitumen with wood-shavings, to produce 50,000 tons a year of excellent fuel. With such a supply in the torrid zone, the West India steamers may make their outward voyage lighter by one-half in their burden of coal. It is worth mention in passing, that during the prevalence of cholera in Trinidad, the people who lived nearest to the pitch-lake entirely escaped the pestilence.—Now, that the war is over, there is talk of establishing a real monthly steam-communication with Australia, the colonies, as is only fair, to bear a portion of the expense. The fact that a free library has been established in Melbourne is an indication of social progress among our antipodal brethren; and the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land are still publishing their *Transactions*, in which papers appear that would do honour to the science of Europe.—An interesting bit of news has recently reached us from the Pacific—namely, that the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, nearly 200 in number, have been removed to Norfolk Island, the population having outgrown the means of subsistence in their limited territory. The simple-minded people must have taken leave of their birthplace with sad hearts, and not without apprehensions as to the future, although their new home is one of the most beautiful islands of the southern hemisphere. There they will have room to increase and multiply, and practise the virtues which spring from unsophisticated goodness of heart. With prudent foresight, they have stipulated for the sole possession of Norfolk Island. Who is there will not be drawn to contrast its new population with the unreclaimable convicts for whom a few years ago it was an accursed prison?—Some anxiety is felt on behalf of Mr Livingstone, the enterprising missionary, who, as we stated last year, had travelled alone across the interior of Africa to the

Portuguese settlements on the Gold Coast. He set out to discover a route in the opposite direction, and it is thought he should by this time have made his appearance on the eastern coast. The commanders of our vessels-of-war on the station have orders to call from time to time at Quillimane to make inquiries, and the Portuguese traders have promised to assist.—By late accounts from Natal, we learn that the sugar-growing experiments in that colony have proved satisfactory, the yield being three tons to the acre. If this be the result of a rough and ready system of cultivation, richer crops will naturally follow improved tillage. The climate is said to be favourable.—Something encouraging is to be seen in India. The inhabitants of Bombay are busy with a great scheme for saving themselves from the terrible effects of the droughts that from time to time afflict them. A valley on the island of Salsette is being turned into a reservoir, which, when full of water, will have an area of two miles square, with a depth of seventy-five feet. The main delivery-pipe will be fifteen miles in length; the population to be supplied numbers 700,000, and the works are to cost L.250,000. Lord Canning turned the first sod on the eve of his departure. The railway has rendered good service in mitigation of the suffering consequent on diminished falls of rain during the last monsoon, by the transport of tanks of water from a distance for the use of the inhabitants.—The newly acquired state of Pegu proves to be a gain, not a loss; and the trade of Calcutta has so much increased, that a branch of the river heretofore unused has been buoyed for the accommodation of ships.—The new discovery of iron ore in Nova Scotia is to be turned to account by a company. Experiments made at Woolwich with specimens of the metal, shew it to be tougher than other kinds now in the market. Nova Scotian enterprise will, doubtless, shew some of the go-ahead quality of the neighbouring States; and when we hear of a vessel of 350 tons arriving at Hull from Chicago, we cannot but admire the resources of the Far West.—An Anglo-French fishing-company is talked of, whose project is to catch fish and send them rapidly to London in screw-steamers, so as to avoid delays by wind and tide.—An endeavour is to be made to develop the resources of the island of Sardinia, which have been too long neglected: the government at Turin have granted 20,000,000 francs for sending thither and establishing emigrants.—Spain and Sweden are about to adopt the decimal coinage. In the latter country, the rix-dollar is retained as the basis, divided into 100 parts.

During Lord Derby's administration, as many readers will remember, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the adulteration of coffee. The Commission comprised three of our ablest chemists—Graham, Stenhouse, and Campbell. Their Report was duly made; but was, for some reason, suppressed. It is now, after a lapse of three years, published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society*; and as the facts it embodies are such as come within the scope of this paper, we give a brief summary of such as are of general interest. In the first place, we are told that, apart from adulteration, coffee kept in a wet or damp state for some time, becomes quite worthless; if with sea-water, the aroma, the bitter flavour, and the whole of its characteristic principle, caffeine, are totally lost. Hence, coffee-berries damaged in this way are dear at any price. No other seed or berry can be substituted for coffee. Many were the experiments tried in France, during the continental blockade, with the seeds of the yellow flag, the gray pea, the milk-vetch, holly, Spanish broom, acorns, sunflower, horse-beans, pips of gooseberry and grape, and the capsules of box. The yellow flag is the only one that has any similarity to coffee, and that is simply in its odour when roasted. The use of

roasted chicory appears to have been first introduced in Holland a hundred years ago, but was kept secret till the first year of the present century. It is now prepared in prodigious quantities in England and on the continent; in France alone, six million kilogrammes are annually consumed. Fern-roots have been tried; but, next to chicory, beet and carrot are most largely used, especially in Germany, where these roots, after having been sliced and dried, are passed through a coffee-roaster, with about 2 per cent. of butter, and sometimes a red powder, to produce the colour of coffee. There is a good reason why these roots are preferred to all others; it is because of the great quantity of sugar they contain—chicory having as much as 30 per cent. Ground coffee may be distinguished from chicory-powder by the light colour of the infusion, and by its remaining hard in boiling-water. The chicory, on the contrary, softens, and gives off a very dark colour. If barley or wheat flour is present, the infusion will be mucilaginous and turbid. Experiment shews that—omitting decimals—two parts of chicory have the same colouring power as five grains of highly-roasted coffee, six grains of medium-roasted coffee, thirteen grains of roasted pease, or forty parts of brown malt.' Again: 'When a few grains of roasted chicory, or any other sweet root, are dropped into a glass of cold water without being stirred, a yellowish-brown colour diffuses rapidly through the liquid, while the pure coffee gives no sensible colour to the water in similar circumstances.'

The Commission point out various ways in which the adulteration of coffee may be detected—that is, chemically. One is by testing the specific gravity of infusions, when, with the exception of a few leguminous seeds, coffee will be found to give a lower specific gravity than any of the roots, and many other substances used for sophistication. Coffee, too, yields much more soluble matter than the seeds or roots. Another way is by fermentation; another by testing for sugar, or for silica. One per cent. of silica in the ashes of coffee is a proof of adulteration; and of this the greatest proportion is given by oats and barley, and next by chicory and dandelion. Many English manufacturers add Australian tallow to their chicory while it is passing through the roaster.

From this summary, a notion may be formed of the importance of the Report in question. We have heard that a second Report was sent in by the Commission specially on the subject of adulteration with chicory; but this has not yet seen the light. If the political reasons which we have heard assigned for its suppression no longer exist, the present would be a good time for publication, while the parliamentary committee is inquiring into the mal-practices of adulterators.

THE MARTELLO TOWER.

My life is merely a little round—my tower, as I say, has only one story—but it may be new to many. It is not everybody who is a coast-guardman. In the winter, I live on land like other people, except that I must needs keep the night-watches; but in summer-time I spend whole weeks in the Martello. It looks out straight upon the Atlantic, and is built upon a rock two miles from shore. The sea leaves twice that distance bare at spring-tide, and falls forty feet; but at mid and low tide my comrade and myself can wade or walk to land, if we desire it. A cart comes out to us from the station at those times, three times a week; otherwise, we are quite islanded and cut off from the world. We have no boat, for there is no room for one upon the platform where the great 64 lies; and were there one outside, the sea would dash her to

pieces like a nutshell. This very gun with its huge carriage I have known to be twisted round, muzzle inwards, by the wave and wind. I thought that that September night would have seen the last of the old tower; but it stood like the rock that is beneath it. The walls are very thick and strong, as may be seen by the depth of the embrasure that gives us light; but our upper room, in that tempest, seemed to rock like a tree. It was on this very spot, in 1780, that a French army landed in their famous 'flat-bottomed boats,' and the tower and its 64 are here to prevent a repetition of that visit. Its only present use is to harbour us coast-guardsmen; for the smugglers do not land much oftener than the French. I, for my part, laugh at them altogether as an extinct race; but Jack Jervis—the other Martello-man—is of a different opinion. They caught him, twenty years ago, when he was keeping guard alone in Pillan Bay, buried him up to his neck in sand, and then bowled stones at his head. Jack is the Nestor of the coast-guard, and numbers three times as many years as I. He has the most weather-beaten figure-head one ever saw; but under his wrinkled forehead and white shaggy eyebrows, his black eyes peer with the vivacity of seventeen. He has seen strange things. When quite a little boy, he used to help his father at a very dangerous trade indeed: again and again, in the days of the great French republic, he sailed over to the low far coast to eastward with Pitt's forged assignats. The Duc de Berri and other noble French exiles dwelt hereabouts at that time; and once he took a cargo of *them* over, who were seized on landing, and never more heard of from that moment either by friend or foe. When peace was proclaimed, Jack Jervis took up with the oyster-fishery, with sons of his own. The line yonder, which French and English fishermen are bound to keep their own side of, is not so distinctly drawn upon the broad blue sea as it is in the treaty; and mistakes will happen, sometimes, in the best regulated vessels. Although both nations have their small armed cruisers to protect their respective rights, it must needs occur, I say, that a little oyster-poaching—or, not to use a harsh word, scolloping—now and then takes place. If the transgressors are caught, however, both their boat and their cargo are confiscated to the aggrieved power; and this misfortune happened to Mr John Jervis. He and his sons were made prisoners by a French cutter, and the nose of their craft turned more in the direction of Granville than they had calculated upon. I suppose their capturers were not very numerous, or kept too careless a watch; for certain it is, that after a while the course of both vessels was reversed, and they appeared in our little harbour five miles west of the Martello with the French crew prisoners under hatches. This achievement almost made poor Jervis historical, by provoking a war with France; but it ruined his oyster-trade completely, and drove him into the coast-guard.

When the sun is sinking in the wavy west, and the sea begins to crawl in between our tower and the land, is a famous time to listen to the old man's stories: the cry of a solitary sea-bird, and the water lapping on the stone, are all that then interrupts the silence, unless there be wind; and if there be, our well-accustomed ears but little regard it. The embrasure is not much adapted for a view; so, if it be warm enough, we sit out on the stone platform beside the 64, with our pipes, and look out upon the level sea. I think I have seen it almost of every colour: purple and even pitch-black before a storm; pale, as if with malice, when the first light wind begins to stir it above the sunken

rocks; snow-white in wrath, with the foam flying from its million angry lips; blue as heaven, green as earth, under the noonday beams; deep crimson, while the setting sun bleeds over it; crossed by the silver pathway of the autumn moons; or, fairest of all its aspects, spread in dark night from end to end with a bright silver net of its own weaving—the phosphorescent gleaming of the sea. Making our business upon the deep waters, we see many beautiful and wondrous sights, and sometimes some very sad ones.

It was a July afternoon, and we were watching a large party of villagers employed in gathering 'vraic'—a sea-weed very valuable both as fuel and manure—upon the rich sea-bed far away, for it was low-tide. There were eighteen altogether, as we could very well make out with our telescope, and several of them women. They had a good-sized fishing-smack with them, which was moored in a little cove until the tide should come up; and having filled it with 'vraic' enough, the people were dancing—for they had a fiddler with them—and making merry. Presently, they all got into the vessel when the tide came up, and then set sail. Instead, however, of moving onward, we saw their craft sink gradually—as far, that is, as the shallowness of the water would permit her. The sail, as we conjectured, had been hoisted too soon, and taken by the wind before she cleared the rocks, which had knocked a hole in her side. The poor creatures were left standing on the deck, and half above water; but the tide was coming in apace: it was impossible they could reach land on foot, as they all very well knew, because of the quicksands and arms of the sea that had already cut them off from it, and even from the Martello; they knew, too, that no boat could come out to them until the sea would be many feet above their heads; yet they made piteous signs. There was one little boat with them, which held four men, and we saw that row away at topmost speed to a vessel some miles off. They had wisely placed their strongest men in that, as their only chance of getting help; but a breeze sprang up, and we saw the vessel sail away without regarding them; then the boat pulled in a long way round, but yet the nearest way, to land. Alas! as we were well aware, all other boats were in the cove to westward, out of which nothing can get except long after mid-tide. Some boys were playing on the sand there, with a number of poor folk looking on, and we saw the four men arrive amongst them, having landed and run round the point. Even at that great distance we could mark the effect of their sad news: no one of all that holiday-party but had some friend or relative in those fourteen still left upon the sunken ship. They ran down to their fishing-smacks, and strove to move them over the rocks and sand: piteously helpless, they stood impatient beside the motionless hulls for hours that seemed days. In the meantime, the waters were closing over the doomed vessel yonder, and only her masts, to which a confused mass was clinging, were left visible; the wind, too, was beginning to blow hard. To sail out amongst the rocks was become a very dangerous work indeed; but the moment the tide admitted of it, we saw a fishing-smack put off—it was the one belonging to the two sons of John Jervis—and I saw a look of pride pass over his face, notwithstanding their peril. Both were brave lads and skilful pilots. They threaded the breakers safely, and came as near as they durst do to the unhappy craft. To have approached more closely, would have been to share her fate. One woman and one man were still above water when they arrived; but the woman dropped into her grave before their eyes. They threw the man a rope, and he even managed to catch it in his teeth, and held it for a little while; but the poor creature's arms were so benumbed with cold, and his hands so strained with grasping, that he could unclasp neither from the mast. He told them it

was all in vain, and thanked them; he bade them take care of themselves and get to shore while the wind yet permitted them, and ere the dark set in. And they were forced to leave him there, in the night, amidst the roaring breakers, now whelmed by the sea, and now swept by the bitter wind. We saw the people crowding to the beach on their return, who could not be made to believe, although they saw but the same two young men on deck, that others were not below.

I could tell you other sad sights we have seen from our Martello: of a great merchant-vessel going to pieces within a mile of us at night, with its distress-guns flashing momentarily, and the cries of the unfortunates mingling with the pitiless blast; of horrible forms which came suddenly up, like porpoises, for weeks after, which were all dead corpses! But I forbear. We live, for the most part, among very pleasant sights and sounds: fishermen are singing round us at their healthy toil from morn to eve, in single smacks, or tossed with quite a fleet of others; great vessels, homeward and outward bound, pass in the distance, leaving a long black line behind them in the sky, and a white track in the sea; bands of little children play, or gather shells upon the beach; not seldom there is a review upon the sands of scarlet-coated militia from the town; and in the summer evenings bare-legged lads and lasses pass the tower with their shrimping-nets. Sometimes we join these last, each with a large basket swung behind us, but within reach of our hand, and provided with a charming invention between a butterfly-net and a Turkish flag, which is a prawn-catcher. It is low-water, and the whole four miles of rock are visible. What wondrous gardens do the mermen keep! What beautiful broad leaves have their brown trees!—what flowering shrubs surmount the smallest hillocks!—what exquisite and graceful plants hang in festoons around their enormous rockeries!—how charmingly these rainbow-coloured roses open and spread themselves in the clear salt-water pools, and of what beautiful shapes and hues are the stones and shells that pave them! Indeed, for a man with the disease that manifests itself outwardly in vivariums or aquariums, I don't know any better place to dwell in than our Martello Tower. If you only slip—and you slip at every other step—the delicate shapes of leaf and stem beneath are covered as it seems with blood, and you think you have done yourself a frightful injury, whereas you have only squashed a sea-anemone, which is one of a great family of liquid plants.

Each takes his own line round the rocks, now up to his knees in water, and now waist-deep, pushing his net well under the tangled weed, and taking care to keep it close to the bottom. Then, in the 'bottle' or 'neck' of it, he will soon find some of those huge transparent ghosts with goggle eyes and grisly fingers, which turn pink after boiling, and are called prawns. It seems a strange proceeding this exploring the bed of the sea, and clambering over hills that lie for ever fathoms beneath it, except, perhaps, for a couple of hours in the few days of spring-tide. We wander from island to island, across tracts of green-weed, or swift little runlets, or table-lands of sand; and on looking around us on a sudden, do not recognise our position in the least: the great tracts of rock have utterly changed their shapes, and the lesser ones have entirely disappeared; the sands are vanishing rapidly, and we hear the moan to seaward of the advancing tide. One or two tidal 'situations' which we have read of in the *Antiquary*, *Redgauntlet*, and elsewhere—for we read in the Martello—begin to flit across us unpleasantly: we are glad to recognise our standard, which is a spare prawn-net, floating from its natural keep, and so to recall our bearings. Tired, but well pleased, we wade home with our well-filled baskets, and enjoy their contents at tea most thoroughly. There is no place for an appetite so good as our Martello Tower. Finally, we are lulled

to rest, like infants, by the murmur of the deep, and dream, it may be, of some one of the bare-legged lasses under the form of a mermaid with a splendid property in freehold under the sea.

BALLANTINE'S POEMS.

How long is the Scottish dialect to last? When will it be put on the shelf with other specimens of antiquity? At what epoch of the world will controversies occur as to the meaning of its words, and be referred to the decision of the learned, not the vulgar? Judging from what passes around us, we should say the period is not far distant. Within our own day a very sensible change has taken place; and among classes of society where, in our youth, the broadest Doric prevailed, we find few remains of it but the kindly tone and accent we should be sorry to part with. As for the higher classes, there all is lost together. Inquiring lately of an old Scotchwoman as to the individuality of a lady who, she said, had called on her, we asked whether her visitor was English. 'Oh, that I dinna ken,' was the reply; 'they a' speak sae *proper* noo—there's nae telling the differ.'

But while the national tongue is fast disappearing as a spoken medium, it is still cultivated as a written one; and the countrymen of Burns, Fergusson, and Ramsay seem determined to aid in establishing a claim for its recognition as one of the dead languages after it has ceased to live in the common intercourse of the people. What success will attend this conspiracy, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that if such volumes as the one before us continue to be produced, they must form, in union with their worthy predecessors, a department of letters which, in spite of the difficulty of the language, the world will not willingly let die. Ballantine has the eye, ear, and heart of a true poet; but he sometimes carries what we conceive to be the genius of his own tongue too far. While the English built up their language into an elegant composite of foreign materials, their more reflective, more inward-looking neighbours modelled many of their expressions after the sights and sounds of nature and habit; and this latter is precisely the practice of Ballantine, who never stops to inquire whether a word has been legitimatised by authority, but takes the first that comes, whether a mere provincialism, or an instantaneous invention of his own. This, however, is no stumbling-block to his countrymen, although it renders some of his pieces difficult to strangers; but the beauties so thickly scattered throughout the whole volume disarm the mere verbal critic. These beauties are not of the province of poetry that belongs to the imagination: they have their rise in the heart, in thorough goodness of feeling, and that absolute truth of sentiment which we implicitly accept as something innate and eternal. This is the great distinction of Ballantine. In other writers, we find some pieces of a similar kind, but every line of his is imbued with this characteristic—he looks at everything through the affections.

It is difficult to select where so much is already familiar in music and quotation; but perhaps some of our readers may be unacquainted with the following, which gives a good idea of the poet's style of thought:

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's Bairn, she was Naebody's Bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unca sma';
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' toited by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, tho' her young heart was sair;
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld air
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's Bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood, an' nane hailed her
birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doomed her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again 'Naebody's Bairn.'

She cam smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like lown simmer gloamin' she faded awa',
And lo! how serenely that lone e'enin' starn
Shines on the greensward that haps Naebody's Bairn!

Such is the *religious* tone of thought inspired by the fate of one who was perhaps the child of sin as well as sorrow; and in another we find the same loving, yearning feeling directed to what all will distinguish as a legitimate object—the poet's own wife:

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wife, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa',
Wife, come hame!

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea,
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wife-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wife, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wife, come hame!

Come wi' our love-pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clambrin' my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

The poor young castaway—the sweet wee wife—the old gray-haired man—all are viewed by Ballantine through the same medium of the affections. Ay, even the old gray-haired man—

OLD AGE'S GARLAND.

O cauld maun the heart be that's no set a-lowe
When honour's green wreath circles eild's snawy pow;
And dim maun the e'e be that glists nae to see
The young green buds sproutin' frae out the auld tree.
O ripe is the fruit on the stieve tree o' age,
Tho' age wad be young, an' tho' youth wad be sage;
There's nought half sae haly in a' Nature's plan,
As a white-headed, warm-hearted, couthie auld man.

When friends in auld age hae been cronies in youth,
On baith sides there's honour, on baith sides there's
truth;

When white pow and white pow forgather wi' ither,
Wha life's stormy billows hae breastit thegither;
The lown lowe o' Virtue, Time's chilly sky warms,
And Truth is borne upwards in Hope's loving arms;
For Time's but a footstep, and Life's but a span,
But Heaven's the hame o' ilk couthie auld man.

Our cabinet of the affections would be incomplete if

we did not include in it the 'little pet' that crowns the happiness of the conjugal pair :

THE FAITHER'S KNEE.

Oh ! happy is the mither o' ilk little pet,
Who has a happy faither by the ingle set,
Wi' ae wee tottum sleepin' neath its mither's e'e,
Anither tottum creepin' up its faither's knee.
Aye rockin', rockin', aye rockin' ree,
Pu'ing at his stockin', climbin' up his knee.

Although our wee bit biggin' there be few who ken,
Beneath our theekit riggin', bien 's the but and ben;
Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,
They cuddle—when they're sleepy, on their faither's knee.
They're aye wink, winkin', wi' the sleepy e'e,
Or aye jink, jinkin', round their faither's knee.

Although the sun o' simmer scarce glints through the bole,
Oh ! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal;
And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,
When guid grandsire hoary bends his aged knee;
Baith the parents kneelin' by their totts sac wee—
Holy is the feeling offered on the knee.

I ferlie gin in palace, or in lordly ha',
Their hearts are a' as hale, as in our cot sae sma'—
Gin the Royal Mither can her lassies see,
Cuddlin' their wee brithers on their faither's knee?—
What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three,
Unless her totts are cosie on their faither's knee?

We conclude with a specimen of Ballantine's songs, which has the true lyrical spirit, chastened and hallowed by the spirit of goodness which breathes over the whole volume :

THE GRAY HILL PLAID.

Tho' cauld and drear our muirland hame
Amang the wreaths o' snaw,
Yet love here lowes wi' purer flame
Than lights the lordly ha' ;
For ilka shepherd's chequered plaid
Has room enough for twa,
And coshly shields his mountain maid
Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
Then hey the plaid ! the gray hill plaid,
That haps the heart sae true ;
Dear, dear to every mountain maid
Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

What tho' we're few upon the muir,
We lo'e each other mair,
And to the weary wanderin' puir
We've comfort aye to spare.
The heart that feels for ither's woes
Can ne'er keep love awa' ;
And twa young hearts, when beating close,
Can never lang be twa.
Then hey the plaid ! the gray hill plaid,
That haps the heart sae true ;
Dear, dear to every mountain maid,
Are plaid an' bonnet blue.

EFFECT OF COLOUR ON HEALTH.

It is not generally known what effect colour has upon health. The Rev. Mr Mitchell, in his report to the Committee of Council on Education, states as his opinion that the ill-health of the pupil-teachers and mistresses of schools is caused by bad ventilation and small diamond-shaped windows. I perfectly agree with Mr Mitchell's observations, so far as they go; but I believe there is another cause which assists powerfully in producing ill-health in schools, and induces melancholy, which I believe has escaped Mr Mitchell's observation, as well as every other writer's on the subject. From several years' observations in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms, and occupied by females for twelve hours each day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four

sides of the room, so that the rays of the sun penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than those who occupied rooms lighted from one side only, or rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another singular fact—namely, that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the workers who occupied another similar room, and who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pains in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the two rooms, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted; I could not discover anything about the drainage of the premises that could affect the one room more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the cheerful workers was wholly whitewashed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was coloured with yellow ochre. I had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the wall and ceilings whitewashed. The workers ever after felt more cheerful and healthy. After making this discovery, I extended my observations to a smaller number of rooms and garrets, and found without exception that the occupiers of whitewashed rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of yellow or buff coloured rooms; and wherever I succeeded in inducing the occupiers of yellow or buff coloured rooms to change the colour for whitewash, I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. From these observations, I would respectfully drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums, and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff, or anything approaching to yellow, as the ground-colour of the interior of their buildings.—WILLIAM BURNS, Ely.

KEEPING FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.

In 1836, Mr Spence communicated to the *Transactions of the Entomological Society* the means of excluding flies from a room with unclosed windows, by covering the openings of such windows with a net made of white or light-coloured thread, with meshes an inch or more in diameter. Now, there was no physical obstacle whatever to the entrance of the flies, every separate mesh being not merely large enough to admit one fly, but several, even with expanded wings, to pass through at the same moment; consequently, both as to the free admission of air and of the flies, there was, practically, no greater impediment than if the windows were entirely open; the flies being excluded simply from some dread of venturing across this thread-work. The only condition is, that the light enter the room on one side only; for if there be a thorough light from an opposite window, the flies will pass through the net. Mr Spence first saw this mode practised near Florence by a gentleman who had seen it adopted in the monastery either of Camaldoli or La Verna. A passage in Herodotus, book ii. chap. 95, records that the fishermen in his time were similarly protected from gnats when asleep, by covering themselves with their casting-nets, through the meshes of which the gnats would not pass. Thus Herodotus is as correct in this passage as Geoffrey St Hilaire shewed him to be in the history of a bird (*Charadrius Egyptianus* of Hasselquist) taking the gnats out of the mouth of the crocodile, which was deemed a mere fable until confirmed by the evidence of St Hilaire when in Egypt.—*Timbs's Things Not Generally Known.*

LORD HOLLAND.

The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

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BREAD AT DISCRETION.

'PAIN à discrétion.' Such is the tempting notice one sees in the advertisements of the most moderate of the Parisian restaurants—'à prix fixe.' You may have dishes more or less in size or number, wine in all gradations, from quarts to *carafons*; but your discretionary power of devouring as much bread as you please is religiously preserved. There are many places which advertise two dishes and a dessert—the latter, be it observed, a very solid dish, if you choose to make it so. You get, in addition, a *carafon*, or half an imperial pint of wine—all for the sum of 7d.; and yet even here you have your bread at discretion. These are places haunted by men with good coats on their backs—clerks, junior officials, and gentlemen in temporary distress, for the distress of a Parisian monsieur is never anything but temporary; and the most unequivocal sign of it is his dining at a restaurant à *quatorze sous*. But there are places where you get the same number of dishes, with a bottle of beer and a clean table-cloth on Sundays and fête-days, all for something under 4d.; and yet still you have the inevitable bread at discretion. These words are like magic on the Parisian ears; they form the barrier between a dinner for men *comme il faut* and a dinner for the *canaille*; for although the men that haunt the restaurants à *huit sous* wear blouses for the most part, and are commonly workmen or *commis*, still they affect gentility to all its extremes, being ready to knock any man down who should call the fact in question. This discretionary power over the loaf is anything but nominal—the extent to which it is used is perfectly marvellous. It has been calculated that an Irishman will consume seven pounds of potatoes in a day; according to which, he eats his own weight in about a fortnight. Let any one who doubts the fact pay a visit to a restaurant in the Rue Molière, and see a Frenchman's performance on the elongated mass of baked flour which performs the functions of a loaf. He comes in with a determined air, as conscious of the importance of the business he is about to enter upon, and the difficulties he may possibly encounter in its progress. Having seated himself, and duly conned the *carte* of penny-dishes as carefully as if it contained a list of made-dishes of venison and turtle, he tucks his napkin into the open part of his waistcoat, and sets to work upon the bread. There is little less than a yard in front of him, and yet in a few minutes a hoarse voice is heard calling from his corner: 'Garçon, du pain!' He is obliged to repeat his order; and if it is not then obeyed, he gets up, marches to the counter, and helps himself to another yard. His primary object is to

take off the edge of his appetite before he sets to work upon his two dishes. There is a story of a civic dignity of London, well seasoned to city-feasts, and up to all the systems, theoretical and practical, of making the most of them. He was seated by a raw beginner—or, as he would probably have called him, an under-done beginner—who had no notions except that most primitively savage one of satisfying his appetite, and set to work in all vehemence of hunger upon the nearest joint. His neighbour eyed him with a look of mingled regret and compassion, and at last exclaimed: 'Ah, sir, when you have reached my age, you will know better than to throw away such a beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!' Our Frenchman is just as good a theorist as the most obese member of the court of Common Council; but he is not at a civic feast; and his theory, equally just under the circumstances, takes a diametrically opposite direction. He has but two dishes to dispose of, and he cannot afford to begin upon them with a fresh appetite. He would have no time to be conscious of their flavour. So, having prepared himself by his two yards of bread, he can begin his dinner with the leisure requisite to extract its relish, which he does as scientifically and deliberately as if the meat had not been bought by contract at 2½d. the pound.

The means by which the cheaper restaurants contrive to permit their customers the licence on the bread are curious. To explain them, we must tell a story.

The Père Fabrice began life as a private soldier. He had always a turn for speculation, and made money amongst his brother-soldiers by tinkering their wares, selling small articles, and making himself useful in a variety of ways, gaining thus at least as much as his pay. When his term of service had expired, he put his savings into the bank, and became assistant to a rag-merchant. He found the business to his taste; it was a trade at which his two great qualities, paring and ingenuity, came into play; and he very soon told his master that he had a small capital of his own, and proposed to enter into partnership. His master's only reply was to burst out laughing. Stung to the quick, Master Fabrice set up an opposition rag-shop on the other side of the street, and lost all his money in a month. He then became a porter at the *halles*, attending particularly on the old women who sold geese and turkeys. Here he noticed that the turkeys, if they had been left a few days unsold, dropped at once a full half in price. He asked how the customers discovered whether the turkeys were stale or not. The old women told him that the only tell-tales were the legs; these, after a few days, changed from a bright black to a dingy brown. Fabrice went home, was

absent the next day from the halles, and on the third day returned with a bottle of liquid. Seizing hold of the first brown-legged turkey he met with, he forthwith painted its legs out of the contents of his bottle, and placing the thus decorated bird by the side of one just killed, he asked who now was able to see the difference between the fresh bird and the stale one? The old women were seized with admiration. They are a curious set of beings those *dames de la halle*; their admiration is unbounded for successful adventurers, witness their enthusiasm for Louis Napoleon. They adopted our friend's idea without hesitation, made an agreement with him on the principle of the division of profits; and it immediately became a statistical puzzle with the curious inquirers on these subjects, how it came to pass that stale turkeys should have all at once disappeared from the Paris market? It was set down to the increase of prosperity consequent on the constitutional régime and the wisdom of the citizenizing. The old women profited largely; but unfortunately, like the rest of the world, they in time forgot both their enthusiasm and their benefactor; and Père Fabrice found himself involved in a daily succession of squabbles about his half-profits. Tired out at last, he made an arrangement with the old dames, and, in military phrase, sold out. Possessed now of about double the capital with which he entered, he recollected his old friend the rag-merchant, and went a second time to propose a partnership. 'I am a man of capital now,' he said; 'you need not laugh so loud this time.' The rag-merchant asked the amount of his capital; and when he heard it, whistled *Ninon dormait*, and turned upon his heel. 'No wonder,' said Fabrice afterwards: 'I little knew then what a rag-merchant was worth. That man could have bought up two of Louis-Philippe's ministers of finance.' At the time, however, he did not take the matter so philosophically, and resolved, after the fashion of his class, not to drown himself, but to make a night of it. He found a friend, and went with him to dine at a small eating-house. While there, they noticed the quantity of broken bread thrown under the tables by the reckless and quarrelsome set that frequented the place; and his friend remarked, that if all the bread so thrown about were collected, it would feed half the *quartier*. Fabrice said nothing; but he was in search of an idea, and he took up his friend's. The next day, he called on the restaurateur, and asked him for what he would sell the broken bread he was accustomed to sweep into the dust-pan. The bread he wanted, it should be observed, was a very different thing from the fragments left upon the table: these had been consecrated to the morrow's soup from time immemorial. He wanted the dirty bread actually thrown under the table, which even a Parisian restaurateur of the Quartier Latin, whose business it was to collect dirt and crumbs, had hitherto thrown away. Our restaurateur caught eagerly at the offer, made a bargain for a small sum; and Master Fabrice forthwith proceeded to about a hundred eating-houses of the same kind, with all of whom he made similar bargains. Upon this he established a bakery, extending his operations till there was scarcely a restaurant in Paris of which the sweepings did not find their way to the oven of Père Fabrice. Hence it is that the fourpenny restaurants are supplied; hence it is that the itinerant venders of gingerbread find their first material. Let any man who eats bread at any very cheap place in the capital take warning, if his stomach goes against the idea of a *réchauffé* of bread from the dust-hole. Fabrice, notwithstanding some extravagances with the fair sex, became a millionaire; and the greatest glory of his life was—that he lived to eclipse his old master the rag-merchant.

The *gourmandise* of the rich has been described a thousand times; the mode of living of the very poor has likewise more than once found its historian; but

the enjoyment, in this line, of the humbler portion of the middle classes still lacks its chronicler, and yet it is not altogether without its points of interest. You may learn more of national characteristics in an hour, by watching ordinary men at their ordinary meals, than you could in a week in many other ways. Take, for instance, a shilling-dinner in London, and one in Paris. In the very arrangement of the room, there is all the difference in the world. In our own country, the air of business is prevalent throughout: in a dingy, long, business-looking room, which might be a warehouse, if the tables were away and the floor swept, a man in a business-coat takes his seat, looks round him, as if in a tremendous hurry for his dinner, though his day's work is over and he is not hungry; but he has got the habit of looking in a hurry—it looks like business. He asks the waiter mechanically what is the last joint up, and takes whatever that astute functionary finds it convenient to give him. Up it comes—a plate of business-beef, a plate of equally business-potatoes, and a pewter pot of business-porter. After he has duly masticated all this with the air of a man who was going through *Comyn's Digest*, he calls for a business hunch of bread and cheese, wipes his mouth, and if he has, or thinks he has, dined well, he looks round him with the air of a man who has just finished a document very much to his satisfaction, and walks hurriedly out of the room, as if he were going to put up the shop-windows. In France, you may dine for precisely the same sum—one franc twenty-five centimes—in an elegant saloon in the Palais Royal, with painted ceiling and handsome mirrors. The room would very probably have served in old times for the saloon of a gaming-house—this is the destiny to which most of the old pandemoniums have arrived, Frascati's among the number. The tables, elegantly arranged, though nothing but deal underneath, are covered with the cleanest linen; and the plate—all of it albata or nickel, or some spurious matter—looks bright and tempting. (We had forgotten to notice the dirty cloth, and forks with the iron shewing through, of the English entertainment.) A comely fat dame, well dressed, is sitting at the neat little box which serves for a *comptoir*. A man, not very well dressed—for it is very seldom that a Frenchman, unless of a peculiar class, succeeds in dressing well—but in a holiday suit, and with a jaunty air, enters, takes off his hat, smiles at the presiding goddess, and pokes a joke at the waiter. He unfolds his napkin with the air of one who has come to a feast, and is determined to enjoy it. Before he has been seated half a minute, he is in intimate conversation with his *vis-à-vis*. His dinner comes up by degrees, looking on the outside the most *recherché* little affair possible. He has his *julienne* soup in a silver bowl—a bowl at least pretending to be silver—a very pretty *côtelette au champignons* follows, then the most tidy beef-steak in the world, garnished with haricots or perhaps an *omelette au rhum*, all sweetened off with a delicate *confiture* or a pretty piece of confectionary, or pot of *crème Anglicé* custard. He has half a bottle of Burgundy—for Macon, the birthplace of his wine, is admitted by all geographers to be in Burgundy—which he drinks out of a wine-glass, at the very time that his *confrère* in London is drinking porter out of pewter. We have already said that 'bread at discretion' forms an essential part of the business. At the dinner of Paris, the provisions have been less, and of worse quality at bottom, than at the corresponding place in London; but the entertainment is so well 'veneered,' the dishes so nicely got up, so much is made of small things, so great tact is used in turning a little trouble to account in cleaning the plate, and other like things, that the one man has been dining, while the other has been only feeding. The enjoyment in the Frenchman's look has been perfect; and after languishing for ten minutes on his

seat, after taking his last glass, he pays, again salutes the lady, and leaves the place as if he were going out of a ball-room.

It really does one good to see a *père* and *mère de famille* at one of these places on a Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock. At that time, there will not be less than 500 persons dining, most of them with their families. The way in which the children are smoothed down in their places, indulged with a look over the *carte*, amused by having all the oddities of the place pointed out to them, and finally fed with the corners and angles of the dishes served up to papa and mamma, is altogether French. It would be difficult to see the same thing anywhere else. Fancy an English shop-keeper and his dame promising their children a treat by taking them to dine at a second-rate eating-house in Coventry Street or the Haymarket!

In the still humbler dinners of which we have spoken, it would be more easy to find a counterpart in this country. The same class of men who put up with a fourpenny or sixpenny dinner in Paris in the Rue de Sorbonne, dine at the same price in London in Drury Lane or its neighbourhood. But even here the Frenchman never forgets his love of amusement. He collects with his friends into knots round the dishes, flirts with the landlady, romps with the *bonne*, and passes unintelligible jokes as thick as hail upon his comrades. It is most whimsical to see him scrutinising the dishes, and to observe the evident knowledge he possesses of what a dinner ought to be; the farcical comments he passes on what it is; and the half-jesting, half-earnest comparisons he institutes in consequence. You will not find any Frenchman, of whatever rank, who is not fully acquainted with the mysteries of a good table, and who has not, two or three times at least in his life, found means to make himself practically acquainted with them. Alas for the Englishman—he could much more easily give you a notion of a discussion at the privy-council than of what a dinner ought to be! He comes in with a dozen of his fellow-labourers punctually at two, he has no time to throw away in lounging, there is no *dame de comptoir* to flirt with; and as for joking with the small-eyed pucker-mouthed individual who is shaving the beef—is the thing possible? Such men discuss their fare without uttering a word; and as for looking at or criticising the dishes, they would not have the least notion how to set about it. A plate of beef, a slice of pudding, and potatoes, cost them 6d.—a much better dinner than the *omnium gatherum* which serves the Parisian at the same price; but then there is no illusion about it. The Englishman values his beef for what it is; the Parisian swallows his *vol-au-vent*—made out of chopped liver and the ends of horses' tongues—and imagines it composed of all the delicacies of the gourmand almanac. The Englishmen drink water at these places all out of the same mug; and if they have 2d. extra to spend, they take it over the way; and there, over a pint of porter, they exhale what humour or ideas they may have about them. A man with 4½d. may make his banquet out of a beef-steak pudding and plum-pudding; even with 3d. he may get a tolerable specimen of the former article. With less, he must betake himself to the leg-of-beef shop, to which he has a mortal aversion. This is the only thing in which he resembles the Parisian, who has the same dislike to the *bouillon*, for the sale of which there is, nevertheless, a dividend-paying company in Paris, called the Dutch Company. These are the only places where the dinner is too much for the levity of the Frenchman: he discusses it with Anglican gravity, and can do nothing whatever with it but eat it, and that with difficulty. They have rice-shops in Paris where you get a decent meal of rice for 2d., and the plan might well be imitated on this side the water.

The English boys form the only fair specimens of

anything like the Parisian diners. You may see them at six o'clock on a summer-evening, in flocks of a dozen each, the élite of one of the neighbouring courts. It is necessary, in order to form one of the band, to be possessed of a penny sterling. Armed with this coin, they traverse Long Acre, peer into every cook-shop; and when they have satisfied themselves which pudding looks the brownest, and has most plums in it, in they rush, take their seats at the fixed deal-table, which, with fixed forms to match, make up the furniture of the apartment; and their proceedings at table have something of the Parisian whim in their comments on the quality of the eatables, but without the knowledge of a *gamin* of half their age. This last, at eight years old, knows more of the theory of dinner than an English labourer attains during the entire course of his life.

Pot-luck, or the *fortune de pot*, is on the whole the most curious feeding spectacle in Europe. There are more than a dozen shops in Paris where this mode of procuring a dinner is practised, chiefly in the back-streets abutting on the Pantheon. About two o'clock, a parcel of men in dirty blouses, with sallow faces, and an indescribable mixture of recklessness, jollity, and misery—strange as the juxtaposition of terms may seem—lurking about their eyes and the corners of their mouths, take their seats in a room where there is not the slightest appearance of any preparation for food—nothing but half-a-dozen old deal-tables, with forms beside them, on the side of the room, and one large table in the middle. They pass away the time in vehement gesticulation, and talking in a loud tone; so much of what they say is in *argot*, that the stranger will not find it easy to comprehend them. He would think they were talking crime or politics—not a bit of it: their talk is altogether about their mistresses. Love and feeding make up the existence of these beings; and we may judge of the quality of the former by what we are about to see of the latter. A huge bowl is at last introduced, and placed on the table in the middle of the room. At the same time a set of basins, corresponding to the number of the guests, are placed on the side-tables. A woman with her nose on one side, good eyes, and the thinnest of all possible lips, opening every now and then to disclose the white teeth which garnish an enormous mouth, takes her place before it. She is the presiding deity of the temple; and there is not a man present to whom it would not be the crowning felicity of the moment to obtain a smile from features so little used to the business of smiling, that one wonders how they would set about it if the necessity should ever arise. Every cap is doffed with a grim politeness peculiar to that class of humanity, and a series of compliments fly into the face of Madame Michel, part levelled at her eyes, and part at the laced cap, in perfect taste, by which those eyes are shrouded. Mère Michel, however, says nothing in return, but proceeds to stir with a thick ladle, looking much larger than it really is, the contents of the bowl before her. These contents are an enormous quantity of thick brown liquid, in the midst of which swim numerous islands of vegetable matter and a few pieces of meat. Meanwhile a damsel, hideously ugly—but whose ugliness is in part concealed by a neat trim cap—makes the tour of the room with a box of tickets, grown black by use, and numbered from one to whatever number may be that of the company. Each of them gives four sous to this Hebe of the place, accompanying the action with an amorous look, which is both the habit and the duty of every Frenchman when he has anything to do with the opposite sex, and which is not always a matter of course, for Marie has her admirers, and has been the cause of more than one *rixe* in the Rue des Anglais. The tickets distributed, up rises number one—with a joke got ready for the occasion, and a look of earnest

anxiety, as if he were going to throw for a kingdom—takes the ladle, plunges it into the bowl, and transfers whatever it brings up to his basin. It is contrary to the rules for any man to hesitate when he has once made his plunge, though he has a perfect right to take his time in a previous survey of the *océan*—a privilege of which he always avails himself. If he brings up one of the pieces of meat, the glisten of his eye and the applauding murmur which goes round the assembly give him a momentary exultation which it is difficult to conceive by those who have not witnessed it. In this the spirit of successful gambling is beyond all doubt the uppermost feeling: it mixes itself up with everything done by that class of society, and is the main reason of the popularity of these places with their *habitués*; for when the customers have once acquired the habit, they rarely go anywhere else. The approach to something like a full meal is but the secondary feeling; and yet this ought to count for something too, for in most instances the man is not sure of another morsel till the morrow. If he had the money, he would rather spend it in an evening pool at the billiard-table over the way. The rest try their fortune in turn, according to the numbers they have drawn.

It is impossible to see a Frenchman more in his element than under such circumstances. The drollery with which he receives a bad haul of the spoon—though it is a day's starvation to him—and the jocular comments of the rest upon the way in which he has earned his ill-fortune, form altogether tragi-comedy not to be realised anywhere else. This mine of curious character and incident has not been neglected by the French novelists. At these places, the face of Balzac used to be familiar. It was rarely that eminent novelist missed a day without entering some of the strange scenes with which the capital abounded, for the purpose of drawing from them those varied traits and characteristics by which his works are distinguished, of which this custom is an explanation. It is true, the gaming-houses in his day still existed, where stronger features of life might be found, and in more various walks of society. These have been replaced by the reunions of actresses and ladies of doubtful character, where most of the gaming features are preserved, and where Paul de Kock and others are regularly to be found, learning ideas, and sparing their imaginations. But these places are not accessible to everybody—'on n'entre ici qu'avec une réputation faite,' is their motto; and the tribe of *aspirants* and *feuilletonists* are driven to the restaurants of the Quartier Latin to make good their crude imaginations, to realise their general ideas, and to bring forth those scenes of recklessness, vice, pathos, and humour, to which the Parisian reader of newspapers turns before he ventures on editorial comments upon the progress of the colony of Algiers or the development of ironworks in France—subjects to which the tyrannies over the press have confined pens which once stooped to nothing less than reconstituting worlds, and to which the *grisette* and the *bonne* turn without troubling the said editorial comments at all. Yet writers for newspapers are not the only persons with decent clothes upon their backs at these places; here may be seen—towards the end of the quarter—that curious specimen of humanity, the student of the university. He sits in the corner—the only gloomy figure amongst the set. At the beginning of the quarter, when his allowance came in, he was at the *Trois Frères* or the *Café Anglais*, seated before a table overflowing with dainties. One week having placed four-fifths of the said allowance in the hands of other people, he dropped down to a modest dinner at thirty-two sous. Now he is reduced to measure out the few coins he has in his pocket, dining at 2d. a day till the first of the month, when he will again reappear in all his glory, sniffing the dinners of the Palais Royal with the unmistakable air of a man who

claims a positive interest in them. It is doubtful whether money slips most easily through the hands of an English sailor, or of an *étudiant en médecine* of the University of Paris.

The great resource of the Parisian gourmand of the lower orders, and indeed of the humbler class of gourmands belonging to most of the continental cities, is the pork-shop. You may see them about six in the evening—for these people affect supper rather than any other meal—strutting with a jaunty air and no neckcloth about their throats, entering one of their favourite shops, and surveying the delicacies with the eye of a connoisseur. There is a mass of stuff—we forget the name of it—but it is made of chopped liver, blood, and intestines, with abundance of taste for the money, out of which he may make a supper for 2d. There are a multitude of other matters—modelled into fantastic shapes—out of which he may make his choice for very little more. He may go on through various gradations of price and delicacy until he reaches the *boudin blanc*, or white-pudding. Often have we noticed the youth of the Faubourg St Antoine—deeply amorous of some flower-girl or *boutiquière*—whose honest savings have enabled him to aspire to the purchase of a couple of these puddings as a present worthy of the fair. There is the decent old man, with the clean blouse, of which the patches are so well mended as to be positively ornamental—whose son is just returned from the army in Algiers. The feast that is preparing to celebrate the occasion, would set the old fellow up in clothes for a year to come; but he would spurn the idea with indignation, and has come to look out for a *boudin blanc* as the first and chiefest ornament of the entertainment. It is characteristic of the Parisian, that to whatever class he belongs, if even to those who are exposed to annual risks of starvation, that they lay aside a sum of money per week for pleasure, just as certainly as an English peasant lays it aside for bread.

It may be said both of nations and individuals—parodying a well-known apophthegm—Tell me how you dine, and I will tell you what you are? This is not so true in those branches of the great system of dining which have been most frequently described—namely, the exceptional dinners of humorists or epicures, as it is in the case of the great mass of mankind, whose peculiarities and characteristics come out in full force in this most natural of human processes, and some of the more curious of which we have endeavoured to trace in the preceding lines.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CROCODILE-HUNTING.

MR WATERTON'S famous adventure with the crocodile is still, we suspect, regarded by many as a mere 'traveller's tale;' but that it has actually been the custom among some nations, both in ancient and modern times, to mount on the backs of crocodiles, that they might be taken with greater safety and facility, the following observations, for which we are chiefly indebted to an article in the *Magazine of Natural History* (No. VI.), will shew. Pliny, in the twenty-fifth chapter of the eighth book of his *Natural History*, gives this curious description of crocodile-hunting: 'There is a race of men hostile to the crocodile, called Tentyritæ, from an island in the Nile itself, which they inhabit. Their stature is small, but their courage in hunting the crocodile is wonderful. Now, the crocodile is very terrible to them that flee from him, but runs away from his pursuers: the Tentyritæ alone, however, dare attack him. Moreover, they swim after him in the river, and, mounting on his back like horsemen, as he opens his jaws to bite, with his head turned up, they thrust a club into his mouth,

and holding the ends of it, one in the right hand and the other in the left, they bring him to shore captive as if with a bridle, and so frightened with their shouts, that they compel him to disgorge the bodies he had but just swallowed, in order that they may be buried.'

Thus far Pliny. Now, in a rare and very singular book of field-sports preserved in the British Museum, containing 101 coloured plates, to which are annexed four lines in Latin descriptive of each subject,* the eighty-eighth represents—most probably from this account of Pliny—some men riding on crocodiles, and bringing them to land by means of a pole across their mouths; whilst others are killing with large clubs those which have been already caught. An engraving from this plate, with the accompanying verses, will be found in the number of the magazine to which we have referred. The verses run thus:

Tentyra in Ægypto, Nilum juxtâ, insulem gentem
Intrepidum gignit; crocodili hæc scandere dorsum
Audet: refrenat baculo os; discedere cogit
Ex amne in terram; mortem acceleratque nocenti.

(Tentyra, an island of the Nile in Egypt, is inhabited by an intrepid race, who climb the crocodile's back, and bridling his mouth with a staff, force him out of the river, and slay him.)

Dr Pococke, in his observations on Egypt, mentions a method of taking the crocodile still more like that which Mr Waterton practised in South America. He says: 'They make some animal cry at a distance from the river, and, when the crocodile comes out, they thrust a spear into his body, to which a rope is tied: they then let him go into the water to spend himself; and afterwards drawing him out, run a pole into his mouth, and, *jumping on his back*, tie his jaws together.†

Now, this is almost word for word Mr Waterton's account of his own exploit. His Indians having secured a monster of the Essequibo by a baited hook fastened to a long rope, 'they pulled the cayman,' as he describes;‡ 'within two yards of me. I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and *jumped on his back*, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his forelegs, and by main force twisted them on his back: thus they served me for a bridle.'

Herodotus § relates a different way of catching this animal on the Nile:—'They fix on a hook a piece of swine's flesh, and suffer it to float into the middle of the stream; on the banks they have a live hog, which they beat till it cries out. The crocodile hearing the noise, makes towards it, and in the way encounters and devours the bait. They then draw it on shore, and the first thing they do is to fill its eyes with clay; it is thus easily manageable, which it otherwise would not be.'

This passage, as well as that from Pliny, Joannes Stradanus seems to have had in his eye when he designed one of the *tableaux* in his *Huntings*, and wrote the illustrative verses, which are thus Englished: 'The crocodile of the Nile is taken with a hook baited with a dead pig. The reptile, allured to the shore by the squeaking of a live swine, devours bait and hook, and is overwhelmed with mud and sand.'

We see, then, that both Herodotus and Pococke assert that some animal is made to cry near the river, so that, by its noise, the crocodile may be attracted to the spot. Mr Waterton's Indians pursued a somewhat similar plan; for we read that one of them, having laid the bait, 'took the empty shell of a land-

tortoise and gave it some heavy blows with an axe. I asked why he did that. He said, it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on. In fact, the Indian meant it as the cayman's dinner-bell.'*

We think we have now said enough to satisfy our readers that even a ride on the back of a crocodile is not so apocryphal a feat as they might at first be inclined to think.

A LAND-TRAVELLING FISH.

In the fourteenth number of the *Zoological Journal*, there is an account of a peculiar species of mailed fish, called the *Doras Costata*, which frequents the fresh-water pools, lakes, and rivers of British Guayana. It lives chiefly on aquatic insects, and is one of those fishes which possess the singular property of deserting the water and travelling overland. In those terrestrial excursions, large droves of the species are frequently met with during very dry seasons; for it is only at such periods that they are compelled to this dangerous march, which exposes them to be preyed upon by so many and such various enemies. When the water is leaving the pools in which they commonly reside, the *yarrows* (a species of *Esox*, Linn.), as well as the second species of hassar, to which we shall presently refer, bury themselves in the mud, while all the other fishes perish for want of their natural element, or are picked up by birds, &c. The *flat-headed* hassars, on the contrary, simultaneously quit the place, and march overland in search of water, travelling for a whole night, as is asserted by the Indians, in search of their object. It has certainly been ascertained by experiment that they will live many hours out of water, even when exposed to the sun's rays. Their motion is described as in some respects resembling that of the two-footed lizard. They project themselves forward on their bony arms by the elastic spring of the tail exerted sideways. Their progress is nearly as fast as a man will leisurely walk. The strong *scuta* or bands which envelop their bodies must greatly facilitate their march, in the same way as the plates under the bellies of serpents, which are raised and depressed at the will of the reptile, in some measure perform the office of feet. It is said that the other species, the *roundheads*, has not been known to attempt such excursions, although it is capable of living a long time out of its element; but, as has been already observed, it buries itself in the mud after the manner of the *yarrows* when the water is drying up.

The Indians say that these fishes carry water with them for a supply on their journey. There appears to be some truth in this statement; for the writer in the *Zoological Journal* remarked that the bodies of the hassars do not get dry like those of other fishes when taken out of the water; and if the moisture be absorbed, or if they be wiped dry with a cloth, they have such a power of secretion that they become instantly moist again. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to dry the surface while the fish is living.

The hassars, like some other species of fishes, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over with great care. Nor does their solicitude end here: they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much assiduity as a hen guards her eggs, both the male and the female—for the hassars are monogamous—steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking any assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which, the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is captured.

The roundhead forms its nest of grass, the flathead of leaves; both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. Observers have been surprised at the sudden appearance of

* It is entitled, *Venationes ferarum, avium, piscium, Pugna Bestiariorum et mutua Bestiarum, depictæ a Joanne Stradano, edita per Nicolaum Visscher, cum privilegio ordinum Hollandiæ et West Frisiæ.*

† *Travels*, vol. i. p. 203.

‡ *Euterpe*, chap. 70.

§ *Wanderings*, p. 231.

* *Wanderings*, p. 227.

numerous nests in a morning after rain has fallen, the spots being indicated by masses of froth which appear on the surface of the water over the nests. Below the froth are the eggs, deposited on bunches of fallen leaves, or grass if it be the littoral species, which they somehow or other cut and collect. By what means, however, this is effected is a mystery, as the species is destitute of cutting-teeth.

The flesh of the hassar is yellow, firm, and very savoury, and is used by the Creoles in making soup, which they prepare with the addition of several vegetables, such as the okra, calabao, and fow-fow, avam and plantains, boiled and pounded into a sort of plain pudding. The whole is seasoned with pepper, salt, and lime-juice, and forms, in reality, one of the best dishes in the country, although it is not at first generally relished by Europeans.

A SPORTING-FISH—A DEAD SHOT.

An interesting account is given in the eleventh number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief. The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height; at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become quiet, after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation, came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle round the pond. One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and, after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed. After this, another fish came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects had been devoured. The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance he remarked one of the fish return three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but, in general, they seemed to be very expert shots, bringing down the game at the very first discharge. The jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of from five to six feet off them, and then, with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.

FOUR SISTERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

I AM a woman some years past thirty, and unmarried; you know, therefore, to what class I belong. If I do not like the generic term, 'old maid,' still less am I ashamed of it, although conventionalism has attached thereto its own interpretation, often bravely belied by us. I say often—not always. An army, however valorous in the aggregate, may yet number a few skulkers and cowards; the most virtuous of communities is seldom altogether exempt from the vicious; and so some old maids love gossip, and some are vain and coquettish long after the era when those qualities are looked on indulgently by a world ever lenient to youth. Some, like Miss Bridget Sting, are mischief-makers, and some put on severity of judgment with their first 'front,' and their want of charity keeps pace

with the gradual departure of their good looks. Be this confessed; even they, the black sheep of the flock, should, by their very faults and bitternesses, form subject not for sarcasm and blame, but for pity.

No one ever thought me handsome—not even my mother. To be sure, she would stroke my straight tresses of pale-brown hair, and look into my very ordinary gray eyes, and murmur as if to herself: 'My Ella is better than handsome.' But you may take it for granted, that a 'better' does not enter into a woman's ideas till the beauty of her child is found to be unmistakably mythical.

We were a plain family, I think, on the whole. My two elder sisters had but slightly the advantage of me on the score of personal attraction; but they were of gayer and lighter temperament, and, at twenty years of age, had more self-possession and *aplomb* than I have ever attained to this day. They were stylish girls; tasteful in their dress, easy in their manner; they sang prettily, talked cleverly, were quick of comprehension, and apt at repartee. I remember well with what a sense of contrast, association with them used to strike me. In the mornings they chanced to spend at home, they used to be delicately clad in rustling silk, with lace-frills falling softly and fairly over white and well-cared-for hands, with chains flashing and jingling on their wrists and round their necks, and a vague but sweet and refined perfume pervading their whole presence. I, in my plain high dress of sober-coloured stuff, seated in a remote corner of the room, with my books, or desk, or drawing materials, would sometimes find my thoughts and my looks wander from even their mute and well-loved companionship, to my graceful young-lady sisters, as they trifled away the hours in lounging over an embroidery-frame, chatting to morning visitors, or trying new songs at the piano.

Our lives were different enough, though we were children of the same parents, and dwelt under one roof. But, when a change came, it fell the hardest upon them. Severe losses in business compelled a reduction in the family expenditure. Our father, without being bankrupt, was known to be 'in embarrassed circumstances;' and, I believe, a sort of black mark was straightway affixed to the name on the visiting-lists of most of our acquaintance.

My poor sisters! they drooped visibly in the absence of that fashionable glitter and radiance which forms the sunshine of London-life. In our third-rate house, with its comfortable but homely appointments, they seemed out of place and ill at ease; from that, they gradually sunk into a sullen, and, truth to tell, a somewhat slovenly resignation to their altered position. Harriet was seven-and-twenty; and when she began to grow careless of her person, commenced, at that late period, to pay some attention to mental adornments. She borrowed my books, and went doggedly through a most heterogeneous course of reading, during which she took elaborate notes, in blue ink, on quires of foolscap paper. I think there must be something of the delirium of the tarantula in the contact of pen and ink. Some natures would seem to be so constituted, that if they once begin to write, they must go on till they die. From scribbling extracts and quotations, Harriet proceeded to writing with original intentions—essays, moral and didactic; narratives, domestic, romantic, or otherwise: in fact, she entered on the whole mechanical routine of authorship. Her finger-ends wore a permanent illustration of ink; her costume became, at every change, more eccentric in fashion, and more dingy in hue; her hair, ill brushed at the hasty morning toilet, was seldom re-adjusted for the rest of the day. She was, finally, a thorough example of the amateur authoress.

Alicia was two years younger, and had a better complexion. It was to be noted, that at her utmost point of despondency she still curled her hair, and

that her negligée was always of a becoming colour. And if she was fretful and peevish in the candour and undisguise of her family circle, she was still sweetly spoken and with manners of the pleasantest in the limited society now attainable by her. Nevertheless, she was rapidly becoming cynical; and at home, her smiles invariably curved into sneers before they left her lip—when, happy chance! one of our olden acquaintances who was reputed good-natured, and was not too idle to act up to the character, gave Alicia an invitation to accompany her to one of the German baths. Poor Alicia! How amiable she became under the influence of this brightening in her prospects. How all her old liveliness returned, almost simultaneously, as it seemed, with the donning of a new silk morning-dress, such as she had used to wear in the days of her former smiles and gay humour. Scores of times, from the midst of my quiet, unnoticed, observance of all around me, I had felt a hearty dislike and scorn of that broken-down fine lady, my sister Alicia. Her airs and graces in public, her crossness and ill-humour at home, stirred my wrath to a degree that might have become demonstrative in a less self-contained nature than my own. Hypocrisy, in all its gradations, whether in small or great matters, or in subdued or overweening proportions, was entirely and unmitigatedly my abhorrence, because *my* faults ran entirely in an opposite direction; and I, like all the young, and alas! many of the old, had no charity for vices towards which I had no leaning.

Yet my conscience stung me somewhat when Alicia departed, her face tearful and overshadowed, spite of her approaching pleasures, by the grief her really affectionate nature felt at the separation from us all.

'It is not only leaving you,' I heard her say to mamma, amid sobs; 'but to leave you *thus*. And to be going to enjoy myself—to live again in the old luxury and elegance—while'—

And her eyes wandered expressively over the plainly furnished room, with its curtains and carpet of economically dismal hue, and its chairs and tables strong and ugly, like all articles of the serviceable kind in England, where taste and costliness are inseparable.

I had never supposed Alicia capable of such feeling as she evinced; because her failings had been unusually apparent, I had forgotten to give her credit for possible good qualities under the surface. Verily, if charity covers a multitude of sins, prejudice covers a no less number of virtues!

A mist is over my memory of the few months following. My mother died. Mine was not an affectionate nature, in the ordinary sense of the term; my heart took but few into its depths: up to that time, my twenty-third year, I had never loved any one, *except* my mother—and she died that year.

I was ill for a long time after that. One of the first things I remember was waking from a deep sleep, and staring wonderingly at the figure of my eldest sister Harriet, who was standing at the fire, leaning over, and stirring some preparation for me, dressed in her brown wrapper, with her fingers as usual daubed with ink, and a pen yet held between her lips. The authoress had turned nurse. And, by her side, holding some articles incidental to the cookery going forward, stood my youngest sister and pupil, her vivacious face softened down into a most strange gravity and demureness.

She was six years my junior, that child, and I had had the conduct of her education ever since she had been old enough to be put to learn anything. Observe, *put* to learn—as for learning, it seemed a matter of impossibility with her, except in eccentric and most fitful fashion, scarcely deserving the decorous name. Not the least of those cares and vexations I had for years kept carefully within my own breast, were the daily lessons to my wilful sister Grace. As usual, I

had closed my eyes to all save her wilfulness and selfishness; or, at least, if I was aware that she possessed some better characteristics, I never took much notice of what, it must be owned, I seldom received any benefit from. To her elder sister and governess, her spoiled-child qualities came out in full force. There had been moments when I almost hated her.

Down crashed spoon and basin from her heedless hands, when, turning round, she beheld me with open eyes, quietly regarding her; and then she ran to me, threw her arms around me, pressed her face to mine, and cried heartily; while even Harriet's lips unclosed—dropping the pen inkily on the white bed—in a thankful ejaculation. I marvelled at their emotion; nor did I deem the mystery explained even when Grace said, with a fresh embrace—sudden, and rough, and girlish:—

'The doctor said you would—you would—never get well, if you didn't amend to-day. O Ella!'

And Harriet's eyes were wet, I noticed, as she stood gazing on me.

I pondered on it all, in the abundant leisure of convalescence; and I emerged on the new life of renewed health with other, and even greater blessings renewed in me. A kind and forbearing affection I learned to entertain for all those about me; and one I took into my heart—Little Grace. 'Little' I call her, from habit, or perhaps because there is something strangely endearing in the term. Actually, she was not so. I was struck with her tallness—her womanliness—when I returned home, after an absence of three months in the country, where I had been staying to get strong.

It was a happy sojourn. I made two new friends, and that friendship commenced a new era for me. I was scarcely the same woman who had for years passed sullenly, if blamelessly, through the routine of family life, when I returned to that life, one hot September afternoon—dreariest, dustiest of seasons in London streets—with the vivid impression resting on my mind of the golden, glowing calm I had left behind me.

I was *not* the same. They all recognised the change; Grace, in a remark which was but equivocally complimentary:

'I shouldn't have known you, Ella—you look so well. Quite pretty—or, at least, almost,' she added, in a sudden access of conscientiousness.

There was no need for such a reservation in her own case. Harmony of expression, and movement, and colour, did their very best, in Grace, to make amends for the want of perfect symmetry in feature which was too plainly visible in her sisters. Grace was attractive, even to a casual observer; I, who loved her, thought her lovely.

I had always regarded her as a child hitherto; but the brook had fairly expanded into the river now. She had been to her first ball; she was full of the new ideas and impressions thus given her, and she prattled them forth, for my edification, with an ingenuousness of detail thoroughly girlish. I nodded and smiled in the right places; while the chatter reached my ears in a confused murmur of 'muslin, roses, fan, partners, compliments, engaged six deep, after supper, waltzing;' till at last it settled down on a name—and then came a pause—'Captain Royston.'

Looking up, I saw the prettiest blush on my sister's face. I can understand now how greatly I disappointed her by turning away in silence, and stooping over an unpacked bandbox, in order to give her time to recover herself. The chatter ceased, blankly; and when I obliged myself to speak, a few minutes after, it was, I thought, on a subject at a safe distance from captians.

'It is so fair and quiet a country around Byford,' said I; 'I wish you could have been there. Fancy a place where there are more thrushes than men and women; and where, in the woods, the hares'—

'Was your society composed of thrushes and hares,

then?' inquired Grace, with a saucy laugh. 'Don't wish me there, if it was: I'm not tired of my fellow-creatures yet. What sort of people are the Byfordians? You mentioned a Mr and Miss Keith. Are they aborigines, or visitors?'

I did not feel angry with her flippancy; only ashamed, as I told her, quietly, and, it proved, convincingly. She came to my side with a new and sweet seriousness in her face, and played with my neck-ribbon, while she repeated her inquiry, thus:

'But are they nice people? Now, do you tell me about Mr Keith and his sister Ellinor—and—I'll tell you about Captain Royston.'

I did not understand sufficiently to feel amused; but I was a little surprised, and hesitated in my reply long enough for her to begin with her narration; and that was long enough to last all the time we were alone, that day and the next, and many days succeeding. There was no occasion for my description of my friends; it was never again requested; and I, ever a better listener than talker, was not displeased thereat.

For it was a duty to the child to draw out the thoughts that else would have lain brooding in her mind; ceasing to be innocent when they ceased to be so frankly revealed. As it was, the girlish fancy, made up of gratified vanity and artless liking, that she had entertained for her first admirer, evaporated in the very talking of it; and when the hero joined his regiment, and Grace had looked her last on him, she came and nestled in my lap, saying, between laughing and crying: 'He is very handsome and agreeable; but I don't care. He is gone, and I shan't have him to talk about any more.' And a sigh ended it; and so closed the era of frivolous young-ladyism in my little sister.

After that, my love for her, and hers for me, grew to be one of the great blessings of my life. We were constant companions; and oftentimes whole days were spent by us two alone, except when the stated meal-times assembled the family in the common sitting-room.

It was a dull life for poor Grace, with her youthful instincts fresh and unsatisfied, and all the keener because checked by circumstances. It saddened me; it lay heavy on me to see her bright face lose its more exquisite radiance, under the shadowy influence of the gloomy London home, and the continued depression of the family atmosphere. Harriet was now always taciturn, severe, and inky; my father, tried sorely by his hard struggle with the world in his old age, was morose, and even unkind, at seasons of especial irritability.

Letters received from Alicia were full of descriptions of the gaieties of Rome, where she and her patroness were staying. Her patroness, I say; for since Alicia returned to her, after a brief sojourn at home during my mother's last illness, she had avowedly taken upon herself the position of dependent on her friend Mrs Cleveland.

One evening, our quiet family circle was astonished by the advent of a visitor. Mr Keith came. He was in London on business. He brought me a bunch of flowers from his sister, plucked from the sunny garden I remembered very well, belonging to their house at Byford. My father received him with a degree of courtesy and cordiality unusual to him of late years; but he had known Mr Keith's family, it seemed; and, of course, Byford and its neighbourhood and people were familiar enough to him; and he seemed pleased to converse on these topics, so long strange to his lips. Moreover, this was not one of the *young* men for whom my father entertained such a virulent and contemptuous dislike. Mr Keith was past even a man's youth—that period which extends so indefinitely over the fifth, the sixth, or the seventh lustre of his life. Mr Keith was nearly forty; he was thoughtful, intelligent, well

informed on matters interesting to the old man of business, and could talk wisely and well on those subjects—as, indeed, he did on everything his clear brain and well-balanced mind were directed to. I had seldom seen my father so animated, so evidently well pleased; and even Harriet put away her desk, and joined in the conversation, with an occasional remark or question.

Grace, meanwhile— She wore a dress of deep, rich, ruby-coloured merino, high up and jealously closed about the milkwhite throat. The throat, so pure, so slender, so pensile—like the stem of a hyacinth, and the dainty head set so fairly on it, and bent over some work she was doing. The sweet serious profile—straight brow, delicate nose, and the rippling, wavy line of the mouth. Then for colour—nut-brown hair, and eyelashes so dark that the hazel eyes were almost black in their shadow; and red lips, and a flush on the cheeks such as we see sometimes on a sunset cloud. She was like that. I can only set down, prosily catalogue what I saw. If I were a painter, I could make you look on her—and love her. You could not help it: I know that quite well—I always knew it. I knew that Mr Keith saw her—watched her: his eyes lingered about her; and once, when he spoke to her, his voice took quite a new tone, as if he had been speaking to a little child he was very tender over.

Now, I saw all this; also I saw that Grace—Grace was, somehow, not quite herself this evening. Her mouth was tremulous; the very flush on her cheek seemed to flicker, as if a light, vivid but fluctuating, were playing about it; and she kept her head so drooped, I did not once see into her eyes, till—till Mr Keith was gone. Then I looked at her, just once, before I ran up stairs to my own room—to write letters.

Well, after that evening, Mr Keith was rather a frequent guest at our house. He was to remain in London a month or six weeks. I used to wonder what the last week of those six would be like, and what the next, when he was gone. I used to laugh to myself; for, you see, I *knew* very well he wouldn't go—he couldn't—at least until things were altered.

My sister Grace did not talk much with me at this period. We were together as usual; but the propinquity was little more than merely physical. She sat thinking, on her little stool beside the window; I sat thinking, leaning back in the great chair, in a recess of the room. I came out of my thoughts sometimes, though; and it was an odd feeling to look at her face, wherein that sunset flush was *ever* quivering. It seemed to me never to have left it since that evening. And I could feel how cold *my* cheek was, and how tightly strained my lips. Who would have thought us sisters? We must have looked very different.

He said so, indeed, one day. Grace had left the room for a minute; he turned to me, the look yet softening his eyes with which he had been watching her.

'You told me about your sister Grace at Byford—one day especially, when we were walking through the wood, after the rain. Do you remember?'

'Grange Wood? Perfectly.'

'Yes'—in a musing, absent tone. 'But I did not think—I did not expect, from your description—I imagined something very different.'

'It is difficult to describe her.'

'Do you think so?' He smiled quietly, as to himself; he rose from his chair, and slowly walked to the window.

'She is not like any of you,' he presently said.

'No. She is the only one who resembles my mother. The rest of us'—I grew bitter over these dividing, separating words—'have a family-likeness to each other. Harriet, Alicia, and myself, are unmistakable Gordons.'

'Ah!' A long-drawn, subdued, half-sighing murmur reached my ears. Then there was a pause—till he faced me, quickly and suddenly, with the words: 'Do you know that Ellinor looks forward to seeing you as her guest at Byford this summer?'

'Does she so? It is very good of her.'

My coolness was all unnoticed; he was not thinking of me.

'And—do not you think it would be pleasant to her, as it certainly would to every one else, if your sister could be persuaded to accompany you? How she would enjoy our Sussex woods, and Ellinor's garden! I fancy I can see her running about the paths, and standing under the larch-tree upon the lawn.'

Before he averted his head, I could see that his eyes were half closed, and his lip tremulous, as with some sweet, but sad emotion. I did not choose to puzzle over it, or about anything that appeared to me not altogether explicable in his words or in his manner. I was about to reply with some simple, straightforward sentence; but Grace re-entered the room, and our conversation ceased.

I think it was on the occasion of his next visit to us that he first mentioned the time of his departure from London: he would be going home in the ensuing week, he said. My father spoke out his regrets with cordial candour; even Harriet volunteered to be sorry in anticipation; for me, I remarked on the beauty of the country at this season of the year—we were early in the month of April—and envied him, I said, the first breath of sweet vital spring that would welcome him from aromatic woods and dewy fields, and banks clouded with violets.

Grace said not a word; but of late, she had become habitually silent, especially in the family circle: that she was mute now, would awake no wonder in any one. I just glanced at her sufficiently to see that she was sitting self-possessed—serene, to all appearance. No doubt, Mr Keith's eyes also were turned to that little chair beside the fire where she sat, with the work-basket lying near, and a litter of scissors and muslin, and gay-coloured worsteds on her lap. Howbeit, when next he spoke, it was with reference to his hope of seeing us all at Byford in the course of the summer. A vague and deprecatory rejoinder from my father appeared to modify his liberal idea, and he then suggested the plan he had already spoken of to me.

This met with a more favourable and kindly reception. The parental eyes shone with more complacency, and he uttered a few words of acknowledgment unwontedly genial and courteous. Evidently, he inclined to the notion of his Little Grace seeing the old scenes of his boyhood; and, as it could be effected without incurring the necessity of his leaving his beloved London, there appeared no possible objection to the scheme.

I almost felt the glow that flashed up to Grace's cheek, and lightened in her eyes. I said nothing; and I do not well remember what was said by any one on the subject. I was thinking of that old house at Byford, with its quaint, ancient-fashioned garden, its sun-dial on the smooth-shaven lawn, and the long path leading between tall guelder roses, syringa, and sweet-brier, down which we used to walk at sunset-time so often. At the end of the alley a little wicket-gate led into the cornfields; and whenever I thought of 'the old house at Byford,' I always saw the picture of that little gate, with its sentinels at either side—two tall young larches rising straightly—pencilled vividly against the radiance of the western sky; and beyond—the waving gold of the ripe corn sloping upwards till it seemed almost to join the quiet glory of the sunset.

But all this was of last summer; now it was necessary to think of the summer that was coming. Grace was thinking of it—thought of nothing else,

I knew, all that evening—while he was there, and after he had gone. And I had been in my own room some little time, when a faint tap at the door was followed by the apparition of a slender figure, draped in white, her pretty hands holding the loose wrapper about her neck, and her rich brown hair hanging about, partially unfastened from its daytime restraint of ribbon, and net, and comb. It was a long time since she had burst in upon me in this guise—so long, that for a moment the sight of the familiar figure, entering in the old manner, smote me with a sudden feeling that something else must have altered, because it was so strange—it was so unnatural that *this* was as it used to be.

'Ella, I want to speak to you.' The words left the tremulous lips swiftly, as if the constrained will half doubted its own power to maintain its purpose.

'Yes, dear.'

Heaven knows I had no unloving, untender thought of her; yet, when I had spoken, I recognised how cold was the tone, how rigid the air with which I stood looking at her, before her appealing, faltering voice rebuked me.

'Ella, O Ella! Let me come to you. Don't, don't look away!'

She clung to me; she hid her face in my lap; she took my hands and placed them about her own neck. I found myself sitting in the old, old way, leaning over her, caressing her, looking down at her, my darling, my little sister that I loved!

'Ella, I am afraid'—A long pause.

'Of what are you afraid, my child?'

'I cannot—I cannot tell you, what I came—to say.'

'You need not. I will tell you.'

'No.'

She raised her head and looked me in the face steadily. Oh, such a look in my little sister's eyes! I cried out in very anguish, it was so sudden, this revelation. She grew calm, in my passion. She soothed me, kissed me, her little hands stifled the first wild sobs which escaped from me. Presently I was quiet—I could sit and listen to her—and she began to speak, in a low, rapid, but decisive tone, neither of us looking at one another the while.

'After to-night, we will never speak of it again. But, Ella—sister—we—we are not *less* to each other than we were? We never shall be, never can be. Tell me?'

I thought I read all her meaning. Silently I took her to my heart, and held her there, feeling she was all that was *mine* in the world—mine, mine. She could not be any other's little sister, let her be what else she would.

'*Less* to each other!' she went on; 'O no!' Her voice fell, died into a very low murmur, just audible, nothing more. 'That we are unhappy *together*, must surely bind us closer, in a dearer, tenderer sisterhood.'

'What do you mean, Grace?' I cried in sudden apprehension. 'Unhappy? and *together*? Child! in your happiness, mine will grow, ripen, and wax strong. Take care of those wild, vain thoughts that I can see flashing about your eyes and quivering at your mouth. They are not good, nor wise, nor'—But here, in spite of myself, some tearless sobs checked my voice for a moment.

I went on, however, while she hid her face in my breast. I spoke earnestly, vehemently, for a long time, till her agitation partially subsided, and she suffered me to raise her. She was flushed, unquiet still, I could see. After a minute's effort to maintain composure, she gave way, flung her arms round my neck, crying:

'O Ella, Ella! I am weak—I am wicked. Forgive me—forgive me. I love him so much, I *cannot* give him up.'

To what self-torturing entreaties was this the

passionate reply? I was silent for an instant. Before I could speak, the poor, strained little voice had burst forth again:

'I am miserable—I *must* be miserable. Oh, if I might only die, and be at rest!'

But before we slept that night, she had learned another prayer. And for me—I became very quiet in her passionate agitation. Everything grew clear to me. I felt sure he loved her—this little creature whose wild heart throbbed so tumultuously under the snow-folds of her robe, whose deep eyes swam in an unwonted lustre, who was thus convulsed from herself by this new, strange fate, which had fallen on her like a very avalanche.

Poor Grace! How disturbed was her sleep that night. She started up with stifled cries, and moved her arms restlessly, as if ever seeking to ward off some coming injury; and by the faint light left burning, I could watch sometimes the slow tears gather under her white eyelids, and then force themselves down the soft, pale cheek. Yet she never quite awoke, but slept on, dreamed on till nearly morning, when the unquiet, feverish symptoms left her: her face relaxed into a more natural, restful calm, and her low breath came and went slowly and regularly, as it had been used to do always, in her ordinary happy childlike sleep.

The next day passed strangely: Grace seemed languid, or else fitfully exerted herself to appear otherwise. One thing I noticed—that her eyes avoided mine with an instinctive, tremulous shyness that it touched me to see; and when I spoke to her, her face flushed with a glow something akin to the sunset light that two or three weeks ago had first brightened that delicate, beautiful cheek.

THE TWO FESTIVALS IN THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

TWICE within the brief space of thirteen months has the Crystal Palace been the theatre of scenes which will live in the memory of the present, and perchance of future generations, as pictorial illustrations of two great historic epochs—epochs which will long be remembered in the annals of Great Britain.

In April 1855, when the demon of war was still raging with unabated fury, when hearts were beating high with alternate hope and fear, and 'tidings from Sebastopol' formed the absorbing subject of thought in every English breast, for one short week England turned from the awful drama which was being enacted in the Crimea, in order to welcome with heart and soul the imperial ally whose troops were so gallantly sharing with our own the burden and heat of the day. On this occasion it was that in the Crystal Palace the Queen of Great Britain presented her imperial guests to twenty thousand of her subjects, and in this, the most critical moment of the war, the French alliance, thus embodied, met with cordial adherence from the assembled multitude.

Thirteen months passed on—Sebastopol had fallen, peace, dearly purchased by the life-blood of her heroes, had been restored to Europe, and once more the Crystal Palace is thronged with an eager crowd—for *there*, as the *Times* observes, and not by the herald in the streets of London, was made the true Proclamation of Peace.

A brilliant and imposing pageant was that presented to our gaze on the 20th of April 1855. During two hours, an expectant and gaily-dressed multitude thronged the terrace in front of the Palace, and happy were those who could find a resting-place on the stone-steps leading from one ascending platform to another. At length, the cry, 'They are coming! they are coming!' passed from mouth to mouth; and every eye was

bent with anxious and longing gaze upon the balcony, draped with crimson cloth, which had been erected for the Queen and her august visitors. There was a few moments' hush amongst the dense masses upon the terrace; but when Queen Victoria, led by Napoleon III., and the Empress Eugénie, leaning on Prince Albert, stepped forth upon the balcony, an overwhelming burst of joy and applause burst from the twenty thousand spectators of this great historic scene. Again and again was the air rent with acclamations of welcome, mingled with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur—vive l'Impératrice!'

The last occasion, probably, on which Louis Napoleon had appeared amidst an English crowd, was on the 10th of April 1848, when, as special constable, he helped to maintain the cause of order—a cause so dear to the heart of every true Briton. Now, as emperor of the French, as ally of our gracious Queen, and though last, perchance not least, as a self-made man, was Napoleon welcomed by the English nation; whilst his lovely and graceful empress shared with our own beloved Queen the plaudits of the people.

No sooner had the august party retired from the balcony, than there was a general rush towards the Palace gates; and on finding they were not yet opened, many a threat, not loud, but deep, was uttered, of breaking them open—threats which were met with imperturbable sang-froid by the police. At last the desired moment came; the barriers were removed, and on swept the multitude like a resistless tide. Bearing in mind an obliging suggestion from Mr Grove, the secretary of the company, that 'those who ran fastest would have the best seats,' we hastened onwards to the best of our ability, and were fortunate in obtaining an advantageous position near the dais, which was shortly afterwards occupied by the royal and imperial party. Even the usually imperturbable countenance of Louis Napoleon lighted up with satisfaction as he courteously acknowledged the enthusiastic reception of the crowd; and never shall we forget the graceful and gracious movement with which Queen Victoria led forward her sister sovereign, as if presenting her to the brilliant assemblage; or the gentle charm of manner with which the Empress Eugénie responded to the admiring plaudits of the multitude.

Thus was celebrated in the People's Palace the festival of our alliance with France—one which, even in the midst of war, was felt to be the augur of better and surer triumphs than can be achieved by the sword of the warrior or the skill of the successful general.

Of a more earnest and solemn, but not less imposing character was the Peace Festival, celebrated in the Crystal Palace on the 9th of May 1856.

The gloomy aspect of the morning inspired fears that the weather might prove less auspicious than it usually does on occasions graced by the presence of Queen Victoria. Still, however, train after train of well-filled carriages started from London Bridge; and when the doors of the Palace opened at eleven o'clock, the waiting crowd rapidly poured into the building, and every seat which commanded an advantageous view of the dais and centre transept was quickly filled, with the exception of that portion of the north gallery which was reserved for the families of peers and a few other favoured individuals.

Four hours dragged on their weary length. So dense was the throng that no one could venture to leave his seat without the risk of losing his place, and thus being deprived of the sight he had perhaps come far to enjoy; whilst every attempt to rise on the part of those who occupied the foremost seats was put down by cries from the less fortunate portion of the crowd—particularising some feature of dress or personal appearance: 'Down with bridal-bonnet!' 'Down with well-looking-man!' 'Down with blue parasol!' &c.; and these home-thrusts, if unattended to, were

enforced by an occasional discharge of harmless missiles, in the shape of half-pence, &c., which quickly brought the offenders to reason.

At length, however, the attention of the crowd was attracted by more stirring sights and sounds. The bands, which were playing in a raised orchestra behind the dais, were hushed, and from the further end of the aisle the air of *See the Conquering Hero Comes*, and the measured tread of troops, fell upon our ear. The veiled Scutari Monument at first concealed them from view, but in a few moments, a noble body of the Coldstream Guards entered the central transept, amidst the deafening cheers of the crowd; and at intervals they were followed by other bands of Crimean troops—the Scots Fusiliers, Grenadiers, Artillery, &c., each man wearing upon his breast the medal so bravely earned during nights of watchful toil and days of hard-fought victory. Many a countenance there bore traces of suffering which told more eloquently than any words could speak all those gallant men had suffered and endured whilst fighting for their country and their Queen; but their bearing still bespoke the resolute spirit within, which no danger could ever daunt, nor any sufferings quell.

As each body of men advanced, they took their places at either side of the dais, forming a guard of honour which reached on one side to the Scutari Monument, on the other, to the Peace Trophy. Each of these gigantic structures, reaching to the roof of the Palace, was veiled by a not very picturesque drapery of sailcloth. Imagination, however, had only the more room to expatiate on their anticipated perfections; and patiently—or *impatiently*, as the case might be—the crowd awaited the lifting of the curtain.

The long-desired hour at length arrived. At half-past three o'clock, a cheer from without told that Her Majesty, with her accustomed punctuality, had reached the gate of the Palace. In another moment, the band struck up *God Save the Queen*, the vast assemblage rose from their seats, and the royal party ascended the dais.

The Queen was on this occasion accompanied by a complete family party, and a happy, thoroughly English-looking family they were: the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred—the two latter clad in Highland costume; whilst the Princess Royal and Princess Alice were dressed in emerald green—we *hoped* out of compliment to the sister isle. These formed the foremost figures of the group; whilst on either side stood some of Her Majesty's chief officers of state in court-dresses, and bearing their wands of office. There, too, stood Sir Joseph Paxton, the magician at whose bidding the wondrous structure in which we were assembled had sprung into existence. Grouped on each side of the dais appeared a brilliant band of officers, naval and military, covered for the most part with decorations; whilst in many instances the mutilated arm or the languid step told that the badge of honour had not been idly earned.

From amongst this gallant band the Queen's eye quickly singled out Sir Edmund Lyons, and a message was despatched to the brave old man, who promptly obeyed the royal summons. The moment he appeared on the dais, the Queen, with gracious cordiality, advanced to meet him, holding out her hand; and then, turning round, she seemed to present her children to the veteran, who, with an air of mingled affection and respect, shook hands with the youthful group. Whilst this episode was going on, repeated cheers bespoke the hearty sympathy felt by the people with the mark of distinction conferred by their Sovereign on the noble old man, who was still mourning the loss of a heroic son fallen in the service of his country. But now the buzz and stir of this vast human hive is hushed, and in sweet and solemn strains those beautiful words from the oratorio of *Eli* are borne to our ears, sung as a quartett by

Madame Rudersdorff, Mr and Mrs Lockey, and Mr Thomas:

We bless you in the name of the Lord:
Hear them, Lord, in the day of trouble:
God of Jacob, do Thou defend them—
O preserve them, and keep them in peace.
Let them be blessed upon the earth.

A pause ensues; and then, whilst the bands play Beethoven's Funeral March, the Scutari Monument is slowly unveiled. The tall granite obelisk, with the weeping angels at its base, and surrounded by the comrades of those in whose memory the monument at Scutari is to be erected,* awakened many a saddening recollection; and as the thoughts of the spectators were carried back to those sickening scenes of death and devastation, most truly were the aspirations natural to such a moment expressed in the lines set to a Russian air, and worthily rendered by Madame Rudersdorff, accompanied in the second verse by Mr and Mrs Lockey—

HYMN.

God, the all-terrible! King who ordainest
Great winds Thy chariot, the lightnings Thy sword,
Shew forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

God the all-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!

So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud Him who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

H. F. CHORLEY.

Now followed a more joyous ceremony. Another veil was raised, and the Peace Trophy, facing the Scutari Monument, was unfolded to our view amidst enthusiastic bursts of applause, and the triumphant strains of *Rule Britannia* played by the congregated bands.

That Baron Marochetti's Peace Trophy is open to criticism, few will deny; but the figure of Peace which crowns its summit, clad in white and golden drapery, and bearing a green olive-branch, in her hand, has a beauty of expression which would redeem many faults. Besides, criticism was happily not the prevalent feeling of the moment; and unmingled satisfaction seemed to reign amongst the crowd as gradually the tumult subsided, and the clear full voices of Madame Rudersdorff and Mrs Lockey were again heard mingling in the brief, but charming duet from *Judas Maccabeus*—

Oh, lovely Peace, with plenty crowned,
Come, spread thy blessings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

During the pause which followed this duet, the Queen held brief consultation with her royal cousin, and then, in obedience as it appears to Her Majesty's suggestion, the whole of the troops defiled past the dais, as if passing in review before her. It was evident, as the brave fellows marched past, that the Queen's observant eye was attracted by one and another who had probably on some former occasion been pointed out to her as having distinguished himself in the war; for more than once she pointed towards some individual soldier, and then turned inquiringly towards the Duke of Cambridge, who stood by her side.

The bands during this interval played our own

* Our readers, perhaps, scarcely need to be informed that the monument in the Crystal Palace is only a fac-simile of the one designed by Baron Marochetti, to be erected at Scutari.

national airs, as well as those of France, Russia, and Sardinia; thus mingling in the sweet sounds of harmony strains dear to the hearts of nations, so recently at variance with each other.

This stirring scene, so rich in varied interest as well as deep emotions, was compressed into the space of one brief hour. At half-past four o'clock, her Majesty rose from her seat, and once again was she greeted by an outburst of prolonged and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude—a demonstration of loyalty which she acknowledged by advancing to the front of the dais, where she courtesied thrice in graceful lowliness to the assembled throng, gazing around her the while with a look expressive of grateful affection—a look such as a woman and a sovereign only could bestow.

Thus ended the *Peace Festival* of 1856, a festival not clouded like the former one with anticipations of a coming struggle, nor saddened by the expectation of blood-stained victories, but rich in hopes for the future—a future of peace and enterprise, in which we trust our only rivalry with other nations will be one of *progress*—a rivalry in which every energy will be directed towards undertakings connected with the wellbeing and happiness of mankind, the prosperity of every kindred and of every tongue on the face of the whole earth.

ELECTRO SILVER AND GOLD PLATING AT HOME.

IN the number of this Journal for January 12, we introduced to our readers a simple and easy mode of performing the operations connected with the above-named newly discovered art. We now propose to make a few supplementary observations respecting the electro-silver plating, and then to describe the method of gilding by the same process.

In our former paper, we observed that old silver, or any other which comes to hand, may be dissolved in nitric acid, and then, by the addition of salt and water, precipitated in the form of chloride, re-dissolved in the solution of prussiate of potash, and so the silver bath prepared. But it may be as well to give here a regular formula, which, selected from a great number, will be found in practice to answer all the ends in view. Silver, converted into chloride, 1 ounce; prussiate of potash, 10 ounces; soft water, 3 quarts—to be boiled together in a new clean tin vessel (or copper well tinned) for half an hour.

In many cases, the operator may not have time for making the chloride by dissolving the silver in nitric acid, in which case he can purchase at a druggist's the *crystallised nitrate of silver*, which is but little more expensive, and far less troublesome. It should be dissolved in a decanter with just as much soft water as is necessary to effect the solution, and then the decanter filled with strong salt and water, which will precipitate the silver in the form of chloride.

Supposing this formula to be adopted, an ounce of crystallised nitrate of silver converted into chloride will answer all the purpose of an ounce of metallic silver. It is even possible that the chloride itself might be procured ready made; but we have always made it in one or other of the above modes for our own use. In using the nitrate, care must be taken that the solution does not touch the fingers before the salt is added, as it leaves a black mark, although otherwise harmless. Neither the chloride nor the metallic bath is subject to this objection.

As these papers are intended solely for unscientific

persons, who have not hitherto considered the process as capable of being introduced into domestic economy, we shall now offer a few remarks on the comparative value of different metals as bases for the plating, and the sort of preparation most suitable for each.

As observed in our former article, copper and brass are plated with the utmost facility, and only require a clean bright surface. A great variety of articles now manufactured in brass may be bought at a cheap rate, and silvered with great advantage. We may enumerate needle-cases, match-boxes, thimbles, inkstands, reading-lamps, candlesticks, hand-bells, &c. All such articles as these, when strongly plated, can be used with the same comfort and cleanliness as silver itself; but—we repeat it—the whiter metals, or rather metallic compounds, now known as 'substitutes for silver,' answer a far better purpose than brass or copper for spoons, forks, and other table utensils. Again, the more nearly these compounds approach the colour of silver, the better; for if the natural colour of the *base* be red, yellow, or yellowish, the least abrasion of the plating at the edges is at once visible, and the *look* of the thing is completely spoiled. On the other hand, the superior and *whiter* sorts, as *argentine*, do not shew a partial loss of plating; and this is, in our opinion, a very decided advantage. In fact, we should, as a rule, recommend only the better sorts; although where the inferior ones are already in use, we should make no objection to their being *plated*.

We come now to the important subject of preparation. We have before observed that the metals we speak of as 'substitutes' are all, as it were, *averse* to the process of plating electrically; and that without a peculiar preparation, the increased thickness of the coating of silver is obtained at the expense of its *adherence*. A very thin coat will often stand and wear out fairly in use; whereas, if it had been thickened considerably, it would in a few weeks have *scaled off*, to the great discomfort and annoyance of the operator. It comes then to this, that without the preparation we are about to describe, such goods, in domestic use, should be replated at stated intervals, it being less troublesome to renew the process from time to time, and be content with a thin plating, than to risk the danger of seeing it all scale off if more strongly done.

Many of our readers will be aware that, before the discovery of the electric process, plating, as it is improperly called, was executed by the aid of mercury. What is called an amalgam was formed of silver and mercury, and rubbed on the object to be silvered; afterwards the mercury was driven off by heat, and the operation concluded by burnishing the silver which remained. This is a very troublesome, expensive, and fearfully unwholesome system, and its disuse is a real blessing. It often happens, however, that there is some one good point in a system which, as a whole, is bad, and so it is here. There is a way of employing the principle of a mercurial amalgam in connection with our present system, without which the latter must, as we think, have stopped far short of perfection; while the disadvantages of the old method are altogether avoided.

In order to realise this desirable result, it is only necessary to attend to the following directions:—Take a *blob* of mercury, about the size of a garden pea, put it in a phial bottle which will hold, when full, two ounces of water; pour on the mercury a few drops of nitric acid, avoiding the fumes of the bottle, and go on adding a few drops at a time until the mercury is all decomposed; then fill up the bottle with soft water. This liquid is a nitrate of mercury in solution, and it should be lightly laid on the surface of all the metals of which we have been speaking, by using a small

painting-brush. When covered, the surface must be well rubbed with a rag, and this process covers the object with an infinitely thin coating of mercury, which guarantees the perfect metallic adherence of the two metals to be brought in contact. It has, besides, the very great advantage of shortening the process of cleaning by other methods, as, without it, it is almost impossible to get the articles so clean and bright all over as to insure a good result.

Many persons are aware that formerly the process of silvering was carried on by the aid of an amalgam of mercury; and objections have accordingly been made to this preparation, as being a return more or less to the old system. We notice this in passing merely to assure our readers that there is nothing in what we have recommended that is liable to the objection, if rightly understood. The quantity of mercury is infinitesimally small, and there is no occasion to get rid of it by fire, as in the other system; nor have we found it at all necessary to bring the plated goods to a red heat, with the view to improving their colour. We are vain enough to think we can shew articles of our own manipulation, mercurially prepared, which have received no treatment since they left the 'bath' but a rub up with tripoli powder, and yet which, for whiteness and brilliancy, might satisfy the most fastidious.

As it is our desire that this paper, taken in connection with the former one on the same topic, should be a sufficient guide to the domestic practice of electro-plating, we shall now offer a few further hints as to the sort of vessels which are best suited for holding the liquids technically called 'baths.'

We have said that new tin vessels answer well; but this is only true when the tinning is quite perfect. If there is any flaw—as there often is—which exposes the iron to the action of the liquid, decomposition soon takes place. It is, therefore, the best plan to give the tin vessel three coats of a paint composed of *pitch* dissolved in spirit of turpentine, and well laid on inside and outside. We may use also a composition of bees-wax, resin, and yellow ochre. Of course, when vessels of delft-ware or glass can be had of the required shape and size, they are preferable; but *brown* ware should never be used without painting as above, it being of a porous nature.

Our own present practice is to use a large open-mouthed glass jar, which stands in a vessel of tin, to save the liquid in case of fracture. This is a safe and convenient arrangement for small articles; but we are disposed to think that a bath of *pewter* made expressly for the purpose, and about the size and shape of an ordinary *gallon*, would be the most complete bath which could be devised. It would not be subject to fracture or decomposition, and could be made of the exact dimensions required. At the same time, we may once more observe that a delft foot-bath, which is easily found, leaves nothing to desire when the liquid is prepared on a scale sufficient to fill it; in such a case, two piles may be necessary.

As to gilding, we shall briefly state our own method. We usually take two tumbler-glasses, and fill one nearly with a solution of white cyanuret of potash, and the other with a solution of sulphate of copper; we connect, by a piece of soft copper wire, a foot long, a thin piece of gold and a penny-piece; we suspend the gold in the potash solution, and the penny in the copper; we set up, in the copper solution, the pile, with glass tube, salt-water, and zinc, as before described: suspend the object to be gilt in the potash liquid by a thin copper wire, and connect this wire with the zinc of the pile in the other glass. In this way the object will take the gilding in a little time; more slowly at first than afterwards. The liquor to be kept for further use. The gold to be chosen of the colour desired. At present, we use an old Genoese demi-

pistole. If any copper is in the gold, the object will have a dark look on coming out of the bath, which disappears on its being rubbed with tripoli. About an hour gives a very strong gilding in a general way.

THE KNIGHT-MAYORS OF GARRAT.

WHOEVER has travelled from Wandsworth to Tooting has passed through the once celebrated village of Garrat. It appears that about a century ago the inhabitants of this place were possessed of certain common rights, which were then threatened with invasion. Who the aggressors were, our authority does not inform us; * but in the contest that ensued, the villagers were successful; and to celebrate their triumph, they resolved on electing a mayor, whom also, after a fashion of their own, they determined upon knighting. This ceremony was agreed to be repeated at every general election of parliament. No resolution could be more acceptable to the publicans and sinners of the neighbourhood; and, accordingly, the Garrat elections became popular festivities, to which great numbers of people regularly repaired, and which were made the occasion of an infinite deal of jollity.

What is more remarkable, in the course of a short time a political interest became attached to the proceedings. The shrewd partisans and wits of the day saw how these elections might be turned into 'political capital;' and such men as Wilkes, Foote, and Garrick are named as having written some of the addresses, amusingly and exaggeratively exhibiting the defects of the system of statesmanship then in the ascendancy. The publicans, however, and the general populace cared more for the merry-makings than the patriotic teachings; and it was out of regard to the former, as the most interested parties, that the mayors of Garrat continued to be elected for some years.

The mayors chosen shed an appropriate lustre on their office. The more shabby, deformed, and eccentric the candidate, the greater were his chances of success. The earliest dignitary of whom there is any record was a certain Sir John Harper, described as 'a fellow of infinite mirth, dirt, and deformity, whose ordinary occupation was that of an itinerant vender of brick-dust.' His elevation to the mayoralty not unnaturally gave dignity to the brick-dust trade, and inspired its members with ambition. They had the glory and satisfaction of boasting that their friend and guild-brother Sir John sat, 'when not sufficiently sober to stand,' during two successive parliaments. Sir John, moreover, was not without his qualifications of an intellectual sort; as may be seen from a single specimen of his ready wit on the 'most interesting occasion of his life.' It happened that while on the hustings, during the period of his first election, a dead cat was thrown at him, which led a companion to express some disgust at the unpleasant odour of the animal. 'That is not to be wondered at,' observed Sir John: 'you see it is a pole (poll) cat.' Not a bad pun, surely, for a brick-dust vender: we have heard worse from honourable gentlemen standing for a county. We regret that history has preserved no more of the worthy knight's facetiæ; but the memory of his 'infinite' jocularities seems to rest securely on

* Dr Doran's *Knights and their Days*, a curious, amusing, and instructive book.

the single instance quoted. As the famous 'one-speech Hamilton' maintained a life-long reputation on the merit of his first and only oration in the House of Commons, so Sir John Harper, knight and mayor of Garrat, lives in lingering tradition on the credit of a single jest.

But, as Emerson has instructed us, every man's action is as a circle, which admits of other circles being drawn around it. After sitting, 'when not sufficiently sober to stand,' during two parliaments, Sir John was unexpectedly out-circled. An uglier, dirtier, more deformed, and merrier fellow than himself was discovered, and clamorously elected in his place. This lucky personage was Sir Jeffrey Dunstan. He was hunch-backed like Æsop, and could tell as many tales, though not always with moral applications. By calling or profession, he was a dealer in old wigs—for the time we have now to do with was before men had relapsed into the custom of wearing their own hair—and from his business of hawking his wares about the streets, he had acquired an unusual facility of speech. This acquirement he turned to account in winning the suffrages of mankind. He never appeared in public with his wig-bag on his shoulder, without being followed by a crowd, whom he delighted with his drolleries—directed chiefly against men in power, who, it must be confessed, had weak points sufficiently assailable. While Sir Jeffrey was mayor, the French Revolution broke out, and made him a rank republican; and the freedoms of the times gave so much liberty to his tongue as to bring him ultimately into difficulties. The bold knight grew too political, and even actually seditious, in his street-orations, and, as a consequence, was committed to prison for 'treasonable practices.' This occurred in 1793, when the French revolutionists were carrying all before them, to the great alarm of everybody on this side the Channel who had anything to lose from the spread of revolutionary principles. Sir Jeffrey's incarceration was therefore an event which gave no particular surprise. But it increased his popularity; and he gained with many the easy reputation of a martyr in the cause of liberty. It had, however, the effect of taming the spirit of the formerly chivalrous mayor; and his prudence in speech was the cause of his speedy downfall in the popular estimation. When he ceased to be wittily vituperative against the government and the prominent conventional abuses, he ceased to be valued by his constituents at Garrat. He had been three times elected by that motley and miscellaneous assemblage, but at length he was successfully opposed and defeated, under a charge of personal dishonesty. The pure electors of Garrat, it is said, could have endured a mere political traitor; but, as they quaintly remarked, they 'could not a-bear a petty larcenist;' and so Sir Jeffrey Dunstan was figuratively sent to Coventry.

It is related of an eminent Speaker of the British parliament that, on ceasing to be Speaker, he claimed to be made a peer, on the plea that it was not becoming that he, who had once occupied the *chair*, should ever be reduced to stand upon the *floor* of the House of Commons. He might, of course, have avoided what he objected to by quietly retiring into private life; but that was an alternative to which he had no manner of inclination. The ministry of the day therefore consented to make a peer of him, and he was politely passed on to the floor of the Upper House. There was, unhappily, no higher place to which Sir Jeffrey Dunstan could aspire, on being out-voted from his mayoralty; but, in a similar spirit to the Speaker's, he declined returning to an inferior position. Having fallen from the height he occupied as knight and mayor of Garrat, what then was left for Sir Jeffrey? Nothing, it appears, but the spiritual exaltation that springs from strong drink! He accordingly got as 'drunk as a lord,' was never again seen sober, and,

in the year following that of his disgrace, died of gin and disappointed ambition. One hopes the earth rests lightly on his bones, and that he is amply recompensed for his loss of popular appreciation, by his having gained what so many aspiring persons long for without obtaining—a name in history!

His successor was Sir Harry Dimsdale, a 'mutilated muffin-seller,' whose tenure of office, though brilliant, was brief, and who has the melancholy glory of having been the last of the illustrious line of the knight-mayors of Garrat. Not that there was any difficulty in procuring further candidates; but there was no longer the same liberality on the part of gentlemen and publicans in furnishing the requisite 'horse-nails' for securing their election. Originally, the inhabitants had made up a purse among themselves for the purpose of protecting their contested common rights; and when their lawsuit was ended, and they began to elect their mayors, the publicans contributed money, in order that the attractions of something like a fair might be added to the ceremony. A hundred years ago, and later, the peerage did not disdain to patronise the proceedings, and the day of election was a holiday for many thousands of persons. Never before or since have such multitudes assembled at the appointed place of gathering, nor the roads thereto been so blocked up by carts and carriages. There you might see honourable members on horseback, and dustmen on donkeys, scrambling for the roadway, just as may happen now on going down to Epsom races. Hundreds of thousands sometimes assembled, and, through the sweltering crowd, the candidates, dressed like chimney-sweeps on May-day, or in some mock-heroic fashion, were brought to the hustings in the carriages of noblemen, drawn by half-a-dozen horses—the owners themselves occasionally condescending to be the drivers! Alas for the altered relations of men and things in these later generations! But the 'great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change.' So changed, indeed, is all this fraternising of the peerage with the populace, that nothing now remains of it, save what we may sometimes see at a general election for members to serve in parliament, when the horses of a popular candidate are taken from his carriage, and he is dragged in triumph through the streets by a number of 'freemen,' with faces indifferently acquainted with soap and water!

It was a specialty of the candidates for the mayoralty of Garrat, that they were invariably ready to 'swear to anything.' (In these days of purity of election, I cannot be wrong in calling this a *specialty*, notwithstanding the ill-natured opinion of some persons who affirm that other candidates are quite as complaisant.) Be this as it may, the Garrat candidates promptly swore to anything desired, and made unlimited promises about reforming everything. Each elector was at the same time required to take a prescribed oath, 'upon a brick-bat.' It was the fashion for the candidates to figure under pseudonyms. Thus, at one election, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan was opposed by Lord Twonkum, Squire Blowmedown, and Squire Gubbings. His lordship was the Garrat grave-digger, whose private name was Gardener; and the squires were respectively a waterman named Willis, and Master Simmonds, a Southwark publican. Sir Jeffrey, on presenting himself, spoke boldly on the nature of his qualifications and intentions. He referred to his immense estate 'in the Isle of Man,' in proof of the solidity of his property; announced his design of relieving the king of his present want of money, by abolishing its use; engaged to keep his promises while it was his interest to do so; and promised the ladies to introduce a bill for annulling marriages—all which, he said, with remarkable logic, 'must greatly increase the influence of the crown,

and lower Indian bonds.' He did not pretend that, if elected, he should altogether avoid place-hunting, but intimated that his ambition was limited to the governorship of Duck Island or the bishopric of Durham. The latter was mentioned for the purpose of enabling the invisible-shirted knight to add that he was 'fond of a clean shirt and lawn sleeves.'

The candidates were under the obligation of conducting themselves throughout the contest according to the rules of honour and politeness. When Sir Jeffrey Dunstan opposed Sir John Harper, there were five other candidates, all of whom were allowed a hearing, and were otherwise considered to be entitled to the courtesy which is due from one gentleman to another. These five celebrities have been thus described: 'Sir William Blaze, of high rank in the army, a corporal in the city train-bands; Admiral Sir Christopher Dashwood, known to many who has (*sic*) felt the weight of his hand on their shoulders, and shewing an execution in the other; Sir William Swallowtail, an eminent merchant, who supplies most of the gardeners with strawberry-baskets; Sir John Gnawpost, who carries his traffic under his left arm, and whose general cry is, "twenty-five if you win, and five if you lose;" and Sir Thomas Nameless, of reputation unmentionable.' We quote from Dr Doran, from whose recently published work on *Knights and their Days* we have obtained the rest of these particulars. The quotation, however, is made by the doctor from some previous authority—apparently contemporary with the events under description. The only instance in which gentlemanly courtesy on the part of a candidate is said to have been forgotten, occurred on the occasion of Sir Jeffrey's first election. The offender was the aforesaid Sir John Harper, his predecessor in the mayoralty. Sir John's temper was doubtless ruffled by the opposition he had to contend with, and thus, losing command of himself, he encouraged his squire in armour to insult his most popular opponent. But this was not allowed to pass with impunity. The insulted knight appealed to the usages of the election, and the offender was thereupon compelled to dismount, drop his colours, walk six times round the hustings, and humbly ask pardon for his delinquency. Sir John, as we have seen, also lost his election, returned to a private station, and left his example as a standing admonition against all violations of the laws of noble chivalry.

The Sir William Swallowtail, mentioned in the above enumeration, though never an elected mayor of Garrat, seems deserving of a passing notice, inasmuch as he was a man of some originality in his conceptions. He was a basket-maker of Brentford, who, deeming it proper, on the occasion of the election, to have an equipage every way suitable to his calling, built his own carriage, with his own hands, in a style after his own particular taste. It was made of wicker-work, and was drawn by four high hollow-backed horses, whereon were seated four dwarfish boys, fantastically dressed, for postilions. The coachman wore a wicker-hat; and Sir William himself, in picturesque array, seated in the vehicle, 'supported his dignity amidst unbounded applause.' All this ingenuity of 'getting-up,' however, did not avail the worthy knight in the press of the great contest. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan was still more popular, and 'carried the day' in the face of all competitors. Three times, as already said, was he elected, and then his waning grandeur paled before the star of Sir Harry Dimsdale. After Sir Harry, the mayoralty was extinguished, thus sharing the fate of all venerable institutions of which society has grown tired. An attempt was made to renew the saturnalia as lately as 1826, when Sir John Paul Pry presented himself as candidate—'in very bad English,' it is said, 'and with a similarly qualified success.' The altered times had no welcome for the olden frolic. So Garrat remains without a mayor, and would be as

insignificant in all respects as any other obscure village in the kingdom, were it not for the lustre it derives from the subject of the present history.

BOOK-MAKING IN AMERICA.

It is somewhat alarming to know that the number of houses now actually engaged in the publishing of books, not including periodicals, amounts to *more than three hundred*. About three-fourths of these are engaged in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; the balance being divided between Cincinnati, Buffalo, Auburn, Albany, Louisville, Chicago, St Louis, and a few other places. There are more than *three thousand booksellers* who dispense the publications of these 300, besides 6000 or 7000 apothecaries, grocers, and hardware-dealers who connect literature with drugs, molasses, and nails.

The best printing in America is probably now done in Cambridge; the best cloth-binding in Boston; and the best calf and morocco in New York and Philadelphia. In these two latter styles, we are as yet a long distance from Heyday, the pride of London. His finish is supreme. There is nothing between it and perfection.

Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country, that it now takes 750 paper-mills with 2000 engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavouring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about 27,000,000 dollars. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 400,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelvemonth's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labour and rags, is computed at 4,000,000 dollars.

Some idea of the stock required to launch a popular work may be gathered from Messrs Longman's Ledger. These gentlemen report that when 25,000 copies of Mr Macaulay's two recent volumes went flying all abroad from Paternoster Row, no less than 5000 reams of paper, six tons pasteboard, and 7000 yards of calico were swallowed up.

Most of the large publishing-houses now stereotype everything they intend to print. The electrotyping process is largely employed; and an experiment is now being made in Boston, of which we shall hear more at some future time, which, if successful, will decrease the expense of stereotyping about one-third. We have lately heard that a machine is in use in New York for type-setting, and that the second volume of Mr Irving's *Life of Washington* was prepared for the press by its aid. Four hundred years ago, a single book of gossiping fiction was sold before the palace-gate in the French capital for 1500 dollars. The same amount of matter contained in this expensive volume, Mr Harper now supplies for twenty-five cents. Costly books, however, are not yet out of fashion, for we are all glad to know that 1700 subscribers have already been obtained for Professor Agassiz's splendid new enterprise.

The Harper establishment, the largest of our publishing-houses, covers half an acre of ground. If old Mr Caxton, who printed those stories of the Trojan war so long ago, could follow the ex-mayor of New York in one of his morning-rounds in Franklin Square, he would be, to say the least, a little surprised. He would see in one room the floor loaded with a weight of 150 tons of presses. The electrotyping process would puzzle him somewhat; the drying and pressing process would startle him; the bustle would make his head ache; and the stock-room would quite finish him. An edition of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* alone consists of 160,000 copies. Few persons have any idea how large a number this is as applied to the edition of a book. It is computed that if these magazines were to rain down, and one man should attempt to pick them up like chips, it would take him a fortnight to pick up the copies of one single number, supposing him to pick up one every three seconds, and to work ten hours a day.

The rapidity with which books are now manufactured

is almost incredible. A complete copy of one of Bulwer's novels, published across the water in three volumes, and reproduced here in one, was swept through the press in New York in fifty hours, and offered for sale smoking hot in the streets. The fabulous edifice proposed by a Yankee from Vermont no longer seems an impossibility. 'Build the establishment according to my plan,' said he: 'drive a sheep in at one end, and he shall immediately come out at the other four quarters of lamb, a felt hat, a leathern apron, and a quarto Bible.'

About one book in one hundred only is a success. When Campbell, at a literary festival, toasted Bonaparte as a friend of literature because he once had a bookseller shot, he was a trifle too rough on the trade. It is impossible always for a publisher to decide rightly. All publishers are naturally shy of a new manuscript of poetry, for instance; for they know by experience that the dearest of all dead books is a dead volume of verse. The sepulchre of deceased poetry in Mr Burnham's churchyard of old books in Cornhill, is the largest bin in his establishment.

Some of the best books, which have afterwards had the largest sales, have been, in manuscript, the most widely rejected. The novel of *Jane Eyre*, so much praised by Mr Curtis in his lecture this season, was turned away from the publishing doors of almost every respectable house in London, and was pulled by accident out of a publisher's iron safe, where it had begun to grow mouldy, by the daughter of the bookseller, who had himself forgotten it. *Eothen* was carried by its author, Mr Kinglake, to twenty different houses, till at last, in a fit of despair, he gave the copyright away to an obscure bookseller, paying the expenses of publication out of his own pocket. Mr Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* was rejected by Mr Colburn, for whose magazine it was written, that astute gentleman complaining there was no interest in it. A New York publisher fought the writer of a now popular book from spring to autumn, and at length gave in from sheer inability to escape importunity longer. After it was stereotyped, and before it was printed, he offered every inducement to persuade a brother bookseller to take it off his hands, but without success. In despair, he at last published it himself, and the sale went up to 20,000 in one season.

The life of an extensive publisher is of necessity one of great labour, both of mind and body. He begins with the author, and ends only with the purchaser. Between these two worthies there lies a world of detail known only to the 'Trade.' Success to the useful craft!—*Boston Transcript*, April 18, 1856.

[As an additional specimen of the cleverness of American publishers, take the following, which we have from a private letter:—'On the 4th of February, Messrs Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, received from London the new volumes (third and fourth) of Macaulay's *History of England*, and in seven days an edition of five thousand was produced. On the 16th, they were offered for sale in Chicago, a distance of more than a thousand miles.'—Ed. C. J.]

CALAIS CHURCH.

I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre

massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents, and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore—the light-house for life, and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters*, vol. iv.

STANZAS.

I was a violet in a lonely shade;
And there he found me for the sunlight pining:
A lowly woodbine; and he plucked my sweets,
And fondly placed me round his strong heart twining:
A little star in a great heaven of blue;
And he looked up from earth, and loved my shining.

I was a rosebud with my beauties shut;
And with love-showers he set my leaflets swelling:
A fair young dove; and in the darksome wood,
He heard my voice my plaintive sorrows telling:
A tinkling fountain in a silent dell;
And all for him my ceaseless tears were welling.

I was a dulcet-throated lark; and oft
He watched me from my level field upspringing—
Straining his gaze, fearful lest I should flee
To heaven whilst in my glorious sky-path winging;
And as I chanted in my fluttering flight,
Drank with still ears the blisses of my singing.

Still let me bloom for him a beauteous flower—
All sweetest charms of form and fragrance blending;
A joyous bird I'll sing for his dear sake;
His guiding star I'll beam with light transcending;
And in his soul with tranquil music flow,
A fount of love and rapture never-ending.

I. A. C.

WHERE TO GET UNADULTERATED FOOD.

From the bakery we passed to the kitchen, where the floor was like a newly cleaned bird-cage, with its layer of fresh sand that crunched, as garden-walks are wont to do, beneath the feet. Here was a strong odour of the steaming cocoa that one of the assistant-cooks (a prisoner) was busy serving, out of huge bright coppers, into large tin pails, like milk-cans. The master-cook was in the ordinary white jacket and cap, and the assistants had white aprons over their brown convict trousers, so that it would have been hard to have told that any were prisoners there. The allowance for breakfast 'is ten ounces of bread,' said the master-cook to us, 'and three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, made with three-quarters of an ounce of the solid flake, and flavoured with two ounces of pure milk and six drachms of molasses. Please to taste a little of the cocoa, sir. It's such as you'd find it difficult to get outside, I can assure you; for the berries are ground on the premises by the steam-engine, and so we can vouch for its being perfectly pure.' It struck us as strange evidence of the 'civilisation' of our time, that a person must—in these days of 'lie-tea,' and chicory-mocha, and alumed bread, and brain-thickened milk, and watered butter—really go to prison to live upon unadulterated food. The best porter we ever drank was at a parish union—for the British pauper alone can enjoy the decoction of veritable malt and hops; and certainly the most genuine cocoa we ever sipped was at this same Model Prison; for not only was it made of the unsophisticated berries, but with the very purest water, too—water, not of the slushy Thames, but which had been raised from an artesian-well several hundred feet below the surface, expressly for the use of these same convicts.—*Pentonville Prison in Mayhew's Great World of London*.

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A DAY AT WILDBAD.

Nor that there is anything remarkable in a day at Wildbad; but the place is the favourite resort of the great ones of the earth—of those who are employed in making history for the benefit of posterity—and one likes to have a peep at its denizens and their daily goings on.

Russians, Italians, French, English, Germans—all meet here in quest of health; occasionally a South American, or a 'gentleman from Honolulu,' adds piquancy to the gathering. Among the distinguished visitors expected this summer, is the Empress Dowager of Russia; and if, as is reported, the Emperor Alexander means to visit her at Wildbad, the Russian monarch will doubtless meet many of his recent foes, mingled together with his own brave subjects—all alike seeking to repair the injuries received amid the strife of war. In one honourable respect, Wildbad is distinguished from all other German watering-places—it has no gaming-table: thanks to the king of Würtemberg, who has had the moral courage to prohibit this attraction; while some other German princes have debased themselves by drawing a revenue from it.

We had been wandering through the Nassau *bads*, with which our countrymen are so familiar ever since the graphic pen of Sir Francis Head imparted an air of romance to the very pigs of those localities. We had enjoyed the loveliness of Baden-Baden, supreme alike in beauty and in fashion; and from thence a few hours' drive across a wild and mountainous tract brought us into the pleasant winding valley of the Enz, whose mountain-sides are veiled by the dark pines of the Black Forest.

It seemed to us, on entering Wildbad, as if we had gone back at least a century, everything looked so gray and gloomy, so primitive and antique; but as we rattled across the *platz*, we found ourselves in a newer world. The bath-house, a handsome modern edifice in the Moresque style, rose up before us; while beneath a long arcade rested or lounged a throng of the *beau monde*, listening to the music of a band playing in the centre of the square. A little further on, our horses galloped across a wooden bridge, by which the Enz is spanned; and at the sound of our driver's horn we found ourselves followed by a host of men and boys, who escorted us to the grand entrance of the Bellevue, an imposing-looking hotel, facing the river Enz, and where we were received with due courtesy by Herr Thoma, its worthy and obliging landlord.

The bright freshness of a summer day tempted us out early on the ensuing morning to join the crowd of

water-drinkers and bathers at the *bad haus* and on the *platz*. There, the routine was much the same as at other German watering-places; and we need only remark, that the water, which is soft and limpid, possesses a certain degree of life, which saves it from the insipidity usually characteristic of tasteless warm water.

It is now eleven o'clock A.M. The sun is pouring down its fervid beams into the valley of the Enz; and yet there is a freshness in the voice and aspect of nature that wins one forth from indoor occupations to enjoy the outer world of Wildbad. The tall dark pines look grave and cool even in the glare of a mid-summer sun; the glancing waters of the Enz sound cheerily in the still noonday air. Within doors, however, all is silent, for most of the visitors at Wildbad are *making their cure*, and, in obedience to medical orders, are now reposing after their morning baths. The long corridors of the Bellevue are as still as if it were the witching-hour of midnight. Only a courier or a *valet de place* is seen lounging near his master's door, with a guide-book or a newspaper to while away the tedious hours. We, being happily free from the inflexible sway of the doctors at Wildbad, descend the broad handsome staircase, duly respond to the courtesies of the ever-present, ever-watchful house-porter, and quickly find ourselves upon the broad terrace lying between the Bellevue and the Enz. All around breathes an air of quiet yet cheerful repose. Three or four invalided soldiers, still in the prime of life, are resting beneath a wide-spreading acacia, upon one of the many seats which are placed at intervals on each side of the road. They are talking, reading, laughing; a group of children are playing by their side. One of the little ones seizes a pair of crutches which are lying on the seat, and pretends to limp along with them. The young soldier to whom the crutches belong looks kindly at the urchin, and a sad smile passes over his countenance as he observes the mimic semblance of a suffering which is to him but too true and stern a reality. Two or three tiny cradle-carriages are there, from beneath whose linen *calèche* hoods and down coverlets peep forth infant faces, which seem to glance inquiringly upon the world around them. They are the wisest, gravest little faces I ever beheld. These tiny vehicles are drawn along by children scarcely older than the baby-occupants of the carriage. The charioteers are usually little boys, who in England would be clad in frocks and pinafores; but here, no sooner can they toddle about than they are invested with all the dignity of jacket and trousers, so ample in their dimensions that the little fellows look like miniature

Dutchmen. They are very tender of their infant charges, whom they draw along with gentle care, occasionally leaving the cradle for a few minutes beneath the shade of some tree, while they play with their companions. It is a pretty sight, the groups of cradles with their quiet composed babies; and the little children playing without noise or rudeness, and every now and then running over to the cradles and kissing the wee things with hearty affection.

On one side of the terrace are some open booths, in which are displayed many tempting wares. A Tyrolese glove-merchant, in the picturesque costume of his country, is conspicuous amongst the venders; then there are straw-hats and tin toys, and clocks from the Black Forest, glass and steel ware from Stuttgart, embroidery from St Gall, and lace from Saxony. We linger a few moments among these pretty things; but the *anlage* (public walk) looks so tempting before us, that we feel half inclined to plunge into the long alleys of rose-coloured horse-chestnuts which cluster along the winding course of the river, looking fresh and joyous in the summer sun. Our attention, however, is suddenly attracted by a crowd of people gathered together on the wooden bridge; so we turn our steps that way, wishing to have a glimpse of village holiday-life, for this is St John's Day, which is still observed among the Lutherans as a sort of festival. There is an air of excitement amongst the villagers, which is quickly accounted for, when we learn that they are watching the approach of a raft on its seaward voyage. We, too, bend eagerly forward to view its progress. In a few moments, the long mass of pine-trees comes bounding over the rugged stream. The foremost three trees are closely bound together, and more loosely linked with those that follow, each succeeding joint being composed of a greater number of logs, and consequently increasing in size, so as to impart a sort of rude symmetry to this primitive float.

Upon the foremost joint stood a tall, powerful-looking man, whose limbs were encased in a huge pair of jackboots; coarse trousers and jacket, with a broad-brimmed hat, completed his costume. He held within his grasp a long stout pole, with which he guided the raft. Further back, were three or four other men similarly attired, and each standing erect with a pole in his hands. There was a moment of intense excitement as they neared the bridge, for there the river is full of rocks and rapids. The helmsman stood erect upon his slippery standing-place. The whole lengthy, cumbersome-looking machine seemed to writhe and twist itself upon the foaming stream. As one joint of the raft rose above the water, another part would sink beneath its surface. The steersman bent down a moment while passing beneath the low-arched bridge. The narrow log upon which he stood sank beneath the waters, which dashed themselves against his person. Can he keep his footing?—or will he not rather be engulfed in the foaming deep? Another moment decided the matter, for, on issuing out at the other side, we beheld him standing as firm and erect as if he were treading the greensward of his own native valley. There was something proud and noble in his bearing, as if he were conscious of being superior to the dangers and difficulties of his position. In England, we doubt not, he would have been rewarded by a hearty cheer for his skill and intrepidity; but the German crowd only looked on at the scene with placid interest. A few moments more, and the long raft has glided out of sight, while we cannot but inwardly wish it God-speed upon its way to the ocean.

We now glance around us at the crowd, which is chiefly composed of village holiday-folk. The women, young and old, are all bareheaded; and their rich brown hair, divided down the back, is braided in two

plaits, which are wreathed in a circlet round their heads. It is a simple and becoming mode of head-dress.

One group particularly attracted our attention. It consisted of an aged grandfather, a young married couple, and a little boy—all dressed in the holiday costume of Teinach, a village in the Black Forest. Fine, ingenuous-looking people they were; and the boy, a handsome intelligent child, was led by his grandfather, who seemed engrossed in purchasing fruit for his little companion. The costume of the men very much resembled an old court-dress. Their dark coats were richly laced and buttoned, and their nether garments clasped at the knees with large silver buckles. They wore on their heads small cocked-hats. The dress of the child was nearly the same, only that his hat was of a more fanciful form, having on the depressed centre of the crown a sprig of light gold ornaments, looking like a spray of golden flowers drooping on his brow. He looked shy, and yet pleased at our notice; and it was with regret we found ourselves obliged to take a hurried leave of our new acquaintances, being reminded of the approach of one o'clock, the inexorable hour of dinner at Wildbad, as at many other German watering-places. As we enter the Bellevue Hotel, a horn is heard to sound outside, and a handsome britzka drives up to the door. We are informed that it is an Austrian envoy at one of the German courts who has just arrived.

And now, after some slight preparation of toilet, we are seated in the dinner-saloon among a party of seventy or eighty persons. It is a motley company. At our end of the table are a few English, intermingled with German princes and barons, with a Brazilian *attaché* and a Bavarian lady-in-waiting. Towards the other end of the table are Prince Galitzin, with his lovely wife and daughter; a Russian general—a Finlander—who lost his arm at the battle of Leipsic; a German prince and his family; and the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*. The interval between the two parties is filled up with odds and ends of foreigners, amongst whom are one or two keen, clever-looking Jewish Frankfurt merchants. When we are all seated, a neat, dapper-looking man enters the room, with a quick, measured step, and lays his hat and gold-tipped cane upon a side-table. There is a decided, self-possessed air about him that attracts attention. His name is whispered to us at once: it is General Changarnier. The only vacant seat is one opposite the Russian party; accordingly he is placed there, and the position seems but little to his taste, as he maintains the most absolute silence during the whole repast. A long and formal meal it is, but abounding in all the delicacies that can be procured from far and near.

The *maitre d'hôtel*, Herr Thoma, has various functions to fulfil, combining in his own person the duties of a host and an attendant. He carves, or rather *chops* all the dishes upon a large board, at a side-table, assists in carrying them round, and then watches over his guests to see if they are properly served and taken care of. At the dessert, a German noble invites him to take wine with him, and then he seats himself at the same table with the princes of the land, and chats as freely as if he were one of the party. There is a *naïveté*, and yet an entire absence of familiarity, in this mode of social life which has a peculiar charm, but which perhaps could scarcely be realised in any country where the line of demarcation between classes is less clearly defined than in Germany.

The dinner lasts till past two o'clock. Before the party separate, tickets are handed round the table for a concert which is about to take place in the garden of the Bad Hotel. The price of each ticket is about eightpence! We adjourn thither half an hour afterwards, and find a military band playing national and operatic airs. The music is excellent. No form is

observed amongst the company, who are seated in groups or around small tables in the garden. Some ladies are knitting, some embroidering, some sipping coffee. Many of the gentlemen are smoking and drinking beer. At about four o'clock, all is over, and we withdraw to our own apartments.

And soon afterwards, before our fashionable world at home think of stirring out for their afternoon ride in the Park, we in this primitive world, whether we are princes or parvenus, are beginning our evening-life with its simple pleasures and occupations. We prepare for a ramble in the Black Forest, and begin our ascent by a pretty lane, whose hedges abound in honeysuckle and wild-roses. We enter the forest by a smooth and pleasant path, made by order of the king of Württemberg, whose care in this respect has reached very far into the depths of the forest, where have been cut numberless paths; and here and there are found also rustic seats and summer-houses placed in the most picturesque spots, from whence may be obtained favourable views of the valley.

And now we are fairly in the forest, with the tall dark pines rising thickly about us, sometimes alone, and sometimes two or three clustering closely together like fluted pillars springing up towards heaven. Long wreaths of pendent white moss hang round many of the aged or fallen trees. Here and there we find a group of spreading beech-trees. The air is filled with an aromatic fragrance peculiar to the pine-forests; but rarely does one hear the song of birds, few of which are to be found here. The stillness of the air is suddenly broken by the sound of some sweet tinkling bells. We look around us, and see a herd of small cattle and a few goats winding their way down the hill through the tangled and rocky passes of the forest. Each of the leaders has a bell round its neck, which it seems to ring with an air of conscious pride and superiority. They are guided by two or three young peasant-girls, who, as they pass us by, give the accustomed kindly greeting of 'Guten abend.'

A moment or two later, we meet with a gushing torrent, that forces its way through masses of granite rocks, as they lie half imbedded in moss upon the mountain-side. As we approach the crown of the forest, the repeated sound of the woodman's axe strikes upon our ear. On reaching the summit, we find a party of wood-cutters, felling some noble trees, which are destined for a voyage upon the world of waters. A fine hardy race are these wood-cutters, and full of that true and homely courtesy which delights in giving information to strangers. They shew us one of the slides by which these giants of the forest are hurled into the valley, preparatory to being formed into rafts. This operation takes place in winter during the snowy season; and it is, we are told, quite appalling to witness these avalanches of trees rushing down the steep mountain-side, as if ready to overwhelm every object within their reach.

So great a charm have these forest-shades that we are loath to leave them; but evening is advancing, and we wish before its close to witness the twilight life of Wildbad: so we hasten down the rugged forest-paths, and before long, we find ourselves once more in the Koenigs Platz, the centre of fashionable life at Wildbad. Here we meet a crowd of visitors, thronging together beneath the long arcade of the Bath Hotel, or lounging about the square. Many notabilities are here: the Prince of Tour and Taxis—or, as a Cockney called him, the Prince of *Tolls and Taxes*—whose name is so familiar to us in England, as connected with the postal arrangements in Germany. He is a tall, strongly-built man, with marked features, and bronzed complexion; intelligent in countenance, and proud in bearing, having large gold rings pendent from his ears, and a long pipe ever curling from his lips; careless in his costume, which usually consisted of

a gray shooting-jacket and cloth foraging-cap; and not over-punctilious in the courtesies of life, at least towards the higher classes of society—though in his intercourse with the peasantry and poorer classes of his fellow-men, nothing could exceed the kindness of his demeanour. Prince Sergius Galitzin, with his charming family—the princess and her youthful daughter being both of them very captivating personages, their dark lustrous eyes harmonising well with the clear olive hue of their complexions, and with the gentle elasticity of their slight and graceful forms. Both in their aspect and bearing, there was a fascinating mélange of the softness and languor of Oriental loveliness with the light and animated piquancy so characteristic of French beauty. One of the younger members of the family, a boy of five or six years old, was clad in the Polish costume, with embroidered tunic and Polish cap, full white trousers and sleeves, the latter being confined at the wrists with crimson bands. A dark-eyed boy he was, slight in form, and full of talk and activity; and his native language sounded sweetly from his lips as he chatted by his mother's side. Near the princesses lounged a young German baron, descended from the celebrated Götz of Berlichingen, of the Iron Hand. No *iron-handed* hero, however, was this scion of a noble house, but a gay, lively young officer of rather distinguished appearance, who seemed better suited to be a knight of modern Germany than of those rude ages in which his forefather lived and won for himself the deathless praises of poets and troubadours. On the other side of the Princesses Galitzin, strolled Baron von Handel, the Austrian envoy at the court of Württemberg—a fashionable, courtier-like person, who was evidently more inclined to associate with the Russian than the English party at Wildbad.

In a quiet corner of the arcade sat the millionaire, Baron Rothschild, in deep conversation with General Changarnier. Never was there a more striking contrast than between the two personages thus engaged in social intercourse. Changarnier, although stern and melancholy in aspect, was still in the full vigour of life, and his every movement betrayed the prompt and energetic soldier; while the princely banker, surrounded by every appliance which wealth could command, bore that impress of languor and disease which too truly told that life, with all its gains and losses, was rapidly fading away from his grasp.

Another celebrity, also in the decline of life, might be observed resting on one of the seats in the arcade—General Barboza da Sylva, a retired Brazilian ambassador, who seemed to enjoy the scene in quiet placidity, without the aid of cigar or conversation. His excellency having recovered from paralysis by the use of the Wildbad waters, was now a *habitué* of the place, visiting it each returning summer with a numerous retinue of valets, cooks, and other attendants, who were installed with their master in the Bellevue Hotel, where the *ex-diplomate*, a portly, quiet-looking gentleman, lived in perfect retirement in his own apartments, and surrounded by his own people. Many other noble personages—Poles, Germans, and Russians of less illustrious names—were to be seen amongst the crowd, together with French and English *à discrétion*.

The scene was a pleasant lively one; and conversation flowed on easily in defiance of the band, which was performing its usual evening part in the centre of the square. We mingled in the social crowd, and enjoyed the *abandon* of the scene until twilight gave its silent warning to the invalids that it was now the fitting time for them to return home.

We, like the rest, retired to our own apartments; and after a day of German life, were not displeased to find ourselves seated round an English-looking tea-table, and enjoying the 'cheerful, not inebriating cup,' together with the quiet domestic talk of dear Old England.

At nine o'clock, the village-bells rang out a sort of curfew; and on inquiring from our German attendant what it meant, she told us that it was a summons to every one to return to his own home, and also a call to united prayer and praise, which was responded to by all good Christians to whatever communion they might belong.*

An hour later, all was perfectly still and silent within our hotel. Doubtless, its inmates were preparing by an early sleep for the recommencement of their 'cure' on the morrow. In the village, too, all was dark and still. Here and there, a solitary lamp, gleaming out of some window, betrayed the presence of Englishmen and of the later habits of their daily life.

So ended our day at Wildbad, a place which must ever live among our pleasant recollections.

THE POOR MAN AT MARKET.

THE appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the important questions connected with the adulteration of articles of general consumption, and especially of food, has revived the subject at a period, and with an efficient practical bearing, which, it may be hoped, will lead to very beneficial results. Every individual is deeply interested in the investigation of these mysteries. Upon its success depends, to an immense extent, the comfort of the community, not to talk of health and life. It is, therefore, the more satisfactory to look for a searching development of these intricate secrets at a time that promises to be more auspicious to their right and full understanding, than any preceding date at which they attracted parliamentary and public attention, as in 1783 and 1828-9; when, after considerable excitement and outcry, the matter ended—to use a common phrase, only too often applicable to similar movements—by coming to nothing. Now, however, we seem to be more awake to the enormity of this scandalous system; and the return of peace will enable the nation to apply its energies to the remedy of a condition of things which it is absolutely appalling to contemplate.

But it is not the sole object of the present paper to enter upon the wide war-field between fraud and chemistry, clever composition and scientific analysis, ingenious invention and as ingenious detection; the combatants are well matched, and there will be a strange and fierce fight before either gives in: it is rather desired to shew, even were adulteration less commonly practised than it obviously is, how much the poor man suffers from other causes, and how susceptible his circumstances are of improvement. For it is his lot to be obliged not only to buy inferior and spurious articles, but to buy them at enormous

* In Würtemberg, the response is made in a very beautiful way. On hearing the curfew-bell, the people sing an evening-hymn, of which the following is a rough translation:—

Abide with us, Lord Jesu Christ,
Now in the darkening shades of night;
O that the sunshine of Thy word
May ne'er withdraw its healing light!
Grant in these last and evil days,
That we, through faith's sustaining power,
Thy word and sacraments may keep
Unblemished to life's latest hour.
While time is given, may we have grace
Each talent wisely to employ;
And when life's day doth sink to rest,
May we repose in peace and joy!
Ah, gracious Lord, what meaneth this,
The tolling of the curfew knell?
'The end and aim of thy brief life
It doth with voice of warning tell;
For quickly as hath fled the day,
So swiftly speeds life's span away:
Then strive each moment so to spend
That death may meet thee as a friend.
Thus will the curfew's saddening voice
Win thee to hope and to rejoice.'

prices. From this, no circumspection can save him; and his marketing is one series of imposition, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December; while, as if to add insult to injury, he is assured at every shop to which he resorts, that it is the cheapest in London, and yet everything of the best quality; and at every stall, that all he sees is the freshest and most genuine that can be procured for love or money. So far from such being the case, it is the trash he is supplied with; and the exorbitant profits of the sellers would, in an aggregate of ten years, reach a sum which might figure not diminutively by the side of the national debt itself.

In order to illustrate this in the way of its constant operation, it will be expedient to take the examples from two classes—namely, the 'genteel' of small incomes, and the actual poor.

Mr Smith is a clerk on a salary of L.80 a year, and has appearances to keep up. He inhabits a small suburban cottage in a cleanly row at the rent of L.16 per annum; as yet large enough for him, Mrs Smith, a quiet delicate body, and their two children, Mary, aged six, and Margaret, two—poor little George, who ranged between them, having been carried off by the whooping-cough, which refused to yield to spurious medicine. It may well be supposed that rigid economy and vigilant management are essential to carry on the affairs of a *ménage* like this with any degree of decency and comfort; and Mrs Smith, with the aid of Sarah, the washerwoman's daughter, almost in her teens, devotes herself to the task with the most praiseworthy assiduity. Sarah enters in the morning to light the fire or fires, and prepare the breakfast things. There is no great supply of coals, for they are bought by the sack, or at most two and a half sacks at a time—seemingly a large order, when compared with the purchases of the washerwoman, who, together with the wages of her husband, a labourer at 2s. a day when in perfect health, her own earnings at the tub, and the 1s. 6d. to Sarah, contrives to average from 17s. 6d. to no less than 20s. a week. But this is ready-money, not quarterly; and the laborious Delters are in many things not worse off than their neighbours the Smiths, and in some a good deal better; only, they usually deal, perhaps, in still smaller quantities—as, for instance, in coals; and here they are, accordingly, a trifle more imposed upon. Thus, for the best screened coals, charged to the wealthy, who buy them in tons, at say 22s. or 23s. per ton, Mr Smith pays for his sack 2s. 6d. or 2s. 8d., as the case may be, raising the price to 25s. or 26s. 8d.; and the poorer Delters, going to the shed for a hundredweight or half a hundredweight, have to pay 1s. 6d. for the one, and 9d. for the other—that is, at the rate of 30s. per ton. But this is not the worst. From the millionaire to the pauper, it is true, every one is exposed to short weight; but there is a check upon the higher range; upon the lower, none; and the latter class of buyers must take what is given them on being justly weighed, though the beam has been tilted to some purpose, and their hundredweight lacks several pounds of its due weight. And, be it observed, it is not even pretended that they receive 'Walls-end,' or similar black diamond celebrities—they are only assured of the 'best coals,' which are a mixture of sea-coal (it may be in small quantity), Welsh Culm, and Bovey (of inferior quality), together with stones and dirt, not accidentally present, and pretty well saturated with water, which, curiously enough, runs innocuously off the fine large coal, but is plenteously imbibed by the usual small coal-shed rubbish.

But it is eight o'clock A.M., and Sarah has tidily laid the breakfast upon the neat round table. Mary and Margaret, spoon in hand, lean over their basins of bread and milk; and this morning their parents are about to indulge in cocoa instead of tea. A small

glass of muscovado sugar, a remaining portion of milk, two or three slices of dry toast, and half a pound of butter, just brought in from the miscellaneous 'warehouse,' alias shop, in the adjacent street, with which Mr Smith runs a small current account, complete the preparations for the morning repast. The Delvers have already breakfasted on oatmeal stirabout and treacle, including a due proportion of sand and refuse from the sugar-bakers, and gone respectively to work—John with a hunch of brown loaf in his pouch, and his wife with a trust in Providence. Mr Smith's sand is in his sugar, together with some 20 per cent. of salt, which Delver had in less proportion in his porridge; and as for the bread, there was little to choose between the two. Smith's was white and light; Delver's, brown and full weight. Smith's white was a penny more, because it was made of the 'first flour,' whilst Delver's brown was only 'second middlings;' yet the actual difference was wonderfully slight. Delver's had, if anything, less alum, and more potatoes, bone-ashes, and clay; but Smith's was more liberally provided in Indian-corn, rice, gypsum, plaster of Paris, and chalk. Both paid the full value of pure flour, which neither of the bakers could possibly get from the millers, who hold them in thralldom, as brewers sometimes hold publicans: even the original wheat was inferior grain or damaged imports. In these respects, however, the rich are not entirely free from the taxes on the poor; and the latter only suffer more, because with them bread is the staff of life, while among the upper classes it forms but a moderate portion of their nutritious food.

The milk and butter still remain. The itinerant milkman boasts that he sells at the same price he pays at the dairy; but instead of having merely his trouble for reward, if you consider the quantity of water he introduces—say a third—coloured with annatto, and the sheep and calves' brains—not to mention those of horses' from the knackers—it will appear that the *Mieau* cry is by no means unprofitable either to man or maid. Water, likewise, forms a considerable part of the poor man's, as well as the rich man's butter, but is accompanied to the former with lard, fat, and flour.

But we must not forget the cocoa luxury. That cake for which Mr Smith paid fourpence was worth exactly one penny, being a chemical compound—for chemistry is at least as able to manufacture as to detect strange substitutes—and consisting of the nuts after the lamp-oil had been expressed, and the nibs rolled out on the floor, and made into saleable forms with bullocks' blood, suet, and perhaps a little soap, as may be seen in the unctuous globules which float on the top of the reeking cup. Delver and Mrs Delver now and then treat themselves to a penny-cup of this nourishing beverage; but you may lay it down as a rule, almost without exception, that there are no cheap pennyworths of the kind sold about town which are not pernicious fabrications. Of coffee and its chicory, scorched horse-beans, roasted pease, and other component ingredients, nothing need be said. The stuff is weighed like other stuffs, and is deficient like them.

And this is the peculiar grievance of the lower orders, who are obliged to purchase in small quantities. They are exposed to the almost universal cheat of false weighing—not so much by means of detectable false weights—as by sleight-of-hand. The articles, as we have observed, being invariably of the most inferior description, would be doubly dear at the prices charged for them; but when there are superadded the thimble-rig dexterity to which we allude, and the ingenious contrivance of the beautiful porcelain scale, familiar to counters where provisions are sold, we may easily conceive how extravagantly the poor man lives. It is no doubt curious to remark that these scales are never poised, and are never seen without a small weight, or several small weights, in the metallic side.

Butter, bacon, cheese, &c., affect the porcelain; and the porcelain, as has been detected by acute magistrates, has sometimes a hollow in the bottom, where soft lead may be slid or removed, and even the hollow globe ornaments hanging from the suspenders can be turned to advantage. These are no mere suspicions: the facts were proved in police-courts ten or twelve years ago—and there has been no falling off since—as was shewn not long ago in a City sally, where two inspectors, in the course of a few months, convicted above 800 shopkeepers of using unstamped measures, though with no fraudulent intent, and nearly 250 of employing grossly defective weights, measures, and false balances. The latter offenders—publicans, butchers, chandlers, bakers, and coal-dealers—were severally fined and imprisoned, and for a season there was considerable improvement; but the watch was taken off, and the practices were resumed without let or hindrance.

But to return to our direct exemplification of the poor man's extravagant outlay—for it is the melancholy condition of poverty that it must run into extravagance—we shall bring our friend Smith home to dinner after the labours of the desk are over, and he again enjoys the society of his placid wife, who, dear soul, has been providing a meal for him as luxurious as their limited means can afford. Of all corruptions in existence, the corruption of butchers' meat is not only the most inimical to health, but the most disgusting. The seizures continually occurring of diseased cattle, prove the extensive prevalence of this abominable traffic. But there is in the lowest deep a lower still; and if all the horrors of 'horse slaughtermen,' with their sales of horseflesh, for conversion into the viands of the poor were unfolded, the disclosure would be intolerable. But Smith's pudding was merely of second-rate merit, at first-rate cost, and three ounces less in weight than the quantity entered on his bill. If this is merely half-an-ounce—a very moderate estimate—deficient in every pound of butcher's meat retailed in London, what do you think would this amount to at the end of the year? If we mentioned the reality, it would look like an absurd exaggeration.

Potatoes by the pound, of good, bad, and indifferent qualities intermixed, cost the poor man at market twice the sum paid by the purchaser in easier circumstances by the gallon, bushel, or sack. Stale vegetables at fresh prices are also the lot of the poor.

Of tea, though often and much adulterated, there is less reason to complain now than in former times; but there is one great mistake among the poor, against which they should be warned—that is, the purchase of tea-dust, under the delusion that it is the flower and essential product of the plant. It is, on the contrary, a vile mixture of the sweepings of shops, spoiled samples shewn in the windows, with the debris of flies, bees, wasps, and creeping things, carpet-sweepings of hotels, and stalks of bohea, ground together in a mill, and presented as a valuable catch in the poor man's market.

In beer, the poor man suffers most only because he is the principal consumer, and depends upon it for a portion of his daily sustenance; for the adulterations, be they what they may—burnt sugar in lime-water for body, and green vitriol for head or froth, or aught else—affect all classes alike who deal at the public-house. The best is generally to be had where there is a quick draught, and the house is much frequented by coal-heavers, market-men, cabmen, and fancy-men of all descriptions.

Without dwelling on such trifles as pepper of burnt crust, sea-salt, and oxide of lead; mustard of turmeric, flour, cayenne, and gypsum; vinegar of distilled wood and sulphuric acid; poisonous coloured sweetmeats—rare gifts for the young ones, and the rarer the better, as they are dangerous depôts of red-lead, vermilion, and verdigris; or the consoling pipe of dock, cabbage,

or lettuce leaves, steeped in tobacco-liquor, liquorice-juice, &c., for all which the poor man pays more than the rich purchaser does for the superior articles—we have gone through enough to shew that some intervention and check is loudly called for to put an end to these noxious frauds.

In this land of freedom it may be difficult to devise an adequate remedy, but surely something more than at present might be done by ancient court-leets or modern vestries, police, or central commissioners. Might not companies be formed, with limited liability, to open bazaars for the sale of genuine articles? A few such combinations, if honestly and properly conducted, would soon bring the majority to their senses, and produce a reform of inestimable importance.

FOUR SISTERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

THAT day, and the next, and the next, went by. Mr Keith did not come to see us; and it was a rare circumstance for three days to pass without a visit from him; besides, it was drawing near the time of his intended departure for home. Already it was Monday in the week 'early in which' he had told us he should leave London.

Tuesday came. It made me feel unwontedly calm and steady to note the painful nervousness of my sister: she started at every sound; her colour varied almost every minute; her hands trembled so that she could hardly guide the needle with which she was busied. It happened that it was some holiday in the city, and my father was at home that morning. After he had finished his newspaper, he was at leisure to remark appearances around him, and he fixed his clear, piercing eyes upon poor Grace, in a sudden humour of investigation, which fell rather hardly upon her.

'Why, what is the matter with you? You're not well, Grace. Ella, do you observe your sister? Is she going to faint, or have the measles, or hooping-cough?'

'No, papa: she has had both those last disorders; and the first is not in her way at all. Is it, Grace?' said I, in desperate sportiveness.

'Something is wrong, though. I think you stoop too much over that flower-working nonsense, my dear. You look moped, and as if you had not quite enough air to breathe in. I should be really glad for you to take advantage of Mr and Miss Keith's invitation, and go for a week or two to Byford. In the meantime, put on your bonnet, and we will go in an omnibus to one of the parks, and freshen you up a little.'

To such a mandate as this, resistance would have appeared impossible to either of us; besides, I was well content that she should go; and I believe she was perfectly indifferent whether she stayed at home or went abroad, sat still or walked. So, presently, the two sallied forth.

Harriet was closeted in her own room, finishing an 'article;' so I settled myself by the parlour-window, with a task of needle-work, from which I occasionally looked up to stare vaguely, and but little regarding what I saw, through the dingy gauze-blind, into the street. London, sometimes brilliant, often gay, and even occasionally picturesque in its aspects, is never more cheerless, never more painfully and evidently 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' than on a morning when spring sunshine glorifies the heavens and gladdens the earth, and the air is thrilled with that unspeakable joyfulness of buoyant new life that is like the first awakening of the year out of its winter bondage of cold and dreariness, its first glimpse of the bright Beyond into which it is destined to live. But what do we know of the spring who dwell in cities, among

streets, where endless barriers of tall buildings intercept the free sunshine, and pestiferous vapours taint the air that comes from heaven so sweet and fresh; and in a proud, wealthy metropolis, moreover, where worldliness and conventionalism are perpetual vicegerents, seeking to tyrannise over the very hearts of their subjects, and doing their utmost to stifle all thoughts that are holy, all aspirations that are noble and pure!

I was thinking thus as I looked out into the street. The pavement glared with sunshine; the dark houses rose gloomily against the sky; half the genteel families of the neighbourhood were walking abroad, taking advantage of the 'fine day' to go visiting or shopping. They passed under my window, in gay groups, chattering, murmuring, laughing; and the rustle of their dresses mingled with the distant street-sounds that came distinctly through the clear air—the cries of itinerant green-grocers and fruit-women; and the tinkling of a bird-organ in the adjoining terrace, persistently keeping up its thin *staccato* to the rhythm of the *Lass o' Gowrie*.

I looked, and I heard, but I regarded but very little, for my thoughts were busy. My fingers mechanically moved about my work; but my eyes were bent fixedly on the window. I saw every passer-by, vaguely, and with indifference: I was as if out of the world, standing on the outer verge of what had been my life. With what a plunge I came back again! A quick light step on the pavement, a figure passing under the window, and stopping at our door. I started from my seat, and then stood still in the middle of the room, feeling for a single minute a strange kind of incredulous alarm. Then I went to meet her—Ellinor Keith.

I remember the sad look of her brown eyes, and how her mouth trembled as she came towards me. I knew she was in trouble: I thought at once that her brother was ill, and I asked her if it was not so.

'No, not ill,' she said; 'but a great trial has come to him. I had to bring him the news yesterday, that some one he loves dearly is dangerously, hopelessly ill, at Naples. He started at once. He bade me come and tell you before I returned home. Yes—you need not say a word; I know you feel for him—for me too.'

I did not say a word.

'It is so cruelly, cruelly hard!' she went on excitedly. 'It has been all along so sad for him. Her father would not let them be engaged for two years; and the two years are within a month of completion. He expected them home at the end of May. Oh, what a cruel May it will be for him! My brother! my brother! If I could die instead.'

I felt vaguely astonished at her passion, for she was usually a reserved, calm woman; but I tried to comfort her.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'she is not so fatally ill; perhaps she will not die.'

'It is too slender a chance to hang by. She is ill of a malignant fever. If she is alive when he reaches her, it will be more than he dares hope.'

'Of a malignant fever,' I repeated.

'Even I cannot think of his safety just now; I cannot look forward; only, if he is ill, I shall go to him. He is all I have in the world, Ella.'

'I know,' said I; and I stood straight and silent, while she leaned her head down in her two hands, and sobbed strong, convulsive sobs. When these ceased, she rose up, took my hands, called me her dear friend, said it had comforted her to tell me all her grief; then, suddenly, she asked:

'Where is Little Grace?'

I drew my hands away—ran to the window—and looked out.

'I expect her home soon; she is not well: she has gone out with my father for fresh air.'

'Ay, you were both coming down to us, Gerard

told me. He told me a great deal of Grace: you know, she is so like his Lillian.'

'Is she?'

'He says he loved looking at her, and watching her; she was, in her childish way, so like'—

I don't know what I replied: my heart swelled, rebellious and bitter, and I had strongly to restrain the passionate reproach that was bursting for utterance. Ellinor said but little more, and then bade me good-bye: she never noticed any difference in my manner, it was such a quiet manner always. Just as she left the door, something she said touched me, and I kissed her hastily, almost ashamed; she lingered then to say a few words:

'Thanks, Ella. I know you love us both; and you, who know what sister-love is, may guess something of its pains, too.'

Ay. It was true. I shut the door upon her, and went back into the room, to sit still and think, and try and get my thoughts quiet and in order, before—before I should see Grace.

I have thought sometimes that the power of suffering is, after all, limited, and its measure apportioned. 'So far shalt thou feel, and no further,' may be a divine ordinance; and often this uttermost power is taxed as much for a mere bruise, as for the wound that never heals, and that drains the source of life itself.

The week that followed that wild, weird spring-morning, was not, I think, more full of pain than many had been before it. I do not remember details, but I retain an impression of my little sister during that time—the pitiful efforts she made to move about the house, and look, and talk, and laugh—more than was natural to her. And, for the rest, all was dim, and there was no silence in my ears day or night; and outside the house, the sunshine glared hotly, and a feverish stupor seemed in the air.

Then came a letter from Ellinor Keith. Lillian was better, but he lay ill with the fever at Naples, whither his sister was on her way to join him.

All this time, Grace kept up in health and in all externals in a manner that to me, knowing her as I did, was marvellous. Only when we were alone, the seemings slipped off for a while; and she would pass many hours in unmovable silence, all her faculties seeming in a state almost of collapse. She hardly seemed to think or to feel at all; and she sat with her eyes never lifted from her lap, and her face quite marble in its expressionless repose. I could not solve the mystery of my sister's mind, then; I could only watch in a sort of dim anxiety, that was very hard to bear; but I kept strong, and well, and vigorous. It was a great mercy; though—may Heaven forgive me!—I did not feel it to be so in those heavy, dreadful days.

It was on one of those days that a packet arrived from Naples. It was directed to my father, in Mr Keith's handwriting, and contained, besides his own letter to him, one to me, from Ellinor. The purport of both was to beg that we would take possession of their house at Byford for as long as we liked, as they would probably remain abroad for a year to come. Ellinor, in her note to me, said that her brother was quite himself again; but Lillian—they feared the fever had left behind it a yet more insidious, fatal enemy. 'It is too cruel a thought to speak of,' she wrote; 'and I do not think he suspects yet, or he could not be so bright and hopeful as he is. You cannot imagine his love for her, Ella: you would hardly believe it or understand'—

I crushed the letter. It was not till afterwards that I had time to feel dismayed at the new turn events seemed to be taking. My father strongly inclined to accept the offer of the house at Byford for the time they were to remain away. My faint remonstrance seemed only to confirm his desire; and two evenings

after, he asked me if we would be ready to travel the following week. Thus it was settled we were to go.

When I told Grace, she seemed to revive strangely at the idea, and she said she was glad. She liked the idea of living there, and seeing the places she had heard me speak of so often.

And so, one day in mid-June, our household left the drear London square; and that chapter of life was closed up for ever.

Yes, that chapter of life was ended, for me: the throes of passionate feeling, the spasms of sentimental affliction had been suffered and endured, and the pitiful memory of them was all that remained. Existence grew too busy to permit much recurrence to them. Troubles came thick and fast; actual tangible difficulties had to be fought; and the warfare of the soul, the distresses of the heart, became, or I thought they became, of very secondary importance.

I was mistaken—they only slept, they did not die; yet in their sleep they lost much of their distinctive individuality. They awoke, not less real, but less monstrous. They took their fitting place; they assumed their actual proportions. I could recognise the truth, that even a woman, loving, clinging, parasitical as is her nature, possesses other faculties besides her affections, and other sentient, vital capacities of suffering, besides a heart. I think men and women might with advantage take a lesson from each other. Men cultivate their hearts too little, and, sometimes, their heads too much—an error no one can charge upon us. Let us exchange to some degree: let women think—and men permit themselves to feel more than they are used to do. Why ignore any part of the being God created? Can we not see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, at one and the same time, and with no detriment to either sense? Verily, though I am a woman, I was meant to live my life not with one side of my nature alone. Love is sweet, love is divine; but so is life—the life God gave me, places before me, and watches over.

I have said thus to myself many scores of times during the years that have passed since our settlement at Byford. I faced fate almost defiantly at first; afterwards, my courage grew calmer and more true.

We had been in the country about six weeks only, when the mercantile house in which my father held a responsible post failed; and all that he had saved went in the general wreck. It was such a blow to the old man, that his health sunk under it; and it soon became evident that he would never be able to undertake a similar situation. When his physical strength in some measure returned to him, we found that his mind was sadly enfeebled, his memory defective, his former acuteness and shrewd foresight wholly gone. He would never be his olden self again; he could never work for his children more: they must now take care of him.

We considered our position, and made resolves for the future bravely.

'I shall write—I shall make money by my writings,' said Harriet. 'Hitherto, I have been content with fame—but now'—

And for years, she persisted in the idea, that whenever she chose to exert herself to find a liberal and enterprising publisher, competence, if not affluence, was within her grasp. But none of my sister Harriet's works were ever published, except two or three 'light articles,' which found a home in a fashion-book, a presentation copy of which formed the author's remuneration.

However, fortunately, we needed not to hang on literature as our sole means of support: each of us had a small sum of money yearly secured to us, which in our prosperous days had been our pocket-money; now, joined together, it would at least insure us from

starvation. We wrote to Alicia, telling her that, now circumstances had so changed with us, it seemed right that we should all draw close together, and help one another. Her answer came, after some delay; she pleaded many and reasonable arguments why it was wisest and best for her to remain in her position of gorgeous dependence with the rich Mrs Cleveland. Every possible reason, in fact, she adduced and brought forward, except the most obvious and probable—her own wish, which she evidently tried to persuade herself did not exist. Poor Alicia! she was not selfish enough not to be ashamed of her selfishness.

In the infancy of our plans, arrived a letter from Ellinor Keith. She had just heard of our trouble; and she wrote, saying that her brother had resolved not to return to Byford; and that it would be a relief and comfort to them to think we had their old house. Would we rent it of them? And she named the amount of rent, which was small, as in most country-places. But then it was furnished; and she had anticipated any possible objection, by begging me to suffer it to remain so till they returned to England, and could make some arrangement about it. All she said was full of thoughtful sweetness, of considerate, sympathising affection; and in certain touches here and there, I could trace where her brother's clear head and vigorous judgment had been employed in our behalf. Also a few lines were added in his handwriting to the end of Ellinor's letter—a few lines—golden lines—words so good, of such warm, vital friendship, that my heart glowed and basked in a sense of satisfied pride, that for a moment almost transformed me. I comprehended the delicate kindness; and it was with the pleasantest feeling I had had for many a day, that I sat down to answer Ellinor's offer—to accept it. It was almost happiness to feel I could love them both again, they were so good.

And so we were settled at Byford, and the new life began. It was difficult, at first, to know—what, nevertheless, it was necessary at once to decide—the means by which we were to add to our scanty income sufficiently to enable us to support our father in some degree of the comfort he had been accustomed to. But we were especially fortunate, and a way was soon indicated; and so it came to pass that Grace and I kept a school.

It was on a very small scale at first; the widowed lord of the manor, going abroad for his health, left his two young daughters in our care; and from this introduction—it need not be said whose careful friendship first suggested it—came gradually many other pupils.

In all this change, things came easier to me than to Grace—there was so much for me to do. Activity well suited my temperament, and difficulty was a sort of mental food I found as pleasant as it was wholesome; moreover, I did not distrust myself so much as I had expected, after the first week or two. My patience failed me no more than my determination, and I felt a certain pride in discovering my power over my own nature. Passionate, impetuous, yet gloomily reticent of both passion and impulse; these were the predominant and unpromising characteristics of what was to be made into a teacher and companion of girl-children—girl-children! most sacred and beautiful of this world's denizens.

I think it was this sudden and intimate contact with child-nature that worked so salutary an effect upon my own. These two little girls of six and eight years old, were not more, doubtless, than other children, fair, and simple, and true. But it was sufficient for me that they were not less. Their presence, their innocent companionship, their talk, their laughter, and their tears, were all helps and safeguards to me against the more mutinous and turbulent portion of myself. And by and by came the greatest help of all—their love—the sweet, unthought-of, spontaneous, unreasoning love

which a child, and only a child, can give. I believe that not till I open my eyes in heaven, shall I ever again know the exquisite feeling I had when little Rosamond one day flung her arms round my neck, and looking into my eyes, before she pressed her soft face to mine, lisped out: 'I do love you—so!'

For my poor Grace, meanwhile, it was much harder, sorer work, because she had not so much doing, and had more leisure for thinking and feeling. Moreover, love came to her so simply as a thing of course: people, grown people, and little children, loved her as they loved flowers and sunshine, and all blessed, beautiful things—because they could not help it. Love came to her, not as an added gift, but as a necessary accompaniment to the mere fact of being. Rosamond and Mary had always gone to her with their caresses and glad prattle, as naturally as they might to a rose-tree or to a singing-bird; yet to her their love brought no comfort; it seemed, indeed, as if she scarcely recognised it. She would smile to them, talk to them, fold them in her arms and kiss them, and then put them away, and turn aside to her solitary musings, or the forced perusal of her book—forgetful, I could see, of everything in the wide universe, except the fact that she was most miserable.

I found it very hard to note, day by day, that she grew thinner, and paler, and weaker—that her voice altered in its tone, and became almost sharp—that her smile was no longer sweet, girlish, winning, as of old, but forced, and sometimes bitter; and gradually she grew hasty in her ways, and fretful in her temper—was often sarcastic to poor, unconscious Harriet, and to the old invalid father—alas, Grace!—even to him not so duteously patient as she should have been.

At length I remonstrated—I *would* tell her she was wrong—I *would* be heard. I waylaid her in her favourite walk at the end of the garden, and caught in mine the hand with which she tried, in her new, haughty fashion, to wave me away.

'Grace, my child, you must listen to me for a little while.'

'I shall not; I am busy. I have matters of my own to think about. Go back to your school-children, Ella. Is there not interest enough for you in them?'

'Perhaps, if other interests were not dearer. But at present they have gone into the village with my father. You would not go with him, he told me.'

'I wished to be alone. It is a strange thing,' she went on, with a bitter laugh, 'that the more humble the desire, the less chance there seems to be of attaining it. I have absolutely cut down, remorselessly crushed out, every single wish, every hope, every longing, except one—to be let alone; and you won't leave me that.'

'No, I will not leave you that,' I said sadly. I still held her hand, in spite of her restless efforts to get free. 'Oh, Grace—oh, my Little Grace!' I cried at length, in the uttermost entreaty of my heart. It touched hers, I could see, by the instantaneous quiver I felt pass through her, and by the sudden swerve of her long neck. How almost painfully slender it had grown to look, now that it had lost its graceful, habitual droop!

'I can bear to know you unhappy—to see you suffer,' I went on, 'and to stand by powerless to help or to heal. But to see you altering from my innocent sister—to see you doing wrong, feeling wrongly—oh, Grace! it is too hard, too hard, and I cry out against it.'

She answered never a word.

'Everything else has its comfort; *this* last, sorest, bitterest grief has none. Don't crush me with it, Grace. Look up at me with the old look in *your* eyes; lean your head on my shoulder in the dear old way. Grace! Grace! have pity on yourself—have mercy on me!'

'How can I?' she uttered in a hard, constrained voice. 'What is it you are asking me, do you know?'

What am I to do? What is there left for me to do? I cannot go back, and be a child or a girl again; I cannot unlearn what I have learned. Such as I am, my fate has made me. So let it be.'

'So it shall not be!' I cried desperately. 'You shall conquer, and not be conquered. What you call fate, is only circumstance.'

'Only,' she repeated: 'that *only* has shaped all my life to come, until I die, and perhaps afterwards. I should be wicked, if I had opportunity,' she went on excitedly, and looking down my beseeching gaze with her glittering defiant eyes; 'but in this quiet place, I can only think my evil, and not act it.'

'Grace! what are you saying?'

'Do I frighten you?' She laughed, as if well pleased. 'I will let you see more, then, into your sister's heart, since you care to know it.'

'Are you sure you know it?'

'I think so, truly. I have had much companionship with it of late. Ella! I will call wrong, wrong, and I will face my misery as misery. At least I will be no hypocrite. I will *not* bow down my head, and say: "It is best—I am content." I will not wear the look of meek resignation, with hot rebellion flaming within me all the while. I dare to complain—to cry out. I am wretched, wretched, and from no fault of mine! I have been wronged of Heaven and of man! I would like to revenge myself on both.'

I silenced her quivering lips with my hand.

'Oh, hush! Under this evening sky, to say such words. Grace! if our mother hears'—

'My mother—oh, my mother!' And there the poor half-delirious child sank down, and her head fell heavily upon my lap. Still the unnatural vitality of excitement gave her strength. I tried to hold her close to me, to keep her there; but she broke away, saying bitterly:

'Why did you bring *her* name here? Let me go—oh, let me go! You cannot help me; you can only torture with your looks and your words. If I could but have died, and gone to my mother, before I felt like this! Now, it is too late. I shall never, never be fit to see her face again.'

'Grace! you will—you shall.'

'You don't know what I am: you cannot guess.'

'I can. By the most intimate right, I *know*. My poor child, you think, as I thought, as thousands of others have thought, that what you feel has never been felt before, will never be suffered again. It is so with all extremes, I suppose. I remember, when I was very happy, once, I thought the same.'

I paused an instant. The allusion to that past happiness was a perilous one; my heart leaped, and sank back with a cold dead plunge; but I caught the flitting look on my sister's face, and I breathed in courage for myself, and hope for her, and went on:

'I, too, have been very miserable; I, too, have thought that my misery was more than I could bear—that it was unjustly visited upon me; and that the wickedness it prompted within me was natural, inevitable—the human remonstrance against divine injury. Grace! I believed all this. I was as miserable as you are now; wicked feelings stirred within me as in you; I felt an alien in the world—this poor world that people call so bad. Every beautiful thing I saw or heard, struck discord upon my heart which was so estranged from all beauty and all love. I was so far from God, that I thought His voice could never reach me more. I rebelled, first, and then I despaired.'

'You despaired. You might well despair!' she cried impetuously. 'What hope is there for us, unless we grow to be in love with pain, and find in endurance that which others find in sunshine and fresh air? Ella, we may well despair.'

'Not to hope, is to blaspheme the living God. Grace! it was that which was wrong with me; it is

that which now nearly maddens you. I see it looking out of your eyes; I hear it in every tone of your voice. Grace! in this world, there is sorrow most sad—pain most keen—anguish most bitter; but misery—no creature need know misery till its Creator's face is hidden from its blinded eyes, and it dares to doubt, to deny His mercy and His love. There is no misery in the wide world but that dread, unnatural enmity. Oh, come from it—cast it off—and be again a little child at the feet of your Father!'

And I ceased, for the thick sobs would no longer be pressed back. Tears never came easily to me, as to most women, but in a very passion—a storm that exhausted even while it relieved.

For a long time, while it lasted, Grace never turned her head, never moved; but at length, at length there was a swift gesture, a sharp cry, and my little sister hung about my neck. Oh, the soft rain of tears that fell then over her pale face and long tresses of brown hair—the tender words I whispered over her—the old pet names I remembered to call her by! And then, half-frightened at the listless way in which her head drooped on her breast, and her cold arms clung round my neck, I lifted her from the ground, and fairly bore her into the house.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

NOT a few tales have been written, and not a few grave chapters indited, on the prevailing folly of endeavouring to keep up the appearance belonging to a station to which we are not actually entitled. How many struggling fathers and mothers of England have been depicted as being irretrievably ruined by means of the very efforts they made to retain a certain position in the social scale. This scuffle for a place not our own, this striving to look better than we are, must, of course, be a great mistake. Everybody abuses it, and what everybody abuses must be wrong. The answer to this betrays, we fear, the general hollowness of society. No man would give himself the trouble to bolster himself up in a false position, unless he found his account in it. However loud the clamour may be against him, he knows practically that the feelings of the mob of moralists are all in his favour. The love of seeming, if not inherent in our nature, is at least a very early acquisition. We begin learning the lesson when we are children at school. Look into any 'Establishment for Young Ladies,' or 'Academy for Young Gentlemen,' and tell us which of its juvenile members receives the most attention. Is it the cleverest or the kindest? Undoubtedly not. These are but secondary lights in comparison with the girl who dresses the best and studies the most expensive accomplishments; or the *one* boy whose father sends a carriage and livery-servant to fetch him home at the vacation. If, then, a carriage helps to win me homage, is it not likely I shall strive to keep one? And if I help to ruin myself by means of an article of luxury too expensive for my income, are you, who accorded me a degree of respect, when seated therein, which you would have denied me if trudging on foot, free from blame?

Why did the rich attorney's only daughter and heiress pass me a few weeks since, as if unconscious of my presence, and this morning receive my homage in the most gracious manner? I am the same creature, not a whit improved, I solemnly believe, in mind or person. True; but my appearance is changed. The first time we met, my clothes were undeniably shabby; but fortune has looked kindly upon me since then, and my

walking-dress is now as unexceptionable as her own. Now, this young lady may be of little account in her own individuality, but she is a fair specimen of the society by which I am surrounded; and if society drives me—for I am not a strong-minded person—into running in ruinous debt to my tailor, I take leave to throw the blame where it is due, and I laugh to scorn the moral exclamations against the pretender.

To what boarding-school, let me ask you, would you send your daughters? If you knew some hard-working, well-educated young lady, skilful in tuition, who has, perhaps, more than one helpless relative depending for bread on her success, would you intrust your childrer to her care, in spite of the modest unpretending dwelling in which her labours are carried on? No such thing; you would rather place Mary Anne or Sarah Jane at Toppleton Hall, where only a limited number—a pretty large one though—is taken. You would wait patiently for a vacancy, and exhibit the high-flown prospectus to your friends with no little pride; though you profess to grumble at the extravagant terms to be paid for *everything*, which, of course, your daughter is to learn. You rejoice in speaking of the morning-concerts which the lady-principal gives, in order to display the musical proficiency of the pupils of Toppleton Hall; where all the young ladies, regardless of difference in complexion, are dressed in one uniform livery of book-muslin and blue streamers. You choose your school by its high-flown appearances; and you feel that it adds something to your own dignity when you speak of Anna Maria's pianoforte solo, which gained such applause at the last concert at Toppleton; though it is likely enough you have found a little pinching necessary in the domestic department, to enable you to meet the heavy educational expenses you have entailed on yourself. You have this consolation, however, that Mrs Jones and Mrs Smith will probably judge the total amount of your income by that item in your expenditure; and these moralists, even if they fail to do so, will pay deference to the assumption they condemn.

What tradesman do you patronise? There is young Brown, the son of your old friend, who has just taken to himself a wife, and is as worthy, steady, and honest a fellow as you could meet in a long summer's day. Do you buy your tea and sugar at his small place of business, and thereby give your old friend's son such a lift as may be in your power at his starting in life? Not at all. You send your orders to the Grand Chinese and Universal Anti-adulteration Tea-company's Retail Depot, which occupies half a street, and is a curiosity of plate-glass and gilding. If you went to Brown's, the chances are strong that his young wife would help to pack up your parcels, for she is not yet above helping in the shop, and that he himself would carry them home in the evening; while the company have a tribe of shopmen and porters for these purposes, and a painted and polished vehicle drawn by a high-stepping horse. Brown, however, knows his articles are as good as theirs, and perhaps better, and hopes he may be able to go on for a time in the old shop without alteration. But it won't do. The moralists flock to the Company, and the young man in desperation begins to dash, flinging out a grand new front and hiring shopmen to bring business, not to administer it. What his success may be, we cannot tell. If he succeeds in rivalling the Company,

he takes away enough of their business, not to enrich himself, for that is impossible with his new expense; but to keep both poor in the midst of all their splendour; if otherwise, you may soon read his fate in the small print of the newspapers, headed 'Bankrupts,' and hear the moralists sighing over it—So much for pretension!

Then look at the learned professions—physic, for instance. Young White is as clever and steady a young man as ever breathed; he has worked early and late, studied till his eyes grew dim, and watched night and day in order to become thoroughly up both in the theoretical and practical parts of his profession. In giving him the means of doing so much, his friends have done all in their power; and now, having got thus far, he must shift for himself. Silverspoon and he passed the Royal College of Surgeons at the same time; but Silverspoon had been twice plucked, and only got through at the third trial by dint of infinite coaching. White lives in lodgings, and visits his few patients on foot. Silverspoon has quite an extensive establishment, and dashes about in the lightest of surgeon's gigs, with the smartest of tigers by his side, and the bright-plated harness with which his glossy horse is caparisoned sparkling in the sunshine. At first, he drove a great many miles to see nobody, and was exceedingly persevering in his attentions to that eccentric gentleman, who has so much to answer for: but it was not for long. We are all ready enough to add our mite of business when a man has, or seems to have, already plenty to do; and Silverspoon is now quite a fashionable doctor. He feels a half-pitying contempt for White, who, poor fellow, knows so much, but makes no use of his knowledge, which does not enable him to see that unless he appears to have already more practice than he can attend to, he will get no employment at all. This poor young man will grow into a poor old man; and the moralists will say: 'A respectable practitioner that, very,' and pass by on the other side.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the kind—the difficulty would be to find a single exception in the whole life of society. We have instanced business and professional matters, but in our everyday social intercourse the same feeling and the same action prevail, and the same strain of sneering or indignant morality is indulged in. It is always the individual who is to blame, the many, never: we call upon the former, either in ridicule or reproach, to take the mote from his eye—forgetting the beam in our own. This is perhaps a characteristic of the world we live in, but it is more especially so of the present time. We are all reformers; we all throw ourselves upon some particular folly or evil, and combat it à l'outrance: but we all press *outwards*, regarding ourselves as exceptions to the rule of mankind. We confess we are not hearty—that is the writer as an individual—in the cause of what is called Total Abstinence, and the reason is that it goes to a wild extreme which almost necessitates a reaction; but the general principle it adopts of *self-reform* is admirable, and we heartily wish it were applied to more social evils than one. The abstainer at least does not encourage the practice he condemns, and does not praise the merit he sees, passing by himself on the other side.

After all, is pretension quite an unmixed evil? Is it not well for people that they strain after something a little better than what lies easily within their reach? Is not this ambition part of that system of activity on which the whole social world is constituted? Is it not connected with that regard to decency which to lack is to lack nearly all solid virtue? In these queries

there is matter for much further discussion; but it does not exactly belong to our present theme, and we therefore leave it to the consideration of our readers.

THERE'S A SNAKE IN THE GRASS!

WE are now entering upon the time of the year for solitary walks—*solus cum sola*; for picnics on the grass, when the denizens of murky towns forsake their vulgar haunts for nature's drawing-room; and for family-parties, in which mamma and papa become suddenly sensible of the bird-like music of their children's voices sounding among the trees. The earth invites us to what old Herbert, in a fine burst of poetry, calls her bridal with the sky; dressed in her fairest and brightest, and in her coronal of virgin flowers, she takes the winds of June with beauty; and spreads a carpet for her guests a thousand times richer and softer than any wonder of the loom, and bestrewn with real buds and wreaths instead of mock ones. Can there be any drawback on the happiness of such a scene? There is—there's a snake in the grass.

And two—three—half-a-dozen—a score—and many more snakes; and they are all the more deadly from wearing the appearance of innocent flowers. The most beautiful, the most poetical of the natural flowers are usually the most poisonous. When you hear the tuneful praises of the small celandine, the white anemone, the golden butter-cup, the graceful narcissus, the fragrant lily, the wild hyacinth or harebell—look if you think fit, but taste not if you would live. A little book is now before us, containing a brief popular description of the British poisonous plants, the details of which are quite appalling; and the victims, one is surprised to find, are frequently adults as well as children.* Mr Johnson is entitled to the thanks of the whole community, but more especially of parents; and the volume fortunately is generally accessible in point of size, and generally intelligible from the absence of all but the absolutely necessary scientific terms. The general reader will easily learn the names of the parts composing a flower—more easily, as our author remarks, than the figures of a quadrille—and he will then be in smooth water.

'A flower, in its most perfect form, consists of four or five series of parts. Externally, the *calyx* or flower-cup, usually of a green hue, as the little leaves at the back of a rose—or the cup that contains the blossom of a primrose, the pieces composing it are called *sepals*. Within the calyx is the *corolla* or blossom, generally the coloured and most conspicuous portion of the flower, the pieces forming which are called *petals*. Within the corolla are the *stamens*, threads, bearing coloured tips called *anthers*; the stamens vary in number from one to many, and they are either free, or united to the calyx, corolla, or some other part. In the centre of the flower is the *pistil* or *pistils*, the lower part of which is the *ovary*, becoming afterwards the fruit or seed-vessel. Upon the arrangement, numbers, and other circumstances attaching to these organs, the distinctive characters of plants and their associations are chiefly constructed. The calyx and corolla are sometimes wanting, the flower consisting of stamens and pistils only, and occasionally these two latter occur apart from each other or in separate flowers, which flowers are then said to be *unisexual*. Although varying in appearance in different plants, a very little practice enables a person to recognise the parts of a flower under all the changes to which they are liable. In a few instances, another series of parts is found in a flower, occupying a place between the corolla and the stamens, and partaking of the character

of one or other of those organs: such is the cup in the middle of the flower of a narcissus—such are the rays in a passion-flower.'

The common monkshood, with which children are so much amused as they move the cowl up and down, is one of the most deadly of those snakes in the grass.

'Every part of this plant is a powerful poison, and its action is often too rapid to admit of the effectual administration of remedies. The young leaves have been mistaken for parsley, the root on several occasions for horse-radish: the flavour of them both is totally unlike that of the vegetables for which they have been substituted; but this circumstance is either not attended to at the time, or regarded as too trivial to excite more than a passing remark. The root of the monkshood has an earthy smell, and is bitter to the taste, without any very remarkable pungency at first, but soon produces a slight tingling and a burning sensation, attended with a kind of numbness and contraction of the skin of the tongue and roof of the mouth: the pricking or tingling soon extends over the body, and a feeling of constriction about the throat, occasionally amounting almost to strangling, induces the patient to frequently grasp it with the hand. The symptoms may vary according to age, constitution, and other circumstances, but headache, confused vision, restlessness, convulsive clenching of the hands and jaw, vomiting and diarrhoea, attended with severe pain in the abdomen, are the most prominent and ordinary. The time of death varies from one to eight hours after the poison has been swallowed, and hopes may be entertained of the patient's recovery if the fatal termination does not ensue within that period.'

The deadly nightshade is a name terrifying enough to serve as a warning; but the account of it is worth quoting.

'Its fatal effect seems to have been long known, for there is strong reason for believing this to have been the poisonous plant which occasioned such disastrous consequences to the Roman troops under Mark Antony, in their retreat from the Parthians. Plutarch, in relating this misadventure, says: "Those who sought for herbs obtained few that they were accustomed to eat, and in tasting unknown plants they found one that caused insanity and death. He that had eaten thereof immediately lost all memory and knowledge, but at the same time would busy himself in turning and moving every stone he met with, as if he were engaged in some very important pursuit. The camp was filled with unhappy men, bending to the ground, and digging up and removing stones, till at last they were carried off by a bilious vomiting, when wine, the only remedy, was not at hand." The Scotch, under Macbeth, are said to have mingled the juice of belladonna with the bread which they supplied to the army of Sweno the Dane during a truce, and by eating which the invaders became stupified, and were murdered at leisure while in that state by their treacherous entertainers. No less than 150 soldiers suffered from its effects near Dresden some time back.'

A kindred plant, the henbane, is sometimes mistaken for parsnips.

'A still more remarkable instance of such an error is recorded by Dr Houlton, in which the roots were eaten by the inmates of a monastery for supper, probably in place of the same esculent vegetable. All who had partaken of them were more or less affected during the night and following day. With some, the actions induced were rather ludicrous. One monk got up at midnight and tolled the bell for matins, while of those who obeyed the summons, some could not read, others repeated what was not in their breviaries, and many were seized with the strangest hallucinations.'

On turning to the little book itself, which we hope many of our readers will do, they will find a majority

* *British Poisonous Plants*. By Charles Johnson, botanical lecturer at Guy's Hospital. With twenty-eight coloured Plates, transferred from *English Botany*. London: J. E. Sowerby, 1856.

of those wild-flowers that have been celebrated by the poets taking high rank among the snakes; and they will be able to warn their children against a tribe of glossy luscious-looking berries whose annual victims we fear are numerous. In the meantime, having mentioned the subject at all, it will be proper to give here Mr Johnson's directions for treatment in the absence of professional aid.

'It is an unfortunate circumstance that, in most accidental instances of vegetable poisoning, the quantity taken into the stomach is considerable, and this especially where the article has been substituted for food or its ordinary accompaniments; and that it is, at the same time, less open to the administration of antidotes than most mineral substances, whose dangerous qualities may often be neutralised, or even altogether removed by chemical means. Under all circumstances, an emetic should be given, where the patient is capable of swallowing, or vomiting excited by tickling the inside of the throat or back of the mouth with a feather—where no other emetic is at hand, two or three tea-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, stirred in half a pint of warm water, will generally answer the purpose. When the poisonous matter itself occasions vomiting, it should be encouraged to the utmost by frequent draughts of warm water, or, as soon as it can be prepared, of thin gruel or barley-water; and when the sickness ceases, after the discharge of the poison by this means, a cup or two of strong coffee or of black tea will be beneficial. Where the poison is of the narcotic class, the stupefaction and tendency to sleep which it occasions should be checked by hurrying the patients about, pouring cold water upon the head, and using every means of excitement possible; as otherwise the vomiting necessary to its removal may not be induced, in consequence of the insensibility of the stomach.

When some time has elapsed after swallowing the poison, before suspicion arises, and pain and other symptoms indicate that it has reached the bowels, injections of warm water, soap and water, or thin gruel with a little salt, may be employed safely, and especially when vomiting has not occurred to the desired extent, and a difficulty of swallowing—a frequent effect of narcotic-irritant poisoning—prevents the repetition of the means of inducing it. The incapability of swallowing is generally, however, rather spasmodic than continuous, and advantage must be taken of the intervals during which the convulsive action is suspended to administer the emetic.'

We take the opportunity of mentioning that the same author has recently brought out an elegant volume on the British ferns, which will be of great interest to botanists and amateurs, although of too exclusively scientific a character for notice in these pages.*

A RIDE IN HER MAJESTY'S MAIL-GIG.

To travel by a four-horse mail-coach from the west of England to London, and in due time back again from London to the west of England, were events to which, in my youthful days, I looked forward with the most pleasurable anxiety. To be seated at the top of such a carriage, with the royal arms painted on either panel, with a guard behind and a driver before clothed in their regal livery—to behold four spanking, spirited horses dashing forward through mud, mire, or dust, and at every stoppage meeting with the most ready assistance for the promotion of our onward journey, was to feel one's self an exalted and a superior being.

Those days, alas! are for ever gone; four-horse

mail-coaches have passed away to that bourn from which no four-horse mail-coaches return. But if four-horse mail-coaches have succumbed to the iron locomotive, they may in some respects be said to live again in their numerous progeny—the mail-gigs. Mail-gigs yet flourish; and long may they do so, carrying joy and gladness to every little village and hamlet in the kingdom, treading paths and winding roads that no four-horse mail-coach would ever condescend to traverse, or railway-train vouchsafe to visit. Hurrah, then, for the mail-gig! the dashing, splashing, noisy, sometimes crazy, mail-gig; with its guard and driver—both in one—perched so jauntily up in his little seat, and its Rosinante and Pegasus—also both in one—dashing like mad over its ten miles an hour including stoppages. Give me the mail-gig for a twenty-five miles of night-journey through a quiet country, with a road entirely to one's self, and only here and there a village to call to one's recollection the fact that we still journey through the scenes of human life! Give me the mail-gig, with a snug nine inches of seat beside a driver who not only knows every inch of the road, but is redolent of the incidents of mail-gig journeyism and of mail-gigiana, and I desire no greater treat in life!

But softly! I think I see Her Majesty's postmaster-general pricking up his official ears, and grumbling forth: 'Ha! ha! How's this? Travelling by the mail-gig! I'll cancel the driver's contract, and fine him into the bargain.' Good reader, keep it quiet: there is a theory promulgated at head-quarters that mail-gigs carry no passengers, and that any contractor who, in addition to carrying the mails, should carry males or females of another sort, will surely have the bags taken from him, and have the sack instead. I say that this is a *theory* merely, because in *practice*—but no matter, judge for yourself.

Once upon a time, business found me late in the evening—a dark November evening—in the little city of Springs, down in the west. Now, the city of Springs, as many may know, is situated some twenty-four miles from the city of Pumps. Upon the peace and quietness of the former, no presuming railway had as yet ventured to intrude; and if, therefore, upon any sudden emergency there should exist a necessity for getting from thence to the aforesaid city of Pumps, post-horses and a post-chaise are still the legitimate means of transit. Thus then, I repeat, once upon a time being so located, news arrived which induced me to think it desirable that early next day I should present myself in London. By getting to the city of Pumps, I could easily run up by the rail; but to get there with the assistance of post, I should have incurred an expense of some four pounds. Whilst pondering the matter in my mind, a friendly suggestion was made to me by the boots, that as he had a brother-in-law who drove the mail-gig between these two places, who would be shortly starting, I could, for a small consideration, get a lift, and so get to Pumps in time for the night-mail to London. The idea being exactly in accordance with my own feelings, I agreed to be taken up outside the town in half an hour.

At the time appointed, I found myself on the turnpike-road, patiently waiting to be overtaken by my royal conveyance. I had not to wait long, for exactly as the cathedral clock struck nine, I heard the blast of the driver's horn as he drove through the archway of the cathedral green.

'Good-night, sir. Jump up alongside here. Good time, but none to spare. Dark night, but it won't rain.'

Before he had concluded these few sentences, I was at his side. Now, eighteen inches of seat, divided by two, give just nine inches to each; but I have no hesitation in saying that, whether it arose from a feeling of politeness or not, I certainly was indulged with at least twelve of the aforesaid eighteen inches, nor would

* *The Ferns of Great Britain*: illustrated by John E. Sowerby. The Descriptions, Synonyms, &c., by Charles Johnson, Esq. London: J. E. Sowerby. 1855.

any persuasion of mine induce my companion to take his proper share; and how he contrived to sit and drive, has always to me been a perfect mystery.

Now, travelling over the road from the city of Springs to the city of Pumps was not quite like a perpetual going up one side of a house and down the other, but it put one very much in mind of it, the way consisting of about twenty miles of almost perpendicular hill, relieved by some five miles of rather easier gradients. But what were hills to our Pegasus! Absolutely nothing. On we went, indifferent alike to ups and downs; the journey must be done in the time allotted; and if walking and trotting would not do it, why, cantering must.

'Why, this is a tremendous pace!' quoth I, after a perfect flight of a mile or so down a road which a novice might fairly have imagined was the high road to a nameless place.

'Rather fast,' he returned; 'but if I am to get over twenty-five miles in two hours and a half, and take the stoppages out of it, why, there it is! Half-past eleven to the minute is my time at Pumps; and, wet or dry, frost or snow, it must be done.'

'What!' I exclaimed—'that pace at all seasons?'

'Just so,' he replied. 'That's the contract; and you may as well sing psalms to a dead horse as try to alter it. The office will have it, and contractors will be found to do it.'

'But accidents,' said I—'how about accidents? They must be constantly occurring.'

'And so they are,' he continued—'horses killed, drivers maimed, and gigs smashed.—May I trouble you, sir, just to get out and walk to the other side of the village. This is Wooden Mallet. I have to stop at the office for a few minutes; and if you take that path, you will get to the other side of the village by a short-cut, and I will pick you up by the time you get there.'

With this he drew up, and I alighted; and following his directions, soon found myself on the further side of Wooden Mallet, in moody speculation as to whether or not my night's experience of the mail-gig was to be signalled by any of the unpleasant incidents to which my companion had lately referred. A few minutes, and I was again seated as before.

'A light mail to-night, sir—always so of a Monday. Sometimes very heavy—often a ton-weight.'

'What!' I observed—'a ton-weight of letters from Springs?'

'Not from Springs alone,' said he, 'but from thirty miles round. Heavy bankers' books, lawyers' deeds, besides heaps of newspapers. See the gig with the down-mail of a Saturday night—half the size of a haystack—bags strapped on all round!'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed; 'and with only yourself—and you occupied in driving—to protect it all!'

'Nothing more,' said he, 'except this brace of pistols. But, Lord bless you, sir! nobody now-a-days thinks of attacking the mail—certain to be detected. There's plenty of letter-stealing, to be sure, in its way; but then it's of another sort. No one can calculate the sight of money I sometimes bring down. Nine months ago, when there was that run upon the banks, I brought down, in one journey, fifty thousand pounds, all in sovereigns, besides forty thousand in Bank of England notes; and all along the road it was pretty well known that I was bringing the needful to stop the run. Why, if I had the national debt in the bags, it would be just as safe as at present, and there's precious little chance of that ever being lost.'

Heartily concurring in my friend's last remark, I resigned myself to my own silent contemplations until we reached the inn where we changed our horse. A moment's friendly chat with the landlady over, and a glass of ale despatched, we resumed our journey.

'You were speaking of accidents,' I remarked, when

we had proceeded at a flying pace down a mile of almost perpendicular hill—'has it been your fate to meet with any?'

'A few,' he replied. 'Broke my leg and three ribs turning that corner yonder; came against a coal-cart in the middle of the road, killed the horse on the spot, was laid up for six months. Three months back, ran over a donkey asleep, broke my collar-bone and put out my right shoulder. Have been spilt ten times in four years, but not often very much hurt; for, as I always expect a spill, I prepare for it accordingly. Impossible to go the pace over such a road and not be often spilt.'

'But,' I observed, feeling somewhat uneasy at these reminiscences, 'do you not fear a fatal termination from one of these accidents?'

'I have not much fear about it: I take the accident as it comes,' said he. 'A spill every now and then is down upon the cards, and it's no use being afraid. We kill two horses to breaking a leg once. Last Monday week, I got an awkward throw. We were rattling down two-mile hill, and were just crossing the bridge at the bottom, when the mare shies at something: bang we come against the milestone; over I go into the river below, with no other injury than a few scratches; the mare, however, was killed dead upon the spot. There was twenty pound gone slap. I could have afforded to have broken my arm for half the money. Poor Bill Whippey, however, who was driving for me a while ago, met with a very unlucky chance. Bill, who kept the "Lamb and Lion" hard by, used to take a turn now and then in a friendly way, and prided himself upon his driving. Well, Bill would dash on at a spanking pace, blowing his horn all the while for a mile or more before he came to his own door, and then he would suddenly pull up. Poor Bill did this once too often. It was a dark night; and when he was at full speed, and within twenty yards of his door, bang came the gig against the wheel of a wagon; down went the horse, up in the air went poor Bill; and presently he was discovered lying across the top of his own sign-post, with no more life in him than a sack of oats.'

After this fashion we proceeded on our way, my companion recounting many adventures which, whilst they interested my curiosity, in no way assured me of the safety of this mode of travelling. He had just concluded an anecdote of a curious mischance, in which he was the hero, when, suddenly checking his horse, he exclaimed: 'Hallo! what's that?' The occasion of this was a peculiar shock to the gig, accompanied by a remarkable sound, or rather succession of sounds receding from us.

'Why, I'll be hanged,' said my companion, 'if the tire of the off-wheel isn't gone.'

And, true enough, it was so. The iron band of the wheel was reeling down the road behind us some dozen yards away.

'Well,' observed the driver, 'this is a precious mess. How are we to get on now? The wheel itself will be all to pieces presently. However, there's no help for it: we must get on a mile further to the Blue Post Inn, and there get another trap. We'll just push the tire out of the way, and perhaps the wheel will hold together for a few minutes.'

Having recovered the tire, and thrown it over the hedge, we again seated ourselves in the gig, momentarily expecting premonitory symptoms of a break-down. However, without further accident, we presently arrived at the Blue Post.

A blast from the horn soon brought the ostler to our side.

'Sam,' said my companion, 'I want your master's trap. I've had a break-down. The tire of the off-wheel is gone, and I must leave the gig here and go on with something else.'

'Master's just gone to bed,' said Sam; 'but I'll fetch him down in a minute.'

Presently the landlord himself appeared in full bedroom costume; whereupon my companion again stated his case, adding that he *must* get the bags to Pumps without a moment's loss of time.

'Can't have the trap to-night,' said the landlord.

'Can't? But I *must*. It's on the Queen's service.'

'Don't care whose service,' returned the landlord. 'I shan't let the trap go out to-night.'

'Now, no nonsense, Brown,' said my companion. 'The mail must be carried on; and,' he continued, assuming a dignity and an importance called forth by the occasion, 'I demand the use of your trap in the Queen's name!'

'Queen's name or no Queen's name, you don't have my trap to-night,' said the landlord.

'Don't be a fool, Brown. If I choose, I can break open the coach-house and take it. The Queen's service before anything: so out with the trap.'

'What I've said, I've said,' replied Mr Brown, with obvious determination in his manner; 'and you don't have my trap to knock to pieces to-night.'

'Very well, Brown,' continued my companion, 'I have demanded your trap in the Queen's name on the Queen's service, and you refuse. You will hear of this again to your cost. Now, sir,' addressing me, 'we must push on as well as we can. Jump up.'

I was on the point of suggesting that, as I felt no overruling interest in the immediate despatch of the mail, but certainly did in the safety of my neck, I would decline the further pursuit of my journey that night, and would instead thereof partake of such accommodation as the Blue Post would afford. I was restrained, however, in my purpose by the double motive of not wishing to appear craven in the eyes of my companion, or to promote the advantage of the unaccommodating landlord. So I responded to the invitation, and was again seated in the damaged conveyance.

'We must get to Dumberton as well as we can; it's only two miles and a half further on; and there I know I can borrow Bill Keeling's tilted cart. Hold on, sir, by the splash-board. If the wheel comes to pieces, I shall go out first, and you will have an easy fall.'

'But,' I ventured to remark, 'had we not better get out ourselves, and walk the horse?'

'Not at all,' said he. 'I'll keep to my time if I can—always make that a rule. Don't be alarmed, sir. If the wheel holds together, it's all right; and if it don't—why, perhaps it won't much matter.'

Though not perfectly agreeing with this reasoning, I nevertheless acquiesced in it and held my peace, keeping my senses upon the stretch for the first indication of the coming smash which, I need hardly observe, I momentarily expected. On we went, however, at our old pace, flying down the mile and a half of hill which found Dumberton at its foot with lightning speed, breathing with one and the same breath anathemas on the wheelwright for his carelessness in fixing on the tire, and blessings for his skill in putting the wheel together.

'Here, then, we are, sir,' said my companion with obvious exultation, 'safe at Dumberton. Hollo, Bill, there! come out.'

Bill Keeling was soon upon the spot, and no sooner heard our case than he set about supplying our want. To bring out his tilted cart, to put Pegasus into it, and transfer the mail-bags, was the work of an instant.

'Thank 'ee, Bill; good-night. Now, sir, we are all right. It's only four miles to Pumps, and I'll bet ten to one I'm not ten minutes after my time.'

On we dashed at a pace at which no tilted cart ever travelled before. On and on we rushed, striking with awe and astonishment all whom we passed as we

neared the city. At last we fairly entered the town. Over the stones we rattled.

'There's the office, sir. May I trouble you to get down here?'

'By all means, my friend; and thank you for your drive and company. Be good enough to accept this.'

'Many thanks, sir. We are only four minutes and a half behind time. Good-night, sir.'

'Good-night,' I returned; and abandoning all intention of proceeding on my journey to London that night, I turned into the first inn I could find, and in the arms of Morpheus soon forgot the perils I had escaped in my first journey in Her Majesty's Mail-gig.

THE SALAD-MAKER.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU in his *Emile* insists that every child should be taught a handicraft, in order that, on reaching man's estate, he may have some refuge in the hour of need, and be able to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. And in this age of social changes and political revolutions, is there a single merchant, nobleman, or even prince, who can consider himself beyond the vicissitudes of fortune? There are but too many proofs of the contrary. During the last sixty years, the hospitable shores of England have received men who once occupied the highest positions, and were afterwards reduced almost to starvation. If these ministers, statesmen, landowners, officers, authors, professors—if these functionaries, whether of monarchies or republics, had, besides their literary accomplishments, known a profession, so many of them would not have spent the days of exile in idleness and solitude—so many would not have lost their moral courage, and with it the esteem of the world. Man is destined, by God and nature, to work; his destiny, and consequently his value, is lost by inactivity.

Would the late King Louis-Philippe have been able to obtain the high renown which his noble conduct won for him during his protracted exile—would he have been able to work as a teacher and a mathematician, if Madame de Genlis had not given him the manly education recommended by the philosopher of Geneva? Indeed, that prince shamed many a nobleman, many a fashionable youth, nay, many a stern republican, who made appeals to foreign support rather than earn their bread by their own exertions. When Peter the Great, after having constructed a boat himself, said to his beloved Catherine: 'Behold! if I were not a czar, I could have kept thee as a carpenter,' he was greater than even on the day of Pultowa.

How necessary it is that other things should be taught in life besides literature and book-learning, has been superabundantly proved in our own time by the scenes in the Australian gold-fields and the disasters in the Crimea. 'Knowledge is power,' has become a proverbial expression in England; and the Germans pretend that labour has a golden base. It is not necessary that this knowledge and this work be of an intrinsically important character: the smallest and most trifling talent may turn out to be of value. In order to prove this, we will relate the following authentic anecdote of what happened, sixty years ago, in England, to an exiled French noble.

Certainly the French nobility were never conspicuous in history for their morality or soundness of judgment. Their frivolity is known to a proverb, and their ridiculous presumption contributed more, perhaps, than anything else, to the blood-stained French Revolution. The *émigrés* whom the Reign of Terror scattered over the whole of Europe, did not do much towards redeeming the character of their order. But there were also among them many worthy individuals, who desired a position better than that of a fashionable beggar, and of those, one of the most distinguished was M. d'Albignac.

He had lost his all, fortune and family, in the political deluge—and saved nothing but his rather handsome person. His circumstances were therefore very distressing, and he lived in London on a trifling pension allowed him by the English government.

One day, D'Albignac was dining in one of the principal taverns of the west end. He had always retained a taste for fashionable eating-houses, although his scanty means allowed him but a single dish. Nevertheless, he was very well satisfied with his fare, and, although still young himself, did not envy the lot of five or six youths who were dining near him in a much more luxurious manner. When golden sherry and sparkling champagne had raised their spirits, the young gentlemen grew a little impertinent, and at last one of them addressed the Frenchman:

'Sir,' said he, 'we have always heard that your countrymen are famous for making both philosophical systems and salads. We should be happy to try at least one of these much-boasted accomplishments, and therefore politely request you to have the goodness to prepare a salad for us.'

D'Albignac hesitated for a moment, and was on the point of resenting what he considered an offence; but his good-humour prevailed, and he resolved, as he was not well versed in metaphysical discussions, to save his country's honour by making a capital salad. He asked, therefore, for vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, and mustard, and prepared the favourite dish of French gastronomes in such a way that even the young Englishmen declared themselves highly satisfied. They were much pleased with the foreigner's condescension, and had a long conversation with him, at the end of which they asked for his address.

The lively youths, some of whom belonged to the class of nobility, spoke in the highest circles of their adventure, and suddenly, a week or two afterwards, D'Albignac received a note inviting him to come to one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square, to make a salad. He was at first greatly incensed, and felt much humiliated; but he reflected that labour in any shape is more dignified than receiving alms, even from a government, and resolved to make good use of the channel fortune had opened to him. Without being a philosopher, he understood the true philosophy of honour, which demands that every man should support himself by his own exertions; and as he knew no profession, he determined to make salads. He succeeded beyond his hopes. The dish he prepared in Grosvenor Square was paid with a five-pound note, and his reputation soon spread in high society. He was called from one house to another, and known under the name of 'The Fashionable Salad-maker.' He was soon obliged, in order to satisfy all his elegant customers, to take a carriage and to keep a servant, who followed him with a mahogany-box, containing all the requisites for a good salad. We may add, that the Gascon genius of D'Albignac made some extraordinary inventions in the way of his singular calling, and that no cook on the continent could have surpassed him in the preparation of delicious endive, savoury lettuce, or stimulating water-cresses.

D'Albignac did not find that he dishonoured his crest by becoming a salad-maker, after having been in former days a marquis; and when the Bourbons returned to France, he also went back to his native country, and was greatly honoured by all sensible men. He had lived in an economical way, and, although he had assisted many friends who were not so industrious or so fortunate, he had saved L.5000 when he crossed the Channel. Some proud dowagers of the Faubourg St Germain looked disdainfully at the 'noble cook,' as they used to call him; but he answered that he at least owed nothing to anybody—and the saying was generally applauded.

And now, if a man, besides his professional calling,

knows how to cook a frugal dinner, to mend shoes or clothes, or to use the tools of the carpenter or other mechanic, he may one day find it, although not in the same way, of as much use as salad-making was to our friend D'Albignac.

'PERSONS ENTERING THESE GROUNDS.'

ONE of the drawbacks of a highly cultivated condition of the country, is a tendency to shut up grounds from that freedom of access and passage which was permitted in a ruder age. It has been seen in our country in many noted instances; and such is the present disposition of great land-proprietors to enclose, fence, and forbid, that we verily fear it will ere long be found in some districts that there is nothing but hard and dusty roads left open to the landless public. We have heard that the Killarney lakes have of late years been so taken possession of by proprietors, that many of the finest points of view can only be got at by permission. (We hope Macgillcuddy has not shut up his Reeks yet; we trust the Gap of Dunlow is still a gap.) Even the immeasurable wilds of the Scottish Highlands have been, in some parts, forbidden to the foot of strangers. It disturbs the deer, and the deer bring a second rent superior to that got for sheep and cattle. How many a river-side, where careless youth and contemplative age might once freely stray, is now secluded within 'policies!' How many an interesting ruin, once open to every chance-visitor, is now under lock and key! It is very lamentable to think of.

On the top of a cliff on the coast of Berwickshire, a Northumbrian princess of pious inclinations, some thousand years ago, erected a small church and nunnery, within whose walls she closed her own ascetic life. The establishment lasted many centuries, and attained some historic distinction. For centuries past it has been extinct. One can now only trace a few green mounds which once were walls, and with some difficulty distinguish one special enclosure which had been a burial-ground. There is little of the work of man to see on St Abb's Head; but the spot is fitted to awaken pensive sentiment, and lead the mind into not unprofitable reflections, and the view of the sea from the cliff is sublime. The people of the neighbouring village love to go there, on solitary walks or in holiday-making parties; and they have always been at freedom to do so till lately, when the landlord has shut up the ground, to prevent the farmer's cattle from being disturbed! Strange to say, Mr Home Drummond, the landlord in question, is one of the vice-presidents of the Antiquarian Society. For a gentleman of the tastes which this fact argues, to debar the public from seeing the remains of St Abb's church and nunnery, is surely a sad inconsistency.

We do not profess to ignore the economic considerations which lead to doings of this kind; but we think they ought to be entertained with great reservation. Even where the act proceeds upon an undoubted right—which we cannot believe to be true of the present case—we would have a landlord who wishes well to his country and himself, to pause and reflect what must be the ultimate effect of this shutting out of the less fortunate part of mankind from all those pleasant natural scenes which he has so abundantly at command. Will it not, for certain, introduce a bitterness into the minds of the people—make them less agreeable neighbours, more dangerous fellow-citizens? Will it not inevitably lead them to reconsider the grounds of *property*, that fearful question for all who have any? Property, they know, is a creature of the law, intended for the general good in the long-run, however specially beneficial to individuals in the first place. Now, while it works for the general good, it will be respected; but what if men, finding it denies them the simplest natural privileges, including that of walking over the surface

of their own earth, begin to think that property is *not* for the general good! Then, we suspect, will be a time for the great holders of soil to regret that, for the sake of cattle and deer, they told their fellow-creatures to sit at home or walk on the highways.

THE NEW STEAM-FARMER.

I devoted two days to the examination of the operation of *Boydell's Traction Steam-engine* as a locomotive and tractive power, and have come to the conclusion that it is 'a great success.' This success is owing to the endless and wide railway attached to the circumference of the wheels, which gives a fulcrum for the lever, and a bearing sufficiently wide to carry a great weight on soft ground, without imbedding in the soil. Hence the avoidance of friction and clogging. We might illustrate this by a sportsman on the mud oozes, whose feet would sink in, and thus render his power unavailable; but by attaching to his feet wide pieces of board, the pressure is diminished to a bearing condition. Thus, in the case of *Mr Boydell's machine*, although it weighed nine tons, its impress was scarcely perceptible, where a horse's foot left a deep indentation. The engine walked from *Camden-town* to *Acton*, taking in tow its four-wheeled wagon, with coals, and four heavy iron ploughs, and water enough for four hours' work. When on the soft turnip-field—after a night's rain—it drew after it ploughs, scarifier, &c., with perfect ease, and then walked home again to *Camden-town*. It can ascend an acclivity of one in three, which is nearly walking up stairs, our stairs being one in two. It can back, advance, or stop instantaneously, the pinion being shifted from the cogs of the driving-wheel; and the power thus suddenly released is carried off by a separate fly-wheel, which may be used for driving thrashing-machines, mill-stones, or other purposes. In fact, instead of a farmer sending for and sending back a six horse-power engine and thrashing-machine, requiring in each trip four horses, this machine will move itself anywhere—draw the corn to market, bring home manure, and do the cultivation and work of the farm. The machine can turn as easily as a common wagon, and does not mind a deep furrow or a side-hill.—*Abridged from a Letter from Mr Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, in the Journal of the Society of Arts.*

SCIENCE APPLIED TO GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

That there is something wanting in the ordinary rules of measuring is practically admitted by the tailors themselves, who are under the necessity of trying upon their customers the skeleton of the coat—when it is advanced so far as the skeleton—before venturing to complete it. The desideratum, however, seems to be now supplied by an ingenious gentleman, who has invented a system of measuring which relieves the tailor from all anxiety, by furnishing him with a pattern which, in order to insure a perfect fit, requires nothing more than to be accurately copied in cloth. This he does by strapping and lacing to the body of the *patient* a universal skeleton of leather, the different pieces of which are not joined; while he places on a table before him a full-sized diagram of the same drawn upon paper. The discrepancies between the living body and the skeleton are of course seen at a glance, and they are easily noted upon the diagram by means of supplementary lines: the diagram thus becoming an unerring pattern of the coat. The trade, we hear, are unfavourable to this invention; but if so, their hostility must proceed from mistake. It does not abrogate the office of foreman, or cutter, but merely enables that artist to supply himself, by the aid of a quick and accurate eye, with a true pattern instead of a mere attempt at one. It is true, this method requires a few minutes more than the usual plan; but, independently of the accuracy of detail it obtains, it effects a saving of time as well as trouble in the end to both parties, by doing away with the necessity for a second interview. The inventor has turned his attention to *all* the other parts of the dress as well as the coat and trousers, with equal success. The strange sack, for instance, we are accustomed to wear for a shirt, is with him an artistic garment, fitting as closely as is

necessary to the body, yet easily slipped on, and requiring no fastening either at the neck or wrist. But perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is the gaiter. With the assistance of his model, you may place a bit of cloth of any kind flat upon a table, and with a few movements of your scissors you will have at once a beautifully fitting gaiter, wanting only the strap and buttons to be ready for wearing. The address of the inventor, whose name is *Stewart*, is 72, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, and 85 Regent Street, London.

GOOD-BYE.

AND so, thou leav'st me now
With an uncertain sorrow in thy tone,
And with, perchance, a somewhat troubled brow,
Thou hast gone by and left me here alone.
Ah! well, I shall not grieve, or weep, or sigh
To say—Good-bye!

Ah! fickle heart and weak,
Did'st deem that I should sit me down and mourn?
Did'st think my tearful eye and pallid cheek
Would bend before thy pity or thy scorn?
Look on me now—both eye and cheek are dry.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

As one who on the shore
Has found some pebble, deeming it a gem,
But flings it by, to think of it no more,
When proved unfitting for a diadem—
So weakling heart do I too fling thee by.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

I have great faith in life;
The wide world is not thronged with such as thee.
I deem time's waves, despite their angry strife,
Will yet cast on life's shore a gem for me.
Hand-clasped with thee, I might have let it lie.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

The day may come, lost friend,
When thou shalt stand where I am standing now,
Brooding upon our friendship and its end
With a strange yearning sorrow on thy brow.
Too late! too late! I say with tearless eye—
Good-bye! Good-bye!

M. L. P.

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR.

During the hallucinations produced by taking the *Indian hemp*, the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated *Theodore Gaultier* related to *Dr Moreau*, in poetic language—which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author—the sensations produced. He says that his 'sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colours—green, red, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves perfectly distinct; a glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thunder; my own voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me, or of making me burst like an explosive shell; more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with an harmonious, silvery sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of an harmonica or the *Æolian harp*: I swam or floated in an ocean of sound.' Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have rendered his criticism on that art so much sought after.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

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AN INDIAN PAGEANT.

If 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' it often takes away all interest from our contemplation of it. We have seen lately how great a flame has been kindled all over Europe by so small a matter as Russia endeavouring to take possession of a comparatively insignificant province; whilst recently, Lord Dalhousie has by a few scratches of his pen annexed to the British dominions a territory as large as Ireland, containing over four millions of inhabitants, and capable of producing, under tolerable management, two millions and a half of revenue. But John Bull never takes much interest in the proceedings of his distant relative Brahminee Bull; and the far-off cows with their long horns return the compliment by not troubling their heads about what passes amongst the rest of their kind in England.

All persons, however, who think on the subject, must rejoice that a country possessing a fertile soil, an industrious population, and which has produced two-thirds of the sepoy who have fought our battles for the last century, has been rescued from a state of anarchy and oppression such as never has been equalled since the worst days of the Roman Empire. In Oude itself, all classes hail it as a boon: the agriculturists rejoice in being freed from the extortion of the greedy miscreants who farmed the land-tax; merchants and manufacturers look forward to security for their lives and property, which they never possessed under the ancient *régime*. The soldiery are perhaps the least pleased of all, the stricter discipline of our service not according with their lawless habits and independent notions; but as soon as it was intimated to them that all arrears would be at once paid up, the *dulcis odor lucri* steeped their senses in forgetfulness to their country's wrongs, and they allowed our troops to take peaceable possession without even a show of resistance. How long these arrears have been running on may be gathered from the fact, that the amount due to the very small army kept by the ex-king of Oude was twenty-five lacs or L.250,000, and this in a service where a private's pay was less than 14s. per mensem, and other ranks in proportion. What little the troops did receive was invariably wrung from the fears of government by open mutiny or threatened insubordination, who, by their concessions on such occasions, offered a premium for misconduct in their army. The troops generally waited until their services were required to coerce some refractory zemindar, or assist some government officer in the discharge of his iniquitous duty, when they refused to march unless paid all arrears. If so tempting an opportunity did not occur, they adopted

another plan, more novel and equally effectual: they coolly took possession of their officers, and lodged them as prisoners in the Quarter Guard, and directed the ex-commandant to write a petition to 'the asylum of the universe,' saying that his person had been seized, and would be kept in pawn until the men's demands were satisfied.

As to our right of annexation, the question lies in a nut-shell. In 1765, Soojah-ood-Dowlah was subadar of Oude—that is, viceroy of the province, under the emperor of Delhi. He endeavoured to conciliate the good-will of the British by treason to his own sovereign; but, being detected in treachery towards them also, the double-dyed traitor met with the fate he deserved—he was attacked and defeated by Major Adams. Lord Clive, however, from motives of policy, reinstated him in the government of his province with the title of Wuzeer. From this time till 1801, rebellion and anarchy prevailed in the country, when about half the Oude territory was ceded to the East India Company, as payment of a large amount of tribute then due to them. A new treaty was formed, in which 'his excellency the wuzeer engages that he will establish in his reserved dominions such a system of administration, to be carried into effect by his own officers, as shall be most conducive to the prosperity of his subjects, and to be calculated to secure the lives and property of the inhabitants; and his excellency will always advise with and act in conformity to the counsel of the officers of the said honourable Company.' Still more recently, 'his excellency the wuzeer' became 'his majesty the king;' but the original treaty remained in force; and it is for a gross and continued breach of its clauses that he has been deprived of his kingdom, and rendered incapable of further mischief.

The last thoroughly native court in India has now ceased to exist; Lucknow, the most entirely native city, will soon lose its distinctive marks; and, notwithstanding that some light has been already thrown on the subject, our readers, we fancy, will not be displeased to have before them a sketch, by an eye-witness, of a kind of *régime* that can never more exist in our Oriental dominions.

In October 1847, the present commander-in-chief, Lord Hardinge, then governor-general of India, determined on paying a visit in state to the king of Oude. The writer was attached to the escort which accompanied his lordship on the occasion. It consisted of a troop of the body-guard, a company of artillery, with light field-battery attached; the 9th Light Cavalry and 3d Native Infantry. The camp was formed at Cawnpoor, which is five marches from Lucknow, and

situated on the right bank of the Ganges, which separates it from the Oude territory. In order to pay due honour to his expected guest, the king left his capital, and encamped on his own side of the river, which is connected with the opposite cantonments by a bridge of boats.

The first act of the drama began by a motley procession making its appearance in our camp. They turned out to be the prime-minister and another ameer, with a great collection of tag-rag-and-bob-tail for escort, charged with a message from the king to the governor-general, hoping it would find his lordship well as—*ulhumdullillah*—it left him at the time of speaking; that so anxious was he to convince himself of the salubrity of the right honourable the bestower of crowns by a personal interview, that he would take an early opportunity of kissing his lordship's august threshold, and basking in the light of his presence.

The visit was duly returned by the secretary to government, the late lamented Sir Henry Elliot, and some others of the staff—the simple dignity of their turn-out contrasting favourably with the uproar of the other. The following morning, his majesty himself came over in great state to pay the promised visit. All the thieves and fiddlers who, from their characters, being too bad to get employment elsewhere, had become court-followers, turned out to do honour to the occasion. The cortège possessed all the elements necessary to make an Oriental procession imposing: there was plenty of noise, glare, dust, rainbow-garments, gaudy trappings, and bad smells. The van was formed by a party of *zumbooruks*, or strand-pieces, mounted on camels; then a detachment of cavalry, very well equipped and tolerably mounted; next a party of irregular ditto—irregulars in every way! Before and around the king were a number of chobdars (silver-sticks), fly-brushers and title-proclaimers, shouting aloud to the profane vulgar, to make way for, and salam to that mighty potentate, the 'cherisher of his people,' 'the shadow of God,' 'ruler of the universe,' 'world's defender,' 'king of kings,' 'just one of the earth,' &c. The howdah and trappings of his elephant were 'gleaming with purple and gold;' the deep *jhoor*, or housings, made of scarlet cloth, embroidered and fringed with gold, nearly swept the ground, and were the most gorgeous things in the procession; behind came some led-horses splendidly accoutred, then several palanquins, litters, and such-like vehicles of little importance.

In rear of all, came a long string of empty carriages, which, as the European style had been attempted, formed the most incongruous part of the *entrée*. It seemed as if some hospital for incurable vehicles had discharged its inmates, and turned out a crowd of crazy buggies, dennets, chariots, broughams, and curricles. Several white-legs had made a point of stocking the asylum of the universe with all manner of unsaleable equipages; persuading him they were of the newest fashion, and exactly similar to those used by the Padshaw Begum of England. Hence you might see an undeniable yellow *po-shay* drawn by a pair of splendid Arabs, and driven by a complacent native in a drab box-coat, enough to put you in a perspiration to look at him; four mules, with sore backs and rusty harness, yoked to a leathern conveniency of the fashion of our grandsires, with its immense C-springs. Besides vehicles of a known kind, there were many others of a novel description, which do not belong to any recognised variety. One was exactly like a boat on wheels, and another made in the shape of a peacock, with the driver perched on its head, and painted to imitate the animal's plumage.

The liveries and costume of the coachmen and attendants were a sight worth seeing in themselves, and would have furnished valuable hints to the proprietor of Astley's. There was one footman, who was

doubtless considered the quintessence of the Jeamees, as in all subsequent state-processions he invariably figured in the same costume which excited our admiration on this occasion. He wore a light claret-coloured body-coat, which had evidently seen 'the light of other days,' and been considerably faded thereby. It was very high in the collar, short in the waist, and narrow in the skirts; either shoulder was graced with a large silver epaulet such as worn by militia-officers. His light-blue unwhisperables were a world too wide for his lean body; and, as he had no chance of getting them 'widened by the corporation,' he had been fain to fill up the chinks with an unusually large *dhoty*, or waist-cloth. This being equally thick front and rear, had all the effect of a bustle, and made the swallow-tailed skirts stick out in the most pert, obtrusive manner possible. His head-dress was of a composite order between cap and turban; Hessians, long unconscious of the blacking-brush, graced his lower extremities; and he stood on the foot-board of one of the carriages with a complacent air, exhibiting his manifold attractions to the fullest advantage.

The king proceeded to the governor-general's durbar-tent, where he went through the usual forms, gave and received presents, ate his breakfast, or rather looked at others doing so, and then returned in the same order he came. Previous to this, neatly printed invitations had been issued, in the king of Oude's name, for a *déjeuner*, addressed to commanding officers and staff. As I had the honour to belong to the latter, I found myself, about ten o'clock the following day, mounted on an elephant forming part of the governor-general's cortège, and gazing on as animated a scene as could well be imagined. On approaching the bridge of boats, which was about a quarter of a mile long, we found the parapet on both sides completely covered with bright new cloth, one side rose-colour, the other blue; along this, slight bamboo pales were placed at short distances, each bearing a small flag or pennon, which, hung alternately higher and lower, gave it a sort of turreted appearance. The entire length of the roadway was filled with elephants in their gayest trappings, their howdahs occupied by officers in brilliant uniforms, and ladies got up in a style regardless of expense.

Both banks were densely crowded with natives in garments of every imaginable hue. As the head of the procession reached the centre of the bridge, the cantonment guns thundered forth a salute, to announce that Her Majesty's representative had left the Company's territory. This had hardly ceased, when the saluting battery on the other bank took it up, to welcome his arrival in their own country with a three times three and one cheer more. His majesty's artillery were not in general very particular about the number of guns they fired, or the interval between each, and on this occasion I should be afraid to say how much powder was expended. On the other side, the crush was tremendous; nothing but elephants could have forced their way through so densely wedged a mass of human beings: they did, however, make their passage good without hurting any one; and though several persons were crushed to death during the day, it was their own species, and not the elephants, did the damage.

We found the king's camp pitched a short distance to the eastward of the bridge. A space of about five or six acres had been enclosed by a high canvas-screen. Part of the enclosure was covered with tents innumerable, both small and great, whilst the remaining portion had been, during the preceding night, converted into a garden by the summary process of uprooting whole trees, shrubs, and flowers from the neighbouring gardens, and planting them in beds previously prepared for them. A liberal use of cold water had prevented their withering; and with a slight effort of imagination, you could fancy that what had been a sandy waste

twenty-four hours previously, was now an ordinary native garden.

About one hundred and fifty persons found ample accommodation at the long table which ran down the centre of an immense tent, but did not occupy nearly its entire length. It was of the kind called a shum-meeanah, which approach nearer to our ideas of a canopy than a tent. The roof was flat, lined throughout with blue brocaded silk, supported at the sides by imitation silver poles, with draperies to match the roof. We were hardly seated, when a brass band, a set of drums and fifes, and half-a-dozen troops of nautch-girls, stationed in different parts of the tent, with one accord opened their fire on us. Conversation being out of the question, we turned our attention to the viands, but here disappointment awaited us. The pastry was salt, the jellies sour, the made-dishes saturated with rancid ghee and every other nameless abomination that delights the hearts of Eastern cooks, and offends the noses of English gentlemen. After breakfast, we strolled about and inspected the gardens and various curiosities scattered about; amongst them, a small tent entirely composed of Cashmere shawls, said to have been a present from Runjeet Sing. It was stated to have cost an immense sum; but the texture of the shawls appeared rather coarse, and the colours unsuitably arranged. Before taking leave, every one was led up in succession by the assistant to the resident, and presented to the king, who bestowed on each a large necklace of silver tissue. The ladies received them on the right arm, the gentlemen on the neck, and retired with a bow.

A few days after this, we began our march towards Lucknow; the king went on before us, to make the necessary preparations, whilst we followed at the ordinary rate. During the day, sentries were posted in front and rear of the camp; at sunset, pickets mounted right and left, throwing out sentries to meet the others, and forming a continuous chain all round. Nevertheless, each staff-officer and aid-de-camp required a guard of at least a corporal and four to take care of his cocked-hat and epaulet-box. His lordship's cook and butler had a native officer and twenty men to look after their plate-chest and *batterie de cuisine*; the valet was able to take care of himself, and him we respected accordingly.

Viewed from a little distance, Lucknow is a very handsome city. The innumerable mosques with their glittering domes and slender minarets, the scattered palaces with their adjacent gardens, the winding river Goomty, the distant preserves of Dil Kusha, the mausoleums erected to the memory of various departed monarchs—all give it an imposing appearance. On a closer examination, you find that the river is a muddy sluggish stream; the crowded and filthy streets are narrower than even those of Benares, and the effect of the public buildings is marred by a mass of mud-hovels in their vicinity. The meeting between the two potentates took place at a bridge just outside the town—on our side the road was lined by the escort, on the other, by the king's followers. There was, I believe, considerable *koo-tooing*; but I am unable to state what took place on the occasion, having been too much occupied in soothing the terror of the young Arab I rode, which the sight of the elephants seemed to have inspired with a vehement desire of depositing us both in the adjacent ditch. As the rear of the procession passed the front of each corps, it was instantly reformed and advanced between the ranks of those in advance.

As soon as all had followed in this manner, officers—those on duty excepted—fell out, and mounting elephants provided for them, proceeded in the train of the governor-general to the Motee Mahal Palace, where a large party assembled at breakfast. The dress of the king on this and other state occasions was truly magnificent; he and the heir-apparent—a boy about

eight years old—were literally covered with precious stones. His predecessors are said to have squandered immense sums on the royal jewels, and appearances confirm the statement. This day he wore a crown of a light and elegant form, with a large emerald in front; on two other occasions, he wore a different crown, which, though perhaps equally rich and valuable, appeared inferior in design and workmanship. Silver necklaces were served out as usual; and we took our departure to our tents, which we found pitched in the park of Dil Kusha, near the palace of that name, which means 'heart-expanding'—not heart's delight, as 'the member of the household' renders it.

During the ensuing week, we found plenty of agreeable occupations: there were all the lions of the place to be seen, including the various palaces, the Martimère and Emambarah, or mausoleum of Asoph-ood-Dowlah; there was a ball at the residency, *déjeûners* given by the king, dinners everywhere, illuminations, nautches, and animal-fights.

The last mentioned have been most truthfully and graphically described in the *Private Life of an Eastern King*, which is a work that bears every mark of authenticity, and is correct in most of its descriptions, although, as might be expected from the manner in which it was written, after the lapse of twenty years, and edited by a person who had not witnessed the events narrated therein, several inaccuracies have crept in, particularly in the translation and orthography of the Oriental terms, which betray a very limited knowledge of Persian and Hindostanee.

On the occasion now spoken of, the exhibition was on an unusually large scale, as the court, conscious of their peccadilloes, thought it politic to do everything in their power to conciliate the favour of their guest by shewing all possible honour. A breakfast as uneatable as usual was laid in the reception-hall, which occupied a large portion of the Motee Mahal Palace—the St James's of Lucknow, being used for public purposes only, and not as a royal residence. After pretending to partake of this, we adjourned to the large open windows in rear of the palace, which look out on the river, here very narrow, and command a good view of the opposite bank, where the larger animals were to display their powers.

The spectacle commenced with a contest between several pairs of elephants. They required much coaxing to make them face each other; and when they did so, it was literally coming to the scratch, for one could hardly tell whether they were scratching each other's foreheads, or fighting. When the combat became at all warm, they were instantly separated by squibs let off between them. We voted it slow, and were glad when it was over. A pair of rhinoceroses were then led up by their keepers, and placed in front of each other. These animals must have degenerated since the days of Pompey, when they used to exhibit their prowess in the circus. Neither of these shewed any inclination to commence hostilities: at length one of them, urged on by the *vis a tergo*, in the shape of a spear-thrust, made one awkward poke at his antagonist, accompanying it with a sound between a grunt and a snort, and then wheeling round, trotted for the river as fast as his unwieldy form would permit, and never pausing to look behind until he had immersed his entire body in the Goomty. His panting antagonist pursued him to the river's edge. The clattering of the chains fastened to them, combined with the awkward movements and uncouth gestures of the huge brutes, made us all laugh heartily.

After the rhinoceros had distinguished himself, we had fights between birds and small animals, on a narrow strip of land between the river and the palace. Cocks, partridges, quail, antelopes, rams, deer, &c., were pitted against each other; then some *palwans*, or athletes, exhibited their dexterity in the use of the

sword. Taking one in each hand, they whirled them about close to each other's faces, arms, &c., without doing any injury. Hawking followed; but as I observed the falconer pull some feathers out of the wing of each paddy-bird, before letting it loose, in order that they might meet their fate within a convenient distance of the 'world's defender,' it afforded little sport. The only thing interesting in this part of the proceedings was a fight between a donkey and a hyæna. The latter had a rope fastened round his neck, which doubtless somewhat hampered his movements, else the result might have been different. As it was, Neddy, to our great surprise, made no use of his heels, but bit most viciously. He threw down the hyæna, shook him like a dog, and knelt on him, till he was dragged away by some of the attendants, looking more sneaking and crest-fallen than ever, and having evidently had the worst of it. We were equally surprised and pleased at this, for every one dislikes the hyæna, with its round back, slouched head, and mangy coat. It is, in fact, the low attorney of the animal kingdom, always on the look-out for dirty bits—alike cowardly, rapacious, and contemptible.

After this, the king, accompanied by the governor-general, led the way to an open balcony which ran round the top of a rectangular area, at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent any animal springing on it from below. Chairs were placed all round for the accommodation of the big-wigs and ladies; but on the latter arriving there, they found them nearly all occupied by the amceers, who had made a rush to secure seats. To their great surprise, they were obliged to vacate them at once; and some audibly expressed their disgust and indignation at having to give place to women.

It was surprising to see ladies who would not look at a cut finger, and screamed at a mouse, calmly gazing at the bloody spectacle which followed. As soon as their curiosity was satisfied, several considered it due to their feminine attributes to say they felt faintish; some did actually leave the place, but I observed they were chiefly unmarried ladies, accompanied by favoured cavaliers, who justly considered a retired position more congenial than the crowded balcony. The space below was surrounded by the cages of the wild beasts, and a couple of doors for the entrance and exit of the attendants, who seemed wonderfully fearless. During the course of the day, some half-dozen different tigers were let loose in the arena, but not one of them shewed tolerable pluck. They were pitted against each other, against buffaloes, and against a bear, but never fought unless attacked. They seemed unwilling to leave their dens, and slunk back again the moment the cage-door was opened to allow them.

In the contest with a buffalo, the latter had the best of it, though little damage was done to either. The most exciting struggle during the day was between a tiger and brown bear. Bruin was much the smaller of the two, and appeared hardly full-grown, while his antagonist was an unusually large specimen. 'Infelix puer et impar congressus Achilli.' We pitied him, and felt he was no match for the other; nevertheless, the moment poor Bruin was let loose, he rushed open-mouthed to the contest. It was short, sharp, and decisive. The tiger used both teeth and claws; his paw flashed for a moment in the air, accompanied by a roar, and followed by a dull crushing sound, and in a second the bear was prostrate on the ground, with his lower jaw nearly torn away, and a frightful gash on his head. For some time he lay stunned and bleeding, to all appearance dead; water was thrown over him, and at length he revived, got up, and shook himself. The king, who on all state occasions assumed an air of stolid gravity, which he mistook for a dignified demeanour, now for the first time shewed himself interested in the proceeding. He clapped his hands,

and shouted: 'Shabash! Bravo! Take care of him!' Wounded and bleeding as he was, the bear wanted to renew the fight, and the keepers had to drag him away by main force before he would return to his den. A scene of cruel and disgusting butchery followed. A female buffalo and her calf were brought in, and a tiger let loose. The tiger crouched down close to his den, twitching his tail and licking his lips; he looked lovingly at the calf, as if he was partial to veal-cutlets. The instinct of the little animal taught it to keep behind its mother, which, with her horns lowered ready for action, kept her head continually in the direction of the tiger. The latter tried several times to turn her flank, but every attempt was met and foiled by a rush from the buffalo. This went on for some time: the tiger's glossy coat shewed several marks of her horns, and she had a few scratches on her neck, but the calf was perfectly uninjured, until, *proh pudor!* a second tiger was let loose. Unlike most of his predecessors, he bounded into the centre of the arena; and as the buffalo turned to face her new antagonist, the first tiger seized the opportunity to attack the defenceless calf. To throw it on the ground, and bury his fangs deep in its throat, was the work of a second. Its cries seemed to fill the mother with fury: she did not attack the tiger which continued to suck the life-blood of her offspring, but concentrated all her rage upon the latest arrival. She charged him repeatedly, and gave him some heavy falls; whilst several deep gashes on her fore-quarters shewed that she had not come off scathless. It was pitiable to see the poor animal standing there, snorting from rage and terror, with heaving flanks, quivering limbs, tail erect, and bleeding freely in several places from the tiger's claws. Some of the European spectators shewed such manifest symptoms of disapprobation, that the sports were concluded sooner than they might have been otherwise.

The breaking up of such a party is always a brilliant scene. It is not etiquette to take off the silver necklaces given by the king until the guests are beyond the precincts of the palace; and as most of them have to walk a little distance before reaching their carriages, they display the glittering bauble to full advantage, having to pass between the ranks of cavalry and infantry, which are always drawn up to line the approach on state occasions.

In order to be admitted to the different palaces, it is necessary to secure the attendance of a chobdar or silver-stick-in-waiting. They are spacious, curiously constructed, and well worth a visit. The furniture is generally in bad taste, and the ornaments tawdry and unsuitable. One would suppose that the apophthegm, 'punctuality is the politeness of kings,' had reached Lucknow, for every room contains several kinds of clocks or time-pieces—none of them going, however. The hangings look faded and dusty; everything wears a deserted, uninhabited air. The throne mentioned by 'the member of the household,' has been robbed of nearly all the precious stones which formerly adorned the poles supporting the canopy above it. We did not observe any of the female sepoy's he speaks of, but I recollect remarking the sentries about the palace were unusually small and puny. Our attention was called to them by their peculiar method of saluting. Besides carrying arms in the usual sentry-fashion, they also made the military salute with the right hand raised to the cap. The week's entertainments were finished by illuminations at the mausoleum of the late king, very brilliant and well got up, but, according to our ideas, rather a strange place to select for such a display. Since then, Lucknow has not witnessed festivities on so large a scale; nor can they ever occur again, as the ex-king's pension of L.150,000 per annum will hardly enable him to indulge in such extravagance.

By recent accounts from India, the ex-king had signified his intention of proceeding to England, and laying his crown and seal at the feet of the Padshaw Begum, as he designates our most gracious Queen. He had actually proceeded some distance towards Calcutta *en route*, but it is very doubtful whether he has means and energy sufficient to carry out his proposed plan. It is undertaken at the suggestion of his prime-minister, who rejoices in the euphonious name of Ally Nucky Khan, and will probably fall to the ground altogether, or end in an accredited ambassador being despatched to London, which will doubtless serve his cause better than the personal appearance of a prince who is notoriously as corrupt and incapable in his public career as he is vicious and dissolute in his private conduct.

It has been the fashion of late years to inveigh against our lust of territorial aggrandisement in the East; but in the present instance it would have been a disgrace to our government, and cruelty to the inhabitants, to permit such a state of things to continue. In a financial point of view, the annexation is a profitable one, as, after paying all contingent expenses, Oude will yield even now a surplus revenue of at least seventy lacs, or £.700,000 per annum; whilst, under the mild and beneficent British rule, a country where lately tyranny and injustice were enforced by the point of the bayonet, will become as peaceful and contented as any of our own provinces.

STRYCHNINE.

'AND what, after all, is this strychnine of which we hear so much?' Jebb asks me this with the air of a man profoundly ill used. He has been reading the report of a celebrated trial, and is so utterly confounded with the cross-examination and the fearful technicalities of science, that he has half determined to deny the existence of the poison, and to vote the medical witnesses bores of extreme intensity. So, after a discussion, principally in the clouds, he interrupts some unintelligible proposition of mine, and asks me: 'Then, what is strychnine? I know it is a poison; that it makes people—tetanic, I believe you call it—and all that; but tell me a little more about it.'

So I lead him, with an air of due importance, to my sanctum—a place sacred to impossible genii: report and my catalogue say they are reptiles preserved in spirit. It is sacred also to mysterious bottles labelled with distracting fragments of still more distracting words—cabalistic perhaps, although my set and myself believe them to be simply scientific, derived from Greek roots. Jebb seems overawed with these demonstrations. Without, however, allowing him time to subside into hopeless mystification, I hand him a phial containing the substance in question.

Well, yes—a white crystalline powder, with its small glistening prisms. Jebb thinks it harmless enough in appearance. The fact is, he expected to see it in the shape of small death's-heads, and is somewhat driven aback on viewing so mild and sightly a substance. To him—as to whom not—it is marvellous that but a grain of this would destroy life; and he tells me—confesses rather—strange thoughts as to how odd it would be to put a little on his tongue and see how it tastes. With which idea he takes the phial up and shakes it (people always shake crystalline substances displayed in bottles), eyeing the contents with a philosophic air. I tell him he shall be satisfied as to its flavour before we have done; whereupon we proceed to dissolve it. As water alone has no effect upon the infinitesimal quantity we want to get into solution, we add a little acid—some dilute vitriol serves admirably. (I say *we*—Jebb looks on.) A tumbler of water is ready. The dissolved strychnine—a quarter of a grain, perhaps—is put into it. I ask Jebb to taste our beverage, indulging moderately for fear of ill

consequences. I continue to tempt him, till he puts the tumbler to his lips. 'Bah! it is intensely bitter.' Jebb had read of this fact in the newspapers, but had no idea of the intensity of the bitterness. Of all known substances, indeed, it is the most so. Of course my disciple begins to experience sensations, which, though relieved by seeing me follow his example, are yet not altogether out of his thoughts. 'Well,' he says, 'this is interesting, to be sure; but whence do you get your strychnine?'

I shew him some nux-vomica seeds, and tell him their shape is very like a blood-cell. As, however, he is not conversant with these structures in particular, he examines the round flattened body for himself—larger than a shilling, much thicker, convex on one side, and flat on the other. It is of a brown hue, and silky, from the small hairs with which it is covered. I say of a brown hue; the Germans call it gray, and name it crows' eyes, partly in consequence of this supposition, partly because they are no more like the ocular organs of those birds than nothing at all. On the whole, it is a bean-like seed. The name given to it by those most sensible of alchemists, and most diligent of dingy old philosophers, the Arabian physicians of the eighth century, shews they considered it something like a nut.

I tell Jebb further, that these seeds—these *noces vomice* that Serapion was wont to write about—come from the fruit of a very crooked tree, which grows in India and Ceylon—a tree with large glossy leaves, and numerous orange-hued berries as large as apples, richly glowing in the warm sunlight of a southern sky. It is a strange fact, that while birds may be seen pecking these with the utmost relish and comfort, the seeds within are a terrific poison.

So much for the nux vomica. The bark of this tree (so I continue, while Jebb still plays with the phial), or the powdered seeds, are treated with dilute sulphuric acid, the same as the vitriol we just used to dissolve our strychnine; for it answers precisely the same purpose as it did in our little experiment. From this solution we get the crystals you see—only by a process as complicated almost as the evidence you, Jebb, have been listening to.

The fact is, that this nux-vomica tree—or, as the learned call it, after their own jaw-dislocating fashion, the *Strychnos nux vomica*—contains a poisonous principle which endows it with its fatal properties. Almost all vegetables contain some crystalline substance or other which possesses very strongly the characters of the plant. It is well known, for example (Jebb has seen it in Dr Johnson's capital paper, 'The Beverages we Infuse'), that tea, coffee, and cocoa contain very similar compounds of this kind; those of tea and coffee, indeed, being identical. The chemist will shew him long tufted silky groups of needle-like crystals, of caffeine, or theine as he calls it. So with other vegetable dainties, and vegetable anything but dainties. Asparagus yields asparagin; mustard and cress (Jebb feebly entreats me to be merciful) an oily compound, the sulpho-cyanide of allyle.

This poisonous principle in the nux vomica is strychnine. It forms salts with acids—that is, if added to such sour compounds as vinegar, vitriol, or lemon-juice, it takes all the acidity away, and new crystalline substances are formed. Supposing, now, we were to give some to a dog, what would happen? We must follow the good old rule of the cookery-books, and catch our animal first. We must then take care, as dogs object to be poisoned as well as men; we must conquer their objections by a little gentle coercion, avoiding any counter-designs directed against fingers by the subjects of our experiment.

To be grave, Jebb, I do not like this brute-poisoning: it is seldom necessary, and never satisfactory. We must not consider the effects on animals as always

akin to those on men. Supposing them, for argument's sake, exactly similar in a cat: a cat is (say) ten times smaller than a man, and we must give a man ten times the dose to produce the same effects; but we cannot judge thus. Some creatures are singularly proof against certain poisons. As a rule, our herbivorous, our grass-eating animals, are remarkable for the little injury they suffer from vegetables of a pernicious character. A scruple of strychnia will not hurt a horse; half a grain has been known to kill a man.

There is a maxim among animal-poisoners and experimental toxicologists of all descriptions: 'Three things,' they say, 'are impossible—to poison a rat with prussic acid, a dog with morphia (the active principle of opium), and a guinea-pig with strychnia.' I have known half an ounce of morphia to produce no effect whatever on a dog; and have heard from the best authority of the insensibility of guinea-pigs to strychnine. These things illustrate what I said with regard to brute-poisoning—it is seldom necessary, and never satisfactory.

Jebb, who has now been shewing strong signs of weariness, asks me to shew him some tests, and to describe the effects of strychnine on some imaginary dog—the same, indeed, that I was about to mention before I was beguiled into the very instructive, but not particularly interesting, digression on the subject of cutting short the lives of dumb creatures by poison.

I tell him that the animal would soon begin to manifest symptoms of extreme uneasiness—that shortly a touch would produce convulsive movements—that paroxysms of stiffness and cramp would come and go, each being severer than the other—that the creature would die, stiffened in every limb. I hasten rapidly from this theme, for to me it is not a pleasant one, hinting that strychnine, though one of the deadliest poisons we are acquainted with, is so strongly marked by the symptoms it produces as to leave little doubt of the cause of death. Recollecting the newspapers and their minute details, I soon leave this subject; while Jebb, who has now recommenced twirling the bottle—I am sure he is ruining the crystals—with renewed energy, bursts into a perfect explosion of wonder that so fatal a drug should be used by medical practitioners. He demands an explanation, and thinks me very digressive when I begin to compare the functions of the brain and spinal cord—familiarly, for he likes personal illustrations on such matters. You are perfectly aware, Jebb, that your brain is, or is supposed to be, in the interior of your head. Now, proceeding from it, just like a tail, is the spinal cord, which lies concealed within a bony covering derived from the vertebræ, and forming the backbone—the spine. Roughly speaking, it is the brain that thinks—that reasons, whilst this spinal cord presides over all the motions of the body. For example, your brain, Jebb, suggests the peculiar enjoyment to be derived from the twirling of the phial in your hand, and the consequent breakage of the crystals: it signifies this to the spinal cord, and forthwith the latter sets your fingers and your arm moving. Now, strychnine has the very remarkable property of affecting this portion of the nervous system, as you will hear presently; indeed, you have seen enough of it in the papers already. One great characteristic of its action in poisoning is, that the mental faculties are perfectly clear; it does not operate on the brain, in fact, but devotes all its energies, as it were, to the spinal cord. Furthermore, Jebb, I need scarcely tell you, that muscles produce their movements by contracting—by squeezing themselves into the smallest compass, and pulling the joint, or the part to be set in motion, along with them. You will understand now, how the poison of nux vomica acts. It stimulates the spinal cord—this, the central station, so to speak, of those innumerable telegraph-wires all through the body; the

nerve sends out its messages, as it were, and sets the muscles contracting. If it be taken in poisonous doses, it causes these same muscles to contract violently, painfully, unnaturally; and we have cramps, or, as certain medical witnesses designate them, spasms. You have now a key to the operation of strychnine on the animal economy, to the indications for its use, and the fearful results of its abuse.

There are certain diseases where the spinal cord loses its power of sending these messages to the muscles. You have seen, perhaps, a limb that is paralysed: the patient wishes and wills as strongly as he can; but it will not move; or, if it does, it is done so slightly and tremblingly, as to demonstrate the want of nervous—that is, of spinal power. The medical attendant might here give strychnia, knowing how powerfully it influences muscular contractions, and, of course, movements too. The result is often most satisfactory, and, what is very remarkable, the very part to be most affected by the remedy is that where the nervous power was gone—in fact, the part paralysed.

There is another condition where strychnine may be useful—where, indeed, medical men employ it. The spinal cord always exerts some influence on the muscles of the body; it always keeps them slightly contracted; and this is why the limbs of a strong, healthy person seem so firm—so condensed, as it were. Technically, this state of proper muscular tension is known as tone. Sometimes, however, the nervous system loses its power, its energy; the person becomes languid, flabby; the muscles seem soft; they are not properly contracted. A medicine which remedies this condition of the system is known as a tonic; and it will be obvious that strychnine in proper doses would soon restore the system to its proper firmness, activity, and tone.

Supposing, by accident or design, an overdose be taken—all the muscles are contracted, cramped to their utmost. To a mere spectator, nothing can be more frightful than a death from this poison. You have heard of that wonderful morbid phenomenon, the state called catalepsy. (Jebb remembers something of the kind in Warren's *Diary of a Late Physician*.) We see it perfectly in some of these cases. The body of the sufferer becomes stiff and straight. It is, in a well-marked instance, as hard as wood; and we may move the whole frame by lifting a hand. The muscles by which the process of breathing is effected, suffer with the rest. Locked-jaw sets in, respiration becomes difficult or impossible. There are intervals in which these alarming symptoms are suspended for a time, as if nature were endeavouring to hoard up her powers for another paroxysm. They are as the calm before the storm. The cramps recur with fatal vehemence; and the sufferer at length sinks from thorough exhaustion—unless his pangs are cut short, as they generally are, by suffocation. Jebb, who, eyeing the phial with evident distrust, has put it down as far out of reach as is practicable, now breaks in with: 'Dear, dear, but can't you do anything to relieve such a person? It is so very shocking. Supposing—it makes me shudder to do so—supposing Mrs Jebb had taken some of this horrible compound, what could be done? Is there no relief, no antidote?'

Putting my hand to my forehead, I tell Jebb that these are awkward cases; but that our first care should be to remove the poison as soon as possible by emetics or the stomach-pump. I tell him further, that this is no easy matter; for the throat is so contracted, so cramped, that it is often impossible for the patient to swallow. Opium, whose action is exactly opposite to that of strychnine, may prove of use; chloroform—that incalculable blessing to the subject of surgical treatment—is remarkable in this respect: you remember what I said of the spinal cord, its action on our muscles, and the effects of strychnine on it and

on them; the action of chloroform is precisely the reverse: not only is all muscular effort suspended, but the very tone I spoke of goes. The body becomes flabby and supple to an eminent degree. It does more than this: the victims of locked-jaw or strychnine poisoning experience a thorough cessation of the cramps which are so fearful a symptom in their cases. The relief is perfect, but oftentimes the patient sinks in spite of art, a victim to the deadly powers of one of the deadliest poisons known.

Jebb takes the phial up again—mechanically, I believe, and hints at tests. I bid him look at the substance, and observe how beautifully crystalline it is. This is one character not to be slighted. I allude to its bitterness, so persistent, so extreme, so all but unmistakable. Last of all, I produce a watch-glass—to Jebb's astonishment, for he tells me he had no idea I was anything of a mechanical genius. I tell him that so far from merely protecting the faces of time-pieces, they are delightful little utensils in chemical analysis. I place a fragment of strychnine on its concave surface, add some strong oil of vitriol, and a crystalline fragment of that magnificent salt, the bichromate of potash: anon, a glorious purple or violet hue is developed. I give Jebb a triumphant nod, and ask him if science has not its glories as well as war or conquest! He nods assent. The strychnine is detected.

I go on to relate other tests. This strychnine given to cats or rabbits will kill them with unmistakable cramps—just such spasms as our dog exhibited. I then allude to the interesting observations of Dr Marshall Hall on frogs. These unfortunate creatures seem to have been especially created for the experiments—not particularly humane ones—of physiologists and medical jurists. The fact is, they have a capital nervous system, remarkably developed, and presenting the greatest facilities for scientific investigation. Dr Hall places them in a very dilute solution of strychnine. They soon become spasmodically affected—tetanic, cataleptic. I could use plenty of such terms, but will spare you, Jebb. By lengthening the period of their immersion, we can detect very small quantities indeed. One two-hundredth of a grain—he says much less—has been satisfactorily proved to exist in a liquid by these means.

Jebb now begins to breathe freely; he institutes queries as to the adulteration of beer with nux vomica. I tell him it is a capital thing for purposes of advertisement, and may be related as an interesting fact to gentlemen whose calling is connected with marine pursuits.

Jebb now seems satisfied. My crystals are reduced to a delightful state of pulverisation. The phial has just performed its four thousand and sixty-seventh gyration. He bids me good-morning, and we part amicably. Scene closes, while I dissolve my strychnine in strong spirits of wine, over the pale flame of a spirit-lamp, and pour the solution into a porcelain capsule for subsequent evaporation and crystallisation.

FOUR SISTERS.

IN THREE PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

SHE did not walk again for many weeks. I suppose that afternoon's crisis of excitement hurried on the approach of the terrible fever that now bore her down so remorselessly. For some days, she was held to be on the verge of death, and I counted her as already gone from me. Sometimes she lay on her little white bed, so quiet and so purely pale, motionless and ineffably calm, as if indeed her spirit already hovered above her mortality, and cast its shadow of light upon it.

But she recovered—very slowly, very gradually at first; so that for many days, even weeks, she was

helpless as an infant, and had to be watched and tended like one. Like as to an infant, the new life seemed to gather upon her at last, hour by hour—the long dormant faculties bestirred themselves again, and the struggling intelligence leaped up like a flame new kindled in purer air.

All things seemed to come to her newly; and she regarded them, thought of them, talked of them, with the freshness and vividness of utter inexperience, with more depth of feeling than childhood, but with no more apparent reticence of thought. Frankly, freely, she felt delight in things beautiful—enjoyment of things pleasant. Her faculty of sensation was like a child's, as easily touched and aroused, both to pleasure and pain. The clear blue of the sky, the ripples on the water, the glancing pebbles at the bottom of the little stream, the hum of insects, the chirp of birds, the colour of flowers—all such things as these, seemed to fall upon her alert senses with an intensity of impression not easy for more blunted apprehensions to understand. As motes float clearly visible in pure light, so the myriad atoms of beauty and blessedness that hang unseen by most eyes about every thought of God that speaks in nature, were perceived by her, gladdened her eyes, and were precious to her heart.

In the latter days of convalescence, we used to take her sofa into the garden, and establish her for hours together under the thick shadow of a group of trees. From thence she saw the whole of the little domain; and the tricky rivulet that intersected it, had formed to itself a kind of nest close by, where, its banks thickly overgrown with hawthorn and maple, and wreathed with briony, it fell with a cool splash into a somewhat deep pool.

How she loved to watch that little stream, and listen to its song! The tree-boughs waved over it, and the sunshine sparkled in between; and there was always some new change to mark, of sight or of sound, the sunny August day through. Moreover, the trees that shadowed her were beautiful and eloquent to eyes and ears—dark fir, tremulous poplar, and gracious fair-growing beech. Through the diverse foliage glanced the sunlight, and chanted the wind—solemnly, mysteriously, sweetly, to the fragile little figure that lay so quiet, yet so full of eager, receptive life, beneath them.

I could not rest unless I was near her; and so I brought my pupils and their books to the great walnut-tree by the wicket that led into the cornfield, whence I could see her, though she could neither see us nor hear our voices. So passed many a glowing August day in that cool, green shadow, with the constant flowing of the water for its music, and the broad landscape, radiant in noon-sunshine or purple in evening-mist, stretched out beyond the peaceful foreground of the ordered garden, with its smooth lawn, and the adjacent meadows where the cattle grazed.

Most of his time, my father spent in fishing higher up the stream. He would return at evening; and we all went into the house together, there to find Harriet resting from her day's 'work,' and ready to take her carefully claimed post of head of the tea-table.

It was a placid time for all of us, I think; for some of us, a time of more than peace—of learning from divine teaching, of yielding to divine influences.

An event broke on the even current of these days: a letter came from Alicia, announcing—her approaching marriage. We were all very much surprised, for it was a 'good' marriage, in more than the worldly sense of the term; the husband-elect being a physician residing at Baden, whom we had formerly known in London, and whom we knew to be both worthy and talented.

'But, at least, old enough to be her father,' Harriet observed; 'and ugly beyond the privilege even of men.' A passing bitterness, which relieved her mind, I thought. Poor Harriet! she was but human; and Alicia was two years her junior.

The bride invited us all to the wedding, and, indeed, evidently depended on our coming; for her cordial invitations were intermingled with numerous commissions, and a long list of articles to be obtained for her in London, and conveyed by us. Of course, the proposition could not be considered: the expense and difficulty of the journey, Grace's state of health, all made it impossible, we agreed at once; and I felt a certain remorseful pang that no deeper feelings made the impossibility of the plan very painful or disappointing to any of us. I was astonished by Harriet's sudden swerve from indifference to profound sisterly interest, the morning after the receipt of the letter.

'It is hardly right that poor Alicia should be entirely unsupported by any member of her family, on such an occasion. It is true, that you and my father are effectually detained in England, but I don't see any impediment to my going: I should like to go.'

Briefly, she *did* go; and one day in late September, we received at one and the same time the tidings of her safe arrival, and the happy solemnisation of Alicia's marriage. I was not surprised also to see already hinted at, the plan which soon became a settled thing—that Harriet was to occupy her sister's evacuated post of companion to Mrs Cleveland; but Grace was astonished, and rather perplexed.

'How were Harriet's peculiar idiosyncrasies, her independence, her resolute habit of ignoring the small courtesies of life, to be accommodated to such a position as that she had taken?'

'Dear, I think she is tired of this quiet life,' I answered; and I felt a thrill of happiness pass through my mind, as I recognised my own content in that life; and, looking up, saw Grace's sweet, serene face. We were slowly sauntering through Byford wood, for Grace was strong enough now to walk a little every day. I went on with my attempted explanation: 'Harriet would like change, excitement, society. They are wonderful words—like trumpet-notes to minds in certain phases.'

'Yes,' said my sister softly; 'I remember when they were that to me. Ella, we were talking just now of the changes in nature; do you think they are so marvellous as the changes we can recognise in ourselves? Do you think the growth of a tree from a seed, of a butterfly from a caterpillar, is so mysterious, so inscrutable, as the way in which *we* alter and progress, till we can look back on the self of a year ago, and say, surprised: "Was that *me*?"'

'Do you feel it so, little one?' I said to myself musingly. I was conscious of no similar marvel. The self of a year ago, though it was altered now, was yet no stranger to me: I knew the poor, troubled thing well; and I felt it was the same passionate spirit, with the same capacity of suffering, that yet dwelt within me, though something else was there beside it. Nothing was taken away, but much had been added. But with Grace, I had long suspected it was otherwise. The storm which had cleared the atmosphere in her soul, had also torn down, and swept away a great deal that in a harder, sterner nature, once living there, had lived for ever, even though all peace depended on its eradication.

Yes, the child *was* changed. I looked into her eyes, and felt grateful, almost to tearfulness; for I knew the very principle of her being—so tender, delicate, and sensitive—denied to her the power of endurance of suffering, to which some stronger, yet not deeper natures attain. She must root out the arrow, at any cost; she could not live while it rankled in her heart. I knew it, I could even dimly understand it, though it looked almost like miracle to me.

How pleasant the wood was that day! There was a softness in the air, that felt as the warm amber-clouds looked—generous, and tender, and gracious, as only in early autumn-days do clouds and air look and feel.

The ripening nuts hung thickly upon the hazel boughs and briony and nightshade, in graceful tangle, half veiled the hedges; and ivy, and wood-sorrel, and emerald moss, had overgrown the old trunks of the trees that had been felled the year before. On one of these we sat. It was a favourite seat with Grace. The ground sloped upwards, and from thence we looked down at Byford Valley—a scene smiling and luxuriant as ever inspired pastorals. Byford manor-house, with its quaint gables, and its rich, red colouring, stood near on the other side of the slope—its grounds almost joining the wood at one point. As we sat, indeed, we could distinctly see the figures of the two children, Rosamond and Mary, with their two elder companions, emerging from the shrubbery-gate into the great field—too unostentatious to be called a park—that surrounded the house and gardens.

'They are coming this way,' said I—'the children, and my father, and Mr Eustace.'

For I forgot to say that the younger brother of Mr Thorpe had been spending part of his college-vacation at the manor-house. He had been there about a fortnight on this particular day, and we had seen him often, and liked him much, as we could hardly fail to do—he was at once so good and so talented; so boyish in his liveliness and eager energy, so manly in his chivalric sympathies and ambitions.

Yet, somehow, on this especial day of all days, I took note of Eustace Thorpe, and of his standing with us. Quiet as was our way of life, and limited our society, such a new element in the one, and addition to the other, ought to have impressed me more strongly before; but it had not. He glided naturally into the way of things; and he was so mere a boy to me, who hardly deigned to date manhood from an earlier age than thirty-five, that the fact of his being *more than* a boy, the children's playmate, and our continual, and welcome, and very enlivening visitor, had in a sort passed me by.

Why a new intelligence should strike me on this soft autumn-afternoon, for the first time, is more than I can tell. I only know that it did so, while I watched the group slowly approaching, the children fluttering about, and their light laugh often ringing on the air. The old man toiled on, and sometimes paused to look round, and enjoy the scene, as well as to rest; and for the young man, his tall, lithe figure was to be seen now chasing or being chased by the children, now stooping in eager investigation of the ground in the cause of botany; and anon, he drew my father's arm in his, and carefully helped him up the ascent, his head bent towards him, the black hair tossed about his face.

'What a pleasant face he has!' I said impulsively.

Grace did not answer, till I looked round at her, and then she said very quickly:

'Very pleasant,' and was silent again. So was I, as I resumed my watch. Nearer they came, and nearer: we could hear what they were saying.

'Let us go to the little copse,' cried Mary, 'and gather dewberries. Will you, Eustace?'

'Anywhere you will, if Mr Gordon is not tired.'

'But,' interposed Rosamond, 'I think Ella and Grace were going to the wood; and perhaps we might meet them.'

At which words, the young man swerved from his course, as if by inevitable instinct, and hurried his pace also, until a second thought reminded him of his less active companion. Then he moderated to a walk again; but I could see something beyond the fleet eagerness of wings in the flash of his eyes, the impetuous toss back of the hair from his brow.

O Eustace, Eustace! And oh, my little sister, that sat so quietly beside me!

At first, I thought my sister would be left to me for some time yet, they were both so young; but I found

I was mistaken. Eustace had his mother's fortune, an ample, though not a large one; and his brother, the only one who had a right to interfere, cordially approved of his early marriage. In the face of this, and of Eustace's earnest pleadings, we had no right to resist. So, in the spring, I saw my Little Grace become a wife; and watched the carriage drive along the winding road on its way to the seaport whence they were to embark for Italy. It happened, strangely and solemnly, that on that very evening, while the two children were about my knees, listening to a story I was telling them—a letter was brought to me—a black-edged letter—in Ellinor Keith's handwriting.

I had the instinctive wit to send Rosamond and Mary from me on some errand.

'And you will tell us what became of Una afterwards, won't you?'

'And all about the good lion?'

'Yes, yes! Run quickly!'

They ran, singing the while. I watched them stop to pick up something from the path, and they called to me that it was a butterfly just burst from the chrysalis, and too weak to fly. Then they bore it carefully into the house; and I mutely called on God to help me, for I thought I was going to read that Gerard Keith was dead. For that brief five minutes that I sat with the unopened letter lying on my lap, all the old pain and bitterness came back anew. The sharp chillness of the April evening wind seemed to smite me, as of old; the gray clouds looked drear and blank, as of old; all nature looked sullen, silent, cold, until out of my own silence grew the prayer that softened all things, and spread like a warm odour over my heart.

Then I opened the letter, and read these lines:

'MY DEAR ELLA—My dear friend, Ella, I write you one line before we leave this place. We laid Lilian in her grave three days ago. My brother is well, and all himself in his strong resolve to bear and to be patient. We purpose travelling for the next few months. We think and speak of you often.—Good-bye. Your affectionate
ELLINOR KEITH.'

Oh, what sorrowful, remorseful anguish of yearning found vent in the passionate tears I wept when I had read, and could take in the whole meaning of what I read!

He lived, and thanksgiving flooded my soul for that one bare fact, that one blessing that yet I felt it was all selfish in me to feel so grateful for. But he lived a life of which I could well fathom the story. Well I knew how long a time must pass, how great a change must come, before the world that had lost its sunshine would regain its light.

But he lived; and I wept those passionate tears as much in gratitude for myself as in prayer for him—prayer that every moment became more piteously supplicating, more forlornly longing. To love, and to be impotent to help, was this to be my fate evermore?

Yet even to this grief came solace; even upon this pain, time came softly and brought peace. I had other letters from Ellinor, telling me how calmly, how beautifully the life flowed on that had been so bereft. Her brother was no idle sojourner in a strange land; he made to himself duties, he set to himself worthy work wherever he abode. Into the dark, unvisited corners of those bright Italian cities, he penetrated, to help the poor, teach the ignorant, succour the ailing. And not only from her did I hear of him. It smote me with a strange feeling when I saw in one of Grace's letters to me, the name, *his* name written so clearly and fairly. In passing through one of the smaller Italian towns, Eustace had met Mr Keith, with whom, as his brother's friend, he was acquainted. Grace was not with him, and he did not go to see her—I could well guess why. Simply, my sister wrote:

'He looks much older, my husband says, and rather

pale and worn; but still so calm, and quiet, and serene, as we might know he would look. Ella, Eustace says it is good to reverence him, he is so good, so noble; and, indeed, I feel it so—I felt it so, when, long since, in the early days of our love, I told Eustace all the story of my past girlhood.'

O happy Grace! How sunny must have been those days, spent in wandering through that sunny land! love around her and beside her, and her heart garnering all its treasures, from whence had been weeded everything that could poison or wound.

While he passed on his way, his faithful sister with him; and the shadow ever on his heart, but Heaven's divinest light resting upon his brows.

And I, in his old home, where I had first known him, first loved him, and dreamed of happiness—where the morning light on the sloping woods ever looked to me as when I first looked on them—and then into his face, to see the radiance *there*—and where the twilight purples brought him before my eyes, the while that my heart ached for tidings of him, for the mere knowledge of where he was; and my whole spirit was moved within me, and called out in very helplessness of yearning:

'O God! in some one of thy worlds, wilt thou not let me see his face again!'

Verily, Divine ways are beyond our ken, and the inequalities of human fate are mysterious to our finite vision. When, one day, our eyes shall be opened, and we see clearly, will not great pangs of remorse reach to our hearts as we stand before God, and, looking back on the rebellious past, remember how often, in the presumption of misery, we have wronged His justice, and doubted His love?

Years have passed by since the convulsive sick pain of those few weeks after Grace's marriage rent anew the spirit that was so fierce in its suffering, so weak, alas! in its resolves. What has been the history of those years, may be read, I think, in the fair record of the days that pass by *now*, so quietly, so placidly. In tendance of my father, the old man, so happy in his simple pleasures, in his garden, or fishing in the stream; or rambling with the children through the woods and fields; and in teaching my Rosamond and Mary, and in learning from them, and in finding new interests among our poorer neighbours—truly, the time passes with no laggard step.

My two elder sisters remain abroad; both seem to be satisfied, each in her own way.

I hear often from Ellinor. They are still wandering. Sometimes they make a home for some months in some little-known nook in Italy, or France, or Germany; but more recently, they have been travelling, so that sometimes I do not know their whereabouts for weeks together. But I know they are well, and brave, and content; and I know that they will one day return to see their old home. He has said that he will; and I have faithful trust that he will come before I die.

Eustace is growing a noted man now. He takes a busy and a leading part in this busy world. He and Grace have their home near London, but every summer they come with their children to the old manor-house, and we have happy days. Then do the woods become haunted with glancing feet, and uplift faces, with the golden curls all tangled and straying, and childish voices and girlish laughter echo back the music of the soft wind and the low songs of birds.

While Grace and I, demurely seated in our old and unforgotten seat in the wood, watch our children, and talk pleasant, loving talk. *Our* children, I have said, for Rosamond and Mary are very dear to me, and still remain with their governess, not to leave her till the inevitable demands of that same 'world,' that here seems so far off, shall take them away for a season, or, it may be, for longer.

But we will not think of that. Let me look, instead, at the sweet face of my sister, as she sits looking at her children, with the old lustre in her eyes, the old dewy smile on her lips; hardly less a child in all that makes childhood lovely, than when *she* too made daisy-chains, or peered with wondering eyes into the wild-bee's nest, as they are doing now.

Let me look upon the broad landscape spread before my eyes under the clear heavens, where float, or lie cumulose, clouds exceeding white, as if in excess of some mysterious joy that extils itself in radiant purity most absolute. Widely stretch the woods, over which hovers the misty prescience of the coming autumn; and emerald fields slope to the valley, where winds the streamlet, clear and shining as light, and, like light, glancing and flickering through the foliage of the trees that bend beside it. And beyond, there is the glory and rejoicing of the harvest; ripe and rich it sways in the sunshine, like an amber sea; and larks are singing overhead, as if giving utterance to the fulness of a dumb human soul.

It is a beautiful world; divine love is with it, divine blessings are lavished on it, and it is beautiful, and good, and holy. And life, too, is holy and precious, while God watches over it. Let us come forth, then, we that have known sorrow, or even now are suffering from some hidden pain, that we think is ceaseless as it is venomous; and let us look into the beauty of the world He made, and learn the sacredness of the life He has given.

And if life for you and for me holds not happiness, it may yet hold something that is better, that even our humanity may rise to recognise as better.

So, let us look it in the face, and travel on the way that is appointed for us to go.

HENRY COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS OF HIS OWN TIME.*

This is a volume which will be read with intense pleasure in Scotland, and may prove agreeable to many beyond that limit. It is composed of the recollections of a bright-spirited, genial-hearted man, who was through many years the most generally beloved citizen of Edinburgh. It contains his recollections of the men and things among whom and which he moved as an advocate at the Scottish bar, during the era of the French Revolution, and subsequent years, whilst independent political opinion was just beginning to emancipate itself from reactionary restraint in this country. Of course, the details are provincial; but the whole political and literary life of our country is not confined to London: a second, or even a third rate British city is also worthy of some attention, as exemplifying the progress of the entire social system.

The volume before us would in itself establish this proposition, if anything were required to do so. Mr Cockburn found Scotland as a country under a pro-consul, and he left it full of vital public feeling and action. This is a kind of revolution which would be well worth describing, and which might well justify that fearful thing, the writing and publishing of a book. The present volume, however, does more than this, for it likewise exhibits the transition from an old to a modern style of manners, which went hand in hand with other changes. All this it does with a *bonhomie* and playfulness truly charming, and which will make most readers only regret that the chronicle is so brief.

The book is externally a loose kind of autobiography—that is to say, it states things chiefly as they occurred to the author's observation in the course of his life. As a well-connected man, he starts amongst the relics

of old aristocracy and *noblesse de robe*; and there he is rich in descriptions of venerable dowagers, stiff dancing-parties, and old-fashioned suppers. Here, for instance, is his picture of two of those ancient dames, Lady Don and Mrs Rothead of Inverleith. 'They had both shone,' he says, 'first as hooped beauties in the minuets, and then as ladies of ceremonies, at our stately assemblies; and each carried her peculiar qualities and air to the very edge of the grave; Lady Don's dignity softened by gentle sweetness, Mrs Rothead's made more formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity.'

'Except Mrs Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the lady of Inverleith. She would sail, like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves. The descent from her carriage, too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry-coloured coach, spacious, but apparently not too large for what it carried—though she alone was in it; the handsome jolly coachman and his splendid hammercloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step: these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the lady came down, and touched the earth. She presided in this imperial style over her son's excellent dinners, with great sense and spirit, to the very last day almost of a prolonged life.'

'Lady Don—who lived in George Square—was still more highly bred, as was attested by her polite cheerfulness and easy elegance. The venerable faded beauty, the white well-coiled hair, the soft hand sparkling with old brilliant rings, the kind heart, the affectionate manner, the honest gentle voice, and the mild eye, account for the love with which her old age was surrounded. She was about the last person, so far as I recollect, in Edinburgh who kept a private sedan-chair. Hers stood in the lobby, and was as handsome and comfortable as silk, velvet, and gilding could make it. And when she wished to use it, two well-known respectable chairmen, enveloped in her livery cloaks, were the envy of their brethren. She and Mrs Rothead both sat in the Tron Church; and well do I remember how I used to form one of the cluster that always took its station to see these beautiful relics emerge from the coach and the chair.'

One of his general remarks on that old society is noticeable—that people who were unexceptionably pious, were much less strict and exacting about religious observance than they are now, the leading evangelical divine of his day, for instance, having friends at supper every Sunday evening. Another is not less remarkable, that while there was more formality in that society, there was also greater real coarseness. Some ancient practices seem to have been a pure oppression. 'Healts and toasts,' says our author, 'were special torments. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. It was thought sottish and rude to take wine without this—as if, forsooth, there was nobody present worth drinking with. I was present, about 1803, when the late Duke of Buccleuch took a glass of sherry by himself at the table of Charles Hope, then Lord Advocate and this was noticed afterwards

* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

as a piece of ducal contempt. And the person asked to take wine was not invited by anything so slovenly as a look, combined with a putting of the hand upon the bottle, as is practised by near neighbours now. It was a much more serious affair. For one thing, the wine was very rarely on the table. It had to be called for; and in order to let the servant know to whom he was to carry it, the caller was obliged to specify his partner aloud. All this required some premeditation and courage; hence timid men never ventured on so bold a step at all, but were glad to escape by only drinking when they were invited. As this ceremony was a mark of respect, the landlord, or any other person who thought himself the great man, was generally graciously pleased to perform it to every one present. But he and others were always at liberty to abridge the severity of the duty by performing it by platoons. They took a brace, or two brace, of ladies or of gentlemen, or of both, and got them all engaged at once, and proclaiming to the sideboard: "A glass of sherry for Miss Dundas, Mrs Murray, and Miss Hope, and a glass of port for Mr Hume, and one for me," he slew them by coveys. And all the parties to the contract were bound to acknowledge each other distinctly. No nods, or grins, or indifference; but a direct look at the object, the audible uttering of the very words—"Your good health," accompanied by a respectful inclination of the head, a gentle attraction of the right hand towards the heart, and a gratified smile. And after all these detached pieces of attention during the feast were over, no sooner was the table cleared, and the after-dinner glasses set down, than it became necessary for each person, following the landlord, to drink the health of every other person present, individually. Thus, where there were ten people, there were ninety healths drunk. This ceremony was often slurred over by the bashful, who were allowed merely to *look* the benediction; but usage compelled them to look it distinctly, and to each individual. To do this well, required some grace, and consequently it was best done by the polite ruffled and frilled gentlemen of the olden time.

'This prandial nuisance' was horrible. But it was nothing to what followed; for after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called "*rounds*" of toasts; when each gentleman named an absent lady, and each lady an absent gentleman, separately; or one person was required to give an absent lady, and another person was required to match a gentleman with that lady, and the pair named were toasted, generally with allusions and jokes about the fitness of the union. And, worst of all, there were "sentiments." These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. A faint conception of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times, and which, indeed, I only recollect from their being favourites. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his, or for her, sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning." Or, "May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age." Or, "Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds." "May the honest heart never feel distress." "May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow." "May never worse be among us." There were stores of similar reflections; and for all kinds of parties, from the elegant and romantic, to the political, the municipal, the ecclesiastic, and the drunken. Many of the thoughts and sayings survive still, and may occasionally be heard at a club or a tavern. But even there they are out of vogue as established parts of

the entertainment; and in some scenes nothing can be very offensive. But the proper *sentiment* was a high and pure production; a moral motto; and was meant to dignify and grace private society. Hence, even after an easier age began to sneer at the display, the correct course was to receive the sentiment, if not with real admiration, at least with decorous respect. Mercifully, there was a large known public stock of the odious commodity, so that nobody who could screw up his nerves to pronounce the words, had any occasion to strain his invention. The conceited, the ready, or the reckless, hackneyed in the art, had a knack of making new sentiments applicable to the passing accidents, with great ease. But it was a dreadful oppression on the timid or the awkward. They used to shudder, ladies particularly—for nobody was spared, when their turn in the *round* approached. Many a struggle and blush did it cost; but this seemed only to excite the tyranny of the masters of the craft; and compliance could never be avoided, except by more torture than yielding. There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon, in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning, he came out with—"The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake." It is difficult for those who have been born under a more natural system to comprehend how a sensible man, a respectable matron, a worthy old maid, and especially a girl, could be expected to go into company only on such conditions.'

The virtual *proconsul* of Scotland was Henry Dundas, Lord Viscount Melville, who happened to be uncle by marriage to Mr Cockburn. The nephew was early drawn into the ranks of the opposite party, which, however, at that time consisted of merely a handful of clever young barristers; as Jeffrey, Horner, and others. There was then no popular representation; there were no popular institutions, no independent newspapers, no political meetings or demonstrations. All was close, and under the direct check of the government. 'Nothing,' says Mr Cockburn, 'was viewed with such horror as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken a part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood or inaccuracy of spies; and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. As a *body to be deferred to*, no public existed. Opinion was only recognised when expressed through what were acknowledged to be its legitimate organs; which meant its formal or official outlets. Public bodies, therefore, might speak each for itself; but the general community, as such, had no admitted claim to be consulted or cared for. The result, in a nation devoid of popular political rights, was, that people were dumb, or if they spoke out, were deemed audacious. The wishes of the people were not merely despised, but it was thought and openly announced, as a necessary precaution against revolution, that they should be thwarted. I knew a case, several years after 1800, where the seat-holders of a town-church applied to government, which was the patron, for the promotion of the second clergyman, who had been giving great satisfaction for many years, and now, on the death of the first minister, it was wished that he should get the vacant place. The answer, written by a member of the cabinet, was, that the single fact of the people having interfered so far as to express a wish, was conclusive against what they desired; and another appointment was instantly made.' Mr Cockburn

details, with much natural exultation, the steps by which his countrymen were emancipated from this system, and thus supplies much valuable matter for future history. We turn, however, to other matters—the lifelike portraiture of the old lawyers of his young days.

And first Hermand, a tall lank judge, of most original characteristics, and an *intensity of temperament* which made him do everything in a wild explosive way, quite peculiar to himself. Of this worthy we learn that he was not only, like most of his contemporaries, one who could drink much, but an admirer of toying. 'He had,' says Mr Cockburn, 'a sincere respect for drinking.' He regarded it as a virtue for its effect in promoting good-humour, as sung by the poets. 'Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer-night over their punch. In the morning, a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when, by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and, very properly, he was sentenced to only a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"'

As another trait of the over-indulgent habits of the age, now scarcely credible—'At Edinburgh, the old judges had a practice at which even their barbaric age used to shake its head. They had always wine and biscuits *on the bench*, when the business was clearly to be protracted beyond the usual dinner-hour. The modern judges—those I mean who were made after 1800, never gave into this; but with those of the preceding generation, some of whom lasted several years after 1800, it was quite common. Black bottles of strong port were set down beside them on the bench, with glasses, carafes of water, tumblers, and biscuits; and this without the slightest attempt at concealment. The refreshment was generally allowed to stand untouched, and as if despised, for a short time, during which their lordships seemed to be intent only on their notes; but in a little, some water was poured into the tumbler, and sipped quietly, as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water: till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over; after which the thing went on regularly, and there was a comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery. The strong-headed stood it tolerably well, but it told, plainly enough, upon the feeble. Not that the ermine was absolutely intoxicated, but it was certainly sometimes affected. This, however, was so ordinary with these sages, that it really made little apparent change upon them. It was not very perceptible at a distance; and they all acquired the habit of sitting and looking judicial enough, even when their bottles had reached the lowest ebb. This open-court refectory did not prevail, so far as I ever saw, at circuits; it took a different form there. The temptation of the inn frequently produced a total stoppage of business; during which all concerned—judges and

counsel, clerks, jurymen, and provosts, had a jolly dinner; after which they returned again to the transportations and hangings. I have seen this done often. It was a common remark that the step of the evening procession was far less true to the music than that of the morning.'

There was a certain Lord Eskgrove, a most ludicrous personage, whose being chief of the criminal court so lately as the beginning of this century is a fact which there is some difficulty in believing. Walter Scott took an endless pleasure in reporting and mimicking Eskgrove. Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went. He had a curious way of accenting and dividing certain words. 'As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life; but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's!"'

'In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty: "Young woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face." . . .

'A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this: "And so, gentlemen, having shewn you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossible, I shall now proceed for to shew you that it is extremely improbable."

'He rarely failed to signalise himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, "whatever your religious persuasion may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persuasion at all, there are plenty of reverend gentlemen who will be most happy for to shew you the way to yternal life."

'He had to condemn two^a or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hamesucken—of which last he gave them the etymology; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax: "All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to their dinner!"'

We are called by considerations as to space to shut this agreeable volume, before exhausting half the quaint droll descriptions we had marked off for notice.

SKY-MIST VERSUS STAR-MILK.

THIS is a very curious cause, which is at the present time on for trial before the High Court of Science. The forensic strife involved in it could scarcely have been more protracted if the arena of the struggle had been the High Court of Chancery itself. There is, however, a fair measure of excuse for the delay, seeing that many of the witnesses examined have had to come millions upon millions of miles before they could give their evidence. A short time ago, a noble advocate nearly carried the court by a clever ruse, for all at once he unexpectedly brought in a vast crowd of these far-fetched strangers, to bear testimony on the Star-milk side, introducing them through a gigantic tube that he had cunningly contrived for their conveyance. A ready antagonist, however, neutralised this stroke of strategy by immediately printing and circulating among

the jury an anonymous appeal, very plausibly concocted from 'misty' words, and therefore no less cunningly adapted to tell the opposite way. I, as an individual, chance to be impannelled on this case; and as I see that the period is a long way off when the court will consider itself prepared to deliver judgment, I have made up my mind to communicate to the public a few notes that I have drawn up for my own guidance in the complicated affair, and also to let them into the secret that I have very good reasons for foreseeing which way the decision will ultimately go.

It appears, then, that some long time since, certain suspicious characters were apprehended by a telescopically armed detective police wandering about space, seemingly idle vagrants without any business or occupation upon their hands. The knowing and sagacious magistrates before whom these vagrants were brought, after a full and close investigation, were satisfied that they were really harmless and orderly creatures, only somewhat light in the head, and of a flighty turn: as, therefore, they were held to be alike destitute of weight, either for good or evil, it was thought as well that they should not be meddled with, but should simply have a wary eye kept upon their behaviour—that they should be suffered to 'move on,' but nevertheless be kept in a sort of honourable surveillance. In fine, it was settled that these flighty wanderers were merely simple whiffs of Sky-mist, drifting up into the neighbourhood of the sober earth, and then whisking round it and plunging back into the realms of the far immensity. Some of them were found to be of vast size, and to sport tails millions of miles long; yet there was no doubt that even these voluminous forms had not more substance in them than might be easily squeezed into a snuff-box. A bullet expanded and scattered into vapour so thin, that it could fill spaces many many times larger than the huge earth—such really seemed to be the type of the nature of these misty forms. The detectives who first became familiar with their appearance, observed that they commonly wore long dishevelled hair shaken loosely out from their heads, and hence gave them generically the distinctive appellation of 'hairy vagrants' or 'comets.'

The discovery of these long-haired vagrants was immediately attended with one memorable result. It was allowed to be a proof that, as well as solid worlds—material lumps—there are such things as mist-balls drifting in space; vapour-spheres, or atmospheres, that had no world-kernels within; globes and lengthened ellipsoids, gigantically bigger than earths, and yet made of such attenuated material that faint stars could be seen shining quite through them. It was held to demonstrate that vapour, almost ethereally evanescent in its thinness, could exist without there being any solid foundation arranged beneath or within to serve as a nucleus of support, and could be made visible, as the subtle curl-cloud of the still summer-evening is made visible when it is bathed in illuminating sunshine. The recognition of sky-mist as an absolute entity in nature's scheme, dates from the period of the first apprehension and magisterial examination of comets prowling about the earth.

But it is from this period, too, that the curious dispute under notice also dates its origin; for after the cases of the long-haired vagrants of the sky had been magisterially and summarily disposed of, the detectives to whom the task of surveillance had been intrusted, were soon put to their wits' ends by desecrating, scattered in the obscurity in all directions around, innumerable other misty objects, which seemed at the first glance to belong to the fraternity of the vagrants, but which were found upon further observation obviously not to do so. So far from being given to vagabond habits, they never even shifted their relative positions amongst the stars by so much

as a hairbreadth, and none of them ever came one jot nearer to the earth. What, then, could be the nature of these seemingly contradictory anomalies? Were their affinities with sky-mist; or were they more ponderous bodies, charged with more momentous destinies in creation's plan? Did they not belong, rather, to the phalanx of star-hosts made *galactic* or *milky* by distance? Here was ample ground for an issue to be raised in this theatre of strife, where men are so eager for conflict. One party, who believed themselves to be the representatives of star-absentees, claimed the newly found objects forthwith in behalf of their clients. But another sect, who held vested interests in all 'misty' things, demurred to this claim, and asserted an antagonistic right. It was very soon proved that many of the sky-strangers were unquestionably clustered stars, for when very large telescopes were directed towards them, their mistiness was dissipated into a glorious group of miniature suns twinkling in the darkness. But others of them still looked only so much the more misty and mysterious, when subjected to the same treatment, and so left plausible room for the mist-advocates to say: 'These, at least, we claim for our own. See! they are not like to their star-group companions. They are sky-mist, and nothing else. On the shores of the far immensity there are mist-islands, which neither the magic of Herschel nor of Lord Rosse can change into anything else. In behalf of these irresolvable objects, so true to the mist-cause, we demand a verdict, and in their behalf a verdict we must have.'

'Not so,' was the answer of their antagonists. 'It is true that with our finest instruments we have failed to shew that these particular objects are clustering stars. But neither have you shewn that they are vapour. Can you exhibit more remote stars shining through them, as you can through the filmy comets? Can you prove that they are as flighty, and as devoid of gravitating energy, as those bodies? Quite the contrary. You can demonstrate nothing, saving that you know not what you see when you look at them. We, on the other hand, have this significant fact on our side: hitherto, with every increase in the size, and with every improvement in the construction of our telescopes, we have brought new star-clusters into sight out of your specks of sky-mist. The advance of optical science has continually deprived you of more and more of your mist, and has given us more and more stars. Those last specks that remain to you wear still the aspect of sky-mist only because our telescopes are not yet large enough to accomplish their exhibition in their true character. The day, however, will come when we shall be able to do so by the aid of yet grander instruments than we now possess. On account, therefore, of our own strength in what we have done, and of your weakness in what you cannot do, the verdict must be for us. We claim those obscure and mysterious specks on the ground of their close and obvious affinity to objects that avowedly belong to us. They are not sky-mist; they are clustering stars, grouped together in glorious companionship, although they cannot be seen from the earth to be so, even by telescopes six feet across. They are sidereal galaxies—star-clusters whose splendours are softened into "milky" haze through stupendous distance; and they must be allowed, by anticipation, to take their places as such.'

In this plea, there can be no doubt the star-advocates have large measure of reason. Up in the sky, beneath the three-gemmed line which is called the belt of Orion, resting in the dark field as if it were a drop of expiring star-phosphorescence let fall from the central one of those twinklers, there is a faint speck of misty light, just visible to the naked eye, and looking to it very much like a filmy comet. When this nebula of Orion is viewed by a large telescope, it assumes an

appearance of inconceivable magnificence: its light then becomes very brilliant, and its form very vast; but its shape is rendered only so much the more mysterious and indescribable. Streamers of shining and almost silvery cloud curve and wind in all directions, growing insensibly paler as they extend outwards, and finally fading into darkness, no one can say where. But the crowning wonder of the spectacle lies in the centre of this strange hieroglyphic of the heavens. There huge caverns of absolute blackness are literally dug out through the phosphorescent mass. The eye fixes upon them as vast holes of voidness hollowed through the 'milky' light, and is sensible that for once it is looking at nothing. The contrast afforded by the mingling of these blank negative spaces with the brilliant light streaks in one field of view—this scrolling together of vague darkness with silvery splendour in a single shield, constitutes one of the most magnificent exhibitions nature has ever brought before the eye of man.

Near the centre of this wonderful piece of gorgeous sky-blazonry, six little twinkling stars shine with a clear blue sparkle, arranged in the form of an irregular rhomb; besides these, there are a few other stars scattered here and there in front of the curling and waving streaks of phosphorescence; but with these exceptions, all the rest of the light is starless, or at least was so until very recently. The finest telescopes of the past day failed entirely in the attempt to unveil the Isis that is hidden behind the mysterious web. On this account, the object was selected as the very keep and stronghold of the mist-cause. Now, however, all this has been changed. Upon a memorable night, but a few years since, Lord Rosse chanced to turn his six-foot-wide telescope upon this refractory luminosity under especially favourable circumstances, and, to his surprise, he at once saw in many parts of it a perfect blaze of clustered star-points, where such had never been detected before. Professor Bond of the United States has subsequently been able to confirm the observation of Lord Rosse: there is no longer any question about the matter. The Orion hieroglyphic has failed the Mist-cause, and has recorded its testimony on the Star-milk side. It is undeniably one enormous galaxy of densely crowded stars, much more vast than the galaxy that is seen by night immediately surrounding the earth.

When the mist-men were deprived of this weighty argument, they changed their tactics altogether, and turned their backs upon a hemisphere that had proved so unfavourable to their efforts. They determined that they would go where at least Lord Rosse's troublesome instrument could work them no further damage, and where their antagonists would be at great disadvantage, unless they, too, undertook a long and tedious voyage. They moved to the other side of the world, and there fixed upon two patches of sky-phosphorescence, known to astronomers under the name of 'Magellan's Clouds,' because the great navigator Magellan had been the first to remark them when he sailed into the Southern Seas. These they determined should be the successors of the false light of Orion: they examined them very closely; and then they came back and swore that here at least there was unmistakable sky-mist. They measured the largest of these clouds, and found it to be about 160 times as large again as the moon; then they scrutinised it with the best telescopes they were able to command, and noticed that it was composed, in the first place, of some hundreds of tolerably bright stars; and, in the second place, of filmy light rolled and spread around them, in some places as isolated balls, and in others as broad sheets and streaks. In this filmy light they averred no star-point could anywhere be discerned: they counted nearly 300 distinct mist-balls, besides the outlying and intermeshing streams and films by which

these were enveloped, all apparently closely associated with the clustering stars.

Now, it is urged that in this remarkable object of the southern sky, there is obviously luminous sky-mist packed closely around distinct stars. The stars can be discerned by telescopes of fair average power; but the surrounding filmy light gives no token of starry nature, even to the most penetrating telescopes that can be directed towards it. Either the filmy light must be stars at least fifty times as far away as those which can be discerned, or it must be luminous mist, which no legerdemain could convert into stars, wrapped closely around them. The former supposition, however, involves the notion that there is a sort of column of stars fifty times as long as it is broad, commencing with the brightest of the visible luminaries, and extending directly away from the earth quite to the irresolvable cloud-balls and streaks. In the face of such a stupendous columnar difficulty, it is contended, the far more probable alternative of the existence of real comet-like sky-mist associated with the stars must be preferred.

Upon putting this argument into the scales, and weighing it fairly, it appears that it really possesses some moment; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that very improbable arrangements, of an exceptional and unique character, actually are made in the heavens. There would be nothing more surprising in such an elongated star-column, than there is in the wonderful thin ring that surrounds the planet Saturn; or than there is in the shoal of fragmentary planetoids that whirl so eccentrically through the planetary spaces between Mars and Jupiter. The Magellanic clouds, therefore, must be held for the present to do nothing more than 'give pause' to the question, and keep the round-table—the jury and the judge—upon their mettle; but I, for my own part, do not care one straw about them. Let Lord Rosse once get his glance into them, and they will follow their Orion analogue. My mind—speaking in a jury-sense—is unalterably fixed. They may lock me up, if they like, for a quadrillion of centillion of years, I shall stand out, if necessary, until they have sent for yet more witnesses to the other side of the universe. As a jurymen, I have a conscience; and as a reasonable being, I have common sense. The Mist must be put out of court: I can only agree to a verdict for Star-milk. As, however, I have undertaken the task of enlightening public opinion in the matter, I suppose I must do my work thoroughly, and tell why it is that I am so firmly resolved.

When sky-mist, in the form of a comet, moves away from the earth, it gets fainter and fainter, until at last it 'goes out' to sight while it still retains an appreciable size. The greatest distance at which cometic wanderers have ever been seen, even by the telescope, falls short of the distance of the nearest fixed star by *nine million of millions of miles*. This fact has been put in on evidence, and is fully admitted on all hands. Now, at this distance, comet-vapour disappears, solely on account of its paleness, and not on account of its mass getting too small to be seen. It is extinguished to vision, because its light is too weak any longer to reach the observer's eye with sufficient energy to excite perception of its presence. But these fixed galactic sky-specks are, at the very lowest estimate, *further away than the nearest fixed star*; that, too, stands recorded in evidence. Is it, then, within the bounds of rational probability, that thin filmy mist, which cannot be seen on account of faintness, with powerful telescopes, while within cometic range, can nevertheless be seen with the naked eye—as the Orion nebula can—when nine million of millions of times (9,000,000,000,000) further away? It is not within the bounds of rational probability. On the other hand, it is so far beyond those bounds, that I, as a rational creature, cannot admit it to be even possible.

There may be whiffs of sky-mist visible, just round the corner and over the way of the terrestrial station, so to speak; but whiffs of sky-mist cannot be seen by human eyes on the far horizon of the infinite universe. Those light-specks on the distant shores of the awful immensity are not sky-mist—they are glorious galaxies—milky in consequence of their remoteness, but none the less surely comprising, within their inconspicuous forms, clustering suns as magnificent as man's own brilliant luminary, and more numerous than the twinkling stars are in man's nocturnal sky. The countless sand-grains of the shores of the universe are gorgeous suns.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THE subject of this paper occurred to me in the following manner:—I had paid my Hansom cabman, who had brought me to the Paddington station, his precisely correct fare—it being a weakness of mine, contrary to the general custom, to give cabmen, in common with other honest folk, their dues, and not to present them with that sixpence in addition which is the silver medal awarded to ferocity by fear: I had paid him, I say, and he had held the money, as a matter of course, in the palm of his horny hand, and demanded 'What was that for?' as though there was no such thing as a table of cab-fares in the world; and I had replied—there being plenty of time before the train started—by entering into the supply and demand question in general, and the charge and convenience of street-locomotion in particular, just as Mr Macculloch might have done, which I find to be a nice little annoying plan with cabmen, and better than the very strongest language, which, indeed, has no more effect on them than port-wine-and-water upon an opium-eater. When I had finished a rather elaborate treatise upon this subject, which I hope enlarged his mind, I shewed him *Moggs on Distances*, which convinced it. He climbed up slowly like some ungainly parrot into his perch, with his horny fingers itching for a personal assault on me, I know, and grunted out: 'You a gentleman!' There was no doubt, by his tone and manner, that the expression was elliptical, and meant that I was not a gentleman. They were so intensified and pregnant with emphasis, that he seemed to say: 'Well, of all the fraudulent imitations and absurd parodies upon a gentleman that ever I saw, you, my fare, are the most transparent and the least like life. You a gentleman!'

'My dear sir,' said I, with a blandness, I flatter myself, scarcely exceeded by that of the present First Lord of the Treasury—'who ever said I was?'

The man drove rapidly away without reply. This circumstance afforded me food for reflection all the way down to Devonshire: it set me thinking upon what a gentleman is supposed by different classes of people to be and not to be; how almost everybody has a particular and private account of him to give; how, despising each other's definitions most profoundly as we do, we still don't like to be left out of our neighbour's catalogue; and, finally, how we are deterred, by various shibboleths and empty phrases, from doing what is natural and right, whereof 'not gentlemanly' is perhaps the chief. The Hansom cabman had done wisely in concentrating his sarcastic feelings in that form of words he used; and had I not happened to be a philosopher—which my all-round collar and light-coloured kid-gloves put him far from suspecting—I should have been aggrieved and imposed upon. But what did the insult amount to in other words? That I was not in the habit of throwing away my money upon undeserving objects; or that, having it to spare, I did not use it to the detriment and discomfort of future travellers poorer than myself.

I am afraid that this term 'gentleman' is mostly

applied by the lower classes to those of their superiors who are most lavish and extravagant. When the last scions of the noble house of Fitzplantagenet, in the play, are compelled to remove from their ancestral hall into furnished apartments in the same neighbourhood, and that insolent ironmonger, Bodgkins, reigneth in their stead, it is customary for the villagers to deny him any title of respect, and to remain unchangeable in their devotion to the fallen race: but we don't find this at all true upon the stage of the world. As long as Bodgkins scatters his coin broadcast, he need not fear any rivalry; but becoming prudent, it is natural enough that he should meet with unpleasant comparisons. 'He a gentleman! Noa, noa; there's nothing loike blood'—except money. When I heard from our parish-clerk concerning the double marriage of the squire's two sons, the elder of whom had made what is called a good match, and the younger married the governess—that Master George was well enough, but that Master Harry was 'twice the gentleman'—I had an immediate suspicion that the one had given him half a sovereign after the ceremony, and the other a whole one—which, indeed, was true.

The middle classes—by which everybody means the class that is below himself—are very tenacious of this title. 'A gentleman of my acquaintance,' they say, 'was telling me,' &c., instead of 'A man I know,' or 'A friend of mine,' as it is expressed by the higher ranks. The Chartist, almost without exception, begins his speech with 'Gentlemen.' Upwards in the social scale the word gets many a new meaning; but the leading idea is still that of pecuniary superiority. At the great public schools, it is not considered quite 'gentlemanly' among the boys to be 'upon the foundation' at all, although the school was intended for such, and for such only; and the town-boys who get their education a little cheaper are called for that reason 'clods.' The 'gentleman' commoners of the university are not better born than the rest of their college-companions; but they are richer; the countryman whose ancestors have come over with William the Conqueror, and who has fat beeves and bursting barns in plenty, is still denied this title in full, unless he has property independent of his farm. His gentlemanliness is mitigated; he is a 'gentleman-farmer.'

In cities, this term is considered somewhat fanciful, and is certainly less cared for: the 'gent.' is not indignant at being so designated; he thinks it short—he doesn't know *how* short—for 'gentleman.' In society, a man who was otherwise unexceptionable, and possessed of all the virtues, and who could give most cogent and unanswerable reasons for preferring a cap to a hat, would certainly be not a gentleman if met in Regent Street with a cap on. He would also be deprived of that honourable name if he were seen eating fish by help of a knife, and not, at the hazard of choking himself, with an unpleasant piece of bread, that he does not know whether to eat or drop after each mouthful. A man of high title may do, however, pretty much as he likes. He certainly may commit an incredible amount of vicious actions without losing this designation; and, on the other hand, a man of humble fortunes, however worthy, scarcely ever has it bestowed upon him even by the wisest. One of our coldest-hearted and most profligate princes was denominated by this same 'society' for years the first 'gentleman' in Europe. When, therefore, we hear ourselves or others proclaimed to be 'gentlemen' or 'no gentlemen,' we should consider, before being flattered or annoyed, who says it, and what he or she is likely to mean.

'He is not a gentleman, you know,' says Lieutenant Chifney of the Heavies, who can't spell, and whose father keeps a livery-stable. 'Why, bless you, he gives drawing-lessons!'

'A gentleman?—oh, dear no,' says the rector's wife. 'The man is a dissenter!'

'A worthy man—very much so,' says the squire. 'But did you never hear it? Ah! his father was a wool-stapler!'

'What is a pound?' was a question that puzzled the national wisdom, as discovered by franchise, a good deal.

'What is respectability?' remained unanswered until this present century, wherein it was described in a court of law to be the keeping a gig.

'What is a gentleman?' still stands unresolved. Like genius, it is in truth to be well discerned by rare and sympathising souls, but not to be defined. Johnson, with his dictionary account of it: 'A man of birth,' satisfies nobody, and least of all, perhaps, the men of birth.

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, through all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown—
The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale.

The bard sings truly; and indeed the poets, as it should be, seem to know most about this matter. How hard, how rare a thing it is, they understand, to hear

Without abuse
The grand old name of 'gentleman'
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use—

how to no nature, however high, can this word be applied unduly or irreverently. 'The best of men,' writes Dekker—

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true *gentleman* that ever breathed.

Let us all, of every rank, then, take Him for our model, and in no respect shall we so go wrong.

A PET JACK.

A friend sends us the following curious note from a self-taught naturalist in the Lake-district of England:—I have had him a very long time, but as the species is long lived, he has grown only an inch. He lives in an eight-gallon plate-glass tank, with plenty of nice stones and gravel to rub himself upon, and quite a little forest of growing aquatic plants to keep the water cool and fresh, and prevent the necessity of ever changing it. On these plants, dear little Johnny (he is only five inches long) rests and sleeps for hours. He is so tame that he allows me to stroke him. In his spring-dress, he is gorgeous when the sun shines on his mottled sides of green and gold. His companions in the tank (I will not call it a *prison*, because all is happiness) are minnows, gudgeon, stone-loach, a gold-fish, a perch, an eel, some mussels, some water-beetles, some larvæ of *sibellata*, and a young frog. Mr Jack eats a couple or so of these daily, making a preference in the order in which I have written them, and swallowing them whole at one bolt! His assumption of innocence after one of these living meals is so perfectly charming, that to help laughing is impossible. I gave 4d. for him, and now I would not sell him at all, though many half-crowns have been offered. He knows me quite well, and pushes his nose against the glass when he sees me. Now, is not this new kind of piscatory pleasure a much more humanising one than the old-fashioned kind, which consisted in hooking an innocent unsuspecting fish on a hook, tearing his tender gills to get the barbs out, and seeing his death-struggles?—*Scottish Guardian*.

NOBILITY OF LETTERS.

The professional classes constitute what, in the cant language of literature, is styled 'the aristocracy of intellect;' and it must be admitted, even by those who object to the introduction of the title *aristos* into the

republic of letters, that the body of professional men form by themselves a great intellectual clan—the tribe which is specially distinguished from all others by the learning, wisdom, or taste of its members, and the one, moreover, which in all philosophic minds cannot but occupy the *foremost* position in society. For, without any disposition to disparage those classes who owe their social pre-eminence either to their birth or their wealth, we should be untrue to our own class and vocation if we did not, without arrogance, claim for it—despite the 'order of precedence' prevalent at court—a position second to none in the community; and surely even those who feel an honourable pride in the deeds and glory of their ancestors, and they too, who, on the other hand, find a special virtue in the possession of inordinate riches or estates, must themselves allow that high intellectual endowments have an *intrinsic* nobility belonging to them, compared with which the *extrinsic* nobility of 'blood' or 'lands' is a mere assumption and pretence.—*Mayhew's Great World of London*.

A SPRING MORNING.

THERE is calm upon the ocean; with a low and gentle motion
Rise and fall its heaving billows, like a sleeping Titan's breast,
With the wild winds playing round him, where before the dawn they found him
Sleeping on his rocky pillow, and the father is at rest.

And his gray and hoary tresses, as the loved earth he caresses,
Fall around her with a murmur, and his face is bright with smiles;
And his wooing breath plays o'er her, as his might is hushed before her,
For he lieth in the bosom of the Mother of the Isles.

Fresh and glorious is the morning, in its gay and brave adorning,
And the keen and arrowy sunbeams shoot across the mountain-height
As the golden-tressed Day-giver, from his ever-filling quiver,
Pours them flashing all around him, in the glory of his might.

From the lake the breeze is sweeping o'er the waters silent sleeping—
Sweeping through the broad-leaved lilies—sweeping through the tangled reeds;
Then across the wide plain speeding, in the distance dim receding,
Perfume-laden from the blossoms, freighted with the ripened seeds.

Leaps the wild roe on the mountain; bursts the brooklet from its fountain;
From the forest comes the murmur of a million waving leaves;
Down the rocks the goat is springing; all the woods break forth in singing;
In the furrows lies the promise of a thousand golden sheaves;

And the honey-bees are humming, for the fair-haired spring is coming
With the sound of plashing waters, and the light of sunny skies—
With the dew of fitful showers on her crown of starry flowers,
And the warmth of summer glowing in her deep and violet eyes.

F. C. W.

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THE PRESS OF THE SEVEN DIALS.

THE region of the Seven Dials, to which we must introduce our friends, is unique in the topography of London. In a central area on what was once Cock and Pye Fields, in the parish of St Giles, seven narrow streets have their termini. A column formerly stood there, surmounted with sun-dials turning a face towards each street, and hence the name of the place. It was built in the reign of Charles I., and was for some time a place of fashionable repute; but it fell into ill odour more than a century ago: the column with the dials was then removed; and when the Irish, who had long held possession of a part of St Giles's, extended their Rookery to its immediate neighbourhood, Seven Dials lapsed into the possession of everybody and anybody who chose to tolerate their proximity. From the time of Gay, who describes it in his *Trivia*, down to the present hour, it does not appear to have much changed in character, though it has become immensely more populous with the increasing population of the capital, and its worst features have intensified in repulsiveness. At the present moment, order is maintained by an extra force of policemen, and the first symptoms of riot are summarily suppressed. The whole region of the seven streets, with the innumerable courts and channels of intercommunication, wears the aspect of a market crammed with merchandise not worth possessing. Monmouth Street, the rag-fair of the metropolis, stretches towards and overflows into it; and the odour of the filthy tatters, the mouldy leather and greasy disjecta, and the Cockney slang and explosive eloquence of the Jew-dealers, go to make up its smells and sounds. Every third shop is a marine-store or a depôt for rags and grease—each and all of them rivalling the rest in placarded announcements of what they will give for old lead, old brass, old copper, old pewter, old iron, old glass, or old bones. Here a profusion of cracked, smashed, and rickety furniture bursts out upon the pathway, and shuts out half the light from the next door, where two women are grinding away at a crippled mangle, and brawling and squabbling the while, heedless of the roar of a squalling urchin writhing on the floor with a broken head. Here a group of undeniable London thieves, lounging at the entrance of a court, are seen romping lazily with their dusty inamoratas, or more seriously employed in gambling for coppers at pitch-and-toss. Here the brazen-fronted gin-shop grins at its fellow over the way; and the votaries of both are swarming at the bar, where, as you peep in, the operations appear to be all conducted in dumb show, so deafening are the clack and the din. Here the trash-shop, with

its myriad of ballads, long songs, song-books, and pictured tragedies, attracts a group of idlers, three-fourths of them of the light-fingered juvenile gentry whose professional avocations commence with the gloaming. And here is the half-penny shaving-shop, that luxuriates, besides, in penny-cigars, modicums of pigtail, and screws of tobacco.

In this delectable locality, all unfavourable as it is to the Muses, are the head-quarters not only of the Seven Dials Press, whose productions surpass in number and popularity those of any other press in the kingdom, but, for the most part, also of the aspiring geniuses who furnish it with novelties at the demand of the moment, and distil their brains for the delectation of the mob. The Press, we are bound to say, is in good keeping with its surroundings the rag-shops, the fencing-kens, the crippled mangles, and the gin-shops—seeing that its literature is decidedly tattered, that three-fourths of its productions are stolen property, that both its verse and prose are crippled and mangled beyond cure, and that its philosophy is principally of the tipsy and staggering sort.

Foremost on the list of its productions stand the songs and ballads. Of these, the Seven Dials printer, who is his own publisher, professes to have, and perhaps really has, above five thousand different samples constantly on hand. On turning over a massive bundle, we find them to embrace lyrical selections from the works of Shakspeare, Herrick, Suckling, Rochester, Burns, Byron, Moore, Dibdin, Russell, Eliza Cook, and a number of other names well known in literature. Such selections, however, form but an exceedingly small proportion of the general stock, and have but a limited sale. They are mostly above the comprehension or the sympathies of the class which buys half-penny ballads; and even when they are not open to this objection, they are too tame and general for the relish of the multitude. The people must have piquancy and novelty; and it would seem to signify very little what is the subject of a song, provided it have these elements in its composition, and be sung or singable to a popular tune. In general, it is no recommendation to the unlettered singer that the grammar of his strain is good and the versification correct—these are excellences which he is not always qualified to appreciate: what he can appreciate are strong language and dramatic incident, the more striking and startling the better. The popular ballad, Seven Dials born, treats of all popular subjects—it is political, warlike, amatory—its incidents are now horrible murders and assassinations, now the funniest practical jokes, now ghostly apparitions, and now a stand-up fight: it plunges into questions of

morals and religion, of teetotalism, of sabbatarianism, of patriotism and legislation, and is diffuse and humanely indignant on the matter of wife-beating. Songs of this class, of which every week produces its quota of novelties, are written by men in the pay of the publishers, and not unfrequently by the publishers themselves. Very often the author of a new ballad is the man who first chants it about the streets; but oftener still he is a man whose chanting and pattering days are over, who has lost his voice and worn out his legs in the trade, and is reduced to his last shifts for a living. The established honorarium for a new song is a shilling, though eighteen-pence is sometimes given for something 'particular spicy.' This miserable payment is defended by the publisher on the ground that, whatever he pays for a song, he cannot make it his own. 'If I print a new song,' says he, 'on Wednesday, my neighbour is selling it on Thursday. How can I afford to pay for property which is at another man's use as much as it is at mine?'

The new song, when first published, appears on a quarter-sheet of crown-paper, and always in company with another older ditty, which is given into the bargain. In this shape it is sold by the street-chanters, who find out its value by an experiment of a few days on the London public. Hundreds of them in the course of a season are all but still-born, notwithstanding the noise they make in coming into the world, and fall into oblivion either from their own demerit, or from the rise of new subjects of greater interest. If a song stands the public ordeal, and finds favour with purchasers, it is immediately pirated; and the next shape in which it figures is as an item in those streaming fathoms of verse technically known as 'long songs,' in which as many as a hundred favourite ditties are sold for a penny, by the patterer posted on the kerb, who never troubles himself to sing them, but spends his breath the livelong day in recapitulating their titles. From such long strips the most successful songs are transferred, finally, to the song-books published in the Dials as serials, under no end of titles, and adorned with a supposititious portrait of some popular singer, or perhaps of the Queen or Prince Albert. Regarding these serials, we may remark that they have one curious characteristic, and that is, that the song most in vogue is inserted in every number.

The song-trade is always most flourishing in periods of public excitement, and there is nothing more conducive to its prosperity than a stirring and popular war. The palmy era for the muse of the Seven Dials was the time when Nelson was triumphant at sea—the years that followed, when the Duke overran the Peninsula—and especially the year of the crowning conquest at Waterloo. After the peace, song-chanting declined, and thousands of wandering-minstrels had to seek another occupation. True, the people had their songs and ballads; but three-fourths of the demand vanished with the war; and the songs upon home-subjects went but tamely off after the excitement of battle and heroic deeds. With the loss of public countenance, the chanter lost his confidence, and the rugged spirit and wit of the song-writer declined. Both were fast falling into contempt—the vagabond minstrel sank into a half-starved tatterdemalion, and became at once an object of commiseration and of comical travestie on the stage and those supplementary institutions of low comedy, the shades, the coal-holes and cider-cellars of the metropolis. This saved him from extinction, or from a fate as bad. It would not do to sing upon the stage or the platform of the cider-cellar the rubbish concocted by the Dials publisher, or the superannuated chanter he held in pay. So the dramatic authors of the day had to apply themselves to the task; and if popularity be a proof of success, they certainly succeeded to an extraordinary extent. They imitated the diction, the coarseness, the

unsophisticated outspokenness of the Diallians; but they informed their productions with such a vein of wit and humour and ridiculous comicality, as set all the world laughing and applauding. What is not so much to their credit is the fact, that they also blended the most ghastly terrors with flippant jocularity, and knew how to arrest the hilarious laugh with the shuddering chill of horror. These imitations of the Diallian songs are now very numerous, and of themselves form one of the oddest curiosities of literature. We have said that they rescued the chanter from comparative extinction; and they did so because the Seven Dials press, true to its principles, stole them all as fast as they came out, printed them in countless numbers on its crown-quarter sheets, sowed them broadcast in its long streamers, and stitched them up in its serials. The chanter finds them infinitely more popular than the works of his own poets, and the mob is never weary of laughing at them. We need only mention *Willikins and his Dinah*, *Billy Barlow*, *The Rat-catcher's Daughter*, and that dramatic, pathetic, and mysterious ballad which is so great a favourite on board the fleet, *Molly the Betrayed*, or *the Fog-bound Vessel*, the incidents of which are a murder, an appalling apparition, and a spell-bound ship, sung to the chorus of 'Doddle, doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow, chooral li la.'

Besides the chanters, who sing the songs through the streets of every city, town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom—the long-song seller, who shouts their titles on the kerb-stone—and the countless small shopkeepers, who in trash-shops, toyshops, sweet-stuff shops, tobacco-shops, and general shops, keep them as part of their stock, for the supply of the street-boys and the servant-girls—there is another important functionary engaged in their distribution, and who is well known to the inhabitants of large towns: this is the Pinner-up, who takes his stand against a dead-wall or a long range of iron-railing, and, first festooning it liberally with twine, pins up one or two thousand ballads for public perusal and selection. Time was when this was a thriving trade; and we are old enough to remember the day when a good half-mile of wall fluttered with the minstrelsy of war and love, under the guardianship of a scattered file of pinners-up, along the south side of Oxford Street alone. Twenty years ago, the dead-walls gave place to shop-fronts, and the pinners-up departed to their long homes. As they died out, no one succeeded to their honours and emoluments; and in place of the four or five score of them who flourished in London at the commencement of this century, it is probable that the most rigid search would hardly reveal a dozen in the present day. In the provincial towns, the diminution is not so marked; and there, from causes not difficult to explain, the pinner-up has been better able to hold his ground. This functionary, wherever he is found, is generally a superannuated artisan or discarded servant; and as he is necessarily exposed to all weathers, his costume usually consists of everything he can contrive to hang about him.

If the first care of the Seven Dials publisher is to cater for the chanter, the second is certainly to subserve the interests of the patterer. This genius, who has not at all a musical voice, yet boasts inexhaustible lungs, and can bawl in a crowd or patter at an arena-gate with perfect ease from one week's end to another. If he sings, it is with a companion in a humdrum way; and the cream of his song is found in the spoken dialogue with which the two interlard the stanzas. For these the Seven Dials press deals forth numerous romances of real life, cut from the columns of the newspaper, and appropriately garnished with gratuitous details calculated to make a sensation. Then it prints myriads of riddles and charades, contrived as vehicles of satire against statesmen and the government, which the patterer propounds with

a stolid face to the gaping crowd, and sets them in a roar by the comical solution after they have given it up. But it is under the scaffold and the gibbet the patterer reaps his largest gains. Time out of mind, the sale of last-dying speeches and 'sorrowful lamentations' has followed upon the capital punishment of the British criminal; and so strong is the morbid craving of the multitude for details connected with the gallows, that the sale of these gloomy sheets far exceeds that of any other production of the press throughout the world. If the legislature should put an end to capital punishment, they will at the same time destroy a species of traffic which yields an occasional harvest to thousands of vagabonds scattered through every part of the kingdom from John o' Groats to the Land's End. The annals of literature can boast no publication whose circulation equals that of the gallows-sheet. There never is a murder avenged by the law that does not call for its hundreds of thousands of impressions from the Seven Dials press. When the murder is a 'good'un'—that is, when it is marked by extra barbarity in the perpetration, or extra insensibility in the perpetrator—the impression approaches a million, or even exceeds that. The gallows-sheet of the wretched Rush, containing his 'sorrowful lamentation,' actually approximated to two millions and a half in number. Enough were sold to supply nearly one in ten of the entire population of the realm with a copy—a circumstance not very flattering to our ideas of the schoolmaster's progress.

The matter of these sheets is generally collected from the newspapers, the only addition being the 'sorrowful lamentation'—a copy of verses made to order for a shilling. Jemmy Catnach, for a long time the great Mæcenas and Elzevir of the Dials, when his bards happened to be tipsy, which was too often the case, was driven to write them himself. When hanging was a weekly ceremony, and the victims much more numerous than they have been latterly, the same copy of verses was made to do duty for a dozen different criminals—there was, in fact, no help for it, because the execution followed so quickly on the sentence. But when the law was passed which allowed a longer day, there was no excuse for second-hand verses, and each unfortunate had a ditty to himself. As executions have become less frequent, the impressions of the gallows-sheet have increased in number—which would seem to shew that the demand for this exceptional article is subject to the usual law.

But the gallows is not always a fruit-bearing tree, and a 'good murder' does not happen every day. Nevertheless, the patterer must live; and, lest the increase of public virtue should condemn him to starvation, the Seven Dials press steps forward to his aid, and considerably supplies him with—'cocks.' Perhaps the reader does not know what a 'cock' is. A cock, then, is a pleasing fiction—a romance of a startling and exciting character—a tale of scandal concerning some celebrated personage or aristocratic family—an olio of sorrowful loves, heart-rending horrors, and desperate revenges—anything, in short, that is violently interesting and touching, and has not an atom of foundation in fact. In the vulgar tongue, it is simply a lie; but the Diallyans are polite, and disguise the exceptionable term under the cognomen of the bird of dawn. With a good cock-crow, the patterer can do tolerably well; and with an assortment of them, to suit the several districts on his beat, he can do still better. Are you startled from your meditations, while making your toilet some morning, by a stentorian voice roaring along the terrace the 'halarming news, just arrived by he-lectric telegraph, of the hassassination of the Hemperor Napoleon by a hinferral machine—of the happrehension of the hassassin with his heyes blowed out of his ed—of the consternation of the city of Pairis;' and fifty other

things besides? Don't be agitated: it is only Scuffler. By the time you have done dressing, he will have mulcted your Betty and half the servant-maids of the terrace of a half-penny apiece—will have realised enough by the 'cock-a-doodle-doo' to buy him a substantial breakfast, which he will enjoy at his leisure, and afterwards sally forth to crow another cock for dinner. In the evening, just after sun-down, when the stars begin to blink through the fog, his tremendous voice will be heard reverberating along the quiet streets of the West End, with a 'full, true, and circumstantial account of the elopement of John Simkins, the ansome footman of Belgravyer, vith the markis's youngest daughter, and the narrer escape of the appy pair from the markis's eldest son, Colonel G—, vot started arter 'em vith sword and pistols—and shewin' how the colonel vas done at the Rugby station by the false intelligence prepared for him by the ansome John, and started on to Scotland by express; while the appy couple perseeded to Liverpool, and then sailed for Ameriker, vere they finally landed on the shores of love and liberty—the young 'ooman havin' a splendid fortin in her own right.' This is found to be a capital crow for the servants-hall and kitchen, and needs but a little vigour on the part of Scuffler to secure him a supper and a bed at any time. The crows for the working-classes must be of a little stronger flavour, and, to tell well, should be illustrated by a huge picture in flaming colours, and mounted on a pole, in which blood, fire, or phantom is the conspicuous feature. Now it is an earthquake, now a conflagration, now a horrible thunder-storm and shipwreck. In London, this species of illustratry cock is everlastingly on the alert—and crows, and crows, and crows, early and late, and all day long, in quarters judiciously selected—except when the falling rain declares war against the painted cartoon. The cock, like the ballad and the sorrowful lamentation, sells for a half-penny, but, in spite of all its crowing, not so readily; partly because it is objectionable to the police, who will not allow it to remain long on its perch, and partly for want of faith on the side of the mob, whom, in these days of cheap newspapers, it is not so easy to delude in the article of news.

We come now to notice the more solid staple of the Seven Dials press—what may be termed its classics, the production of which yields it steady employment during those reactionary periods and pauses of quiet which intervene between the recurring seasons of excitement. These classics comprise a numerous list of works which the generality of the reading public have long lost sight of; because among persons of intelligence they have been long supplanted by others which either are, or are supposed to be, infinitely better. We confess to a lurking partiality for some of them which the memories of childhood have rendered dear; while at the same time the great mass might be advantageously surrendered to oblivion. Among them will be found all those wonderful little books which formed almost the exclusive library of childhood in the days when we were children—Jack Spratt, Cock Robin, Mother Goose, Simple Simon, Goody Two-shoes, Mother Hubbard, *et hoc genus omne*—together with Books of Fate, Universal Dreamers, Universal Fortune-tellers, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Moll Flanders, and others of that type. They are all published at the lowest price—in large quarto for a penny, a smaller edition for a half-penny, and still smaller editions for a farthing; and they about equal in bulk the song-books at the same cost. To these must be added a selection of the old-fashioned school-books whose copyrights have run out, as the works of Vyse, Mavor, Walker, Carpenter; an immense issue of Christmas pieces flamingly coloured, of Twelfth-night characters, of Christmas carols, and Scripture

sheets or coloured pictures of sacred subjects; and last, not least, of valentines by the ton annually, varying in price from a half-penny to five shillings each. If to these we add almanacs, marine-store and rag-shop placards, which are always on sale, window-bills, poetry-cards, panoramic cuts and theatrical characters, we shall not be far from completing the catalogue of works issuing from the Dialian press.

We must be allowed here one word on the subject of Seven Dials art. Songs, ballads, books, lamentations, cock-crows—all are illustrated; and of a large proportion of the productions named above, the illustrations form the chief part, while some of them are entirely pictorial. Sir Joshua Reynolds once said that he was indebted for the *chiaro-scuro* of his well-known picture of Lord Ligonier to a wood-cut at the head of a ballad which he found on a dead-wall, and bought for a half-penny. It may have been that the engraving in question strayed into the Seven Dials after it had been worn out in the regular service: at any rate, the engravings on the sheet-ballads of the present day are a full century behind the march of improvement in that direction, and, in addition to being worn and ground to death by myriads of impressions, have generally the merit of being quite independent of the subject they are supposed to illustrate. Where they are new, they are plainly the attempts of tyros in the art, and are probably purchased at the prime cost of the wood on which they are engraved. There are a few exceptions, however. Now and then we meet with a spirited scene by Seymour, rivalling Cruikshank in his wildest humour; and there lies before us at this moment a portrait of the Rat-catcher's donkey, apparently dashed off with pen and ink in a furious hurry, and containing lines of which the most accomplished artist might be proud. The larger cuts which adorn the dying speeches and lamentations, the calamities and the crows, may be described in one word—they are all simply abominable. Those which figure as frontispieces to books and on the Christmas pieces are not much better; but when covered with flashy water-colours, they are gorgeous to the uneducated eye, and, being retailed at a low price, sell by thousands. Then there are the cheap valentines, which are monstrous caricatures, only comical when they are not disgusting, and which, fierce in red, blue, and green, are to be met with at the proper season in all the slums and trash-shops of the kingdom. The staff of artists must be pretty numerous, and the consumption of water-colours must be enormous in the Dials, taking all these productions into account, and reckoning also the huge cartoons exhibited by the cock-crower, and calamities, such as explosions, wrecks, earthquakes, floods, conflagrations, &c., without number, which are executed for shipwrecked and mutilated sailors, for car-borne cripples, for blasted miners and machine-crushed factory-workers—all of which are painted in the Seven Dials or its immediate purlieus.

We have but small space left for some few particulars and details of the literary trade of the Dials. From what has been shewn above, it would appear inexplicable, on the face of it, that in these days, when good and serviceable literature is so cheap and abundant, there should be found a paying market for what not only is unquestionable rubbish, but looks what it is, and scorns to assume the appearance of anything better. In point of real value, there is no comparison to be instituted between the pennyworth that issues from the Seven Dials and that sent forth at the same price by respectable publishers. The paper used by the Seven Dials press averages some four or five pounds' weight to the ream, instead of sixteen or seventeen pounds, which it should weigh to be of any permanent service, and in quality is so vile that no decent shopkeeper would condescend to use it to wrap up copper change. The print is indescribably villainous

—rarely legible for three lines together, and teeming with blunders and omissions where it is legible; and the matter is such as we have described above. What, then, is the secret of the large and continuous sale, and how does this refuse compete, and compete successfully, with matter infinitely better—double, treble, fivefold in quantity, and printed on good paper, with perfect correctness, and in an elegant form? 'Oh,' says the philosopher, 'the reason is plain enough—it is the corrupt taste of the masses, who will feed on garbage, and prefer it to wholesome mental food.' With all deference to the philosopher, and allowing his dogmas their due weight, we are of opinion that this oracular utterance leads but a little way towards the solution of the question. As practical inquirers, we look at facts, and we find this single one to be worth more than a bushel of theories: *The distributing-agent of the Seven Dials literature pockets as profit four-fifths of his receipts.* The chanter, the pinner-up, the cock-crower, the small shopkeeper—all buy their sheet-ballads, lamentations, crows, &c., at 2d. to 2½d. the long dozen. The trade thus yields the agent from 200 to 300 per cent. on his outlay; and this enormous profit he often doubles by charging a penny instead of a half-penny for his gallows-sheet, when this, as in the case of a 'good murder,' is in great request. Moreover, in the case of the ballads, a provision is made for this doubling process—two being printed on the quarter-sheet, which is oftener than not split up by the chanter at country wakes and fairs. Now, it is a truth pretty well established by experience, that rubbish and quackery of all kinds may be forced upon the public by persistent vehemence and vociferation. Were the literature we speak of subjected to the usual distributive agency, it would be all but still-born—would be rejected by booksellers, or, where received, would rot upon their shelves, and would speedily, from ceasing to be remunerative, become extinct. But, trumpeted as it is by hundreds of howling vagabonds and audacious wags in the ears of the ignorant populace, it creates its own market wherever it goes; and the Seven Dials press flourishes, thanks to its paternal care of its agents. Perhaps we ought in candour to add, that this judicious exercise of liberality is not confined to the Dials, and that it has been the foundation of greater fortunes than have ever been made within the precincts of that classical spot. We might refer to a well-known Family Bible, which was pushed by voluble touters into the cottage of the poor man and the simpleton, in sixpenny numbers, to the number of 40,000 copies—which cost the subscriber L.6, 6s. by the time it was completed, of which sum the proprietor received 40s., leaving more than double that amount to the distributors! And we might point to fifty works besides, circulated by the same machinery at the present moment, which cost the purchasers from two to three times their value in the market.

Another peculiarity in the Dials trade, and which must be a chief cause of its success, is, that all its transactions are for ready cash. Credit, and the fact is suggestive, is a word unknown in the Dials. From the ragged chanter to the bookselling country-agent, all must down with the cash *before* they receive the goods. Thus the Dials publisher has no bad debts; and, looking to the complexion of his wares, must make a brilliant profit in spite of the abnormal allowance to agents.

Of the amount of the Seven Dials trade in literature, but little is positively known, and statistics on this subject are hard to be got at. It has been estimated that about L.12,000 is thrown away annually by the people upon the sheets, half-sheets, and quarter-sheets emanating from this district; but what proportion this bears to the produce of its myriads of cheap books, is a question to which we can obtain no reliable

response. The average gains of the chanter and his confrères are from 7s. to 9s. a week, in ordinary seasons; but in seasons distinguished by the exploits of a Rush or a Manning, they will run up to five, or even ten times that amount while the excitement lasts. The pinner-up takes about L.60 a year, disbursing for his stock perhaps L.18. The shopkeeper is content with far less profit, as in places remote from the Dials he acts as middleman between the chanter and the publisher.

The known prosperity of the Dials press naturally provoked rivalry in other quarters; and Holywell Street, the Borough, Clerkenwell, even 'the Row' itself, have started in the race, with a similar species of literature at the same price. But the means they adopted to insure success have only insured their defeat—they printed too well—on paper too good, and could not in consequence leave so liberal a margin to the agent. So the chanter, who must look to his profits, leaves them in the lurch, and turns his face to the Dials when he is out of stock.

From the above sketch, it will be gathered that, with all our success in the diffusion of cheap literature, the Seven Dials press has never yet felt to any extent the effects of rivalry in its own peculiar field. Nor is it easy to see how, by anybody incommoded by a conscience, effectual rivalry can be established. One only consolation seems derivable from an investigation of the subject—and it is, that some advance is perceivable in the morality of the Dials productions—though the improvement is only negative. They are neither so rancorously seditious, nor so grossly indecent as we can recollect them to have been in times past.

THE NEW EDEN OF THE FAR WEST.

THERE is, sad to say, talk of a war with America, and some look forward to the possible result of such a conflict—namely, a separation of the southern from the northern States, through the operation of the slavery question. At such a time, it becomes important to mark the various symptoms of the moral war which already exists between the North and the South on that subject. The last grand demonstration, as is well known, arose from the settling of the new Territory of Kansas—a region of which most of our readers, we presume, are as ignorant as were the Americans themselves little more than a year ago. It was the desire of the South to take possession of this fine country, and convert it into a new pen for their slaves; while the North marched its thousands into the blooming waste to plant in it the standard of an equivocal liberty. Both parties were the more eager, that the act which organised Kansas as a Territory provided that when received into the Union, it should be a free or slave State according to its prevailing wishes at the time. It will be understood that this option was at variance with the law of Congress, called the 'Missouri Compromise,' by which it was ordained that slavery should never be extended to the north of 36° 30', and west of the state of Missouri. Should Kansas adopt slavery, the Missouri Compromise will consequently be violated—a contingency which the advocates of freedom now contend against as illegal and improper. To many, it will not be uninteresting to have a glimpse of this new field of a war of opinions, and thus be able to form some idea of the vast and still unexplored territorial resources of the American Confederation. We will take for our guide *A Journey through Kansas*, giving the results of a tour made in the autumn of 1854 by Messrs Boynton and Mason, a committee from the Kansas League of Cincinnati.*

A sufficiently clear idea will be formed of the position of Kansas, if we say that it extends from Missouri westward to New Mexico and Utah on the ridges of

the Rocky Mountains, and from Texas and the Indian Territory northward to Nebraska, another new Territory of nearly the same character as Kansas. In the eastern, or Missouri division, there are from 40,000 to 50,000 square miles, 'one vast undulating plateau, exceedingly fertile, and ready for the plough'... 'Add to this her central pasture-grounds and her New England regions on the west, making in all more than 120,000 square miles, and it will be seen that, with her coal and mineral resources in general, she has the elements of an empire state.'

On preparing to leave Missouri, our travellers came to what is a new object even in the American world, namely, a 'Squatter City.' It is called Leavenworth, and, in spite of government and treaties, is set down on the lands of the Delawares. 'A squatter city has little resemblance to any other city; it belongs to a distinct genus of cities. This is a large and important one, the capital, as many hope, of Kansas, and is therefore worthy of description. There was one steam-engine, "naked as when it was born," but at work, sawing out its clothes. There were four tents, all on one street, a barrel of water or whisky under a tree, and a pot on a pole over a fire. Under a tree, a typesetter had his case before him, and was at work on the first number of the new paper, and within a *frame*, without a board on side or roof, was the editor's desk and sanctum. When we returned from the Territory to Weston, we saw the "notice" stating that the editor had removed his office from under the elm-tree to the corner of "Broadway and the levee." This Broadway was at that time much broader than the streets of old Babylon; for, with the exception of the "fort," there was probably not a house on either side for thirty miles.'

On entering Kansas, they beheld such a picture, 'varying every moment, and beautiful in every change, as we had no previous conception of, and drew from us continued expressions of a delight that would not be suppressed. One can form no correct idea of the prairies of Kansas by a previous knowledge of those of Indiana and Illinois; and residents in Iowa add the same remark of theirs. How, without the majesty of mountains or lakes, or broad rivers, and with so few colours as here are seen, such an effect can be produced, is worthy the study of artists. . . . The view, from the bluffs above Fort Riley, at the confluence of the Republican and Smoky Hill forks, is one of the most beautiful valley-scenes on which the eye ever rested; it reminded me of some of the celebrated views on the Connecticut, by none of which do I think it surpassed. Not a human dwelling, except an Indian wigwam, has been erected there, and yet it wore the aspect of a highly cultivated country. The green meadows and pasture-lands stretched away to the limit of vision—the scattered tufts or copses of timber resembled orchards or artificial groves, while the bluffs on either hand rose with outlines which, though bold, were so flowing and graceful, that it was a pleasure to the eye to rest on them. . . . The high prairie forms the *general surface* of the country, and constitutes one vast undulating table-land, whose main slope is towards the east and south-east, while in its smaller divisions it presents every variety of exposure, yet every outline is a flowing one, rounded to the line of beauty. Conical mounds sometimes rise a hundred feet above the general level, with a formation as regular as if shaped by art. Some of these are visible at a distance of fifty miles or more, and are bold and impressive features of the landscape. Again, far in the distance, the river bluffs appear like the walls of gigantic fortifications, with parapets and even towers, as if the vast amphitheatre embraced in their long lines were guarded by watching armies. In some places, the prairie sinks gently towards the river, with an easy slope several miles in breadth, exactly shaped for beautiful farms;

* Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys, & Co. 1855.

while in the background, under the shelter of the bluff, is the very spot for pleasant residences.'

The description of the scenery on the banks of the Big Blue, a tributary of the Kansas, is equally fine; but there the country was diversified by groves of trees lining either side of the stream. 'The evening-song of birds broke sweetly the general silence; here and there a squirrel dropped down the nuts he was gathering, and quails and prairie-hens would cast on us an inquiring glance, and then away to cover. It seemed almost impossible to believe that we were not in some old and highly cultivated country; we could scarce help expecting that we should soon be among orchards, and grain-fields, and elegant dwellings.' The strangely civilised aspect of the country led our author at first to adopt the opinion of those who believe that the prairies are the once cultivated fields of an extinct race; the mounds the remains of fortifications and walled cities; and the few inhabitants the descendants of a once mighty race doomed to dwindle away from the face of the earth. But the Indians are formidable even in these, their latter days. Their horses seem a part of the horseman, who rides without a bridle, governing the animal by his volition like his own limbs. 'While running round the white dragoon in a circle, the Indian will lie along the *outside* of his horse, *lengthwise*, the left leg thrown over the back of the horse, the left arm over the neck, the left hand holding the bow, and with nothing exposed but one leg and one arm, arrows are shot like hail, *from under the horse's neck*, while the animal gallops steadily round and round the victim, who, unable to manage his horse, that is frightened with yells, and maddened with wounds, is too often ingloriously slain by his active and almost invisible enemy.' But sometimes these noble warriors are taken at a disadvantage; and on such occasions fatal is the vengeance taken by the whites for their presuming to claim the sovereignty of their own country. The following anecdote is given by an eye-witness who formed one of a caravan of travellers from California by the Kansas route:—'One morning, while travelling through the Pawnee country, along the bank of the Platte, it was found that the head of the column of wagons had stopped, and, as those in the rear came on, they formed soon a long and solid line. Soon a horseman was sent back from the front, to inform all that the Pawnees had stopped the train, and demanded tribute, in the shape of cattle, for passing through their country. The train was stopped, and all flocked with their rifles to the front, until several hundred armed men were there. A company of Pawnees had drawn themselves across the road with a chief at their head. They were ordered away—and soon all began to leave but the chief. He drew himself proudly up, and endeavoured to bring back and cheer on his warriors. In a moment more, he was pierced by fifteen rifle-balls. The whole band fled towards the river, but fatally pursued by a volley of balls, a line of dead stretched to the river; and then the whites rushed to the bank, and shot those who were struggling in the water.'

A curious story is related by our author of the 'fierce wars and faithful loves' of the Indians. It is connected with one of the immense mounds which give so striking a peculiarity to the scenery of the prairies. 'A few years since, at the base of this mound, a chief resided, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected. Among the rejected suitors, one

alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skilful in the use of weapons, which far away on the buffalo plains had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark, and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into a habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.' The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of the mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver he had received from a white. 'One summer-evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is naked rock, which for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a footpath, and by it a large flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle, a death-wrestle, followed, in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right—the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle, the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself the revolver was at his breast and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and, this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round and down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe.' There had been no witness of this combat, for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping his victim. His life was therefore in imminent danger from the justice of the tribe, and he knew that his only chance was to stand upon his defence. His chance arose from the custom of the Indians, that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relative of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their kinsman. 'The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that while he was himself concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and he had two devoted and skilful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound which had long been his hunting-companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and

she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection, and her husband's danger, she watched, and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest, and which could be safely practised.

The brother of the Wolf prowled about the fortress night and day. In the daytime, to ascend the mound far enough for action would be to place himself, helpless and without care, within the range of the young warrior's rifle; and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving its master warning. He at length hit upon a stratagem; and by careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband with food, succeeded in imitating her dress, walk, and manner so completely that he hoped to deceive both dog and man. His scheme was skilfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and his master spoke to the avenger as his wife when there were only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound, discovering his mistake, threw himself with a yell upon the throat of the enemy, and bore him to the ground. The Young Eagle now deprived him of his weapons, and pinioned his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free, and sent him home armed as usual.

This was the turning-point of the savage drama. The shedder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or, if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance. 'At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad, rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more; and last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that everywhere, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment in silence, and then turned his eye to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand towards the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and then a tear was in his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said: "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

The interior of the Territory of Kansas forms part of the American Desert—a desert which extends 250 miles, but according to our author—and here he differs from all earlier authorities—has numerous

very delightful oases, and is in the greater part easily reclaimable. But as yet the settlers have not reached this debatable point, although the accommodations of some of them, as the reader may judge from the picture we have presented of the Squatter City, are by no means superior to those we might expect to meet in a veritable desert. We conclude with an account of the 'house' of an immigrant near Tecumseh, with his wife at home, a refined and accomplished lady: 'A few miles beyond, we reached the house of a friend, whose *Letters from Kansas* have attracted some attention through the papers. We called, and found only his lady at home. She was from Ohio, and had been accustomed to the comforts and refinements of eastern life. Amid the very manifest lack of many things which we are accustomed to class among necessities, I expected to find her somewhat dispirited. Far otherwise. She expressed herself as "perfectly delighted." I looked around, curious to know how many of what we call comforts and necessities might be dispensed with, and still leave one "perfectly delighted." I found that it was not necessary to happiness that a house should have a floor, or a door, or a window, or even a roof, for our friend's house had none of these, usually considered very convenient, if not necessary appendages to a dwelling. Some poles were laid across the upright walls at one corner; on these prairie-grass was laid, and under this canopy was the bed. Under another similar canopy stood a chest of drawers and household utensils. Here, then, was the house of a Kansas pioneer, where a woman, fresh from the comforts and luxuries of cultivated life, cheerfully and heroically adapted herself to circumstances, and aided with a strong heart to lay the foundations of their domestic kingdom. She could invite us to stop within her walls, but not beneath her roof. Those who sow thus in hope, will, by God's blessing, reap, in the end, with joy.'

According to the latest accounts from Kansas, the Territory was in a condition approaching that of civil war. There had been several armed collisions between the partisans of slavery and those determined on securing freedom. The contest, indeed, may be said to have spread to other parts of the United States, and who can foretell the issue?

PHILANTHROPIC FARM-SCHOOL AT REDHILL.

In 1849, very soon after it had been opened, we gave our readers an account* of a visit paid to this institution; and from the favourable impression made upon us by all we then witnessed, the judicious system of training followed, and the able management, we were led to express our confidence in the success of the experiment, and our conviction that a new evidence would here be given that the great majority of juvenile criminals, if wisely and kindly dealt with, may be reformed, and instead of continuing to be the pests and burden of society, be made useful members of the community. At a time when the attention of parliament has been much occupied with juvenile reformatories, and legislative enactments have been passed favourable to the establishment and maintenance of such institutions, it will not appear unseasonable to recur to the farm-school at Redhill, to consider what progress it has made during the seven years of its existence, and inquire whether our anticipations regarding its success have been realised.

This industrial school is still under the efficient superintendence of the same gentleman who at first opened and organised it, the Rev. Sydney Turner. Since our previous notice, it has increased from two

* *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, vol. xii., p. 347.

to six houses, containing in all about 250 boys; and it is hoped that one or two additional houses will soon be built. The great argument in favour of extending the accommodation is the diminution in the cost of individual maintenance in proportion as the number of inmates increases; but this would be a most unwise consideration, if the enlargement of the school marred the work of reformation, and prevented the unity of system and harmonious co-operation, and the intimate knowledge of individual character requisite for the suitable treatment of each case, which are all necessary to insure the success of such an institution. These evils, however, have been foreseen and carefully guarded against by Mr Turner; and although the six houses are quite distinct and separate, and each complete in all its internal arrangements and accommodations, yet the superintendent has succeeded so well in securing the hearty co-operation of his colleagues in carrying out a uniform plan of training and discipline, that the whole establishment seems to be ruled and animated by only one spirit; and its extension from time to time has on this account been found quite compatible with a constant and thorough superintendence of all the inmates, and also with the continued maintenance of that family system and feeling in the separate houses, to which the greatest importance is very justly attached.

It is obvious that such unity of purpose and harmony of operation can be maintained only under the most judicious management, and it will be interesting to learn from Mr Turner himself to what he ascribes his success in effecting this. In his report for the present year he says: 'The different masters are independent of each other, and responsible only to myself as your representative and chief manager. All work, however, on the same general system, following the same rules, and acting on the same principles, and anything like disunion or unfriendly rivalry is effectually prevented by two most useful regulations. First, That they all, together with the bailiff, our chief workmaster, meet me on each Saturday morning to consult and confer on the state of their respective schools, to report all cases of misconduct, and to settle the rewards for industry, &c. for the week; and, secondly, That they all meet me also on one evening of the week, usually Wednesday, for strictly religious exercise and communion. . . . We have all experienced the benefit of this arrangement; any little discords or misunderstandings, that may have arisen in the friction of our daily management, are soothed over and mutually explained—we realise the missionary character of the work we have undertaken, and our entire dependence for success in it on the Divine guidance and support. It is one advantage of a large institution, that it gives the opportunity for thus assembling together of the agents engaged in it, and for their strengthening one another by mutual confidence and sympathy.'

The pupils trained at Redhill are lads who have all been to some extent criminal, and many of them have been so in a high degree. For example, in 1855, the number admitted to the school amounted to 175, and above 100 of these had been convicted of offences so aggravated as to subject them to sentences either of transportation, penal servitude, or long imprisonment. The entire number received since the opening of the institution in April 1849 is 875. The education they receive combines instruction in the branches

usually taught in elementary schools with industrial training. They learn to read, and write, and cipher, and acquire a considerable amount of Scriptural and general knowledge. They are made practically acquainted with all departments of farm-labour, and the most approved methods of agriculture. They are also taught the trades of the tailor and shoemaker, the smith, the carpenter, and the bricklayer; and the profits derived from the manual labours of the pupils now contribute a large sum toward the maintenance of the establishment. From the accounts of last year, it appears that the farm yielded a profit of L.400; and that the work done in the tailor's department amounted to L.500; in the carpenter's, to L.350; in the shoemaker's, to L.300; and in the smith's, to L.150.

In regard to the main point—the reformation of these young criminals—let us now inquire what have been the results of the system pursued at Redhill. A very large number of lads trained here are now scattered over the whole world, for most of them have emigrated; but as a correspondence is regularly kept up both with them and regarding them, it is generally pretty well known how they have conducted themselves since leaving the institution; and after a careful and sober calculation as to the results of his system of training, the excellent superintendent, Mr Turner, is enabled to announce, in his last report, that 'out of 636 who have left the school since it was opened in 1849, 540 have stayed in it willingly, and gone out to honest employment in the colonies or in England; and that it may be fairly asserted of 70 per cent. of these, that they have kept the better path they have entered, and are conducting themselves usefully and respectably in the world.' These are facts that cannot fail to cheer the heart of every philanthropist, and awaken hope regarding a class of our population of whom we have been accustomed, for the most part, to despair. And it may be satisfactory to the reader to know something of the system of training which has produced such happy results. Its leading features may be stated in a few words.

The cardinal principles observed in the management of the school are four—religious influence, personal kindness, exact justice, and constant employment, accompanied by small rewards given in wages. In deciding on these, as the principles most likely to be influential and successful in the reformatory training of such youth, Mr Turner says: 'The result has proved that we reckoned rightly. The free use and teaching of the Bible, with hymns and prayers in their own language, give the managers of reformatories in Protestant countries a very powerful source of personal influence. Any one who visits our farm-school, and sees the boys—now nearly 250 in number—in chapel, or in their ordinary devotional exercise, must be struck with the individual attention and interest they manifest. Kindness and patience, constantly and assiduously exhibited in manner and action, attach the boy to his instructor, and make him feel him to be his friend. Justice appeals to that sense of right and wrong which is more or less in every English lad, and awakens the principle of duty, which gradually leads him to choose the good and refuse the evil because he ought. Employment, not too severe, yet continuous and varied, occupies the mind and distracts the thoughts from their former vicious and unworthy object; and when coupled with small wages or rewards, enlists the lad's self-interest, as he gradually feels himself becoming the self-sustaining and independent

man.' And so judiciously has the Redhill system been carried on, and so attractive and agreeable has the school proved, even to lads depraved and undisciplined, that they have, for the most part, willingly remained in it, although there were neither walls nor warders to prevent their escape; and even those who left it for a time generally returned.

The public notice and approbation given to good conduct have also had a most salutary influence on the pupils of this establishment. Monthly lists similar to the *tables d'honneur* used at Mettray are put up in all the schools, containing the names of the boys against whom, during each month, no complaints have been made for negligence, misconduct, or disorder; and a small prize, chosen by themselves, is awarded to those whose names remain on the lists for three months in succession. It is also a law of the institution, that no boy can receive permission to go and visit his friends unless he has obtained this mark of approbation during the previous month; and none are recommended for emigration but those who have stood on the lists during the three months immediately preceding.

The general good conduct of the pupils of Redhill Farm during the last twelve months will appear from the following statistics. In the house first mentioned, there are 48 boys. Of these, 45 were allowed to visit their friends, of whom 37 returned at the time appointed; and during the last three months previous to the publication of the report, 37 had their names once on the good-conduct list, 10 twice, and 5 thrice. In the second house, there are 50 boys, of whom 25 got leave of absence, and 23 returned punctually as ordered; and since the commencement of the lists in October, 51 had their names on them for one month, 23 for two months, and 9 for three months. In the third house, there are 49 boys, chiefly mechanics—of these, 48 were allowed to visit their friends, and 47 strictly obeyed orders in regard to the time of return; and in October, 13 names stood on the list of honour, 19 in November, and 19 in December, 9 having been twice on the list, and 5 thrice. Of the 40 boys in the fourth house, 23 got leave of absence, and 18 returned on the day appointed; and 36 of them were once on the good-conduct list, 11 twice, and 3 thrice. In the fifth house, there are 38 boys—of these, 26 were permitted to spend a few days in London, Bath, &c., and at the end of the prescribed holidays, 22 returned most punctually; and 31 had their names placed on the honorary list for one month, 10 for two months, and 7 for three. Of the 48 boys in the sixth house, 28 obtained leave of absence, and 26 returned at the time prescribed; and 18 were on the good-conduct list in October, 18 in November, and 25 in December, 20 having been twice on the list, and 10 three times in succession.

These are certainly striking and encouraging facts, and they afford a very decisive testimony in favour of the system pursued at Redhill. They shew the work of reformation so far advanced, that, even after a short period of training, lads who so lately appeared wholly and hopelessly given up to a course of crime, can be safely trusted in society, and although remote from the eyes and counsels of their masters, and exposed to many of their former temptations, are for the most part found to conduct themselves with great propriety, and to return to school regularly, and with great good-will.

And while we are thus enabled to speak most encouragingly of the success that has already signalised the Redhill system, it is only justice to Mr Turner to add, that these cheering results have been attained in circumstances far from being the most favourable. Many of the pupils, for example, did not enter till they had reached the age of seventeen or eighteen, when the work of reformation was much

more difficult than it would have been at an earlier age; and they had often to be removed from the school after a residence of twelve or fifteen months, when their training was very imperfect. The masters, too, were at first destitute of the experience and appropriate qualifications necessary for their peculiar task, and acquired these only by degrees. And there can be no doubt that a still larger proportion of the pupils at Redhill would have been reformed, if Mr Turner had been able to commence and carry on his operations in more propitious circumstances; if the teachers had been sufficiently trained for their special work before the opening of the school, as was done at Mettray by M. Demetz; if the pupils had been younger, and had continued longer under his care; and if he had had it in his power so to regulate the admissions and departures, as always to retain within each house a few of the best-trained and most attached and exemplary boys, to exercise a wholesome influence on their school-fellows. It would also contribute in no small degree to the success of the system if agents were appointed in the foreign countries to which these young men emigrate, who would be ready to receive and advise them on their arrival, assist them in getting suitable employment, and generally to watch over and promote their interests. All these desiderata are now in course of being supplied; and we may look forward confidently to results still more cheering in the future reports of this admirable institution, which is gradually commending itself to the notice and approbation of philanthropists, not only among ourselves, but in foreign lands. In the report on Agricultural Colonies read in Paris last year by M. Demetz at the Réunion Internationale de Charité, we are glad to find so high an authority in such matters giving the most unqualified commendation to this English farm-school. Among such establishments, he says, 'we cannot speak too highly of the one at Redhill.'

That foreign countries are by far the most eligible field of labour for those who have been rescued from a course of crime at home, must be obvious to all. They are thus removed from the pernicious influence of old associations, companions, and temptations, and can more easily and speedily overcome the prejudices and distrust which their past lives raise against them, and establish a good character for themselves, if disposed to do well. In the following table of statistics regarding the pupils of Redhill, the comparative advantage of foreign over home employment is very strikingly exhibited:—

Years.	Emigrated.	Relapsed into Crime.	Home Employment.	Relapsed into Crime.
1850	31	2	19	8
1851	44	8	13	8
1852	61	8	25	7
1853	86	11	33	15
1854	86	10	26	13

A few letters from some lads trained at Redhill Farm, who have emigrated to our colonies, are appended to Mr Turner's report. They are exceedingly creditable both to the writers and to their former masters; and with a couple of these as specimens, we shall now conclude.

From E. H.—, emigrated March 1850.

F—, 1st November 1855.

DEAR SIR—I now take the opportunity of writing to you; and I wish to inform you . . . M— and W— their conduct is most admirable, and every one is pleased with them that knows them or sees them. I will keep a watchful eye over these two lads; and M— deserves every credit of being called a good and fair Englishman, because he has the heart of an Englishman in him, and he gives a good advice to any one of

our lads that comes across him. He likes a fair thing. And now, sir, I must tell you a little about my wife. She is a countrywoman of my own, and, thank God for it, He has sent me an amiable, good, firm wife; and she wondered who it was that was so kind as to send her that beautiful ribbon; and I did not lose any time in explaining to her it was from your wife, and she says she will keep it as a token of regard as long as she lives; and she is like myself—she is nearly as firm as a rock. . . . You do not imagine how pleasing it is when you send out your papers; and when I see your papers every mail, my heart swells within me for joy. Never, never will I forget the kindness you have shewn me, and I never shall forget what you did for me when I was with you. May God prosper you and Mrs Turner, for my heart is full! How I would like to be in England once more, to see your pleasant countenance! This is from my heart; and me and my wife joins in sending our love to you and Mrs Turner; and I am blessed through you, and thank God for it; and you done a great deal for my wretched soul—God bless you for it, I say heartily. M— and W— joins together in sending their kind respects to you; and I shall write to Mrs Turner by the next mail.

Your affectionate friend,
E. H—.

From T. B—, emigrated June 1854.

P—, CANADA, 20th September 1855.

DEAR SIR—I received your kind letter last night, and was very glad to hear from you and my mother. . . . Sir, I have saved forty dollars, and I am ready to fetch my mother out to this country. Sir, when you see my mother, ask her if she will come out to me; and if she will come, let me know which is the best way for me to send my money home, and I will get her a house to live in. Sir, this country agrees with me very well; I have not had one day's sickness yet. There is a great deal of talk about the war in this country, and if my mother don't come out, I think I shall go for a soldier. I have just heard that Sebastopol is taken by the British and French; they are firing cannon off at B—. I have been down to H—, but did not see G—. Sir, give my respects to all inquiring friends. So no more at present from your humble servant,
T. B—.

PSYCHE WILLAN.

SHE was truly my ideal of a Psyche, with that spiritual face lit up by those large, soft, brilliantly clear gray eyes, whose usual expression was that of love and gentleness, but which possessed the power to mirror forth every thought and feeling within, as faithfully as the river reflects the clouds and stars of heaven. I never beheld anything more lovely than those eyes: there were times when I do think a seraph's only could have such a light and glory; and again, I have seen them roll in so dark a depth of grandeur and command—with such a princess-like expression—that I have positively experienced a feeling very near akin to awe. Fairy, fragile Psyche, she was nevertheless not in the least a beauty, for that little face was not chiseled according to the artist's rules; nor was that small piquant nose by any means of the Grecian order; it was, in fact, a pretty *snub*—but oh! *how* pretty! So fair and satiny, flecked with a tiny tracery of freckles like those we see on the redbreast's egg—there never was beheld skin purer or softer than that of the gentle little Psyche. A rose-leaf was *as* pure and delicate; but the softness of that *very* slightly tinged vermilion cheek I know no simile for at all—a peach would be rough near it, and velvet much the same—there might have grown once in Eden some lovely fruit or flower by whose tender bloom it might perchance have been equalled. Then how beautiful was its shape! with

that exquisite rounded swell, so rarely to be met with. In the otherwise most perfect faces, you frequently find the cheek defective—cold, hard, and angular, with a certain coarseness of outline which would not make one echo Romeo's wish, 'to be a glove upon that hand, that you might touch that cheek.' But well, indeed, might Psyche's lover breathe such a wish; and I for one would envy him its realisation. What blood-red lips were those of the little maiden! living, glowing ruby—never paling, never losing for a moment their healthful freshness. The under one was rich and full; and the upper, with its peculiar and delicate curve, had, it must be confessed, as much of pride and *hauteur* in its expression as that of any fair aristocrat who ever sat beneath the glitter of a coronet. Psyche Willan was, however, no aristocrat, only the daughter of a plain country gentleman, of rather broken fortune; but then tradition loved to tell of the antiquity of the family of Willan—of the lands and castles once possessed by that high-blooded race; and, sooth to say, I do think their fair little descendant was—although she altogether disclaimed the weakness—not a little proud of the ancient, though now nearly fallen house of her fathers. Ah! I had almost forgotten to speak of one of the greatest beauties of my pretty Psyche—her long, soft, and silky hair, of a strange sad shade of brown—a shade I have never seen with any one but with her. Those lovely and abundant tresses would fall down nearly to her feet, did she so will it; but as young ladies now-a-days do not dress their hair à l'Opélie, that of little Miss Willan was necessarily confined with the usual amount of combs and pins. She did not wear curls—her hair did not curl—it was soft, weeping-willow hair; and would receive no impression from the tightest process of paper-screwing: and it was best so. Those large, swelling, soft brown bands did serve as the most admirable framework to the most darling little face in the world; so full of fragrant morning freshness, that when she entered a room you felt as if greeted with the perfume of a spring-breeze laden with the breath of a thousand new-blown flowers. I do not well know who first substituted the appropriate name of 'Psyche' for Miss Willan's baptismal name of Sarah; whosoever did so, certainly did well. Strangers, hearing it for the first time, wondered not a little at the strange romantic name bestowed upon pretty Miss Willan. It is a singular fact, that *recherché* and refined as was the style of little Psyche, she was nevertheless wonderfully admired by the most vulgar and common-place people, who usually pass by unnoticed any sort of loveliness whose principal charm is borrowed from the spiritual beauty within. No one passed *her* by unnoticed—this high-bred *distingué* little creature, who was at the same time a lady in the land, and a very spirit of the air—her large soft eyes such lamps of moonlight splendour, beaming with all the attraction of virgin purity; and that sweet, all-permeating look of love and goodness. In truth, it must be *very* dull clay which could not see that beauty which is so far beyond the cold, uninformed perfection of mere *physique*.

Until she was about the age of sixteen, however, nothing remarkable to ordinary observers was there in the person or mind of little Sarah Willan; she was merely talked of as an amiable docile child, *very useful* to all around her, and never thinking, apparently, for one moment about herself. She was what is called an old-fashioned child—staid and demure, with none of the usual ringing childish mirth or animal spirits—loving far more to sit down with old people, than to join in the gambols of her little brothers and sisters. She was called 'a plain little thing' by nearly all her own folk; only a few thought her very interesting in appearance. Some winning charm she had which they could not define, but something it was of a singular individuality by which the little creature stood apart

from all those around her. Earnest and genuine you knew she was in an uncommon degree, with as little, perhaps, of the mortal leaven as ever fell to the lot of any of our species. When was it that this dear little Psyche began to be no longer plain? Almost suddenly, I think, she put off the chrysalis, and came forth as the golden-winged butterfly. How many were astonished at the transformation, and not a little piqued that the young lady had so flatly contradicted all their opinions and predictions concerning her. Sarah Willan pretty!—why, if *she* had grown up pretty, no one need despair of being a beauty! But pretty, strikingly pretty, she was voted nevertheless, and had numerous suitors and admirers the very first year of her 'coming out;' but she was wonderfully insensible to all their attractions and the devotion they lavished upon her. Her indifference to society was one of her leading characteristics. The atmosphere of the drawing-room was certainly not congenial to the mind of the dreamy and poetical little Psyche; she loved best to sit alone with a book in some remote corner, or to stroll out in the soft summer evenings, when twilight was stealing on with its noiseless footsteps, and a gentle haze spread over the distant landscape, like the shadowy misty blue upon the mellow plum—when the night came on at last—the silent, silent night, bearing odours heavy and luscious from the black green firs and larches, and the air was dense and oppressive, as if with the breathings of deep and voluptuous passion. Beautiful Psyche! was it from the bright evening-star her eyes had drunk in their unearthly glory?—had her voice caught its magic tones from the silvery music of the birds and the streams?

At the time Sarah Willan had nearly completed her sixteenth year, she was still a child in mind, and, as I have said, not by any means generally admired for her personal attractions. She was, then apparently, neither intellectual nor dreamy—had scarcely ever read poetry, and but little, indeed, of prose, unless her geography and grammar. *Now*, she began very earnestly to love books, and drank in with a strange instinctive thirst the music of the poets. I believe it was a little before this period she had formed the acquaintance of a certain Mr Gerald Aylmer, a young literary man who had come on a visit to some friend's house whither she went to stay for a few days; and it is not improbable that the conversation of a man so gifted as he was—so unlike any man she had ever met before—had the effect of awakening within her mind those fine tastes which had so long been sleeping, beyond the bounds even of her own consciousness. And yet with Mr Aylmer she could not have had much conversation of any kind, for she was then only a green, bashful school-girl, who would not dare to address the great literary lion; and who, besides, even had she courage for such a feat, would have been puzzled *how* to talk, since her acquaintance with books was of the very narrowest kind, and her ideas on every mental subject as yet in a perfectly chaotic state. But I remarked that she always listened attentively when this gentleman was speaking; and those great gray eyes of hers seemed to expand strangely, as she looked upon the very striking and intellectual face before her. Mr Aylmer was a young man of about one-and-twenty, of singular gravity of demeanour for his years, with very deep-blue, earnest-looking eyes, whose unfathomable calmness appeared as if never to be ruffled by the storms of passion. He was not, I thought, a man of any strong original power, but simply one of those minds so often met with, in which all the fervid and generous qualities of unsophisticated youth go to make up something so very like genius, that we cannot help dreaming that here is promise and material for one of the age's 'representative men.' We are surprised, after a few years, to find that our hope has been a barren hope—that our

hero has quietly subsided into a respectable newspaper editor or correspondent, a doctor, or a lawyer in moderate practice; while oftentimes, perhaps, he disappears altogether into silence and oblivion. Time, the great tester of the genuine metal, has done its work; the gilding has worn off; for the noble aspiration, the honest impulse, the great purpose, have grown not out of the roots of the nature, but flourished only as exotics in the hot soil of juvenile enthusiasm. So the man could not rise victorious out of the wear and tear and friction of the hard, cruel world. Friends come to admonish and advise, selfishness whispers its prudent counsel, and timidity and indolence stand near at hand to complete the conquest.

What were Miss Sarah Willan's opinions concerning Mr Aylmer I knew not, nor had I then any curiosity to learn; but I suppose she was awe-struck by his great reputation, and believed him to be a very sublime and somewhat austere person. The little girl was not then certainly capable of appreciating his rich intellectual endowments; but her youth and defect of mental culture could not prevent her from seeing that he had a very manly and commanding presence, and a face impressed with the vivid mark of a finely developed mind. Those deep-blue eyes were very beautiful—the blue of a dark and waveless lake; the smile on those full lips, too, was charming, softening down the severe aspect of the Roman nose and brow. Little Psyche Willan, you I did not see for some six months after you and I had encountered this intellectual book-read Mr Aylmer, and strangely delighted and surprised was I to see you transformed into the veritable Psyche I have described. You had no wings, it is true; but one wondered why they were not there, and why you did not soar off at once into your native skies. It was strange that in all our many literary conversations, I never could succeed in engaging Miss Willan in any discussion on the merits and attractions of Mr Gerald Aylmer. She seemed not to remember him distinctly, I think, which was very odd, considering it was not so very long since we had both seen him, and he was not a man to be easily forgotten. I spoke of him one day rather suddenly; so suddenly, that the fair Psyche—being, I suppose, a little startled at my abruptness—blushed very brightly. People blush, it is said, from three causes—shame, anger, and pleasure: now, there are other causes for a blush too—fear and surprise will often call up a vivid colour. I know many who blush when they are startled by being unexpectedly addressed; they are of a delicate and nervous organisation, as was the case with my fairy Psyche; so, as I said, she blushed a bright crimson when I asked her had she heard anything lately of Mr Aylmer; and replied not very distinctly, something which meant, I think, that she had received no information concerning him, except that he was in London, and connected with some magazine recently brought out. I asked her what she had thought of him, and she replied in a few vague embarrassed words. But there was a strange indescribable expression in her eyes as she spoke: a sudden flash first shot out of them, vivid as lightning; then there shone in that crystal mirror a wild rapt celestial light, so deep and intense, that, looking upon it, you would have dreamed of seeing far down into the depths of infinity. The eyes of little Psyche were, as I said before, very wonderful eyes; but there were times, such as the present, when they absolutely electrified me by their magical beauty. She was now in the full rosy dawn of life, was little Psyche; and many-coloured and glorious were the dreams of that pure and gentle heart. Not a single flower had yet fallen from the garland on her brow; not one green leaf had faded; her lover—did she happen to love at this time—would be, in her imagination, some glowing archangel of the skies, the dazzling whiteness of whose

plumes would be unsullied by one stain of mortality; her spirit would fall down in worship before him, with all the deep humility of true love; and he and she would stand apart from the whole world, gazing silently into heaven and eternity. She would behold that ideal which the gifted have tried here below to embody in the perishable materials of mortality—see it in all its living glowing beauty, and deem that its realisation was possible upon earth.

I soon parted from Psyche Willan, and did not see her for two years after this time. In the interim, I heard much of Mr Aylmer, who still remained at his literary pursuits in London. I do not know whether he remembered the naïve but plain little school-girl he had once met as Sarah: it was not probable he did. He had not now many thoughts to spare, for report said he was about to be married to a young and wealthy lady, with whom, I at once concluded, he must be desperately in love. She should be a very lovely and gifted creature, I presumed, to be able to overcome the repugnance any man of delicate and lofty mind—such as Mr Aylmer of course was—would feel in allying himself with a richly endowed bride, while his own fortunes were poor enough to leave him, in the estimation of worldlings, exposed to degrading imputations. I read the announcement of his marriage one morning in a London paper: 'On the 20th inst., Gerald, second son of Arthur Aylmer, Esq. of Elmvale, to Lydia Constantia, only daughter of the late Alderman John Hobson, of Bread and Cheese Alley, London.' Yes, Mr Aylmer was married; and the vulgar portion of the community stupidly added, that 'he had made a conquest!'

Very soon after the happy event, the bride and bridegroom came over to Elmvale; and, as I resided in the neighbourhood of that place, I knew I should have some opportunity of seeing the happy pair. For this I really longed very curiously: she must be so beautiful and accomplished—so different from the common-place women we grow sick of meeting. Well, I *did* see her. One day that I had been paying a visit at Aunt King's, a dashing brougham drove up to the door, and Mr and Mrs Aylmer were soon announced. The door opened, and a very handsome plaid-silk walked into the room, accompanied by an unexceptionable Parisian bonnet, black mantilla, and every other necessary fashionable appendage. Among the party came Mr Aylmer, looking strangely unlike himself, for he had grown fat and coarse—with dismay I say it—and the deep-blue eyes had faded to a sort of gray, and were, moreover, a little dulled in the expression. He was not the same man—not the Mr Aylmer I had seen some two years ago. After salutations and introductions, I at length discovered that the plaid-silk, Parisian bonnet, and black mantilla, were actually associated with a countenance, but one which left no sort of impression upon the mind of the beholder. You thought of, or made no more account of it, than of the blank space of air which every day spread before your sight. It seemed to me, at length, that the bride had very pale hair and eyes, with a whitish face and small features; and that if said face were altogether ignored or abstracted from the main figure—that is, the plaid-silk, bonnet, and mantilla—it would not have made the smallest difference in life. This was Mrs Gerald Aylmer, whilom Miss Hobson, of Bread and Cheese Alley, with L.20,000 to her fortune, besides expectations from another rich relative, who had had already two strokes of the dead palsy. Mrs Aylmer spoke the London patois, and her voice was not sweet: it was a shrill treble. She talked of the *Hoppera* and *Halmack's*, of her *arp* and *pianer*, and proclaimed some of her opinions with regard to the literature of the present age. For instance, she thought *Evangeline* 'a love of a book'; only it was written in *diameters*, which was a very *hodd* sort of verses. She read a great deal. Their

library was very select; it cost a high figure, but they could afford it. Her beloved papa had left the bulk of his *himmense* fortune to her: true, she was an only child, but then many fathers endowed hospitals and such places to the prejudice of their families. She loved literature devotedly, and had proved it—and here she glanced archly at her husband, who, I thought, did not seem quite as easy and delighted as he undoubtedly should be in the possession of so charming and accomplished a woman.

I saw him blush and change countenance several times as he tried to turn the conversation to other subjects than those selected by his wife; he seemed positively in pain, and was ungraceful and confused in speech and manner. It seemed to me, from some observations of his, that he had latterly formed new theories of life. He smiled at what he called the romantic dreams of youth, when men imagined the whole human species had a claim upon their philanthropic services—it was a mistake generally made before people became acquainted with the true constitution of the world. I met little Sarah soon after my encounter with Mr and Mrs Aylmer, and was truly shocked to see the frightful change which had come over the poor girl. What could be the cause of it? She did not complain of illness, and yet the hand of death seemed visibly laid upon her: that sweet face which, two short years ago, had been so fresh and young, was now positively old and haggard; and the beautiful eyes were glazed and dim. So pinched and worn did she look, that my heart indeed bled and ached to see the ruin before me. The friends of Miss Willan did not seem particularly to mark this change in her appearance. She was a little delicate, they said; she read and thought too much, sat up late, and of course the consequence was that she had lost her good looks. Only one or two members of her family felt any alarm about her—those who loved her most. They consulted doctors for her, who advised 'change of air and scene.' It was then arranged that Psyche should go on a visit to her aunt's, whither she had been invited; and I, being looked upon as her attached friend, was earnestly requested to accompany her. I did so, and remained with her nearly the whole period of her absence from home, which was about two months.

My poor little Psyche! she was dying apparently by inches; and when asked how she felt, declared her illness was really nothing: she was, she acknowledged, a little weak, and had not her old spirit, but why, she could not tell. There was, nevertheless, I was well assured, some vital sorrow eating away that poor young heart—something which the sunlight had never yet seen, and which would continue to live and gnaw away for ever, down to the very centre of life. Ah, yes, yes! I knew it too well—often had I seen the bitter tears of poison and of blood trickling down those hollow and faded cheeks; but alas! poor Psyche! I never could succeed in so winning upon her confidence as to induce her to speak to me freely: she shrank with a sort of terror from all explanation, and I could not bear to prob the wound she tried so carefully to conceal.

Years passed away: and now Psyche Willan was again, apparently, strong and well; the girl had merged into the woman, and the rich promise of mind which she once had given was now amply fulfilled. Psyche could laugh again; she actually now talked often of love, and seemed to understand the whole philosophy of the passion. Heavens! how the girl must have studied the theory—as all women do—for she flatly denied having had any practice in the science. Some of her theories were very beautiful; perhaps they were deep and solemn truths, which had been revealed to her in the inspired moments of suffering and sorrow. I talked to her one day of Mr Aylmer, but she did not blush as of old; she only looked grave, and a shadow

seemed to pass over her face. 'He has made a strange marriage,' I said. 'Who could believe he would descend so low, or would become so utterly degenerate as he has! The woman who might once have loved Gerald Aylmer, would never surely have dreamed that her idol was made of such common clay: he looked a glorious young fellow, apparently so lofty and generous, so far removed from all the meaner passions.'

'Yes,' said Psyche, 'from my recollection of him, he certainly did so. One would have thought there was but little of alloy amid that pure and glittering gold. The mortal has triumphed for the present over the immortal; but the woman who might perhaps once have loved him, could not feel that this had dissolved the mystic tie which had once united his being to hers—the Gerald Aylmer of Bread and Cheese Alley, the husband of Miss Hobson, would be only the mortal, while the young student of former days, with those deep eyes of inspiration, was the type of that immortal nature, which beyond this earth was destined to attain its perfection; there, she who had first loved would again behold him purified from all the grossness of mortal existence, and know him as hers through all the long ages of eternity.'

'This is certainly a beautiful idea, my little friend,' said I, 'and I hope a true one. From whence has it come to you, Psyche?' She coloured slightly, and her eye flashed somewhat as of old, but the grave shadow soon came back again over her face.

'I cannot tell,' she said; 'but it seems to me I can often read great truths by some divine inner light, which is far above all the proof and reason of this world. We feel,' she went on thoughtfully, 'that for the imperfect creature of mortality there is certainly to be hereafter one made perfect, in a sphere where neither the defects of our earthly organisation nor the power of perverting circumstances, shall again have any existence. I am an idealist,' she continued, 'if you will; but every human being nearly is, I believe, more so or less. We are all in pursuit of this ideal, of which faint glimpses sometimes come to us. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician—for what are they striving?—and there is no beautiful work in any art which does not reveal something beyond the merely natural. I know that some great thinkers have declared this to be a fallacy, and that there can be nothing in art higher than the embodiment of simple nature; but in that opinion I cannot agree. Nature contains the elements of divinisation, not meant to be fully developed here on earth; and it is the work of the artist to draw out, and incarnate, as it were, this spiritual essence—to make what is in general but a rare and transient manifestation a permanent and palpable existence.'

'Yes,' I said, 'this higher nature only reveals her capabilities at uncertain and remote intervals; thus most human faces we see would be but poor models for the artist, yet there have been times when I have seen the plainest faces shining with this ideal glory; but after a few moments, perhaps, the mortal nature resumes its sway, and the divinity is no more!'

'Without doubt,' said Psyche—'how often have I observed it—of the perfect above us, we are but a dim and cold reflection, like the image of the moon on dark and turbid waters. I do think,' said Psyche, 'that when we have once found the being who seems to us the completion of our soul, there is a sort of sacrilege—even if the two be for ever dis severed on earth—against the great principle within us in ever binding ourselves to another by any human tie: falsehood, or unworthiness, or indifference even, cannot release us from that higher spirit-bond which rules us despite of ourselves. I for one could not violate the sanctity of this obligation—this great law of my being.'

'This is wild and extravagant mysticism, Psyche,'

said I to her—'the merest dreaming, which does very well in early youth; but in advanced life, we would discover it to be a very injurious mistake. It is not unlikely the day would come when we would be inclined to laugh at all such youthful fancies, and if not ending in laughter, it might in tears of repentance.' I proceeded to support my opinions on very sensible and utilitarian grounds, but evidently did not succeed in convincing Miss Willan of the wisdom of my doctrine of worldly expediency.

Psyche and I met often in later years. She went on to four, five, six and twenty, still spiritual, still charming, but with the same soft shadow always resting upon her which had so mysteriously subdued her youthful spirit. Her thirtieth birthday arrived, and yet Psyche was not married, though she had had many brilliant and, every one said, suitable offers. It seemed to be understood, at length, that she was never to marry. She was so fond, her friends said, of her books and her poetical dreams, that she was totally unsuited to wedded life. Such was, I believe, the fate. Psyche Willan became an old maid—a little odd she was in the opinion of many people, but in my eyes far more interesting than ever. The last account I heard of Mr Aylmer and his wife was, that they had six children, for whom they kept a French governess, generally pronounced to be 'a most superior person; that they (Mr and Mrs Aylmer) were occasionally heard to bicker in presence of strangers; and that Mr Aylmer had received a high government appointment, besides being one of the directors of the Great Western Railway

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PHILOSOPHERS and artists, as well as lawyers, are now about to enter on their long vacation. Our learned corporations have wound up their sessions with a goodly list of scientific papers, among which there are some that we may by and by have to notice. The Royal Society have held their annual meeting for the election of Fellows, and have chosen fifteen out of the thirty-nine candidates who sought the honour of F.R.S. It is said that *real* philosophers are not born fast enough to supply fifteen a year, and that the Society will have to admit second-rate men for the time to come, or reduce their number. They have had another matter, and an important one, under consideration—removal from their present apartments in Somerset House. With the continual increase of London towards the west, there should be, as some think, a movement of the scientific head-quarters in the same direction; and the government having proposed to lodge the Royal, the Linnæan, and Chemical Societies in Burlington House, Piccadilly, a special general meeting of the first has been held to discuss the question.

At their anniversary meeting, the Geographical Society did what will be regarded with general satisfaction—they gave one of their gold medals to Dr Kane for his persevering and remarkable explorations in the Polar Sea (mentioned in a former *Month*), and the other to Dr Barth for his travels and discoveries in the interior of Africa. And the president, Admiral Beechey, followed these praiseworthy awards by an address setting forth the progress of geographical science in all its forms during the past twelvemonth—the inferences from which are favourable to the Society. We may take the opportunity of mentioning here that Dr Livingstone, the intrepid explorer of Africa, had arrived in August last in good health at Naliele, an island of the Zambezi, having thus successfully performed nearly half the distance across the continent.

Dr Hofmann, following in the wake of Davy and Deville, has come forward as a discoverer of metal. In a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, he produced before the eyes of the audience a bright glistening mass somewhat resembling butter, and described it as *ammonium*—the metallic base of ammonia. This is a highly interesting chemical fact, inasmuch as it strengthens the views entertained respecting the constituents of the atmosphere—namely, that they are all metallic. We may expect something further to be said on this subject at the meeting of the British Association next September at Cheltenham, for which preparations are already being made. The moon-question will be further discussed; and apropos of this, a query has been started as to whether our earth may not some day become like the moon. In this wise: At high tide there are five thousand cubic miles more of water heaped up than in those parts of the ocean which have low tide; and the movement of this mighty wave must, it is contended, exercise a retarding influence on the earth's rotation, by reason of its friction. The amount of retardation would be appreciable only after the lapse of ages, and this may now be the case as regards the moon—hence its slow rotation on its axis, only once in twenty-nine days.

A lecture, delivered likewise at the Royal Institution last month by Mr Henry Bradbury, has now been published, 'On the Security and Manufacture of Bank-notes,' and is well calculated to attract attention. Forgery, it seems, is on the increase, thirteen detected cases of forgery of Bank of England notes having occurred in 1854, seventeen in 1855, and nine in the first quarter of the present year. What renders this the more alarming is, that since 1854 we have had the new form of the note, which appears practically rather to have increased than diminished the facilities of the crime. Mr Bradbury joins in the opinion, that the engraving is the most important feature in the note, and that the chief protection against forgery lies in the vignette. His plan is, to consider the whole note as one artistically harmonious work, thereby stamping upon it an individuality not within the province of mechanical imitation. But the reader will not be able to comprehend this without seeing the specimen he exhibited, which is reproduced in the published work, and combines simplicity and purity of design with the characteristics of high-class art.

The discovery of little planets has now become so commonplace an affair, that it seems hardly necessary to announce that the gazers at the Oxford Observatory have the honour of finding out the *forty-first* of these diminutive worlds. The astronomer-royal believes that the list will be increased to one hundred by 1860; so that to discover a new planet will be about such an affair as the finding a new moss by a botanist or a new beetle by an entomologist. But to the hard-worked computers at the observatories, the thing is of importance; for every discovery adds to their work of computation, and that goes on year after year for ever. Lieutenant Maury of Washington recommends that the little planets should be apportioned among the chief observatories of the world, each one to take a certain few for observation; but the astronomer-royal considers that the observatory at Greenwich will not be doing its duty unless it calculates and publishes the whole number in its annual quarto volumes. And in leaving this astronomical gossip, we may add, that Professor Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, has gone out to Teneriffe to make a series of observations which can only be brought to a successful result in a southern atmosphere. Colonel James proposes to go to the same island to carry on his pendulum experiments; so by next autumn we shall have interesting facts, celestial and terrestrial, for the advancement of science.

The Ordnance Geological Survey have published another *decade* of their *Memoirs*, giving figures and descriptions of British organic remains. This publication will be regarded with the more interest as it was prepared by the late Edward Forbes. The geological maps and sections based on the Ordnance Survey are still coming out, and with such excellence as greatly to enhance their utility.

Taking a glance at other societies, we have Mr Jobbins reading a paper 'On Spoons' before the Archæological, containing many curious facts, and while tracing the history of the familiar utensil, going back to the misty ages of Egypt.—The Antiquaries have had a paper on 'the Distaff,' an implement perhaps not less ancient than the spoon.—At the anniversary meeting of the Asiatic Society, a satisfactory intimation was given that the Rev. R. S. Hardy, Rev. Dr Hincks, and others, will continue their valuable researches, and that Sir H. Rawlinson's papers on Assyrian antiquities will be published—the heavy cost notwithstanding. Among contributions to the library was mentioned Professor Westergaard's Chinese version of the Bible printed at Shanghai; and scholars will be glad to hear that the Rev. W. Cureton has completed his *Spicilegium Syriacum*.—The Syro-Egyptian Society have had a paper by Mr Bonomi, which laid down 'Reasons for believing that certain Egyptian Pictures and Sculptures contain Representations of a Tribe of the Anakim mentioned in Scripture.' The discussion which followed left the question doubtful.—And readers not a few will be glad to know that the new reading-room at the British Museum is approaching completion. The great dome of this room is roofed with fibrous slabs, described as 'something new for builders.' The slabs, which are patented, partake of the nature of wood; they can be made to any size: they do not twist, shrink, or rot, and do not conduct sound or heat. Should this description be justified by experience, the fibrous slabs will be an acceptable addition to our building materials.

Mr Crace has communicated to the Institute of British Architects a paper 'On the Restoration and Preservation of Wood-carvings,' which he accompanied by a specimen of his own ability. He was consulted as to the restoring of the carvings of Mercers' Hall, an edifice rebuilt after the great fire, in 1666. The wood was so much worm-eaten, that one of the panels broke into twenty-two pieces when taken down. Mr Crace, however, placed all the carvings in a solution composed of linseed-oil, litharge, camphor, red-lead, and bees-wax, in which, to quote his own words, they 'remained for twenty-four hours. When taken out, I kept the face downwards, that the oil in the holes might soak down to the face of the carving; and on cutting some of the wood nearly nine inches deep, I found it had soaked through; for I should observe that not any of the dust was blown out, as I considered it a valuable medium to form a substance for the future support of the wood. This has been accomplished; and as the dust became saturated with the oil, it increased in bulk, and rendered the carving perfectly solid. Each panel has consumed a little more than a gallon of the solution. . . . They are becoming quite hard, and in the space of four or five years will be as hard as any wood.' It not unfrequently happens that carvings are condemned in our old country-seats and manor-houses, because they are rotten, while the outer surface is scarcely touched. Mr Crace here shews how they may be restored, and rendered indestructible; for no insects will attack wood saturated in the way he describes. He has restored with equal, if not greater success, the carvings in the Brewers' Hall and Court-room; some very fine old oak-panelling at Gilston Park, and in other noble mansions. With such means of preservation at command, we should trust that no more specimens of the

art of the olden time, as regards wood-carving, will be suffered to go to decay.

We have to record another gratifying instance of scientific progress in Australia. In 1854, there was inaugurated at Melbourne *The Philosophical Society of Victoria*, and since then they have published the first volume of their *Transactions*, a neat octavo, the first work of the kind ever issued within the limits of the colony. Its quality may be inferred from a few items of the contents. We find 'Definitions of Rare or hitherto Undescribed Australian Plants'—'On the Comparative Value and Durability of the Building Materials in use in Melbourne'—'On Water-supply'—'On the Construction of an Instrument for ascertaining the Mean Temperature'—'The Influence of the Physical Character of a Country on Climate'—'On the Influence of Gravity on the Moon's Surface'; besides others on meteorology, chemistry, and geology. This is a most praiseworthy beginning: the subjects demonstrate that there are men in the colony not wholly absorbed in money-making, and willing, we doubt not, to respond to the appeal made by Captain Clarke in his inaugural address—that each one, by a persevering fulfilment of duty, should promote the present objects of the society, and so prepare for the great future that awaits them. Sir H. Barkly is to be the new governor, and under his rule there will be little fear of scientific idleness.

The *Proceedings* of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, mentioned in our last *Month*, contains an important paper on the gales and cyclones that blow around the coasts of that country, the object being to divest navigation of some of its dangers. The author explains the several phenomena, and shews how mariners are to act under the different circumstances. It is worthy of remark that Flinders, who made a surveying-voyage all round Australia fifty years ago, describes the phenomena of the winds very accurately, although he knew nothing of the rotary theory of storms. And the same publication informs us that the first experiment made in 1852 to introduce salmon into the rivers of Van Diemen's Land failed; the chief cause of failure having been want of punctuality in the sailing of the ship in which the spawn was sent from this country. In consequence of the delay, and of calms on the Line, the eggs were hatched under all the heat of the tropics, and the young fry died. The voyage, moreover, was protracted to 136 days. Another attempt will probably be made, and the eggs will be put on board a vessel to sail in October, so that they may reach their destination in the summer months of the other hemisphere.

The Russian government is about to send a scientific expedition to Lappmarken. Able naturalists, and probably an antiquary, will accompany the party, some of whom will direct their steps to the White Sea, the others to the Varanger Fiord. Helsingfors is to be the starting-place.—A project is talked of for the improvement of the Sulina branch of the Danube: two moles, each a mile in length, to be constructed at the mouth, and cut-offs to be dug between the bends of the stream, by which it will be straightened, and the distance from the mouth to Isaktcha shortened by eighteen miles.

To accelerate communications with India is a perennial question: two or three schemes are now flung out. One is to use the present continental railways as far as Trieste—then by quick steam-boat from Trieste to Seleucia, from whence a railway of eighty miles would lead to Ja'ber Castle on the Euphrates, to meet a line of steamers plying on that river and down the Persian Gulf to the terminus of the Scinde railway at Kurrachee. The re-establishment of peace, by leaving capital available, will inspire many a project for travelling as well as for other enterprises; but those who have money to lend will

doubtless have learned caution from the past moonshine experience in railways.

The Hydrological Society of Paris have taken up and discussed a question which is likely to attract further notice—namely, the variations in the chemical composition of mineral springs. That changes do take place, has been known for some time; springs which once had an incrusting property have now lost it; waters formerly charged with potent mineral principles have become weak; and though the change is very slow—scarcely appreciable within a lifetime, it is yet, as M. Baudrimont shews in the *Journal de Pharmacie*, deserving of serious attention. Many and long-continued series of analyses would be required to establish data.—In the same journal, M. Mitscherlich describes a process by which poisoning with phosphorus may be detected. The suspected substance is introduced into a retort; the vapours pass through a worm fixed in a vessel of water, and enter a receiver mingled with aqueous vapour; and if phosphorus be present, a brilliant phosphorescence, and sometimes a luminous ring, is seen during the whole time of distillation. By this process the minutest quantity is discoverable. Flour, for instance, containing not more than a hundred-thousandth of phosphorus, would by this process produce a light that would last half an hour; and even after some days' exposure to the air, the phosphorescence is still exhibited. Some time may therefore elapse, and yet the process will be effectual, in which respect it will be the more valuable to the chemist. With a view to prevent the accidents that sometimes happen in the sick-room by taking the wrong medicine, the prefect of police has addressed a letter to the mayors of the rural *communes*, requiring that all druggists shall affix an *orange-red* ticket, bearing the words, 'medicament for external use,' to every bottle of medicine which is not intended to be swallowed. This regulation is to apply to the whole of France.

A short time ago, we mentioned M. Boutigny's new experiments on the rotation of a body in a spheroidal state. He has now given an interesting explanation, of which we present a brief outline. By means of a few drops of ether, he attaches a small cone of gum guaiacum to a highly heated silver capsule. As soon as the cone reddens on the summit, one or two grammes of water are dropped into the capsule, and a remarkable effect takes place. The water becomes agitated from right to left, left to right, backwards and forwards, indeed in every direction; but presently, as it assumes the spheroidal shape, it sets itself spontaneously in motion around the cone from left to right, or from east to west. The motion, at first slow, goes on increasing, until its rapidity is such as scarcely to be followed by the eye. If the spheroid be stopped by placing a small glass-rod in its way, it pauses for a while, but only to resume its former movement. M. Boutigny considers this phenomenon to be well worthy of investigation by geometers, and strikingly analogous to the rotation of the earth. He regards 'the spheroidal state' as a question fraught with highly important scientific consequences.

Biot's polarimeter is known among scientific men as an instrument admirable alike for the philosophical principles involved in its construction, and the exactitude of its results. But this refinement of construction, only to be appreciated by a philosopher, has prevented its employment in various branches of industry—chiefly in the testing of saccharine liquids—and for practical purposes Soleil and Duboscq invented their saccharimeter. This, again, was too costly for ordinary use, and M. E. Robiquet has contrived another instrument, consisting simply of two Nicol's prisms and a plate of double quartz; so simple, indeed, that the price is very moderate, and the indications may be observed in all states of the atmosphere. He calls it

a diabetometer, intending it more especially to measure the quantity of sugar in diabetic urine; but it may be used for all the purposes in which it is likely to be available. It is much to be desired that such an instrument should be produced at a moderate cost, seeing that it promises well for real utility.

M. Oudry of Passy has made preliminary experiments for applying electrotypy on an enormous scale—no other than to the coppering of wood and iron ships of whatever tonnage. The vessel would be coated with an adherent species of varnish, then placed in a dock to which the cupriferous solution would be admitted; and then, by a series of piles, the requisite thickness of copper would be deposited in from eight to ten days. The advantages promised are diminution of cost and perfection of result; for, there being no joints in the copper, destructive animals could not penetrate, neither would there be such accumulations of weeds on the bottom as now take place.

A HEREFORD FARMER.

I shall take the liberty of entering the house of a substantial but working Herefordshire farmer of the old stock—indeed, I was introduced in the company of the obliging rector of the parish, so that this is no fancied delineation. The farmhouse, partly in the timbered fashion, occupied a pleasant sequestered situation; and having been formerly a mill, though not so at present, a brook murmured along on one side of the fold-yard. All the adjuncts about the house had a rough but substantial appearance. On entering the kitchen—for it was winter-time—a monstrous fire of roots of trees appeared filling up the hearth; and ranged in goodly rows on the opposite walls were a set of pewter-plates, with large dishes of the same compound metal, round as the full moon, and shining even brighter than that orb in all its lustre. A massive long table stood on one side, where a hale fellow was discussing cold pork with evident gusto. A huge home-baked loaf and lofty cheese held guard beside a foaming jug. A rough, very broad-faced and herculean-built man in smock-frock and leggings, gave us rather a brusque reception as we entered. His sparkling scanning eye seemed to say: 'What are you come after now?'—as if he had a passing idea that we were only come to spy out the land, to take away some evil report. But on a high-backed chair, close to the fire, sat a tall, somewhat withered and pale, yet majestic-looking dame, with every appearance of a decayed gentlewoman, who welcomed my clerical friend with evident pleasure, and remarked that it was long since she had seen him. Dressed in black, calm and dignified, with several ornamental rings on her fingers, she had but little the appearance of a farmer's wife; yet she was truly the wife of the plain-spoken, broad-breasted yeoman who stood beside us, as stiff and independent in his bearing as the ruggeddest pollard-maple or wych-elm upon his farm.—*Pictures of Nature.*

STRANGE INSTANCE OF SYMPATHY.

The Duke de Saint Simon mentions in his *Mémoires* a singular instance of constitutional sympathy existing between two brothers. These were twins—the President de Banquemore, and the Governor de Bergues, who were surprisingly alike, not only in their persons, but in their

feelings. One morning, he tells us, when the president was at the royal audience, he was all on a sudden attacked by an intense pain in the thigh: at the same instant, as it was discovered afterwards, his brother, who was with the army, received a severe wound from a sword on the same leg, and precisely the same part of the leg!

SUMMER AND WINTER.

AH! those were very pleasant days,
The days we spent together,
Come back through memory's golden haze,
On cloudless summer weather!
That I may deem I've saved at least
Some fragments from life's scattered feast.

We wandered past the shallow stream,
And through the new-mown hay:
Each hour was like some glorious dream
From Paradise astray.
The scent of roses on the air
Seemed part of life which was so fair.

We roamed amid the thick greenwood—
Through the cool pleasant trees;
And ah! this world seemed very good
With all its memories.
I never saw the moon so bright
As through the boughs that summer-night:

And now I hear the bitter rain
Sweep from the angry heaven,
As blindly 'gainst the window-pane
The withered leaves are driven;
Then faint and lorn the moon appears,
All dim, like one who smiles through tears.

That ghostly moon's uncertain light
Flung o'er the gaunt, bare trees—
The starless sorrow of the night—
The wailing of the breeze:
Ah me! it was another earth
Where summer reigned in light and mirth;

And love, so pleasant, although brief,
Was made for summer-days,
Departing ere the falling leaf,
And Autumn's mellow rays;
Nor does it seem so very strange
That we, like all things else, should change.

Our dream has vanished as it came;
Some hours of care it snatched.
Perchance we played a dangerous game;
But well the players matched.
Without reproach in either heart,
We clasp cold hands, and so we part.

M. L. P.

The present number of the Journal completes the Fifth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF FIFTH VOLUME.

